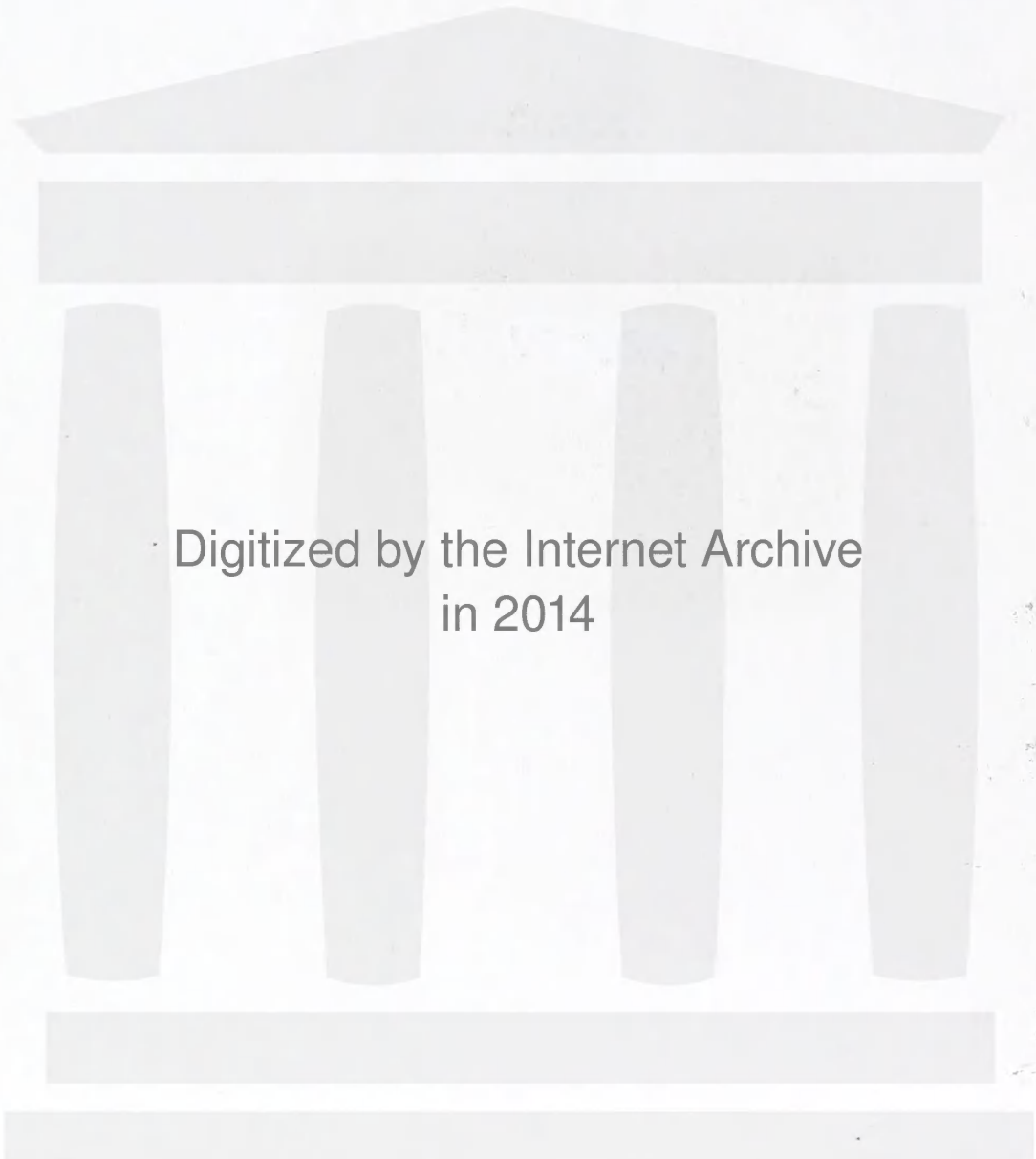
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Penal Code of California, 1915, Section 623.


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ARY 1977
LADIES' HOME

Help us pick our Women of the Year

Journal

PRESIDENT CARTER
The women he'll put in power

Mao and Me

Julie Nixon Eisenhower's exclusive interview with China's dying leader

BURLINGAME
DEC 28 1976
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hat ever happened the Kennedys? surprising report

your 20s, 30s, 40s? e our beauty ıkeovers!

n a free golf ting with nold Palmer

grown-up's ide to rock music ıd its stars)

Ouch! Ralph Nader X-rays bad dentists

Low-calorie main dishes for families who watch their weight

New, sew-yourself shirt looks

Jeane Dixon's startling cooking horoscopes



Mia Farrow at 30:
plus a new short story by her mother, Maureen O'Sullivan

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86 02098

The 2nd Annual Clairol Consumer Survey Sweepstakes.

It helps us learn a lot from you. It lets you win a lot from us.

Your opinions could make you the winner of more than $22,000 worth of prizes.

On the next four pages, you'll find ads for four Clairol products. Read the ads. Then answer the questions at the bottom of each page by filling in the boxes on the attached reply card. (There are no right or wrong answers; we're interested in your *opinions*.) Then, mail the card to us.

There's no purchase necessary. Just answer all the questions, and you're eligible. We'll select over one hundred cards at random to determine the Sweepstakes winners. If you have an opinion, you can be one of them.

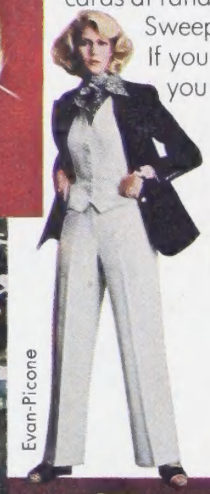


Pendant by Huisman Bros.

Pierre Marques Hotel and Club de Golf, Acapulco



1977 Oldsmobile



Evan-Picone



Helbros Watches



Designed by Donald Brooks for Goldin-Feldman.

© 1976 Clairol, Inc.

Win a $10,000 Diamond Pendant + 1977 Oldsmobile + Trip to Acapulco And Much, Much More.

(1) GRAND PRIZE: Exclusively designed for Clairol, an 18 krt. gold pendant, set with 5 carats of "144" faceted diamonds. Cut by HUISMAN BROS., creators of the "world's most brilliant diamonds."™ Retail value: $10,000.

Your choice of an Oldsmobile Delta 88 Royale Coupe or a Delta 88 Royale Town Sedan. "Built to meet America's changing family car needs." Retail value: $7,500.

All expenses paid trip for two to the fabulous Pierre Marques Hotel in Acapulco or your choice of Princess Hotels in Bermuda, the Bahamas or Mexico. Retail value: $2400.

Natural Blue Fox Jacket, with notched collar, raglan shoulder, mounted on leather. Designed by Donald Brooks for Goldin-Feldman, America's largest wholesale furrier. Retail value: $1000.

Sportswear collection of elegant, contemporary classics from Evan-Picone. Retail value: $1000.

Your choice of a man's or woman's all solid-state digital watch. From Helbros, quality watchmakers for over 65 years. Retail value: $150.

(5) FIRST PRIZES: All expenses paid trip for two to Acapulco's action resort, the Pierre Marques Hotel and Club de Golf.

(5) SECOND PRIZES: Exquisite Natural Blue Fox Jacket from Goldin-Feldman.

(15) THIRD PRIZES: Evan-Picone Classic Spring wardrobes.

(75) FOURTH PRIZES: Elegant Helbros digital watches.

Official Rules:

1. To enter, print your name, address and ZIP on an official entry form or on a 3" x 5" plain piece of paper. We'd like you to answer all questions on the Consumer Survey entry form which can be found in the Jan., 1977 issues of Redbook, Woman's Day, Ladies Home Journal, and the Feb. 1977 issue of Family Circle. Also at special in-store displays at your favorite retail outlet. Mail your entry to:

Clairol Consumer Survey
Sweepstakes #2
P.O. Box 865
185 Price Parkway
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

2. To be eligible to win these fabulous prizes, all entries must be postmarked by April 15, 1977 and received by April 29, 1977. No purchase is necessary to enter.

3. Winners will be determined in random drawings conducted under the supervision of John Blair Marketing, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. All prizes will be awarded.

4. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries submitted. For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Clairol Consumer Survey Sweepstakes #2, P.O. Box 867, 185 Price Parkway, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735.

5. Taxes, if any, are the sole responsibility of the winner. All airline tickets and hotel accommodations are non-refundable and non-transferable. Trips must be taken during normal tour periods before April 30, 1978 provided the route is available.

6. Sweepstakes open to residents of the U.S., except employees and their families of Clairol, Inc., its affiliates and advertising agencies and John Blair Marketing. Void in Missouri, Wisconsin and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law.



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"I'm an outdoor type, so I'd never use a haircolor that looked phony in the sunlight. That's why I like Nice 'n Easy. It's got built-in conditioners. And the color looks natural! In any light."



Nice 'n Easy® haircolor. It sells the most.

Answer the following questions by filling in "A", "B", or "C" in the appropriate boxes on the attached reply card. Remember, there are no right or wrong answers. We want your opinions.

1. What impresses you most about Nice 'n Easy®?

a. Nice 'n Easy is chosen by more women than any other haircoloring.

b. The color looks real in any light.

c. It has built-in conditioners.

2. Why do you think Nice 'n Easy sells the most?

a. It leaves hair looking natural.

b. It leaves hair looking healthy.

c. It's easy to use; you just shampoo it in.

3. Why would you like to use Nice 'n Easy?

a. It's the most popular haircolor sold.

b. I'm an outdoor type. With Nice 'n Easy I know my hair will look natural in sunlight. Or any light.

c. It's one of the easiest haircolorings to use.

The 2nd Annual Clairol **Consumer Survey** Sweepstakes



"Every time you style your hair you do a little more damage. 30 minutes with condition* will help undo it."

David Davian

DAVIAN SALON



"Hairblowers, heat curlers and curling irons are the greatest things that ever happened to hair styling. Without them, the marvelously flattering new hairstyles couldn't exist.



Do your hair 30 minutes worth of good.

Of course, the new lengths and silhouettes mean women are spending more time on their hair. Shampooing it more often. And, naturally, more frequent shampooing means more frequent styling. More brushing and combing. More hair damage.

That's why, if my customers do any home styling, I recommend condition* at least once a month.

condition* is the 30-minute treatment, so it has plenty of time to do its good work. First, to help repair the damage that frequent shampooing and styling already may have done. And then, to help protect hair against any further damage.

Thick, creamy condition* is specially formulated to help recondition damaged hair. It actually penetrates deep into the hair shaft, seeking out trouble spots. Then the protein-rich formula goes to work restoring body. Helping to repair splits and breaks.

After one condition* treatment even overheated, overtreated hair looks healthy and shiny again. Becomes bouncy and well-behaved



Don't stop using blowers. **Just start using condition.**

Naturally, you want your hair to look good and healthy. No matter how much shampooing and styling your new hairdo calls for. That's why today—more than ever before—your hair needs condition.*"

condition*

The 30-minute treatment for mistreated hair.





© 1976 Clairol, Inc. *Registered trademark of Clairol Inc.

Answer the following questions by filling in "A", "B", or "C" in the appropriate boxes on the attached reply card. Remember, there are no right or wrong answers. We want your opinions.

1. What is the most important thing you've learned about condition*?

a. It helps repair and protect damaged hair.

b. It should be used at least once a month.

c. It takes 30 minutes for a complete conditioning treatment.

2. What appeals to you most about condition*?

a. It's rich in protein.

b. It's specially formulated to recondition damaged hair.

c. It penetrates deep into the hair shaft seeking out trouble spots.

3. What would be your main reason for using condition*?

a. To restore body and bounce to my hair.

b. To repair my split ends.

c. To help repair the damage that frequent shampooing and styling may have already done.

The 2nd Annual Clairol

Consumer Survey

Sweepstakes



She conked out, but her hair held up.

325938

Thanks to non-aerosol Final Net—the clear mist from Clairol that you spritz on once to hold your hair all day. (And when you're in for a whole day of shopping, that's saying a lot.)

Final Net's been tested against all the leading aerosols and non-aerosols and nothing—but nothing—holds up longer.

Not even you.



Final Net holds up longer than you do.

© 1986 CLAIROL INC.

Answer the following questions by filling in "A", "B", or "C" in the appropriate boxes on the attached reply card. Remember, there are no right or wrong answers. We want your opinions.

1. What impresses you most about Final Net®?

a. It's a non-aerosol.

b. It holds your hair even on windy, humid or rainy days.

c. It's a clear mist. Sticky hair is no longer a problem.

2. What does the picture tell you about Final Net?

a. It leaves hair looking clean and shiny.

b. It really holds hair in place.

c. It holds up long, even after a whole day of shopping.

3. Why would you like to use Final Net?

a. My hair will hold up longer than I do.

b. The Final Net pump lets me spray exactly where I want.

c. I like the fact that it's a non-aerosol.

The 2nd Annual Clairol **Consumer Survey** Sweepstakes



Clairol® herbal essence shampoo.
It's a fresh kind of clean that you can see and feel and smell.

If you want more than just clean hair, you want the fresh clean fragrance of Clairol herbal essence shampoo. It's a fresh kind of clean that leaves your hair fragrant with the essences of herbs and wildflowers. Clairol herbal essence shampoo keeps your hair soft and shiny. And it has natural protein, too.

Your hair will be so fresh and clean you'll feel that way inside. That's the joy of a fresh kind of clean.

The joy of Clairol herbal essence shampoo.



Answer the following questions by filling in "A", "B", or "C" in the appropriate boxes on the attached reply card. Remember, there are no right or wrong answers. We want your opinions.

1. What is the most important thing the ad tells you about Clairol® herbal essence shampoo?

a. It leaves hair feeling fresh and clean.
b. It has the fragrance of herbs and wildflowers.
c. It contains natural protein.

2. What appeals to you most about Clairol herbal essence shampoo?

a. It's a protein shampoo.
b. It has an unusual, natural fragrance.
c. It keeps hair soft and shiny.

3. Why would you like to use Clairol herbal essence shampoo?

a. I want my hair to smell fresh and clean.
b. I love wildflowers. I think Clairol herbal essence will make me feel good inside.
c. It looks like it's fun to use.

The 2nd Annual Clairol
Consumer Survey
Sweepstakes





Editor's diary

By Lenore Hershey



A very special opportunity for Journal readers who play golf!

WIN A FREE GOLF TRIP WITH ARNOLD PALMER

How well do you play golf? Are you a 15 handicapper trying to be a 2? Are you still struggling to get out of the nine-hole class on your city's public links? A high school or college student just learning the game? In June of this year, the *Journal* will bring eight lucky women golfers to meet and play with the pro of pros, Arnold Palmer, at his famous Bay Hill Club in Orlando, Fla. (A husband or other family member or friend will also be included in the invitation.) You'll have a chance to play the course with Arnold himself, have him evaluate your game, answer your questions and pass along some tips. How Can You Win This Golf Weekend, including transportation, from wherever you live? Follow these simple rules:

1. Along with your name, address and telephone number, send us a recent picture of yourself swinging a golf club. A snapshot will do.

2. Write (preferably type) a letter of 250-500 words including these elements:

- What golf means to you and why you started to play.
- Some facts about yourself and your lifestyle: marital status, children, job, volunteer activities, etc.
- Where you play golf and how often. What you'd like to improve in your game, and what you'd like to learn from Arnold Palmer.
- Any golf awards you have won. (Important: you don't have to be a scratch golfer to be eligible, and only amateurs are invited.) Entrants must be over 16 years of age.

All letters must be postmarked by February 15, 1977, and become (along with photographs) the non-returnable property of *Ladies' Home Journal*. Judges will be *Journal* editors and Arnold Palmer himself. Results will be announced in the June issue of the *Journal*.

Send golf letters to:

ARNOLD PALMER GOLF
Ladies' Home Journal
641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

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No girl ever had too many curves!

When it comes to the female form, straight is not-so-great. Even for eyelashes. Straight lashes can't compete with upsweeping, eye-opening, curvy, curled lashes. And why should they have to when that lovely, long-curl look is so easy to get?

You only need one thing: the Maybelline Professional Eyelash Curler. It's easy to use. With specially molded soft rubber cushions to make it gentle to your lashes. It's precision-built to last. And only $1.50. Refills, only 49¢.

Just think how much prettier, flirtier, sexier curly lashes will make your eyes. Then go straight to your store and get some curves for *your* lashes.

PROFESSIONAL EYELASH CURLER

Maybelline®

Fine make-up/sensibly priced

VOL. XCIV, NO. 1
JANUARY 1977

LADIES' HOME Journal®

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN®









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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



A Norelco product of NORELCO Corporation

New! Makeup that helps skin over 25 look younger.



Introducing Cover Girl®
'MoistureWear'

When you're under 25, a smooth, natural look may be all you want from makeup. But over 25, your makeup should do more. Smooth out tiny, dry skin lines. Add a warmer depth of color to put a few more roses in your cheeks. That's why Cover Girl created 'MoistureWear'™ Makeup. Makeup with a balanced blend of special moisturizers, and fresh, fresh color to instantly improve the look of skin over 25. And help you look better than you have in years. 'MoistureWear' is pre-moisturized. So dewy you need no moisturizer underneath. Wear it and you can look the way you want to look —younger, fresher, prettier!



THE 'MOISTUREWEAR' MAKEUP COLLECTION:

CREAM MAKEUP. Whipped color refines your skin to perfection. Sheer. Airy. Un-artificial.

LIQUID MAKEUP. Flows on a flawless foundation with edgeless smoothness. Never greasy, never heavy.

CREAM BLUSH. Radiant color for a glow so alive, so fresh, it looks like it comes from within.

MOISTURE ENCAPSULATED POWDER. Pressed powder with sealed-in moisture—freshly released everytime you make up, touch up.

Also available: Nighttime Moisturizer, Moisturizing Under Eye Cover Stick, Moisturizing Wrinkle Stick.



JEANE DIXON CASTS YOUR COOKING HOROSCOPE

Can the stars tell you how you cook and eat?

In the introduction to her forthcoming *Astrological Cookbook,* world-famous seer Jeane Dixon writes: "Hardly anyone is aware of the importance of selecting foods astrologically —the foods suited to your Zodiac sign—and their harmonizing effect upon your psyche and body. I'm a strong believer in eating what suits me personally. I feel I must eat foods that are in concert with both my temperament and my body chemistry to fulfill my potential in life. So, quite naturally, that's precisely how I run my kitchen." Here, to help you run *your* kitchen, are tips from Jeane Dixon for each sign of the Zodiac.

ARIES: MARCH 21 TO APRIL 19

(Some Like It Hot!)

Ruled by Mars, you are truly a ball of fire! You are impetuous even though you display an outer calm. There's very little mystery about you. You like to lay your cards on the table and tell people exactly what you think!

You are dynamic in the kitchen but hate to linger there. You have a terrific talent for creating quick treats using short cuts, prepared foods and your blender. Due to your Martian influences, you favor hot seasonings, onions and leeks in strong-flavored dishes such as chili or tacos and use condiments like mustard and horseradish.

Eat meat in moderation—any kind will do. Since you have a low tolerance for stimulants of any kind, abstain or limit alcoholic beverages when you're the cook. You get along best with other "fire people," especially when you entertain on Tuesday at home, where you are more comfortable than when you dine out. You like to flank the buffet table with savories, delicious salads, entrées and rich desserts.

Do all your preparation in advance because you like to sit and talk to your guests. Relax when you can so *(continued on page 121)*

Copyright © 1976 by Jeane Dixon. From "Jeane Dixon's Astrological Cookbook," to be published by William Morrow and Co. Photograph by Ben Swedowsky



Bufferin can reduce painful swelling and inflammation. Tylenol cannot.

And with Bufferin, like Tylenol, there's far less chance of stomach upset than with Bayer® or Anacin®.

So use Bufferin for hours of relief from minor arthritis pain.

Because arthritis can be serious, if pain persists more than ten days or redness is present, consult your doctor immediately. If under medical care, do not take without consulting a physician.



Read and follow label directions.

Bristol-Myers Co.

Can this marriage be saved?

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

"Stifle yourself" was the lesson Janice's mom taught her—and the one Jeff learned at his father's knee. But what got stifled was their marriage.

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit, educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was Dean Smith.

Paul Popenoe, Sc.D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board
American Institute of
Family Relations

JANICE'S STORY

"The night Jeff broke down and cried after we made love, I knew something was terribly wrong," said fair-haired, brown-eyed Janice. "I don't know what it was, since Jeff evades all my questions, but recently he's changed so much I scarcely recognize him."

A former kindergarten teacher, now the stay-at-home mother of 6-year-old Beth and 5-year-old Jeffy, 35-year-old Janice had flown from Ohio with her husband, district manager of an insurance company in the Cleveland area, to seek counseling at the Institute in California.

"Jeff used to be a college football star—the last person in the world to lose his cool," Janice continued. "He didn't even shed a tear at his father's funeral. So that night last April, when I heard the sound of sobs coming from the living room, I couldn't believe my own ears. I was still lying in bed—it was the first time we'd had intercourse in weeks—wondering why Jeff had suddenly jumped out of bed and gone off. Well, I peeked in the living room and there sat Jeff, bawling like a little kid.

"At first I was stunned at the sight of my tough, strong husband weeping. I was afraid to run in and offer comfort for fear of offending his pride. Probably, if I'd had the chance, I would have scooted back to the bedroom, but I was sure he knew I was there. So I took a deep breath and I asked him straight-out what on earth was wrong.

"At once Jeff quit crying and pulled himself together. He said quite calmly that he was 'fighting an inner conflict.' That was all. I didn't think I ought to press him to tell me anything he preferred to keep to himself. We've always respected each other's privacy.

"Jeff has been deeply depressed for a long time—unhappy with his life, maybe unhappy with me—and he won't admit it. He thinks depression in a man is spineless and weak. But because of his unhappiness, I have been miserably unhappy myself.

"All our friends consider us an ideal couple; they envy us. We have every logical reason to be content—two adorable children, a boy and a girl, the exact number and gender we agreed we wanted before we were married. We have nearly all the material possessions young couples strive for—two cars, nice clothes, a sizable savings account. Very soon I'll be able to help out financially the way I did during the first five years of our marriage; I quit teaching when Beth was born, but next September, when Jeffy enters first grade and Beth second, they will be the right age for me to resume my kindergarten teaching.

"We had it all planned that we would use my earnings to hire a competent housekeeper and invest in the furnishings we still need—one of which is a king-size bed. Jeff and I believe in paying cash and buying the best, even if it means we have to wait for things longer than some people.

"We found a convenient house a 15-minute drive from the insurance company headquarters where Jeff went to work three years ago. In his previous job, he coached football, wrestling and track at a small high school in a less desirable neighborhood. He's a real sports nut and he was crazy about coaching. Consequently, it came as a big surprise to me when he suddenly gave up his tenure to gamble on the risks of private business.

"He broke the news of his financial rise in the world—the insurance job carried an annual increase of $2,500—to the children and me at a restaurant dinner celebration. Naturally, I was delighted by his triumph, even though I was a little hurt that I'd played no part in it. I've never made career suggestions to Jeff. If he is dissatisfied with me as a wife, as I'm certain he is, it isn't because I have pressured him.

"Anyway, with Jeff's boost in salary, we could at last afford the house we'd always wanted. For years I had clipped pictures of dream houses from magazines. I had shown my pictures to Jeff many times and was all set for us to spend several months house hunting. But the same week Jeff took up insurance work he found a perfect house for us—without my assistance. He spotted the For Sale sign at a brand-new development, stopped for a look and telephoned me to come at once for an inspection.

"I was astonished at his impulsiveness and I wondered if we wouldn't regret making a hasty decision. But when I saw the place, I was just as enthusiastic about it as Jeff. My parents live nearby and Dad was able to pitch in and help. *(continued)*



"Short & Sassy is just perfect for my hair."

Dorothy Hamill introduces the conditioner for short hair.

Short hair has special needs. Like body and bounce.

New Short & Sassy® from Clairol has more than twice the protein of the leading conditioner.



Even after blow drying, it gives short hair lots of body and a look that's healthy, lively, swingy. That's the Short & Sassy look.

It's world figure-skating champion Dorothy Hamill's look. And now it can be your look too.

Clairol's new Short & Sassy.

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Of all menthols:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	27	1.7
Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	***2**	***0.2**
Carlton Menthol	***1**	***0.1**
Carlton 70	***1**	***0.1**

(lowest of all brands)

*Av per cigarette by FTC method



Carlton Menthol 1 mg. tar

Carlton Filter 2 mg. tar

No wonder Carlton is the fastest growing of the top 25 brands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Filter: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine.
Carlton 70's: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Can this marriage be saved?

continued

"At the end of the year, Jeff became manager of his department and received a substantial bonus. His secretary, Ellen, is around forty, I guess, but she doesn't look or act it. She's been very effective, according to Jeff, in helping him learn the insurance business.

"I've only seen Ellen a couple of times, but whenever I have to call Jeff I speak to her on the telephone and usually we manage to chat a few minutes. She's more uninhibited than I am—my mother and grandmother taught me to keep family matters in the home—and, also, she is stuck with a problem drinker for a husband and needs to talk.

"On one occasion I tried to get up the nerve to confide to her my anxiety about Jeff's chronic depression and ask if he was having troubles at the office. However, I was afraid I might sound disloyal so all I asked was whether Jeff seemed a little down at the mouth. Ellen said Jeff *did* seem unusually tense lately. Then she mentioned that the company's social director was organizing a bowling league and maybe Jeff would relax and unwind if he joined.

The competition and exercise of bowling, along with masculine company, seemed a perfect opportunity to raise Jeff's spirits. That evening I urged him to sign on for the league; indeed, I offered to locate a sitter so I could watch some of the matches. The team was scheduled to bowl every Wednesday and Saturday night, which Jeff said seemed like a bit much, but finally he agreed to join after saying that it wouldn't be necessary for me to attend and spend money on a sitter.

"His twice-a-week absences, plus his incredibly long hours at the office, have virtually destroyed any companionship between us—and ruined our sexual relationship as well. I wait for him to make the advances—I think a woman should—and when it is plain he isn't in the mood, I conceal my hurt and think about something else.

"Our sexual relationship never was great, even on our honeymoon. I was a 21-year-old virgin—naive and scared to death. I suspect Jeff was a virgin, too, and equally scared. Later, I guess we adjusted to each other as well as most couples do—at least until Jeff's depression descended.

"According to my mother and grandmother, whose judgment I respect, the success of a marriage depends only in small part on the physical side. In our 14 years together, Jeff and I have never once had a quarrel or a serious difference of opinion, but for some reason our marriage seems to be falling to pieces."

JEFF'S TURN

"Janice and I have never had an all-out quarrel or even a meaningful argument, and several years ago I awoke to the fact I was bored out of my skull with her, with myself, with our lifestyle," said 38-year-old Jeff, a muscular, clean-shaven, six-foot, four-inch redhead. He sat motionless at the counselor's desk, conveying a surface impression of invulnerable control that was belied by tightly clenched fists that lay in his lap.

"I'm the bad guy in this marriage," he declared. "Jan's only crime is that she remains basically the same loyal girl I married. It isn't her fault I got tired of the pattern. She doesn't deserve to get hurt.

"I respect and admire Jan and, in a dim sort of way, it's possible that I may still love her. On the other hand, it's possible I never did love her in the first place.

"When we met, Jan and her family represented a spectacular departure from the horrors of my family. My Mom and Pop used to celebrate every Saturday night, drinking cheap red wine by the gallon, fighting like tigers, busting up the furniture and scaring my younger brothers and me to death. Mom's screeching, explosive temper *(continued)*



THE BUTTER MUSHROOM MAKES A BETTER CHICKEN BENEDICT.

BinB® Mushrooms can transform ordinary chicken into a very special meal. One of the secrets of BinB's Chicken Benedict is the delicious flavor of the mushrooms. They're broiled in fresh, creamery butter, then packed in their own butter broth—a rich, buttery broth that makes the creamy sauce for the Chicken Benedict.

CHICKEN BENEDICT

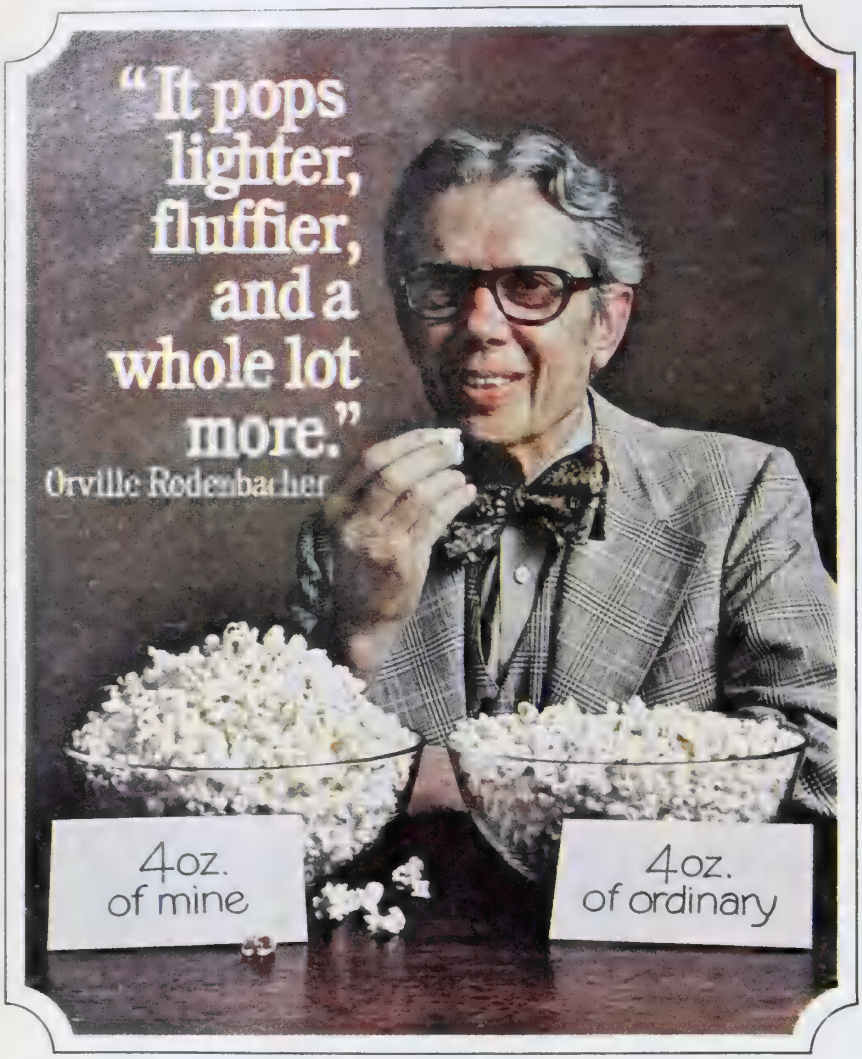
1 2½ to 3 pound broiler-fryer chicken, cut up
1 can (3 oz.) BinB Sliced Mushrooms, reserve broth. Water added to mushroom broth to equal 1/3 cup
½ cup sour cream
½ cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
4 teaspoons lemon juice
⅛ teaspoon paprika
1 package chopped spinach
1 cup rice

Oven bake the chicken using your favorite coating. (Suggestion: roll chicken in 1 egg and ¼ cup butter, season and coat with cornflake crumbs.) Cook the rice and spinach according to directions. **THE SAUCE.** In a medium saucepan combine all sauce ingredients except mushrooms. Cook and stir over medium heat just until hot. Add mushrooms. Combine rice and drained spinach. Arrange on serving platter and top with chicken. Spoon sauce over chicken. Garnish with parsley and tomatoes. Makes 4-6 servings.



THE BUTTER MUSHROOM
for better meals.

"My Orville Redenbacher's® Gourmet™ Popping Corn will bowl you over!"



See this? My Gourmet Popping Corn pops a lot bigger batch than you get from ordinary popcorns. Fact is, it pops up so light and fluffy, you'll be "bowled over" before you know it.

You won't leave a lot of unpopped kernels in the bottom of the bowl either. That's because my select Number One Quality kernels are carefully tested for perfect popping qualities. Every one should explode into a tasty little morsel.

Please try my Gourmet Popping Corn. It pops so much more and tastes so much better, your family will say it's the best popping corn they ever ate.



You'll like it better...or my name isn't Orville Redenbacher.

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Can this marriage be saved?

continued

and wild fits of jealousy drove Pop into bed with dozens of worthless women and eventually killed him. On the day of the funeral, Mom burst into shrieking hysterics and threw herself into the open grave. At a very early age, I decided that if I ever married—and I sincerely hoped to remain a bachelor—I would pick a different sort of wife.

"I went to college on an athletic scholarship, and in my junior year I met a girl as unlike my mother as daylight from dark. Mom was illiterate; Jan was on the Dean's list—and a lot smarter scholastically than I was. She was medium pretty, whereas most people regard Mom as a beauty. I was immediately attracted by Jan's sweet, shy manner.

"The year we met, I was captain of the football team and most of the girls on campus chased everybody on the squad to a disgusting extent. The other guys boasted of the number of girls they hustled to bed, but I never felt the least inclined to compete.

"Having seen how miserable my father's life was, I made up my mind early that I would never allow sexual hunger to become a dominant factor in my life. I applied my energy and talents—the stuff other guys waste in bed—to a game far more enjoyable to me than sex—football.

"In our college days, Jan and I seemed like naturals together. I was bashful, so was she. She was my first girlfriend and I was the first guy who had ever asked her out, as she told me immediately.

"She then said she was astounded that I'd invited her to the spring dance at my fraternity house. She said she knew that a big football hero like me could date any girl he wanted, and she couldn't understand why any guy would want her. She told me that both her mother and her grandmother had frequently told her that she lacked sex appeal.

"Now why on earth would two perfectly nice ladies tell a kid a thing like that? Well, I told Jan that her mother and grandmother were badly mistaken and she ought to let a man be the judge of her sex appeal. I said she was plenty sexy for me—which was true in our college days.

"We got married on graduation day, and our honeymoon was more successful than I anticipated. It turned out Jan was more scared of having intercourse than I was. I had prepared myself by reading several sex manuals, carefully ignoring the lewd suggestions of the guys. Everything I did seemed to suit Jan.

"Our marriage began on that okay level with everything working out as the two of us had planned in endless

(continued on page 130)

Put your plants to work for you with

Foliage House Plants

our introduction to THE TIME-LIFE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING

IME IFE OOKS

Book size 8½" x 11"; each volume 160-176 pages, 40,000 words, over 100 full-color photographs, plus dozens of line drawings, charts, diagrams.



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across the country—in suburban split-levels and city apartments—people are discovering the chal-ge, the pleasure, the satisfaction of doing some-g new and exciting with plants. In *Foliage House nts*, your introductory volume to THE TIME-LIFE CYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING, you'll discover hun-ds of ingenious ways to work with plants. Special strations show you how to make a bottle terrarium, indow greenhouse. And you'll find solid, no-non-se advice on how to keep your plants healthy and py. Here are some of the exciting things you'll over in *Foliage House Plants*.

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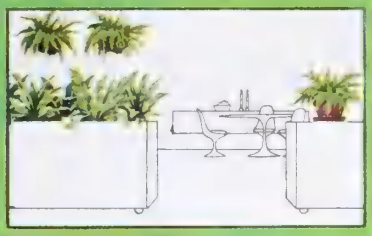
njoy *Foliage House Plants* for 10 days as the guest of IME-LIFE BOOKS. Try some of the decorating ideas. Look over the spectacular illustrations. If you decide to keep it, you pay just $6.95 plus shipping and handling. We'll then enter your subscription to THE TIME-LIFE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING, and other volumes will be shipped to you one volume at a time, approximately every other month. If you wish to return any volume, you may do so within 10 days without any obligation whatsoever.

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Massed foliage, like that of bird's-nest ferns, gives an empty fireplace an elegant look in summer, especially when framed by a pair of stately paradise palms.



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Spending your money

By Sylvia Porter

Commuting by train vs. car pooling . . . the high cost of stamps . . . deducting cosmetic surgery costs from your income tax . . . setting up an "emergency fund."

Even after buying our Christmas cards early and getting them at discount prices, our expenses for Christmas cards in 1976 was a shocker—and all because of the 13¢ stamp. My husband vows that we're just not going to send cards next Christmas, which might mean an end to friendships I've maintained despite years of not seeing these people. I'll bet the U.S. has the highest first-class postage rates in the world. Am I right?

No. The U.S. first-class postage rate is still considerably below rates in many other industrial nations—although we're creeping up fast. First-class mail costs: 22.6¢ in Sweden; 19.7¢ in West Germany; 17¢ in Japan; 15.2¢ in Britain. (Canada shames us, though, with an 8¢ first-class stamp.)

You have from time to time mentioned "traditional" months for bargains. I've just been married and my husband and I are planning to furnish a home of our own this year. What would be good household buys in January?

Blankets, china, glassware, clothes dryers, furniture and home furnishings, housewares of all types, linens, radios, phonographs, stereo equipment, refrigerators, freezers, storm windows, water heaters, small appliances.

For years, my husband has car pooled with three of our neighbors to and from our suburban homes to their offices in midtown New York City. They meet at a chosen driveway, share the driving chores and toll fees, park in a garage from which they walk to their offices. At our annual New Year's Eve party this year, they agreed to abandon the car pool and to commute by train. They think they'll save a lot of money. Will they?

It depends not only on gas prices and toll charges, but also on what they spend for parking in midtown New York City, where daily charges may range from $6 to $9. And charges for parking in garages, as well as in private or public lots, are rising relentlessly. This total must be compared against all the costs involved in commuting by train, including any extra charges for subway or bus travel on arriving midtown. These comparisons should not be made at a New Year's Eve party. They should be calculated objectively in the cold light of morning. With four sharing the car and driving chores, the savings on commuting by train may shrink more than the men believe. For the millions of commuters who live near other large cities, here are typical fees for all-day or eight-hour parking in leading downtown areas across the U.S.:

Baltimore	$3
Boston	$4–$5
Chicago	$2.75–$4
Cincinnati	$1.30
Cleveland	$2
Detroit	$1.85
Los Angeles	$3.50
New York City	$6–$9
San Francisco	$3.40–$3.70
Washington, D.C.	$3.50

I had a facelift two years ago and couldn't deduct a penny of the expense—which ran into thousands of dollars—from our income tax. Now a friend tells me it *is* a deductible medical expense! Can that be true?

In late 1976, the Internal Revenue Service specifically approved cosmetic surgery as a deductible medical expense. This means that the costs of elective surgery for the sole purpose of beauty—whether it be a "facelift" or any special "loosening" or "tightening" of the body—can indeed be claimed as a medical deduction. It will be a great benefit to wealthier taxpayers who can afford the thousands of dollars cosmetic surgery can cost. The surgery may not be medically required. Your physician may not have recommended it as essential for physical, emotional or psychological purposes. Beauty may be your sole reason for spending the usually large sums involved in cosmetic surgery. But now you may include the costs in your medical expenses.

Recently, a stranger came to our door and told my wife he was a specialist in repairing furnaces and would inspect our heating plant for free. I told my wife to send him away and shut and lock the door. Ever since, I've been wondering what this was all about.

It probably was about one of the most vicious of all wintertime consumer swindles—the furnace racketeer who, if you let him, will bilk you out of thousands of dollars for a new furnace system you do not need and cannot afford. He has plenty of gimmicks to "prove" your heating plant is "dangerous," wasting fuel and exposing you to the threat of a devastating home fire. He easily can frighten you into accepting his offer to install new equipment.

What you told your wife was completely correct. If you have any doubts about your furnace, seek the advice of established local dealers and ask the local fire department to send somebody to safety-check your furnace as soon as possible. Be on guard against any person who comes *(continued)*



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Dry-hards are tough-to-clean dried-on foods... ke spaghetti and sauce, meat loaf and gravy, calloped potatoes and chocolate pudding... that ry and cake and stick. And stick.

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Good Housekeeping

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Spending your money

continued

to your door uninvited and reject any offers to "inspect" your heating system for free. Call in your own electrician if you suspect wiring problems, or your own plumber if pipes aren't working properly. Demand that any door-to-door salesman show his credentials and check to be sure he is who he says he is. And don't get talked into buying an expensive new furnace without checking your need for one, double-checking company prices and triple-checking any arrangements for future servicing.

My wife and I are determined to create and maintain an emergency fund to tide us over in case of real need. How much should we have in that fund? How should we set it up? What factors should guide us?

The rule of thumb is that you should have an emergency fund equal to at least two months' income—to cover unforeseeable expenses such as illness, a big home repair job caused by storm or flood, unexpected costs for moving, etc. Being an "emergency fund," the savings should always be in a readily accessible ("liquid") form—such as a savings bank account.

That two months' reserve could be affected—up or down—by the size of your other financial cushions. For instance, the amount of unemployment compensation that you would be eligible for should you lose your job; the total of your disability benefits that you would be paid under Social Security, by your employer or through your health insurance policies; other health insurance benefits you would get in the event of a serious medical crisis; your wife's ability to get a job in an emergency—or if she already works for pay, to carry the family for a period; your ability to borrow money (credit-worthiness).

Ever since my husband received our last electricity bill, he has been yelling every time I use the dishwasher. I don't turn it on until I have a full load, I follow all the rules about saving on electricity, but he still sulks when he hears it running. I'm thinking of going back to washing dishes by hand.

Try this trick. Turn off your dishwasher after the final rinse, open the door and let the air dry your dishes. This simple move will slash your dishwasher operating costs an estimated one third! **En**

Why you should be as careful choosing a puppy food as you are choosing a baby food.



Puppies, like babies, have special nutritional needs. But, unlike a baby, a puppy does 90% of his growing and developing in only a year.

That's why you should know about new Gaines® Puppy Choice® food for puppies.

Puppy Choice is fortified with the extra protein a puppy needs for strong muscles and a shiny coat; calcium for strong bones and teeth; and a well balanced blend of essential vitamins and minerals.

It contains meat by-products and meat to give your puppy the taste he really loves.

And the soft, moist formula of Puppy Choice is easy to digest.

Why not get your puppy off on the right paw. With the complete and balanced nutrition of new Gaines Puppy Choice.



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New Gaines® Puppy Choice®
The special puppy food for
a puppy's special needs.

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PURE WOOL



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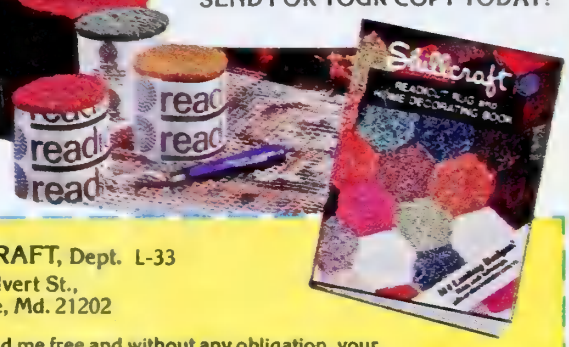
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Ralph Nader reports

Do you hate to go to the dentist? It could be that you don't have a very good dentist—but it could also be that he doesn't have a very good patient.

Is it awe? Intimidation? Trust? Why are most people so reluctant to ask their dentists straightforward questions to improve dental health? Given the $5 billion spent on dental care each year, what can justify such passivity when the result is inevitably poor dental treatment or overcharging? Forty percent of Americans have no teeth left by age 65, reflecting a process of dental deterioration that begins with childhood. While dentists cannot be blamed entirely, you can help them help you, or learn to avoid the ones who are incompetent or unfair. With tooth decay afflicting 95 percent of the population who still have their teeth, and with about 56 million teeth extracted every year, the importance of patient education about dentists becomes clear.

You have a right to know what you need to know, when you want to know it. Thus, the first test of a dentist's attitude is whether he bridles when you ask him about his procedures, equipment and fees. If he resists, find another dentist. There is a high correlation between a competent dentist and one who is responsive to questioning by patients.

Dentists know there is too much substandard or even fraudulent work done in their profession. Studies have concluded that anywhere from one-fifth to one-fourth of dental restorations are performed unsatisfactorily. There is virtually no quality review by the profession or by the government, so the consumer must be better informed in the search for quality at reasonable cost.

With this in mind, Public Citizen's Health Research Group produced a dental directory so District of Columbia consumers can make a more informed choice. Called *Taking the Pain Out of Finding a Good Dentist*, the directory was written under the direction of Dr. David Frome, a private practitioner who also serves as a consultant to the U. S. government. It contains the replies to a questionnaire sent to D.C. dentists and is a useful compilation of information about the practices, fee schedules, dental insurance participation, emergency policy and affiliations of each responding dentist, as well as clear, accurate information about teeth and gums. The directory has stimulated similar efforts around the country.

You might consider the following questions when you meet with a new dentist—or even when you next see your regular one:

1. Does your dentist emphasize preventive dentistry? This includes explaining how to brush your teeth, how to remove plaque and strengthen your gums to stem decay and gum disease, what kinds of foods and drinks to avoid. Research dentist Dr. Max Schoen has written that "most existing fees put a premium on removable replacement of missing teeth and a penalty on prevention and preservation."

2. Does your dentist discuss fees or give you an advance estimate for non-routine work? Does he itemize the bill? Dental fees for cleaning, examinations, X-rays, fillings, etc., vary tremendously, sometimes by more than 100 percent. If your dentist's fees are above average, will he explain what added values he is providing you in return?

3. Does your dentist charge you for his mistakes? If he inadvertently leaves some materials under your gum during the placing of a crown, materials that irritate, would he charge you for the second visit? Many dentists, by not admitting mistakes, do charge. Given the amount of substandard work, patients need to have this question answered in advance.

4. Will your dentist recognize his limitations and refer you to a specialist as the case may require? The dental specialties include oral surgeons, orthodontists, periodontists and endodontists, for example, and few dentists can be masters of all of these.

5. How sensitive is your dentist to proper X-ray usage? A large majority of people I questioned said their dentists rarely covered them with a lead apron prior to an X-ray. An American Dental Association survey reported that only 26.7 percent of all dentists use lead aprons on all patients. This is only one of the many substandard dental X-ray practices ranging from over-use of X-rays to poorly inspected or malfunctioning equipment and poorly trained operators (including dentists). Many dentists shrug off this problem, but Dr. Karl Morgan, world-famous health physicist from Georgia Tech, says that with relatively little effort medical and dental exposure to radiation could be reduced to one-tenth of its present level without diminishing the medical benefits.

6. What is your dentist's records policy? Does he retain past dental and medical condition and treatment records as well as X-rays (with their estimated dosage)? Is he responsive to requests for copies of your dental records so that you may give them to your next dentist?

7. Does your dentist maintain adequate emergency and sterilization equipment? Many patients have observed their dentists do not have sterilization equipment to maximize sanitation.

8. Does your dentist engage in continuing education to keep up with new developments and research?

Intelligent consumers require better dentists. An investment of a few hours in learning about dental health and dentistry will result in savings of both teeth and dollars. Readers who wish to pursue this interest can obtain the following publications from Public Citizen's Health Research Group, 2000 P St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036: *A Guide for Compiling a Consumers Directory of Dentists*, ($2); *Medical and Dental X-rays: A Consumer's Guide to Avoiding Unnecessary Radiation Exposure*, by Dr. Priscilla W. Laws ($3). **End**

"Dear General Foods, If your products are so good, why are you making them 'New' and 'Improved' all the time?"

We at General Foods have been mak- 'New! Improved!" products long ıgh to know that "New! Improved!" eeting with a certain skepticism.

After all, how many times can some- y improve, say, a box of Jell-O® ıd gelatin? And if we've found a way



ake it better now, why didn't we do the first place? And why do we keep g it so often?

Necessity is the mother of improvement.

General Foods, like all businesses, is ıarily in the business of giving the omers what they want. And when mes to food, what the customers in- ably want is something better— er-tasting, easier to prepare, better itionally, and so on.

Which is why we interview thou- ds of people yearly to find out what want, and then try to improve products to give it to them.

In short, it isn't just eagerness to se that keeps us improving our prod- ; it's simply good business. We aren't nly food company in the world. If we t give the customers what they want, ebody else will.

How new is new? How improved is improved?

The first question is easy. The Federal de Commission permits an advertiser all his product "new" for six months r he's introduced or improved it. After , it's not new anymore, and we can't it is.

How improved is improved? That's tle more difficult. According to eral Foods' policy, in order to be con- red "Improved!," the product nge has to result in a significant and ceable benefit to the people who it. And when we say "Improved" on the label or in advertising, we have to say exactly what the improvement is.

How the food you eat gets improved.

The early versions of Jell-O gelatin were as fine a gelatin as you could buy. But like all gelatins in those days, Jell-O gelatin had a tendency to cake in the package. We determined which food ingredient was causing the caking and devised a replacement. Result: no caking.

Early versions of Jell-O gelatin, tasted great by the standards of the day, but they lacked the delicious fruit-y flavors people have come to expect from the Jell-O brand. The reason was that the gelatins tended to subdue the flavoring. So we found which of the flavoring components produced the flavor, and then found a way to add more of them so that the flavor wasn't masked anymore. Result: better-tasting Jell-O gelatin.

Early versions of Jell-O brand gelatin, like all gelatins, had a tendency to lose flavor while still in the package. We found a way to fixate the flavor—that is, hold it in.

Then to keep the flavors fresh, we redesigned the packet Jell-O gelatin comes in. We developed a sealed pouch to retain the flavor better.

Once a product such as Jell-O gelatin gets improved, it's tested and retested among consumers. Not until it gets their approval does it reach the supermarket. But the testing doesn't stop here. We have our people go to the supermarket, buy the product, and test it again —to make sure the improved product continues to live up to the new and higher quality standards it has set for itself. And the testing goes on afterwards to a degree that would bore anyone not as fascinated with the process as we are.

Still, the emphasis at General Foods isn't on "inspecting" quality into a product, but designing it in to begin with. So to improve the quality of Birds Eye® frozen peas or corn or whatever, we don't wait until they're frozen. We're involved in the planting and cultivating and growing of them, too.

All of which, we hope, gives you some idea of how your food gets improved. Now the question is, why do we do it so often?



Are there more "New! Improved!"s than we need?

There probably are—more, that is, than you personally need. But if a new, improved product makes it to the marketplace, it's almost certain that a lot of other people need it—or it wouldn't be there.

Shoppers have their own system for weeding out unnecessary product improvements, and it's beautiful in its simplicity: If they want it, they buy it; if they



don't want it, they don't buy it. And nothing vanishes as quickly as a product nobody wants.

For more information.

We hope this short course in product improvement gives you a better idea of how food you eat gets changed for the better.

If you have any specific questions on this matter, please feel free to ask them. Just write to Miss Peggy Kohl, V.P., Consumer Affairs, General Foods Consumer Center, White Plains, N.Y. 10625.

Our reasons for telling you all this are a mixture of helpfulness and pride in our products. The more you understand about food, the better off you'll be. And the more you understand about our foods, the better off we'll be.

GF
GENERAL FOODS

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New Salem Long Lights

Salem Lights



Salem Lights now come in a new longer length.

Longs smokers. Now you can enjoy a low tar cigarette with Salem taste, too.

New Salem Long Lights.

LIGHTS, LONG LIGHTS: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.


Want a tough stain out
Shout it out.
Shout is the heavy-duty stain remover, specially made to get the tough stains out. Even stains like grease and oil in fabrics like polyester and permanent press.
No laundry soil and stain remover gets more stains out of more fabrics than Shout.
Want a tough stain out? Shout it out.
SHOUT
LAUNDRY SOIL & STAIN REMOVER
HEAVY DUTY



GETTING THE MESSAGE

A real-life movie star writes
her second published short story. It's a charming tale of loneliness and love.

BY MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

Francesca watched the elevator man transfer the larger of the three suitcases into the hallway. "Thanks," she said, handing him a larger tip than usual. Lately, she'd had the uneasy feeling that the deference of porters and elevator men was less to her theatrical glamour and more to her age.

Lighting a cigarette, she looked around the darkened apartment. She could stand here in the entrance hall for a month, she thought, and no one would know the difference. Down, self-pity, she chided herself, taking off the fox coat that she'd already decided to give away. ("Mother, in that coat, you're just still playing those old forties movies," her daughter had said in London.) Somehow, that remark had bothered her even through the round of farewell parties before the play had closed its run. And it had lingered on through the effusive "Let's keep in touch!" and "I'll call you next week" farewells as she had left in the cold British dawn to catch the morning flight to New York.

She turned on the lights as a clock chimed somewhere. It was five: the cocktail hour, and she was alone in New York, without a person to have dinner with, with no play to study, without a movie bid in sight and with a daughter who was not only a top star, but who also had produced her first film. When does one start feeling the ebb tide so strongly that one cannot come back, she pondered, and decided to try the refrigerator. Marian, the friend to whom she loaned the apartment, was not usually a thoughtful tenant, but the light revealed some eggs, a half-bar of butter, a few strips of bacon and, thank heavens, an unopened bottle of cold white wine!

Glass in hand, she wandered around the apartment, regarding all the bric-a-brac and mementos that she had accumulated through the years: photographs in silver frames of people she had known and loved who were now either all scattered around the world or dead; herself and Norman on a beach. Norman, her ex-husband, the man with the charm and without a heart. She had a faint throb of nostalgia, and took another gulp of wine. She looked over at TV, but it wasn't even time for the news. Then she remembered. The message *(continued)*

Illustration by Chuck Wilkinson

You can take this shrimp
and make a good dinner for two..



Or a great dinner for six.

Shrimp Cantonese with Rice.

- 3 cups hot cooked rice
- 12 ounces peeled, deveined raw shrimp, halved lengthwise
- 2 tablespoons butter, margarine, or vegetable oil
- 2 cups diagonally sliced celery
- 2 cups sliced onions
- 1 quart (8 ounces) fresh spinach leaves
- 1 can (16 ounces) fancy mixed Chinese vegetables
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ cup soy sauce
- 1¼ cups chicken broth
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch

While rice is cooking, sauté shrimp in butter for 1 minute or until shrimp turn pink, using a large skillet. Add celery and onions. Cook, stirring, 2 minutes. Add spinach and Chinese vegetables which have been rinsed and drained. Cover and cook 1 minute. Blend pepper, soy sauce, chicken broth, and cornstarch. Stir into shrimp-vegetable mixture. Cook, stirring, until sauce is clear and thickened—about 2 minutes. Serve over beds of fluffy rice. Makes 6 servings.

For other menu-stretching recipes, write to:
Rice Council of America, Dept. L,
Box 22800, Houston, Texas 77027.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

© Rice Council for Market Development 1975

RICE.
A great eating idea whose time has come.

GETTING THE MESSAGE

continued

service! She'd forgotten to call in messages. There should be two mor worth by now, even though her num had been changed to an unlisted when Marian took over the apartm Pencil and pad in hand, she dialed switchboard that covered the phone one hundred New Yorkers who like know who was ringing their phone.

"Miss Ferrar?" said a strange femi voice. "I don't have you? Or do I? yes. Here it is. Very few messages call from your dentist to tell you time for a checkup. And last week so one named Earl Blackwell invited to a party. There are a few more c I guess, but they didn't leave names.

"Is that all?" asked Francesca, glo ily. When assured it was, she said go night and hung up.

One more cigarette, one more g of wine and she unpacked. She watc the lights go on one by one across park, and thought how each light h its own world. Families. People toget People alone. Happy. Sad.

Suddenly the phone rang. Like drowning man to a life belt, she ran pick it up.

"Miss Ferrar?" A man's voice. A r ture, deep, pleasant voice. "This is message service."

"I just spoke to the message servic she said."

"I know, he said. "That's a new g and she was confused because y changed numbers. I've got a fistful other messages for you."

"You do?" It was like a movie scr where suddenly the music came up a the sun came out.

"Yes," he said. "Let's see. On Septe ber 15th, Van Johnson called and s he was going out of town, but want you to know a friend saw you in Lond and said you were great. He sent lov

"You take good messages," she sa

"Well," said the voice. "I'm a wri who does this part-time, and I've gott involved in the lives of my clients. I pecially yours. It's more interesting."

"Thank you," she said.

"Here's another message. Septeml 20th. John Springer called. Someo wants to do a beauty feature on yo How to look great after forty. I sa you'd call back. I doubt if they had t right number."

"They did," she laughed. "Both way

"Joan Crawford's secretary called a said dinner on the 29th was cancelle Earl Wilson called to check an ite about your daughter. Oh, yes, a m called several times. Wouldn't leave h name."

(continued on page 13

President Carter

WHICH WOMEN WILL HE PUT IN POWER?

Jimmy Carter has promised to name women to top government posts. Will he stick to his promise? If he does, these are the women he'll consider.
By Gillian Martin Sorensen

Jimmy Carter's election victory owes a lot to the women who helped fashion it. Carter respected, even demanded, excellence—and as one key aide says, "He didn't divide brains into sexes."

Never before has a presidential candidate so strongly pledged to support the cause of women's rights. "I am fully committed," President-elect Carter has said, "to equality between men and women in every aspect of life." This commitment takes form in one specific promise: federal appointments. Because Jimmy Carter's promise of full participation of women in government is strong and public, the traditional exclusion of able women from top posts should change forever when he takes office January 20, 1977. Here are some of the women he will probably rely on:



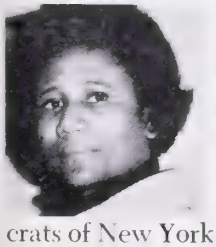
Patt Derian. Democratic National Committeewoman from Mississippi and a political reformer who helped organize the Mississippi Freedom Democratic party to include women and blacks in delegate selection. Convinced that Carter was "good on women and race," Ms. Derian became a vital link between the Carter camp and the Women's Political Caucus, and she served as a deputy campaign director. A natural for one of the Federal civil rights agencies.



Jane Yarn, an Atlanta resident, headed the "desk" that dealt mainly with the nation's conservationists—many of whom were active Carter supporters.



Lynn Davis, assistant professor of political science at Columbia University, was recommended to Carter as an expert on arms control, defense and intelligence. At 33 she was the youngest member of a distinguished foreign policy task force that included Averell Harriman, George Ball and Cyrus Vance. Ms. Davis is a likely appointee either to the Department of State or Defense.



Hazel Dukes, deputy campaign director for New York, is a veteran of NAACP and local politics as well as associate director of Off-Track Betting Corporation. She helped swing the tide to Carter at a meeting of the Council of Black Elected Democrats of New York. Her organizing efforts have included unions, ministers, poverty workers and tenants' organizations. Could join the new administration in the field of human services, housing or urban renewal.



Anne Wexler represented the Carter camp on the Democrat Convention's Rules Committee, where her parliamentary skill helped to avert a predicted explosion. After working for Eugene McCarthy in 1968, Ms. Wexler later managed Senate candidate Joe Duffy's campaign (and subsequently married him) and in 1972 was active in the Democratic campaign. Now associate publisher of *Rolling Stone* magazine, she could receive a Cabinet post.



Midge Costanza. In 1974, Governor Carter helped her when she ran for Congress. She lost the election, but went to work for him, becoming Carter's first major supporter in the Empire State. Ms. Costanza's political expertise and energy made her one of the most effective women in the campaign. Co-chairperson of Carter's New York State organization, Ms. Costanza—vice-mayor of Rochester—seconded his nomination at the Democratic Convention. An active feminist and business-woman, she may be offered a Cabinet post.



Mary Hoyt, former press secretary to Jane Muskie and Eleanor McGovern, is now Rosalynn Carter's press secretary. An editor, writer and public relations specialist, she is already a Washington resident and will probably keep her post when Mrs. Carter moves into the White House.



Charlotte Wilmer was regional coordinator of the border states. Though only 30, she has had political experience on Capitol Hill, at the Economic Opportunity Council and at the Democratic National Committee. *(continued)*



Doris B. Rankin. President of Ohio's Black Women's Leadership Caucus and a convention delegate, she served as deputy coordinator of the Carter campaign for Indiana, with total responsibility for the black vote in that state. Ms. Rankin wants to stay in Ohio, but will certainly remain a consultant.



Mary Zon, on leave from her executive job with the AFL-CIO, managed the labor desk and was a key link between the Carter campaign and organized labor.



Wellesley College economist **Carolyn Shaw Bell** decided last spring, when she was a panelist on the League of Women's Voters' "Presidential Forums," that of all the candidates, Carter best understood the economic issues. She soon joined his Economics Task Force, where she developed policy papers and sat on the 51.3% Advisory Board.



Mary King. National Director of the Committee of 51.3% (Carter's women's advisory committee), organizer of his task force on health care and an advisor on children's and women's rights, she provided Carter with his first contacts in Washington, D.C. A likely prospect for a post in HEW.



Madeleine MacBean has been personal and social secretary to the Carters since 1971. A long-time friend, traveling companion and aide, this cool, efficient worker will stay at the new First Lady's right hand.



Arvonne Fraser, an experienced politician and feminist leader, ran the upper Great Lakes state organization. Past president of Women's Equity Action League (WEAL), and a widely respected, part-time administrative aide, Ms. Fraser also worked as campaign manager for her husband, Rep. Donald Fraser of Minnesota.



Connie Plunkett. Deputy campaign director Plunkett also served as liaison to the Democratic National Committee. A vice-chairperson of the Georgia State Democratic party and former city councilwoman from Carrollton, Ga., she has been a long-time Carter ally. She wants to stay in Georgia, but will probably serve as a part-time advisor.



Ruth Morgenthau, a professor of International Relations and Comparative Governments at Brandeis, is another foreign policy task force member and has contributed to the campaign her knowledge of Africa and world food problems. Since her family and job are in Boston, it might take persuasion to move her to Washington, but she surely will be consulted frequently.



Betty Rainwater. As Carter's deputy press secretary, she handled requests for interviews, controversial queries, ethnic problems, etc., whenever the candidate and his press secretary, Jody Powell, were on the road. A veteran of Carter's 1970 gubernatorial campaign and the governor's press office, Betty Rainwater will be there when the new White House press operation starts in January.



Mary Scheckelhoff, 29, coordinated the Northeast region. She drew on her training in economics, her political energies and her union experience as an executive of the American Federation of State, City and Municipal Employees.



Diana Rock was coordinator of Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Like Mary Scheckelhoff, she worked for the American Federation of State and Municipal Employees before joining the Carter campaign.



Barbara Blum was an unpaid lobbyist for several Georgian conservation groups while Carter was governor. After serving as a floor leader at the Convention, she became one of Carter's deputy campaign directors and was named a director of transition operations after the election. Look for her in the Environmental Protection Administration.



Alice Mason. The single biggest fund-raiser in the Carter campaign, this head of a Manhattan real estate firm raised $250,000 with a personal mailing of 3,000 letters. Reportedly not interested in a government post, Ms. Mason plans to continue her fund-raising efforts.



Harriet Zimmerman ran one of the three political "desks" led by women at Carter's Atlanta headquarters. She came to Atlanta from Harvard, where she was a Ph.D. candidate in the Old Testament, and has been responsible for Jewish affairs.

For cold & flu relief nothing's changed:



In the fast-moving world of science, do you know anything else that couldn't be improved upon in 60 years? Bayer Aspirin, quite simply, was a miracle drug ahead of its time.

Rest, fluids, aspirin. Your doctor recommends it to relieve the aches and fever of colds and flu. So did your parents' doctor. And your grandparents' doctor. Bayer was the first brand of aspirin. And today, three generations later, it's still number 1.

Rest, Fluids, Bayer Aspirin.

Read and follow label directions on this and all medicines.



▲ Broccoli with Cheese Sauce



▲ French Green Beans with Toasted Almonds



▲ Green Peas with Cream Sauce



▲ Cauliflower with Cheese Sauce



▲ Creamed Spinach ▼ Small Onions with Cream Sauce





▲ Green Peas and Pearl Onions



▼ Carrots with Brown Sugar Glaze

Birds Eye® Combinations will do almost anything to get your husband's attention.

Does your husband think your vegetables are all as alike as peas in a pod? Even when you're not serving peas? Then you should be serving him Birds Eye® Combinations.

Birds Eye® Combinations are mixed vegetables, glazed vegetables, vegetables in a cream sauce, vegetables with almonds, interesting, colorful, exciting vegetables.

They're even vegetables in a tangy, brand-new cheese sauce: Broccoli with cheese sauce and Cauliflower with cheese sauce.

In short, they are vegetables that your husband absolutely cannot ignore. That's because Birds Eye® Combinations will catch his passing fancy...the kind that makes him keep on asking you to pass the vegetables over to him.



BIRDS EYE®

Birds Eye® Combinations.

The first vegetables your husband might even notice.

ove photographs are approx. 2 times actual size.

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Psychiatrist's notebook

By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

Dr. Rubin answers questions about marriages without sex, the hidden value of "nervous breakdowns" and the dangers in early retirement.

I've heard several stories about sexless marriages. Is it actually possible for two people to be happy, or to make a reasonable adjustment, without physical intimacy?
Human beings are capable of a vast array of behavioral adaptations, and there is virtually no limit to the kinds of relationships people develop. Long and sustained marriages that are asexual are probably more common than is realized.

Happiness is relative, of course. But while reasonable adjustments are possible in these marriages, something is missing—and that something must detract appreciably from the potential fulfillment inherent in being human. But let me also point out that there are many sexually active couples for whom sex presents many difficulties and limitations. Also, some couples with an excellent sexual relationship have serious problems in all other areas.

What exactly is a nervous breakdown in layman's terms? What kind of treatment is necessary?
Frankly, there is no such thing as a nervous breakdown. Nerves have not broken down and no demonstrable organic changes in the brain or spinal cord have taken place. People often use this phrase to describe an inability to function as usual for such varied reasons as severe anxiety, depression, irrational behavior and even acute flareups of psychosomatic illnesses (gastrointestinal disturbances, certain rashes, bronchial asthma, etc.). I have always felt that "emotional breakup" would be a better term, because these reactions often represent the breaking up of old patterns of behavior.

From my point of view, these very painful "time-out" reactions may serve as valuable signals that much has not been in order for a long time. There may be conflicts that have never been resolved; hidden fears that have not been faced; feelings that have not been expressed; yearnings and desires that have never been given adequate respect; proclivities and potentials that have not been realized.

Such a period, therefore, can be used in the service of one's self—not to go back to inner conditions as they were prior to the "breakup," but to change and grow in the direction of constructive health.

Treatment depends on the particular individual's history, personality and condition. Consultation with a psychiatrist trained in psychoanalysis is best and, in my opinion, psychoanalytic psychotherapy is usually most helpful, not only in getting over painful symptoms but, more important, in effecting constructive, lifelong changes.

My husband retired five years ago, at age 54. With the loss of his position went the ego, respect and companionship of his peers. He is often ill, as well as impotent. I understand, and have tried to have patience, but it is wearing thin. He reads the paper, then watches TV. He doesn't leave the house or want to see friends. He has a hobby but does not pursue it. What can I do?
This kind of reaction represents concealed rage—at one's self, one's spouse, the world and the inevitable process of aging. Very few people, especially men, take retirement well at any age, and it is particularly difficult for a man who is only 54. As you seem to understand, people who are work-oriented suffer a severe blow to their self esteem when they are no longer gainfully employed.

To make matters worse, many men have convinced themselves that they were working mainly in order to retire one day. They therefore develop great expectations for retirement and suffer all the more when it turns out to offer more pain than pleasure. Admitting this disappointment is very difficult, because they come to see it as a personal failure. They feel that they "should" enjoy retirement, no matter what. When caught in this trap, men may inappropriately blame their wives, their children, the nation, the world, etc. In an attempt to extricate themselves, some men—like your husband—develop somatic symptoms in an unconscious attempt to feel much older and more infirm than they are. They can use this argument to deny their yearnings to return to work, old activities and relationships. For the most part, this doesn't work.

Some retired men find the courage to go for counseling or psychiatric help if they feel depressed. Others tap inner resources; they develop old and new hobbies and interests. But most can not. As a result, they may indeed get sick and even die before their time, having lost the motivation to go on. For these men—and some women, too—it would be best not to retire at all, and the best treatment is usually a return to gainful employment regardless of whether they need the money or not. **End**

Dr. Rubin is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of "Reflections In a Goldfish Tank" (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc.). If you have questions you would like Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.

Introducing Fact Menthol. The low gas, low 'tar'.

You might not know it, but cigarette smoke is mostly gas—many different kinds. Not just 'tar' and nicotine.

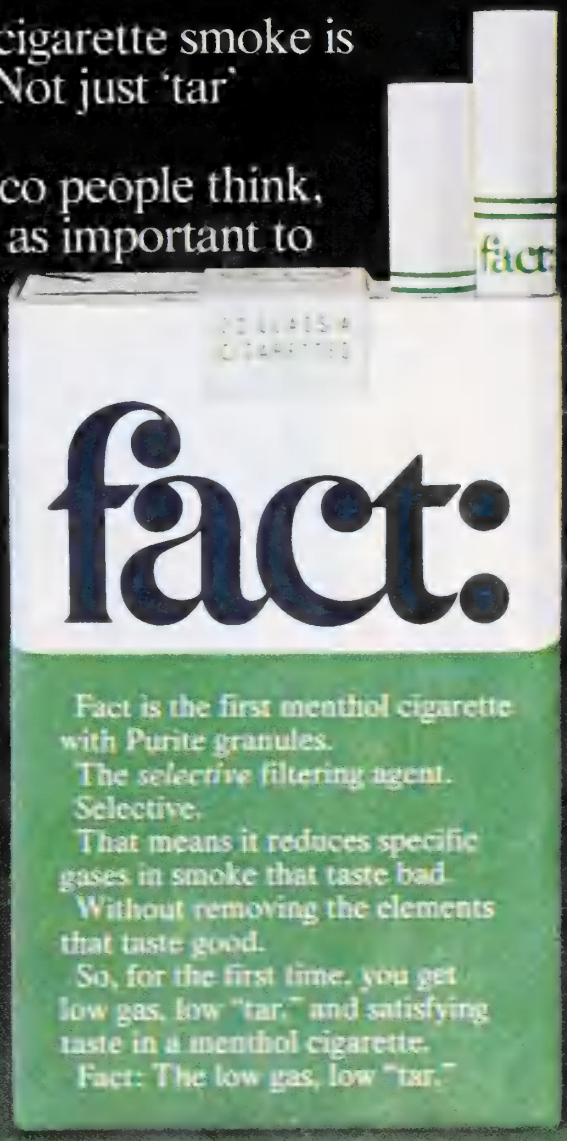
And, despite what we tobacco people think, some critics of smoking say it's just as important to cut down on some of the gases as it is to lower 'tar' and nicotine.

No ordinary menthol cigarette does both. But Fact does.

Fact is the first menthol cigarette with the revolutionary Purite® filter. And Fact reduces gas concentrations while it reduces 'tar' and nicotine.

Read the pack. It tells how you get the first low gas, low 'tar' smoke with good, menthol taste.

And that's not fiction. That's a Fact.



Available in regular and menthol.

Fact Menthol: The low gas, low 'tar.'

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular, 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Menthol, 13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

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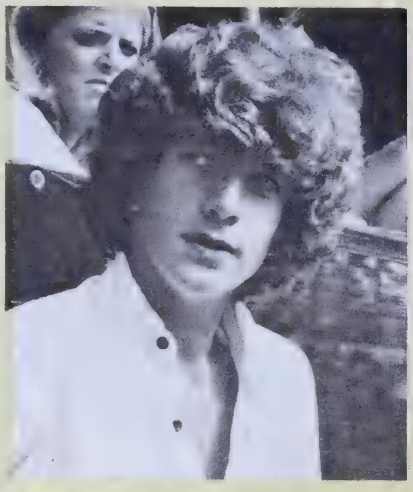
WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE KENNEDYS?

A SURPRISING REPORT BY LIZ SMITH

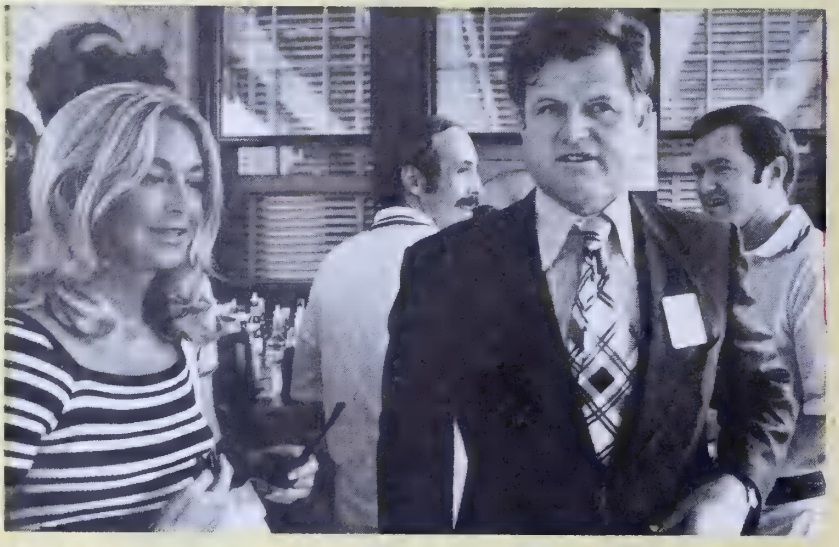
Remember the Kennedys? They used to be our super-glamorous First Family. Now they're living normal lives for the first time in years.



Jackie & Caroline: Some motherly flak over professional photography.



JFK, Jr.: Frisbees at the Met, Adidas sneakers and banana boots for this daredevil rebel.



Joan and Ted: Tragedies have brought them much closer together.



Pat Lawford (left) and sister Eunice Shriver: wildly loyal and supportive.



Ethel (with Gov. Hugh Carey of New York): Life is okay, kid.

Photographs by Ron Galella

Magazine and book and newspaper editors thought it would never end. They couldn't envision a time when the Kennedys wouldn't be their number one story, when the magic of the name or connection would fail to incite interest, when the eruptive lava flow of publicity about the clan would lessen. There's no question that any Kennedy or Kennedy-related person can and will still make headlines. But lately the too-hot-not-to-cool-down Kennedys seem to have more or less done just that: cooled off, shut down, moved out of the limelight. The most dynamic and longest running road show in American political and dynastic history seems to have stopped being S.R.O. What was once a roar of activity and interest has become the steady humdrum of fairly private lives and some of the hum is the "ho hum" evidenced by the public at the mere mention of the famous Kennedy name. *(continued)*

When is a haircolor not a haircolor?



When it's a beauty treatment.

That's right, a beauty treatment.

Happiness is the haircolor that does *lots* of lovely, luxurious things for your hair – all at once.

First, it's a gentle, no-peroxide haircolor that works magic on dull, fading hair. Adds highlights, glossy gleams and rich color kicks that pick up, perk up your natural haircolor.

And, at the same time, Happiness is busy conditioning your hair. Adding bounce and fullness. Leaving hair shinier. Healthier-looking. And just plain more beautiful.

Treat yourself to Happiness regularly. It does lots of lovely, luxurious things for your hair – all at once.



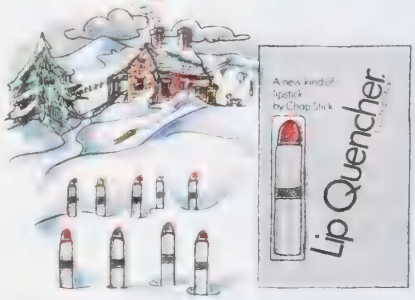
Happiness® Foam-In Haircolor. Highlights. Conditions. It's a beauty treatment for your hair.

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Advertisement

Dollar's Worth from Mary Willis





Just as snowflakes coat the landscape with shimmering beauty, **Lip Quencher**® can coat your lips with the sparkle of moisture. Because Lip Quencher, a unique kind of lipstick from Chap Stick,® is packed with moisturizers and creamy emollients to help lips stay smooth, soft, lusciously moist—even in the coldest winter weather. And Lip Quencher is available in twenty-four mouth-watering shades. With a choice of cremes, transparents and frosteds. This winter, get Lip Quencher and splash one on.



The hardest time to keep skin looking beautiful is in the dead of winter. But **Face Quencher**®, the new moisturizing makeup from Chap Stick, can make it easy. You see, Face Quencher is filled with moisturizers and creamy emollients to keep your face looking smooth, soft and natural—long after you put it on. And Face Quencher comes in eight beautiful shades, including Clearwater Natural which gives your face a beautiful glow without adding color. If you haven't tried Face Quencher, now's the time.



When your family's enjoying the outdoors, don't worry about chapping. Rely on Chap Stick® Lip Balm. You can count on Chap Stick to protect lips three ways: It shields lips from chilling cold and dry heat. It coats lips to help retain natural moisture. And it can help soothe and heal lips which are already chapped. Chap Stick protects your family. Don't let them go out without it.

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE KENNEDYS?

continued

In the hullabaloo of Jimmy Carter's election, there appeared a brief item in the nation's most important newspaper of record. *The New York Times* remarked that Edward M. Kennedy had been returned to his Senate seat, as expected, by a safe majority. That was all there was about the Kennedys in the Democrats' political resurgence. Remarkable? Incredible!

Has the sun, then, finally set on the Kennedy empire? Has America moved out of the shadow of the family's Irish shamrock? Are the Kennedys finished, or just a dynasty in absentia, biding time?

I believe that the low Kennedy profile is temporary and that this remarkable American family is still just as viable as ever. They are working up new troops and reinforcements within the family itself. The clan Kennedy may not even be conscious of it, but its members can no more stop "waiting" to re-emerge as national leaders and influential figures at the top than they can stop breathing.

Take Ted Kennedy's self-imposed "exile" from the 1976 scramble for the presidency—a race many feel he'd easily have won. Ted decided, pragmatically and emotionally, that 1976 was a time out of joint for him and voluntarily removed himself. "Of course, I'd like to be president, but it's just not going to happen in this period of my life. I know I cannot run for president now. It's just not possible with my family situation."

In 1984, after a two-term Jimmy Carter, Ted can easily seek the presidency. By then the scenario should be much simpler for him. Time will hopefully have placed distance between Ted and the unreasoning few who may want to kill him; time will have mitigated the national criticism about his youthful immaturity, softened the scandal of Chappaquiddick, settled the question of his son's ultimate survival from his drastic cancer surgery, stabilized the Senator's marriage and given the brood of 16 young Kennedys—who now depend on him—a chance to grow up.

Meanwhile, let's consider what the other Kennedy in-laws and out-laws are up to:

Rose Kennedy: Like the mother of the Gracchi, she still considers her family her jewels and her work of art. One of the most admired women in the world, she winters in Palm Beach, Fla., and summers in Hyannis Port, Mass., still swims and plays golf, keeps in touch with her grandchildren by a unique filing card system and goes to Mass every day. Mrs. Kennedy, 86, responds to public matters that seem important to her. Not long ago she took issue with respected *New York Times* columnist J Reston, who wrote that JFK did n lieve in his Roman Catholic religion indignant mother of the 35th pres wrote a letter to the editor, sta "President Kennedy did believe i practice his religion. He attended c regularly, was a frequent commun at Mass, and understood the mea and value of daily prayer." There been rumors that Mrs. Kennedy suf a slight stroke in 1976, but she is s have made a full recovery.

Jacqueline Onassis: Like Cleo Jackie has shown us many faces i time. The former First Lady ha course, already lived several vibr different lives, struck many bar with the gods and with fate, tried and over to escape her notoriety- fought vainly to erase the stigma w she herself characterized to Truma pote: "I was a freak to begin wi wasn't the kind of person my m wanted me to be. I'm a freak by acc of history, married to a man who president of the United States, wh assassinated and died in my arms."

Now, since the death of her s husband, Ari Onassis, it is as if J has truly flown from some golden p of her own devising. She no longe money worries. The story goes that daughter Christina Onassis gave J $10 million for her half of the O yacht *Christina* and the island of pios, and that Jackie is compl "quits" with the Onassis part of her

Still considered a Kennedy

Because of her children Caroline John—and her role as wife of a mart president—Jackie is still consider Kennedy, even if she remains aloof independent from JFK's family. S devoted to Ted, to Rose (whom she "Bellemere") and seems fond of and Ethel, but doesn't really get a with her sisters-in-law Eunice, P Jean. At a recent charity party, J hardly spoke to any of the Shri Smiths or Lawfords—nor they to he fact, nobody bothered to thank J publicly for her help, and when E received a standing ovation, J reluctantly stood and barely applau

In 1975, Jackie went to work fo old friend Tom Guinzburg of Vi Press. She surprised everybody by t her work seriously; she is in her offic most every work day, sometimes d ing into the building in blue jeans. I dresses up, it's to do the literary l bit with potential writer-clients. J grabs taxis, sits at lunch counters flip through *The Daily News*, reads m scripts night and day, and lends presence much more openly than ev New York's cultural and charity ev She makes frequent appearances plays, ballet and art shows with a va of "safe" escorts. *(continued on page*

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WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE KENNEDYS?

continued from page 42

The public has just had a look at Jackie's first editing as signment, a book titled *In the Russian Style,* published i December in connection with an exhibit of historic Russia costumes at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Jackie an Diana Vreeland of the Met visited the USSR in 1976 prepar ing both the book and exhibition.

Jackie, the liberated working woman, is the nicest Ke nedy story of recent times.

Caroline Kennedy: Already, the Radcliffe freshman is th new darling of the weekly tabloids, whose editors make u stories about her when they can't find anything out. Caroline 19, was reported quarreling with her mother over too muc social life while taking courses at Sotheby's in London, study ing art appreciation—and Mark Shand, the handsome nephe of millionaire Lord Ashcombe. Caroline threw a cup of wat at an annoying *papparazzi* last fall, even though she wants t become a professional photographer herself and worked bot the Winter Olympics at Innsbruck and the summer games Montreal for ABC as a photographer's assistant. Last May, sh checked into Boston's New England Baptist Hospital wit gastritis, but returned to London after recuperating. It is sai that Mrs. Onassis tries to keep Caroline on a strict rein, urge her to diet and isn't sympathetic to her photographic amb tions—even though Jackie herself was once an inquiring can crawoman in the days before she married JFK. In Octobe Caroline campaigned for Uncle Ted, then returned to Rad cliffe, where she hopes eventually to land a spot on the Ha vard *Crimson.* She lives in a dormitory and is said to love b ing away from mother—and from both the Secret Servic agents and Onassis guards who dogged her life for so long.

John F. Kennedy, Jr.: It hasn't been easy to be the son of famous U.S. president, to be always remembered as cute litt "John-John" when your voice is changing. Nor is it fun for normal teenager who likes hamburgers, Pepsi, pinball m chines, chocolate eclairs and girls to have had the Secret Se vice following him like some baby for years and years. Th ended for John F. Kennedy, Jr., after his 16th birthday la November. Now he is a typical teenager who occasional smokes on the sly, shows off, throws Frisbees on the steps the Metropolitan Museum across the street from his apa ment, wears Adidas sneakers and fiberglas banana boots f skiing, and is something of a daredevil and rebel. Various he is either "quick minded" or "not too good" in school. Mo ly he is 16 and has just transferred from New York's Collegia to Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass. Last summer, Jo had his first taste of public service when he and his cous Tim Shriver slept in tents and worked for three weeks to he rebuild a Guatemala town wrecked by earthquake.

Ethel Kennedy and the Hickory Hill "eleven": The thi that has changed most at Hickory Hill is the absence of ch dren's diseases. Ethel's youngest child still at home is Ro Elizabeth, born six months after Robert F. Kennedy w killed, and she is already eight years old. All the oldest ch dren are off working or at school. (Ethel has three sons ov 21, and daughter Kathleen, 25, is now married to Dav Townsend. Both attend the University of New Mexico l school.) Douglas, 10; Matthew, 11; Christopher, 13; Ma 17, are still living at home, but Michael, Courtney, Dav Robert F. and Joe III are gone from mother's wing. Still, th all come back home because it's still fun there. Ethel wa everybody to have a good time, even though she insists on l children being religious and disciplined. She closes her e to things she doesn't want to know about—there are no di jokes, no sex talk and no profanity at Hickory Hill. They s Ethel reads more seriously these days, but she still calls eve body "kid" and loves to meet movie *(continued on page 11*



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Mothering

The latest news, information and ideas for parents and children.
By Geraldine Carro



WHY BABIES WON'T LET PARENTS SLEEP (Or Can You Beat the System?)

There's nothing that undermines the confidence of new parents more than an infant who won't stop crying and fall asleep. To calm their offspring, desperate parents try everything from lullabies, bottles, pleading words and pacing the floor to feeding the baby cereal—which it usually refuses. Somehow the siege ends—with adult and child totally exhausted.

This new parents' nightmare is one most pediatricians pass off as par for the course. An exception is Dr. Arthur Parmalee, Jr., noted U.C.L.A. pediatrician, who has spent several years studying the behavior of newborns, particularly their sleeping habits.

When it comes to sleeping, newborn babies have no regard for the time of day, Dr. Parmalee's studies show. They sleep about 16 hours—in three- to four-hour cycles—during any given 24-hour period. By age one month, they may sleep for a more extended period of time, but this is more likely to occur during the day. Not until an infant reaches three months does it usually acquire sleeping habits that coincide with those of the rest of the family.

CRYING: IT'S PROBABLY NOT COLIC

Compounding the problem for parents are the crying spells common to newborns. "There is little time when the baby is awake," says Dr. Parmalee, "that it is not crying." Unfortunately, things get worse before they get better. Citing studies by noted Boston pediatrician T. Berry Brazelton, Dr. Parmalee explains that newborn crying usually increases when the baby is two weeks old. This is just when weary parents begin to think they should have matters under control. At four to six weeks, the crying peaks and then diminishes. By three months, crying is seldom a serious problem.

What causes the crying? The popular explanation is colic. But in fact, this is rarely the case, says Dr. Parmalee. Crying, he explains, is the way the newborn—a neurologically immature being—reacts to the various stimuli around it, such as lights, traffic noises and household activity. Usually the crying intensifies during the busy late afternoon or early evening. (Sometimes gastric distress is part of the problem, too. But truly colicky babies show other signs of intestinal disorder, such as diarrhea, Dr. Parmalee says).

While Dr. Parmalee believes it helps parents to know that a newborn's crying spells and sleepless nights are perfectly normal, there's little anyone can do to alter the baby's behavior. "Newborns are not very adaptive creatures. Parents who won't tolerate the crying or the sleep/wake cycles are setting themselves up for failure," he says.

Sometimes, ensuring a calm environment reduces the baby's crying spells at the end of the day. Picking the crying infant up may work to some degree. "However, some babies are jumpy no matter what you do," he says.

In cases of "jumpy" babies, when nothing seems to help, says Dr. Parmalee, "the best thing is to find someone to help the mother."

ICE CREAM CONE CAKE



Is it an ice cream cone? Is it a cake? It's an ice cream cone cake, the inspiration of Canadian reader Joyce Reil, who proposes it as an answer to messy birthday party tables and too much leftover cake. Her creation actually consists of individual cakes baked in flat-bottomed ice cream cones and then frosted in ice cream colors. Each guest gets a cone. We thought it an amusing idea, as did the children aged three to six we invited to our test sampling. From the baker's standpoint, an ice cream cone cake is child's play. Directions:

Your favorite two layer cake batter
14 flat-bottomed ice cream cones
White frosting
Food coloring
Aluminum foil, in strips 9" wide by 9½" long (one per cone)
Shortening
Preheat oven to 350°F. Fold foil strips in half widthwise. Grease inside of foil collar. Form collars for the cones by wrapping foil tightly around cone, pressing gently along sides. Use scotch tape to secure. Strips should extend 2" above cones. Pour batter to top of cone only. Place upright on cookie sheet. Bake for 30 min. or until done. Cool on wire racks. When cool, remove foil. Tint white icing a variety of colors and frost cones. Makes about 14 cones

A NEW VACCINE FOR CHILD SAFETY

How do you protect your kids from danger without making them overly fearful? Try what Murl Harmon calls his "safety vaccine," two books that aid in creating the kind of safe environment that eliminates the need for constant worry.

The first part of Harmon's "vaccine" is free for the asking. It's a catalog called *Safety Now,* and lists the safest equipment for kids he could find.

A top accountant for a large international corporation, Harmon spent 2,000 off-duty hours and $25,000 to research existing safety literature and evaluate thousands of products. In the process, he rejected such items as infant seats that tip easily and an inflatable bathtub advertised as safe for babies—but which Harmon says is dangerously slippery when wet. Harmon sells all the products selected for the catalog at discount prices.

The second safety aid that emerged from Harmon's research is an extraordinarily thorough volume called *A New Vaccine For Child Safety.* The book shows how both common and not-so-common hazards to kids can be avoided through advance planning. Dr. Robert G. Scherz, former chairman of the American Academy of Pediatrics' Accident Prevention Committee, wrote the introduction.

Why is Harmon doing all this? "It's an important service," he says, "and no one else was providing it."

To receive free catalog, write to Safety Now, Dept. J, P.O. Box 567, Jenkintown, Pa. 19046; for *A New Vaccine for Child Safety,* send $7.95 to same address.

"I wouldn't use anything but Pampers.® I've been through this before."



"My first baby taught me all about how great Pampers are.

"One thing I really love is they help keep my baby dry after he wets.

"Pampers have this Stay-Dry lining. After he wets, the lining helps keep the wet padding away from his tender skin.

"There's nothing like experience to show you what really works."

Ask any mother about Pampers dryness.

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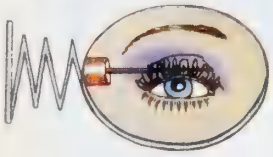


Beauty Journal

How to keep mascara from smudging, plus beauty bargain news and free booklets.

THE BEAUTY OF SILK

We've all had that frustration of seeing a favorite sweater or shirt have to give up the ghost because of a stubborn perspiration stain. This year, with silk shirts and cashmere sweaters so popular, we did some checking to protect an investment in either one or both. Perspiration on clothing is best caught fresh. The longer you leave the perspiration, the more apt it is to stain. But since reality prevents our whipping off a garment at the first damp signals, prevention is, of course, still the best measure. The anti-perspirant you choose can vary among sprays, stick gels, creams, roll-ons, saturated pads and on and on. Whichever, daily use should insure its effects. Beyond that, small dress shields tacked into underarm seams are positively sure to prevent stains. The there's routine cleaning. Despite the "Dr clean only" tag (really a warning agains machine washing), we decided to hand wash a new silk shirt. It worked beaut fully. Here's how: Tepid water, mild soap rinsed thoroughly then rolled once in a towel. Iron the shir wet with a completely *dry* iron (no droplets of steam) at medium setting on the wrong side; do seams on the righ side. Takes 20 minutes sink to hanger. The shirt we did wa silk broadcloth. Silk satin, crepe or smocking details woul spell "send it out." Same sink washing goes for cashmer sweaters. Take care to lift sweater with both hands while washing . . . don't let it stretch while wet. With careful handling, silk and cashmere can enjoy a long, luxurious life



RIGHT ANGLES

Something as simple as the right tilt of the wand can mean either perfectly applied mascara or smudges. Drawing on years of experience, we've got it down to a science: lift chin up and look down into the mirror. Hold wand or brush horizontally; apply from inside corner out. On the lower lashes, switch wand to a diagonal; gently brush across. One tip: the tapered brush applicators are terrific for little flyaway lashes.

GOOD ADVICE

Falling in the realm of how to help yourself feel/look better, here are two trove-of-information booklets to send for. • For the 70 million Americans who have an invisible but painful ache in their backs, there's a simple eight-page booklet called, "The Bad Back" that offers good rules to live by, posture profiles, diet talk, plus a "minimal fitness test" that should send everyone running back to the exercise pad. It's 25¢ per copy; write to: Bad Back Booklet, The Simmons Co., One Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. • "Aesthetic Surgery: What It Can and Cannot Do" is a free nine-page booklet that explains the pros and cons of cosmetic plastic surgery. (Did you know that today's techniques were originally developed to restore soldiers disfigured in World War I?) Of particular interest, a glossary of eight procedures (nose, breasts, body fat, etc.) and the low-down on what each involves. Write to Order Dept. OP-208A, American Medical Assoc., 535 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 60610.

WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE

Your skin and a lush fern have one thing in common. Both thrive on moisture. Especially now, when the mix of indoor heat and outdoor freeze tends to parch your skin. Three to compensate: • A new line of moisturizers called Raintree including lotion, cream and concentrate. Our choice, Lotion for Dry Skin. By Noxzema, 4 oz., $2. • A creamy new moisturizing makeup to wear all day; in 8 shades. Appropriately called Face Quencher, by Chap Stick, 1 fl. oz., $2.49. • And for thirsty-rough hands, a healing cream made originally for Arctic fishermen. Neutrogena Hand Cream, 2 oz., $3.

EXERCISE OF THE MONTH



Q. *I've become very sloppy with my exercising over the past months and now desperately need an all-over toner for the thighs. Any suggestions? J.S., Brice, Utah*

A. A wonderful exercise for firming the entire thigh comes from the classic ballet position, the "plié" (meaning to fold or bend). With feet a step apart and almost parallel to shoulders, bend knees. It's important to also keep knees "turned out"—over your feet, between big toe and little toe. Keep heels on the floor, bend about a foot. Keep your hands on your inside thighs to feel the muscles working. Straighten up and repeat 10 times, slowly, for full benefit.

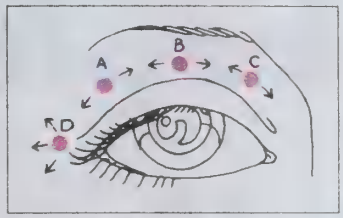
BARGAINS TO BEGIN WITH

Starting the first of the year, many good things are bestowed at special values . . . to tempt, to please. Our eye was caught by these dandies. • From the Equasion group, a bunching of skin-care treatment products by Coty that's a delicious treat. It's Fresh Peach Wake-Up Gel that our beauty assistant described as "tingling my skin awake in the morning." A cleanser, it lathers then is rinsed away. 1.5 oz., $1. • Since this is the favored month for skin dryness to strike (see Water, Water above, right), we opt for attacking back (after a shower or bath) with a soothing, all-over body lotion. One of the nicest is Intimate Perfumed Body Moisturizer by Revlon, which radiates scent like a bouquet of carnations and is a real smoothie. Right now, a large 14 oz. bottle, $2. • Good savings in the air—the classically romantic scent of Crêpe de Chine is being offered to spray and play with to the delight of your senses. Eau de Toilette Spray by F. Millot, 1.5 oz., $3.

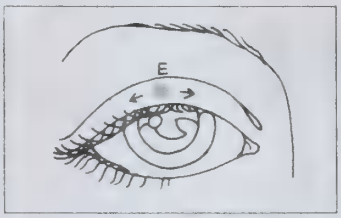


AZIZA DEMONSTRATES MOISTURIZING CREME SHADOWS.

ompared to the rest of your here are fewer oil glands d the eyes to help fight mois- ss.
hat's why Aziza created a ating shadow that mois- your eyes with fresh, flattering color. It actually protect against tiny dry skin nd won't dry out your lids. ally you don't need a mois- underneath our beautiful w.)
/e make Aziza Moistur- Creme Shadows in 16 lus- frosted and non-frosted What we demonstrate here ue and Pink Lustre. For the st, smoothest look possible, the correct technique for all shadows.



1. With your pinky finger, place three dots in a light shade at A, B, and C. Blend in the direction of the arrows. Next, a tiny dot at outer corner of eye (D). Finger pat this delicate area into a fan shape.



2. With a shadow in a darker hue, make a big dot in the middle of the lid (E). With your index finger, gently blend this dot in the direction of the arrows and up into the crease.

You'll notice there's no oily feel to our Moisturizing Creme Shadows. Because they're actually a unique type of cream that's light as powder. (They dry to a powder-like finish.) So they won't glob or gather in the creases of your lid like other creams you've tried, and their pretty porcelain hues last and last.

Questions? For your free book, "Aziza Demonstrates All About Eyes," send 25¢ for postage and handling to Aziza, Dept. 461, 33 Benedict Place, Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

Because Aziza knows all about eyes.

Aziza by Prince Matchabelli.



HOW TO FEEL MORE ALIVE AT 5:00



Some days I used to feel really dragged out by five o'clock.

You probably know the feeling because you've had it yourself. And usually just when you were planning something really nice for the evening.



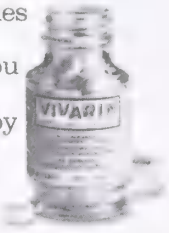
Then I found out about Vivarin.

Just one Vivarin tablet perks me up, makes me feel more alive.

You see Vivarin is a gentle pick-me-up. The active ingredient that makes Vivarin so effective is the caffeine of two cups of coffee squeezed into one easy to take tablet.

So for those times when five o'clock rolls around and you want to feel more lively, ready to enjoy the rest of the day, try Vivarin.

It really works.



Your family's health

By David R. Zimmerman

New protection against hepatitis B; aspirin vs. acetaminophen—and more medical news.

NEW ANTI-VD INJECTION. Hepatitis B, formerly known as serum hepatitis, is a lingering, debilitating disease often transmitted by genital or oral sex. When one person gets it, his or her spouse has a high risk of contracting it, too. Yet when Allan Redeker, M.D., of Los Angeles, and David Gocke, M.D., of Piscataway, N.J., treated 25 of these spouses with a special gamma globulin shot called HBIG, which contains huge amounts of antibodies against hepatitis B, only one developed hepatitis B. Researchers predict that HBIG will be licensed in 1977. The new shots will be expensive because many units of blood plasma are needed to produce HBIG. New York virologist Alfred Prince, M.D., who, with Nobel Prize winner Baruch Blumberg, M.D., is one of the discoverers of hepatitis B virus, says a protective dose of HBIG will cost $50 to $100.

PREFERABLE PAIN-KILLER? Consumers are being urged to switch from aspirin to acetaminophen for safer, more effective pain relief. But is it safer? True, acetaminophen does not cause bleeding in the stomach, as aspirin does. But only a small percentage of people must avoid aspirin for this reason. And acetaminophen can cause liver disease, particularly in sick children. The conservative *Medical Letter* has called this fact to doctors' attention, adding that "the most serious problem with acetaminophen is overdosage in suicide attempts or childhood poisonings. . . . [It] appears to be more dangerous than aspirin because treatment is much more difficult. . . . Syrups and other solutions are particularly hazardous because young children can easily drink a large overdose." A comparable warning has been issued by the American Medical Association, which calls acetaminophen overdosage a "new health hazard." Since acetaminophen lacks aspirin's anti-inflammatory effect, it is of little value for arthritic pain, and may be less effective for strains and sprains. Otherwise, the *Medical Letter* says, its pain-killing power is "about the same" as aspirin's.

NOT FOR NOVICES. The IUD is the wrong contraceptive for young women who have never been pregnant, a Swedish study strongly suggests. IUD users between the ages of 16 and 25 ran a seven times higher risk of painful pelvic inflammatory disease (PID) than women who used the Pill or other methods. Comparable reports have come from the United States. PID can severely damage the fallopian tubes, causing sterility. The most common cause of PID is gonorrhea, and one interpretation of the Swedish data is that IUDs may encourage PID by exacerbating mild gonorrhea cases.

HIDDEN DRINKERS. "I was a housewife," says Pat, 44, a member of Alcoholic Anonymous. "I drank because I was lonely and bored." There have always been female alcoholics—they are just not as conspicuous as men. They do not seek help as often, and helping agencies have more difficulty finding and assisting them. To help bridge this gap, the National Clearinghouse for Alcohol Information (Box 2345, Rockville, Md. 20852) has a new free booklet, *Alcohol Abuse and Women*. It tells a woman how to decide if she needs treatment and how to get it. **End**



My First Day With Stayfree® Maxi-Pads.

I'll never forget that day. It was the first time I had ever used a napkin without a belt. It wasn't a great day to experiment, but I was glad I did!

STAYFREE worked even better than I had expected. It did everything it was supposed to do.

A friend of mine told me that STAYFREE had an adhesive strip that holds the napkin right onto your underwear. Well, the idea of no belts or pins really appealed to me. A lot.

Then I read that they also had a moistureproof shield. The shield covers the bottom and sides of the napkin, so it repels moisture and prevents staining.

Thanks to STAYFREE Maxi-Pads, I was able to take my skating lesson. In fact, I felt so comfortable and secure with them, I even wore my new skating skirt.



For active women. Like you.

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At age 30, is she blithe spirit, pensive elf or femme fatale? After visiting her at home with her high-spirited family, this writer warns: Keep an open mind about Mia Farrow. By Mel Gussow

MIA

For months conductor Andre Previn had been working on a book of essays about music, and his wife, Mia Farrow, had read none of it. On a trip from their home in England to New York, where Previn was to conduct the New York Philharmonic, he ordered a fake book jacket printed. The title read: "All I Know About Mia Farrow" by Andre Previn. He wrapped the jacket around a book of blank pages and, when he returned home, he left the volume on the coffee table. Then he called Mia in from the kitchen. "You know how much I've been writing?" he said. "Well, here's the book." The blood drained from her face. She said—and there was a tiny tremor of doubt in her voice—"You've got to be kidding!"

More than most stars, Mia Farrow is compulsive about keeping her personal life private. At the end of our first meeting, which I thought was friendly, candid and revealing, she looked at me proudly, almost defiantly, and said, without blinking her lovely, large, blue-gray cat's eyes, "Nobody knows anything about me. Nobody knows who I am at all. I would rather be a pin-up girl in *Playboy* than tell you what's really inside me."

I could only smile at that challenge. Mia, I have to tell you: after that first interview and the ones that followed, after spending time with you in London and at your country home in Surrey, I do know something about you.

If this is not an entirely new picture of Mia Farrow, it is at least one that seems to contradict her past—or, rather, the public knowledge of her past. So much about Mia has been recorded in gossipy detail: the daughter of Hollywood (her father, director John Farrow, more famous for his dashing lifestyle than for his films, and her mother, movie star Maureen O'Sullivan, forever memorialized as Tarzan's Jane); Frank Sinatra's child bride; Andre Previn's third wife, the object of his ex-wife Dory Previn's scathing song, "Beware of Little Girls." Mia's screen roles have presented her as a strange, chimerical creature: the woman who has a child by the devil in *Rosemary's Baby*; the seriously disturbed daughter in *Secret Ceremony*; chaotic Daisy Buchanan in *The Great Gatsby*.

Push aside all preconceptions. At age 30, Mia herself seems self-possessed, secure and confident—about her career and about her role as wife and mother. She has a mutually rewarding relationship with her husband and five children (two of them adopted Vietnamese girls), all of whom are extraordinarily attached to her. Her career has taken a new, unusual turn since she became the only American member of the prestigious Royal Shakespeare Company. With the R.S.C. and other English companies, she has been acclaimed in leading roles in plays by Shakespeare, Chekhov, Gorky and Garcia Lorca. As a demonstration of her versatility, she was recently seen on American TV, singing and dancing the title role in *Peter Pan*.

I first met Mia backstage at the R.S.C.'s Aldwych Theater in London. She was appearing there in Gorky's *The Zykovs*, playing a willful young woman who jilts her fiance and marries his father; she was soon to go into rehearsal in Chekhov's *Ivanov*, as an assertive, headstrong young woman who wins a husband away from his dying wife—two difficult, challenging roles. Offstage, she was wearing Farmer Brown overalls and a yellow slicker (covering, I later noticed, a drab, tan T-shirt that was slightly frayed at one shoulder). Her hair was cropped short. All she needed was cornsilk behind her ear and a straw hat on her head to complete the Huck Finn image.

As we walked to a nearby Italian restaurant, we talked about the people and the families—professional as well as private—in her life. She has always been drawn toward strong individuals, such as her father and her two husbands, and such forceful directors as Roman Polanski (who directed *Rosemary's Baby*) and David Jones of the R.S.C. "I tend to trust people," she said. "I look to a leader."

Mia also always has gravitated toward close-knit groups. As a child her life was intricately involved with her brothers and sisters. When her oldest brother, Michael, "the hope of the family," died in the crash of a private plane—he was 19, she was 13—it sent her into an emotional tailspin. Her five surviving siblings are still among her best friends. As children, they were a clan unto themselves, kept studiously apart from their parents' lives. "We ran wild," she recalled. "It was *Lord of the Flies*. We could be pretty savage. The more glamorous aspects of Hollywood took place behind closed doors at night. The children were brought out in their best clothes—and then put back in the nursery." In response to that upbringing, she has tried, in *(continued)*

For a short story—a love story—by Mia Farrow's mother, Maureen O'Sullivan, see page 31.

Photograph by Graham Stark

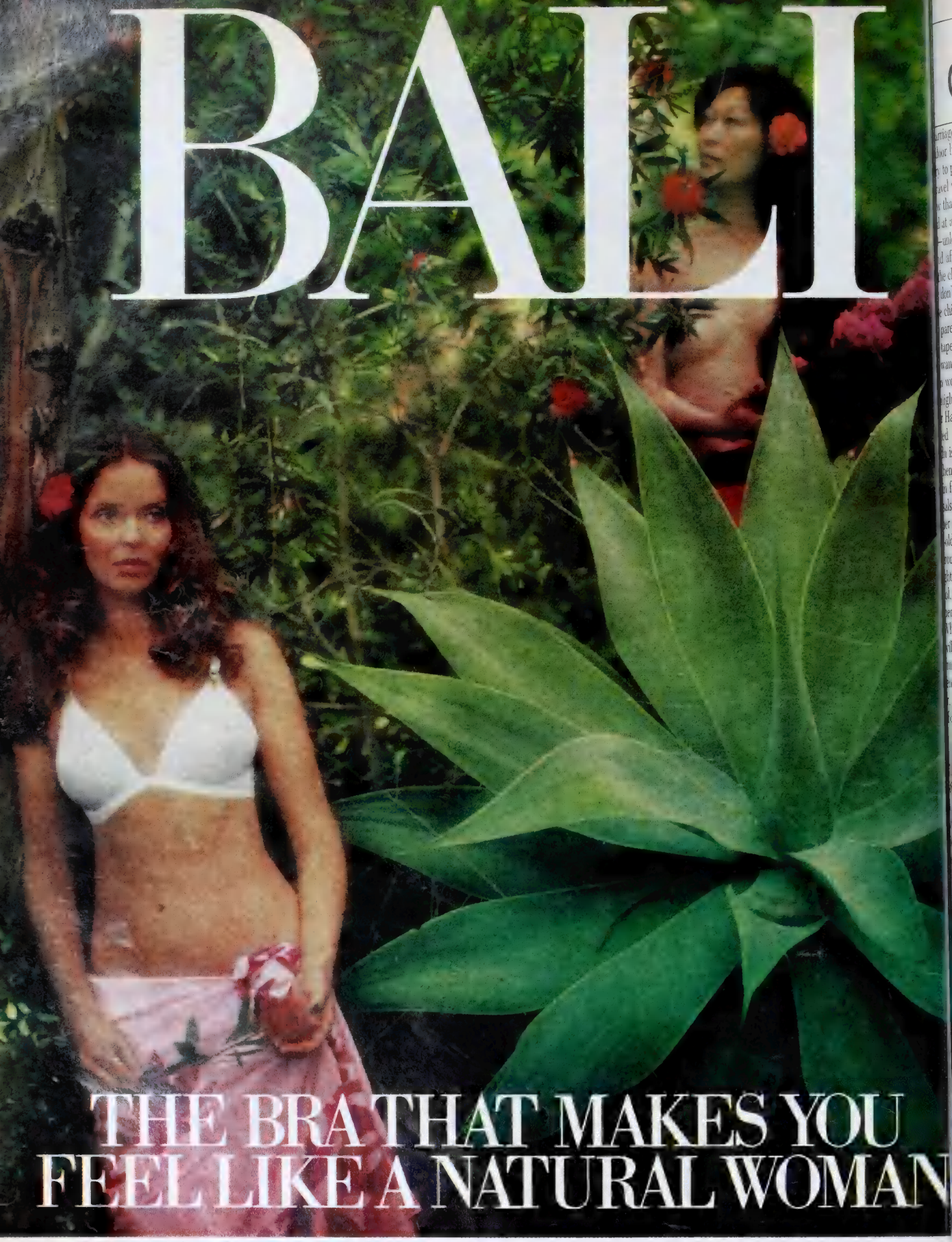
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Bali is named after a place that was famous for barebreasted women. The island of Bali. Where women have been feeling free for centuries. And completely natural.

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It makes you feel like a natural woman.

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MIA

continued

rriage, "to make our kids more a part of our life. There oor between our area of living and theirs. There is no to put them back into. They live and think and play avel with us as much as possible."

that she is working with the R.S.C., she leaves them at around 6:30, is driven to London and is home by -unless she goes out with the other R.S.C. actors to d after the performance. In any case, she wakes up he children in the morning. "Like Cinderella," she said, don't even know I went to the ball."

children are being brought up with an awareness of parents' professions. The twins, Sacha and Matthew, apes of classical music and listen to them frequently. vanted to punish them," Andre says, "the worst depri- would be to take away their time listening to music." ght he overheard them arguing whether to play Han- Haydn. "I want Haydn," Sacha said. "Handel is nicer," d Matthew. "Handel *is* nicer," agreed Sacha, "but is much better to jump to."

en Mia's *Peter Pan* was televised in England, it was a family event. Although the children had watched re- ls and had seen Peter's wire, they still thought their could fly. After the program, Lark Song, their three- d Vietnamese daughter, said, "Please Mother, please und the room." Without hesitation, Mia replied, "Not t. It has to be a special occasion." The next day at one of the twins' friends said, "I didn't know that your was a boy."

atever flaws Mia has in other areas," says Andre—and not say what flaws she has—"they disappear when aternal instincts surface. With the kids she is always always kind. When she is away from them for an even to buy stamps at the post office, she misses them ly."

Fragile Thread

about her children led Mia back again to her own ood. "I was an insomniac by the time I was eight," she The bad times were before I was 12. That was my eriod of sustained analysis. It was a jiffy course, in someone tried to stick me together. That was a long go. It's an incredibly fragile thread that we hang on en and now, acting helps; it is a release. Very early in e, "acting became a way of playing things out, a way eriencing things so that there would be a beginning, and an end, of expressing myself within a context. I d to be an explorer until I found that most places had iscovered. Then I wanted to be an underwater diver, eardrum burst. I wanted to be an astronaut, but it o late; you have to be a test pilot first. I wanted to be At 14 I realized that all I wanted to do was to act fantasies. I could *play* a nun. I didn't have to be "

her father was "dead against" her being an actress. id he never saw a happy actress and sent me off to d to keep me away from the Hollywood environment." clear that as she talked about her father, she was vith love and admiration, and also regret at his lack illment. Because of John Farrow's books on religious s, he was named a Papal Knight. For his 1942 film, *Island*, he was named best director by the New York Critics.

ddition he had a great reputation as a ladies' man. anted to be the Pope, a poet and also Casanova," said "The thing he respected *least* was directing films. ver believed in it as an art form. It can be." *(continued)*



MIA

continued

Then she mentioned her mother. "I have lots of admiration for her. Against all odds, she has survived. The life she's had would have sunk most people."

When John Farrow died in 1963, he left the family in debt. It was "essential" that the adults work. Maureen O'Sullivan had already made her Broadway debut the previous year in *Never Too Late*, and at 17 Mia made her off-Broadway debut, replacing one of the leads in a production of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Actress Vivien Leigh came to a performance and discovered Mia. "She was incredible," said Mia. "She called up everybody. Twentieth Century-Fox found me through Vivien Leigh. They said, 'Do this television series.' It was a *terrible* series. I thought it would last only a couple of weeks. To my horror and astonishment, it was a hit."

The series, of course, was *Peyton Place*, and as Allison Mackenzie, Mia became a household name. Although she "bailed out after two years," re-runs were around for many years to haunt her. But in *Peyton Place*, she found a home and even a family of sorts. She would ride her bike to work and rollerskate on the lot. Playing with the same actors week after week was almost like being in a repertory company. It also gave her a certain confidence in her acting. "I wasn't afraid anymore. I didn't have that anxiety, that I had put myself in jeopardy."

When she was 18, she met Frank Sinatra; when she was 20, they were married. The marriage took precedence over her career. She chose movies that were convenient. But like one of those Gorky or Chekhov heroines she now plays, disillusion set in early. "My marriage was clearly failing," she said. With the subject of Sinatra on the table—she referred to him only as "my first husband"—I asked her if there was anything she would like to say about him. "There is a lot I could say," she answered, "but this isn't the time to say it. I know it's a cliché, but we're still friends."

Didn't "steal" Andre

In 1968 she and Sinatra separated (they were divorced the next year) and Mia and her sister Prudence went off to commune with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi in the Himalayas. Some time later she began living with Andre Previn. One thing she wanted to clarify: she did not "steal" Andre from his second wife, songwriter Dory Previn. Mia said that she had first met Andre when she was 19. They were introduced on the Fox lot by her godfather, George Cukor. (In true Hollywood fashion, her godmother was Louella Parsons.) Years later, Mia and Andre met again in London, "*after* my marriage and his marriage had disintegrated. Then Dory wrote that tasteless song—but it was simply not true."

She and Andre were married in 1970 and since then they have lived in Surrey, outside of London. At first, with Previn as with Sinatra, she subordinated her career. "I decided to do films within 40 miles of our house," she said. Fortunately, this gave her more time with the children. Unfortunately, "none of the movies were any good." Living in the country, with Andre often in London or on tour, there was a time when she "felt a little lonely—stranded." She decided that she wanted to act on stage again—away from the spotlight of her movie stardom. In 1972 she made her British theatrical debut in the title role of J.M. Barrie's *Mary Rose* in Manchester. On opening night, Andre was even more anxious than she was. "She hadn't been on stage for so many years," he says. "I wondered about whether her voice could be heard." To his delight, "She could be heard in Yankee Stadium without a microphone." She triumphed and the play was whisked off to London. Then she was asked to join the R.S.C. to play the tiitle role, that of a sheltered young English girl, in a revival of *The Marrying of Ann Leete*. With considerable trepidation, she accepted the invitation. "She was a very frightened little bird when she came to the R.S.C.," says Ian Richardson, an actor in the company. "But it was inconceivable that she could have joined in a minor capacity. She had to jump into the deep end."

At the first reading of the play, she told the company, "I may sound American now, but I won't later." And she didn't; because of her English schooling, she has no problem with an English accent. But there was still the problem of acting in this august ensemble. As David Jones remembers: "She was more nervous about being with the company than the company was about working with her. There was absolutely no a 'film star' in her behavior. worked with her now for seve Jones is even more excited abo an actress. "She just drinks direction you give her. She n easy for a director. She has an emotional truthfulness, a quali cerity. In performance she is f time. She plays in the present

Although she plans to cont pearing in movies, she recentl down one interesting movie pr cause she had already committe to *Ivanov*. "Movies have to h good to compete with a Chekh she said. (Recently, however, sh filming a psychological thrille *Where the Wind Blows.)*

The main problem in movies as for other actresses, is the d good roles for women. As And "Barbra Streisand's movies are tanks. Other actresses are play girl' in man's pictures. Moviema either repeating something su or they're looking for Linda Lo One additional concern for Mia i can't do mature women—and want to play runabouts."

At 30, even on stage, she is s as a teenager, or as ageless, as i *Pan* or as Puck in *A Midsummer Dream*. However, *Peter Pan* d her one special challenge. It w first musical. In the beginning, sh she was afraid to sing. "I said, means find Marni Nixon [the oft voice in many musical films] and to dub'." Then she started to e "That's what show biz is all abou said. "Singing, dancing and ta

In our first conversation, Mia about her home in the country. former tavern, a 1690 coaching in great half moons carved out of th way for rolling beer barrels in. Th ings are low. You have to duck if over five foot ten. It's a lovely old surrounded by woods and streams

(continued on pag



"Where are your 'I-told-you-so' cards?"



New Ivory Liquid. Now even milder for your hands.

Ivory Liquid has always given you mildness you can trust. And now it's milder for your hands than even Ivory Liquid was before. So for young looking hands, there's more help now than ever. Same rich, long lasting suds for your dishes, too. Try it. Get your hands into something new...something milder.

Pet journal quiz

How much do you know about your pet's health? Take this quiz and see.
By Karen Larson

Domestic dogs and cats can't shop, cook or know when to visit the vet. So your pet's health and happiness depends on how informed and responsible you are. To find out how much you know about your animal's health, answer the 10 questions below. Give yourself one point for each correct answer.

10: Expert; 7-9: Very knowledgeable; 4-6: Enlightened; 1-3: Average; 0: You have a lot to learn.

---

1. Raw eggs are a healthful addition to a dog's diet. True False

2. Dogs and cats get virus colds from people. True False

3. Just before you take your pet on a trip—either by car, train or plane—you should give your animal something to eat and drink. True False

4. Fish as an integral part of the diet is *not* healthy for cats. True False

5. Canine heartworm can be transmitted only through mosquitoes. True False

6. If a dog or cat is fed a dry food diet, meat and other proteins should be added. True False

7. Foaming at the mouth usually means a dog or cat has rabies. True False

8. Dogs and cats eat grass or plants when they are not receiving enough vegetables in their diet. True False

9. Dogs that live indoors should wear coats when they go out in cold weather. True False

10. Cats need more protein than dogs. True False

Answers:

1. False Raw egg whites actually prevent an essential nutrient called biotin from being absorbed into the animal's system. However, a dog or cat can eat moderate amounts of cooked eggs and raw egg *yolk*s without harmful effects.

2. False Dogs and cats have their very own kinds of colds and virus diseases, which they cannot give to or get from human beings. Nevertheless, your animal may come down with symptoms resembling those of the human cold—including a runny nose, red and running eyes, sore throat and fever.

3. False Don't feed your pet for at least six hours before a trip. And don't give it water within two hours of traveling, unless the weather is very hot. (A healthy dog or cat can go for 24 hours without water—unless the environmental temperature is high—and longer without food.) Such precautions prevent the animal from relieving itself during the trip and lessen the chance of motion sickness.

4. True Contrary to popular belief, fish is not a natural food for cats. A diet consisting mostly of raw fish can produce a thiamin deficiency, which can eventually lead to convulsions and paralysis. Too much canned fish—unless fortified with vitamin E—can cause a vitamin E deficiency disease called pansteatitis which, if untreated, can be fatal.

5. True Mature heartworms reside in the animal's heart and produce larvae that circulate in the blood. When a mosquito bites a dog with heartworm, the mosquito ingests the larvae. When the insect bites another dog, it releases infectious larvae and thus transmits the disease. If untreated, heartworm can cause fatal damage. If you live in a mosquito-infected area, have a vet check your dog for heartworm every six months. Note: Heartworm is rarely found in cats and never in people.

6. False Commercially prepared dry food is a balanced diet for a dog or cat; "extras" are not necessary. But remember: dogs and cats have different nutritional needs. A food designed for dogs is not adequate for cats, and vice versa.

7. False Hundreds of ailments and diseases besides rabies, including simple nausea, can cause frothing and foaming at the mouth.

8. False A dog or cat usually does *not* eat grass because something is missing from its diet. Pets eat greenery out of boredom, because they like the taste and to induce vomiting when they have overeaten or consumed something indigestible.

9. True Dogs that are accustomed to living in a warm environment have trouble adjusting to sudden dips in temperature. A coat that covers your pet's chest and stomach will prevent chills. However, large, husky dogs that spend as much time outside as in will adjust to the cold; they do not need protective clothing.

10. True Although the minimum nutritional requirements for cats have not yet been firmly established, the protein requirement from eggs, meat, fish, soybeans, etc., is estimated to be from two to four times that needed by dogs at equivalent growth stages.

If it looks like real meat



and dry dog food,



it can only be Chuck Wagon.

hen Chuck Wagon® dog food was
uced, it had two different colored
s.
nce then, Chuck Wagon has become
success.
hy? Because each of
k Wagon's two types of
s is made of different in-
ents. And we cook them
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all, dogs like a variety
ors and textures.
nd when you add warm
to Chuck Wagon, you'll
omething very special.
ed chunks become soft
with a meaty flavor and a special texture that dogs love. The crunchy brown nuggets stay crispy and a delectable gravy is formed. So when your dog takes a mouthful of Chuck Wagon, he'll find a lot more to like than in any other leading dry dog food.



So do your dog a favor and remember: other leading dry dog foods may look somewhat like Chuck Wagon. But no other dog food offers your dog the same variety of tastes and textures that Chuck Wagon does.

For your pet's health
See your veterinarian regularly

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It's static cling season. Better use Downy.

It's that time of year. Clothes are sticking together. Clinging. Hiding. Bunching up. But you can forget those static cling troubles. With Downy.

At the same time Downy rinses in softness and April Freshness, it helps rinse out static cling. Before it even starts.

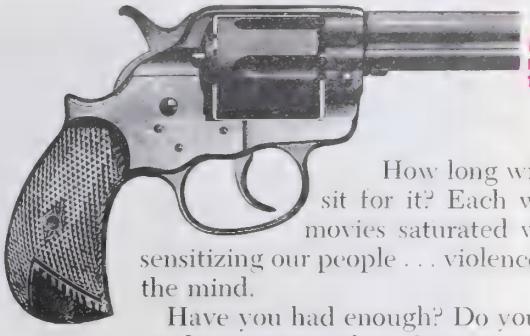
That's such a sensible way to help keep clothes from clinging to each other. And clinging to your family.



Downy. A noticeable improvement.

MOVIE VIOLENCE

THE ULTIMATE OBSCENITY



Movie makers and audiences alike share responsibility for the upsurge of desensitizing trash. By Gene Shalit

How long will America stand for violence? Or sit for it? Each week, millions sit mesmerized by movies saturated with explicit savagery that is desensitizing our people . . . violence that shrivels the soul and numbs the mind.

Have you had enough? Do you *want* to stop it? Or are the Cassandras correct when they say we *are* a violent nation?

One of the first films I saw as a reviewer was "Bonnie and Clyde," memorable because of the scene in which the gangsters were sieved with hundreds of bullets from ambush, their tormented bodies jerking and imploding on the screen. Many audiences staggered away from what was then considered vivid horror, but which is apple pie compared with the movie mayhem that has ensued. "Bonnie and Clyde" came out in 1967, and in movie terms the decade that's followed could better be called the decadance.

A film swarming with smarmy violence (including riddled bodies) is "Two-Minute Warning." This sniper-in-a-football-stadium story ends with a screaming stampede of trampled fans. Larry Peerce, its director, whose work has often skunked the screen, defends its violence. "I think it's good," he has said. "Audiences really get into the action of the movie. They watch the acting out of a lot of aggression and in that way they get rid of a lot of stuff that might come out in other, more destructive ways." (Peerce flunks Pop Psychology 101.) Then he added: "Hopefully, it's commercial." Finally he cranks out the creaky cliche: "The violence in the film and in our society is there." (A lotus land cop-out.)

Most vile in this violent year was "Marathon Man," with Laurence Olivier and Dustin Hoffman. The director, John Schlesinger, is best known for the admirable "Midnight Cowboy" and "Sunday, Bloody Sunday," but in "Marathon Man" he has churned out a plotless barbarity. The evil, in order of appearance: a fiery car crash with two men burned alive, a bomb in a baby carriage, a throat slit at the opera, a neck snapped in a hotel room, a man stabbed in the stomach, three people shot down in a country house, a throat cut on a midtown Manhattan street, another sliced throat, plus two fake killings and two hideous scenes in which Olivier tortures Hoffman with dental tools and a dental drill. David Denby, writing for college-age readers in the Boston "Phoenix", says the dental torture scene "will undoubtedly be remembered as an outrageous directorial abuse of two great actors."

In answer, Schlesinger trots out the trite tripe: "It's a violent world we live in."

I mentioned this to Peter Finch, the distinguished star of Schlesinger's "Sunday, Bloody Sunday." Finch said: "It would be foolish to say that violence doesn't exist in the world. But it's not a good excuse for directors to say 'I've put it in because it exists.' It is *gratuitously dragged in* by a lot of directors. The great ancient Greek playwrights made things almost *more* horrifying by leaving violence off stage and describing it, because one's *imagination* worked. Today there is the most revolting *(continued on page 132)*

EXCLUSIVE

CHAIRMAN MAO SAYS GOOD-BYE

In a fascinating chapter from her new book of interviews with noted men and women, Julie Nixon Eisenhower describes an extraordinary experience: her audience with China's dying "Red god," Mao Tse-tung. Listen as the ill, lonely old man, who died last September, expresses to young American visitors his disenchantment with China's youth—and offers his harsh vision of the future.—The Editors

On New Year's Eve, December 31, 1975, my husband and I watched the clock pass twelve, ushering in 1976, in the presence of Chairman Mao Tse-tung, the revolutionary leader of China's 900 million people. Our audience marked the last New Year of his life, and one of the most extraordinary moments of ours. In Mao's study, deep within the Forbidden City where he dwelt, as he told Andre Malraux, "alone with the masses," we found not a remote, godlike figure, but an old man, unself-conscious and eager for a conversation.

By an odd combination of circumstances we were the second to last Americans to meet Mao Tse-tung. In September of 1975, a young friend of ours from the 1968 presidential campaign days, wrote to us from Peking about his month of travel in China. Because of the many references to my father's trip in 1972, which had established relations with the People's Republic after 25 years of non-communication, our friend suggested that the Chinese would welcome a visit from us.

The more we thought about the outlandish idea of taking three weeks off between David's law school semesters to fly about 8,000 miles in the dead of winter to a country we never dreamed we would be able to visit, the more exciting the idea became. A week later I called my father in San Clemente and asked him to help us obtain a visa by contacting Huang Chen, the head of the Chinese Liaison Office in Washington. Ambassador Huang had paid a friendship call on my father only a month earlier. Within 24 hours of our request, we received an invitation to visit China as the "personal guests" of the ambassador.

The sole hint that our trip would be regarded as more



Mao greets Julie & David Eisenhower. The sudden cal

than a simple courtesy acknowledging my father's initiative came immediately after President Ford's ret from Peking in early December. The Liaison Office quired whether we had objections to "meeting our lea alone," meaning without the presence of members of American Mission in Peking. We assented, attaching particular significance to the request since we were go to China as private citizens and had no contact with State Department.

Not until we actually landed in Peking at one o'cl in the morning of December 29th, and were met at

"Young people are soft. They have to be reminded of the need for struggle.

airport by Mao's personal interpreter, Nancy Tang, did sense that there was a greater interest in our visit—an greater power behind it—than the nameless, faceless

By JULIE NIXON EISENHOWER



et the Chairman found Julie already in her nightgown.

ls of the Chinese foreign ministry. And when we were n escorted by Ambassador Huang to a luxurious gov- ment guest house rather than to a hotel, we realized that trip was indeed destined to be far from routine. Within hours of our arrival, we were summoned for a private it with Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

The night of that meeting, Ambassador and Madame ang-chen had hosted a small dinner party for us in our est house because, as they said, "We don't want you e alone on New Year's Eve." Despite the Chinese cus- n of dining early, the party did not begin until 9 P.M. e lingered over dinner until finally I feared I would fall eep and, at eleven, explaining how tired I was, I ended evening. I realize now that the ambassador and his fe, and one of his aides—who had been called to the ephone four times during the course of dinner—were are of the plans for the midnight meeting.

We had been in our bedroom only ten minutes when we heard a knock. Since I was already in my nightgown, I hid behind the closet door while David went to see who it was. The protocol officer spoke only seven words: "Chairman Mao would like to see you." It did not seem necessary to ask how soon the car would arrive. As quickly as we could we changed into what we had worn to dinner. I remember finding my watch so I could note the exact time of our meeting, and I carefully carried a manila envelope with a personal letter from my father to Chairman Mao.

It was a freezing cold night as David and I rode alone in the back seat of a large, black, Chinese-made limousine, very much like a Rolls Royce. We were enclosed in the heavy, tank-like car in a cocoon of black net curtains that covered all the windows except the driver's front view. We did not see another car on the road. The only vehicles were horse-drawn wooden carts filled with farm produce and some military vehicles. We drove in silence through the labyrinth of streets that form the old part of Peking. As we passed miles and miles of walled city, we were acutely aware of being very much on our own and cut off from the sleeping millions.

At a checkpoint guarded by People's Liberation Army soldiers, we entered the Forbidden City. Suddenly, out of the blackness, we came face to face with a huge, crimson billboard, perhaps six feet tall, brilliantly lighted. In Chairman Mao's calligraphy was his injunction, "serve the people." Quickly, we swerved left into the winding, lakeside road that led to Mao's house. Later, when I saw a Chinese news clip of our visit with Mao, I realized the sign was brightly lighted so that television cameras could film the arrival of our car. The front of the Chairman's house was also lighted for television, and in going from the darkness of the night to the glare of high-intensity lights I felt disoriented and was able to determine only the bare outline of the modest-sized house.

"My last glimpse was of a weary man turning, attempting words with his nurses, then being led away to be alone again."

But it was not only the late hour and the sudden change from the intense dark into the floodlights that disoriented me. It was also the strangeness of this world of subtleties and double meanings. And I was genuinely awed by the prospect of meeting the man who, as described by the "official" history of the People's Republic given to tourists, enabled the Chinese to "succeed brilliantly in every field"—whose philosophy the Chinese press even credited with the successful testing of the hydrogen bomb.

A single attendant opened the *(continued on page 133)*

From "Special People," by Julie Nixon Eisenhower. To be published in Spring 1977 by Simon & Schuster, Inc.

Shirting it the new way

Morning, Noon and Night

Enter the round-the-clock life of the soft shirt. It's a welcome change to the prettier from the old-time tailored shirt looks. Here, and on the next two pages, we're showing three new basic patterns, all peasant influenced with full and flowing sleeves, to be worn sashed or free. They can be adapted many ways, by switch of fabric or length, to go everywhere from shopping excursions to big nights out on the town.
By Trudy Owett, Fashion/Home Sewing Editor.



Business gray for day—but definitely not man-tailored. Shirtdress with raglan sleeves falls softly from a shirred yoke to a midcalf version. Here, worn jumper-style over a snug turtleneck by Jane Irwill. McCall's #5289, of Einiger wool. Abbe belt; Sandow glasses; Delman shoes.

All dress versions by Robert Farber. Hair by Bob Michael of Cinandre.

Buttons and yardage information on page 127



Flowers go a-lunching. Crisp cotton-y blooms are strewn over the same smock-like pattern (only this one is cut short as an overshirt). Worn belted over a gored skirt. Both, McCall's patterns. Shirt, #5289, of Valtex polyester/cotton. Skirt, #5113; H.M.S. polyester gabardine. Belt, Elegant; Boots, Golo.
Photographed at The Red Baron, N.Y.C.



The prettiest peasantry for romantic nights. Deep drifts of bordered eyelet make a gentle tunic with full ruffled sleeves. A prime example of how a change in fabric can change the mood. It's belted with cording over a Swiss-look handkerchief-print dirndl skirt that has a separate ruffly petticoat peeking out. The soft shirt, McCall's #5289; Eyelet by Mandel Fabrics. The skirt, made easily with one seam, an elastic waist; Earl-Glo polyester/cotton. Belt, Elegant; antique jewelry, Antiques Corner, N.Y.C.; man's suit by Jacques Bellini.



A.M.: 10 TO 4

Stripes for shopping. Start the day looking cool and crisp in a new shirtdress. The neat stand-up collar goes down to a placket, which opens up to an easy-for-walking pleat. Simplicity #7754; of Valtex polyester/cotton. Bag, La Bagagerie; bracelets, K.J.L.

A.M.: 11

Pantsuit on pa
Take a midday
in this soft sh
version of me
wear suiting,
tunic with the
small standing col
flant released plea
wide tailored pants
derneath, a high ne
sweater by Geist &
Simplicity #7754;
Ettiger wool flanne
Bag, Coach Leather



P.M.: 8 TO 12:30

A good dinner with good friends calls for an elegant, long shirt-dress flowing from a cossack-style collar. With billowing cuffed sleeves; self-belted. Simplicity #7714 (we added about 20 inches for this floor-length version); Apsco nylon Banlon jersey, Jewelry K.J.L.; shoes, Delman.

P.M.: 7:30 ON

Paint the town red—going from a theater date to disco dancing. In flaming shimmery satin with blue piping, the same cossack-inspired shirt in a below-the-knee length. Simplicity #7714 (with about 7 inches added to pattern view); Springs Mills Charmette crepe-backed satin; trim from Ideal Braid Corp. Bag, Judith Leiber; bracelets, LeCour-Johnson and Catherine Stein; shoes, Golo.

Hairstyles by Bob, makeup by Wendy, both of Cinandre.
Backviews and yardage information on page 127

New Faces for '77

Instead of making a list of "I won'ts" this new year, do something positive for your looks. Get your hair cut. Or brighten up the color. Redesign your makeup, perhaps with some professional help from a salon or department store. The four women here felt they needed a hair and makeup update. The results were dramatic, but often even a small change can pack a big wallop. By Maureen Lynch, Health and Beauty Editor.



MARY'S NEW LOOKS

Blessed with thick, rich hair, Mary looked immediately softer and prettier in a shorter style. Her color stayed the same (she had been using Loving Care to blend gray into dark brunette). The center part was switched to the side to make the most of a natural lift. Once cut loose, her hair showed off its shine, bounce and texture. Also, the volume added balance to a narrow forehead, framing a wonderful frame-filling face. Mary's brows were tweezed into a gentle arch to bring light into the eyes. Her clear red lip color was just right and didn't need changing. Now when she smiles, Mary's never looked better.

MARY DONOHUE

Amidst the bustle of bringing up eight children and chairing the modern language department of a high school in New Jersey, Mary, 48, never had time to spend on her hair. Her solution had been to tie it back; quick and neat. But from the long-term tension, her hair had started thinning on both sides of the strict center part. The severe style, combined with thick brows and brown eyes, made Mary's overall look dark and heavy. . . .

Photographs by Tasso Vendikos
Makeup by Robert La Courte
All hair coloring by Leslie Blackmore, for Clairol

BONNIE'S NEW LOOKS

Surprise. Bonnie's hair wasn't pin-straight after all. The new shorter cut made enough waves to double her hair's bounce and body. The bangs brush across her forehead with ease; the sides bend back in a slight curve off her face. Plus, it's a snap to care for, only needing a fast blowing dry. For a sunny, outdoors look, her natural brown hair was highlighted with a golden honey color. It now has the subtle appearance of light filtering through the hair. The biggest change in Bonnie's makeup came from taking away the obviously fake lashes and opening up her eyes with a few coats of mascara. To add more width to her small face, the lip coloring was extended to the very corners, making her look happier and prettier.

Blouse by Christian Dior.



BONNIE MUNYON

How to look great after ten hours in the air was the problem for Bonnie, 27, a Flight Attendant for TWA. Her petite face was almost hidden under an overgrown and straight-ish shag. And since Bonnie has to wash her hair everyday to remove what she jokingly calls "essence of Boeing," she requires a style that's extremely easy-to-care-for. Also, that cloak of hair overpowered her eyes. Bonnie's response? To constantly wear false eyelashes....



VARINA'S NEW LOOKS
The happy results were soft and fresh. With the blonde calmed-down, Varina's features were pulled into focus. The rich honey tones (we used a Miss Clairol color) brought out her warm brown eyes and clear complexion. Cutting off the low ruff of curls lent a lift to her looks. The hair now gently frames her face and frees her neck, making it appear longer. Two makeup tricks worked well on Varina. To narrow down her fairly wide face and give her a healthy glow, we flicked a blusher all around the edges of her face and hairline. And to play up her eyes, we extended pencil lines under her eyes and out into an almond shape. Several layers of mascara, then swept on the outer lashes to "pull up" the edges of her eyes — making them seem larger and brighter.

Blouse by Heléne Sidel, Marvella Sanders

VARINA DRUCE
More than the southern sun had lightened Varina's hair. At 26, married and a vice-president of a Jacksonville, Florida company, she had been getting her hair streaked — but too much and too often. The contrast had become harsh, pitching a straw-like blonde against her darker natural color. And since her hair grows very quickly, it always looked in need of a touchup. Even the length didn't really flatter. It was just extra bulk, falling without framing her face, yet covering up her neck....



EUGENIA'S NEW LOOKS
Everyone, including Eugenia, did a double-take. The hair color change, from smoky gray to a warm sunny brown with glints of blonde, was startling. Yet it suited her coloring and looked completely natural. The area of her gray streak shows up lighter — glowing with a becoming shine. The rather scraggly hairstyle was newly cut shorter around the face and brushed into soft bangs to one side. To complete the transformation, we used a beige foundation on Eugenia to even out her skin tones. Her eyebrows seemed too sharp a contrast, so they were bleached one shade lighter and shaped to form more of an arch over her eyes. The eyeshadow colors chosen were soft: a gentle blue across the lids, a russet under the brow bone. Nothing to compete with the natural brightness of her fabulous blue eyes.

Blouse by Regina Porter for Potterhouse; Marvella earrings.

EUGENIA ANDERSON
Eugenia, 32, mother of two, works as a real estate broker, with her husband, in their offices in New York State. She has a keen fashion sense, yet had been neglecting her hair, mainly because she felt "it didn't matter that much." Her natural gray streak (there since she was 14) was no longer dramatic. It blended into the rest of her graying hair, dulling the overall color. Moreover, the mousy gray detracted from her very-alive blue eyes. . . .

DELICIOUS DISHES FOR CALORIE COUNTERS

Luscious lasagna that leaves you lean. Stuffed peppers that don't stuff, etc.

Here, from the *Journal*, dinner magic with a dietetic touch—all calculated to please today's families. These calorie-counted entrées are geared for four ample servings each, except for the lasagna recipe, which was doubled (it freezes beautifully, making available a quick, heat and serve meal on a busy day). Even if you're not sticking to a strict diet regime, these meals make sense. They're nutritionally balanced, easy-on-the-budget and full of good basic ingredients with delicious new twists. For these recipes and more, turn to page 80.



Photographs by Gordon E. Smith


250
CALORIES PER SERVING
Spinach lasagna, low-cal, with lean beef and cottage cheese.
265
CALORIES PER SERVING
Stir-fry pork with shreds of green beans, water chestnuts.



Dinner For 6

High style, low cost—
a formal meal for under $50

Once in a while there comes a special reason for entertaining when nothing but the best will do. It might be a family celebration, a business occasion or just simply a time when you feel like putting on the ritz. Here we've taken the traditional dinner for six, but added a realistic new twist: We put together this entire spread (unbelievably), drinks included, for less than $50—without giving anyone a clue to cost. Atmosphere plays a major role in the dinner plans. Your finest china, linens and service will lend the necessary touch to this formal, yet fun time for hostess and guests alike.

Photograph by Lynn St. John

How America Entertains

Many people equate "formal" with "complicated." Not true. In keeping with our plan-ahead party series, the food for this dinner can be made well in advance, leaving a minimum of last-minute fretwork for the hostess. Even the crisp circles of meringue for the rich chocolate torte can be prepared the week before. Delicious recipes, complete shopping list and handy timetable are on page 97.

DINNER PARTY MENU
(Serves 6)

FRESH MUSHROOM SOUP
BEEF ROULADES
BROCCOLI PROVENÇAL — RICE AND BABY PEAS
RED AND GOLD SALAD — PICKLED OKRA
CHOCOLATE MERINGUE TORTE
RED BURGUNDY WINE — COFFEE

DISHES FOR CALORIE COUNTERS

continued from page 77

ARMENIAN STUFFED PEPPERS
pictured on page 76

Mint and cinnamon add unusual flavor to these bulgur-stuffed peppers.

Stuffed Peppers
- 4 medium green peppers
- ¾ pound lean ground beef
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- ⅓ cup uncooked bulgur wheat or rice
- ½ cup tomato purée
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon dried mint
- ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
- Pepper to taste

Sauce
- ½ cup tomato purée
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- ½ cup water
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Pepper to taste

Cut ½ inch off stem end of green peppers. Remove seeds and membranes; discard. In large saucepot, heat 2 quarts water to boiling. Add peppers and cook for 5 minutes. Remove and invert to drain well. Cool slightly.

Preheat oven to 350°F. In medium bowl, combine beef, onion, bulgur, tomato purée, parsley, salt, mint, cinnamon and pepper until well mixed. Divide mixture equally into quarters; fill each pepper.

Place in baking dish. Combine ingredients for sauce and pour over peppers. Bake for 40 minutes, basting peppers occasionally with sauce. Makes 4 servings. About 230 calories each.

CHICKEN TURMERIC
pictured on page 76

If you want to cut calories even further, simply remove chicken's skin before browning.

- 1 tablespoon salad oil
- 1 broiler-fryer chicken, cut in quarters (about 2½ pounds)
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Pepper to taste
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 2 garlic cloves, finely chopped
- 1 pound zucchini, cut in ½-inch slices
- 1 teaspoon turmeric
- 1 teaspoon ground ginger
- ½ teaspoon curry powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Pepper to taste

Preheat oven to 350°F. In large skillet with a non-stick finish, heat oil. Add chicken and brown well on all sides. Remove to 12x8-inch baking dish; sprinkle with salt and pepper. Set aside.

Drain off all but 1 tablespoon drippings from skillet. Add onion and garlic to skillet; sauté until tender, about 3 to 5 minutes. Add zucchini and remaining ingredients and toss until well coated; add to chicken. Bake for 40 minutes or until chicken is fork-tender, basting occasionally with pan liquid. Makes 4 servings. About 335 calories per serving.

SPINACH LASAGNA
pictured on page 77

Nobody will ever believe this is low-caloric—it's fantastic!

- 1 pound lean ground beef
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 2 garlic cloves, finely chopped
- 1 teaspoon oregano, crushed
- 1½ cups tomato purée
- 1 teaspoon basil, crushed
- 2 teaspoons salt
- Pepper to taste
- 6 lasagne noodles (about 6 oz.)
- 2 packages (10 oz. each) frozen chopped spinach, thawed
- 1½ cups low fat cottage cheese
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
- ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg

Preheat oven to 350°F. In large, non-stick skillet, (or use no-stick vegetable spray) brown ground beef, stirring occasionally. Remove beef with slotted spoon; discard all but 1 teaspoon drippings. Add onions and sauté until soft. Add garlic and continue cooking for 1 minute. Return beef to skillet; add tomato purée, oregano, basil, 1½ teaspoons salt and pepper. Heat to boiling; reduce heat to low and simmer for 5 minutes; set aside.

Meanwhile, cook noodles as package label directs; drain. In medium bowl, mix spinach, cottage cheese, egg, Parmesan cheese, nutmeg, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. To arrange in pan, place ⅓ spinach mixture in lightly greased 9-inch square pan. Then use 2 noodles to make a layer; cut off excess and use pieces to make third row. Spread with ⅓ meat mixture. Repeat layering 2 more times; ending with meat sauce. Cover with foil and bake for 40 to 45 minutes until hot and bubbly. Makes 8 servings. (Freeze remaining portions for another meal. Thaw; cover and heat in preheated 350°F. oven for 20 to 25 minutes.) About 250 calories per serving.

PORK WITH GREEN BEANS
pictured on page 77

Certainly dieters can eat pork—a stir-fry dish is terrific.

- 2 tablespoons soy sauce
- 1 tablespoon sherry
- 1 chicken bouillon cube, dissolved in ½ cup water
- 2 teaspoons cornstarch
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¾ pound boneless, lean pork shoulder
- 2 teaspoons salad oil
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 2 garlic cloves, minced
- 1 package (10 oz.) frozen French cut green beans, thawed
- 1 can (8½ oz.) water chestnuts, drained and slivered

In small bowl, combine soy sauce, sherry, chicken broth, cornstarch and salt until smooth; set aside.

Cut pork into thin slices. Cut slices into long slivers. In medium skillet, heat oil until hot, but not smoking. Add pork and fry, stirring quickly and frequently until pork loses pink color, about 2 minutes. Remove to bowl. In same skillet, fry onion and garlic over high heat 1 minute. Return meat to skillet with beans and water chestnuts; stir until well mixed. Add soy mixture to pan and continue cooking, stirring until mixture is thick and clear and meat and vegetables are well coated. Serve immediately. Makes 4 servings. About 265 calories per serving.

CHICKEN CHOWDER
pictured below

A hearty soup to warm you on winter evenings.

- 1 broiler-fryer chicken, about 3 pounds, quartered
- 3 medium carrots
- 1 garlic clove
- 1 rib celery
- 1 medium onion
- 1 tablespoon salt

(continued on page



Upper left clockwise: Chicken Chowder, Flounder Fillets in Herb Sauce, Beef in Burgundy and Tuna-Broccoli Bake. Stoneware by Denby

Give me something different to do with holiday leftovers.



There's nothing like Campbell's Soup for turning yesterday's meat into today's treat.

EASY TURKEY CRÊPES

¼ cup thinly sliced celery
¼ cup chopped onion
½ teaspoon poultry seasoning
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Cream of Mushroom or Chicken Soup
2 cups finely chopped cooked chicken or turkey
8 crêpes*
⅓ cup milk
½ teaspoon grated orange rind

In saucepan, cook celery and onion with seasoning in butter until tender. Add ½ cup soup and chicken. Heat; stir often. Spoon on crêpes. Roll up; keep warm. In another saucepan, combine remaining soup, milk, and orange rind. Heat; stir occasionally. Serve over crêpes. Garnish with parsley if desired. Makes 4 servings.

*Use your favorite basic crêpe recipe.

TURKEY ORIENTALE

1½ cups sliced fresh mushrooms
1 cup diagonally sliced celery
½ cup sliced onion
1 package (6 ounces) frozen snow peas or 1 small green pepper, cut in strips
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 can Campbell's Chicken Broth
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1 tablespoon soy sauce
2 cups diced cooked chicken or turkey
½ cup sliced water chestnuts
Chinese noodles or cooked rice

In skillet, brown mushrooms and cook celery, onion, and snow peas in oil until just tender. Stir in broth, cornstarch, and soy sauce. Cook, stirring until thickened. Add chicken and water chestnuts; heat. Serve with Chinese noodles and additional soy sauce. Makes about 4½ cups.

Cookbook Offer: Get more than 600 exciting recipes in Campbell's "Cooking with Soup" Cookbook. Send $1.50 and any two Campbell's Soup labels with your name, address and zip code to: COOKBOOK, BOX 494, Maple Plain, Minn. 55348. Offer good only in U.S.A. May be withdrawn at any time. Void where prohibited or restricted. Allow six weeks for delivery.

Give me the Campbell Life.



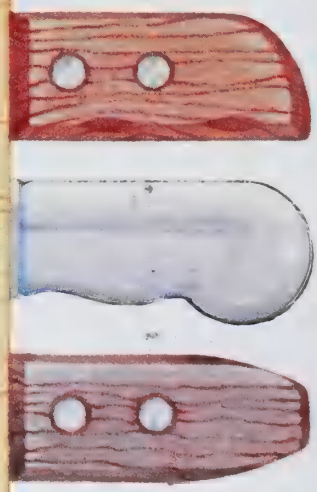
JOURNAL ABOUT HOME

FOOTBALL WIDOWS UNITE

In the old days, football was a friendly fall sport. Crisp air, picnics and chrysanthemums. Nowadays, the game keeps millions of Americans huddled before their TV sets as the season stretches almost until spring. To survive the college bowls, pro playoffs, Super Bowl and All-Stars, turn quiet isolated viewing into a rambunctious gathering of fans. Some suggestions: ☐ Pop plenty of popcorn. The hands-down football favorite, popcorn can be made ahead, stored in big plastic bags and heated up in a warm oven. To pop in quantity, use ⅓ cup corn and 2 tablespoons oil for 6; ½ cup corn, 3 tablespoons oil for 8. ☐ Score winning points with pretzels. To understand the salty lingo, here's a handy guide. Standard is called thin; rods are pencil-length but thick; logs are half-rods; nut-rods are ½ logs; Dutch are 3-ringers; teesies are tiny 3-rings, and ring-o-lings are circles. Got it? ☐ Before the first down, guests will be thirsty. For fun, roll out a barrel of draft beer. Call a local deliverer for rates (a deposit is usually required). The barrels come in sizes: a pony is 7¾ gallons; a half keg is 8⅓; a keg is 16½. Barrels with built-in CO_2 are easier to tap. ☐ At half-time, when hunger strikes, bring out the football hero. Some places will send over a yard of sandwich, ready-made. An alternate game plan is to inquire at a neighborhood bakery to see if they'll specially-order a long loaf of bread. Count on ¾ to ½ pounds of meat and cheese per person. Put together a rally of extras—pimiento, sliced olives, lettuce, tomatoes and mustards. Then the team can dig in and make their own connections. Rah, rah!

A KNIFE'S LIFE

There are as many knives on the market as potatoes in a field. But instead of a knife for every purpose, it's far better to pick a few good ones to do all. Here, to help you choose, some handy tips on knives ■ Since the average householder handles her favorite knife 10,000 times a year, an expensive blade evens out to miniscule cost per use. • A top blade is made of high carbon steel. It can be honed to a razor sharp edge, stays sharper longer. One disadvantage: it stains easily and can rust. Stainless steel, made of a low carbon steel, doesn't keep as sharp an edge but it resists stains; therefore looks better. A high carbon stainless steel combines the best of both • Hold a knife before buying to feel for fit. The blade should be in perfect balance with the handle. • The most secure blade-to-handle connection is a full-tang (blade extends into the complete length and width of the handle), held by 3 rivets. • Good knives deserve good care. Even the finest steel will dull quickly if misused. 1. Store alone. Set in a knife holder or slotted wood block to keep out of contact with other knives. 2. Use a cutting board for slicing or chopping. 3. Never soak a knife in water. Wipe off; dry immediately. 4. Never heat the blade. 5. Do not use as substitute scissors or screwdriver. • The ideal number of knives? About five. A paring knife (short) for many uses, especially peeling. A longer utility knife for dicing vegetables, splitting fruits. A thin, narrow slicing knife for meats, cheeses. A French chef's knife for mincing onions, chopping vegetables. And a knife with a serrated edge to slice through light density cakes and breads.



A LOOK AT OVEN CLEANING

Ask any homemaker what her least favorite task is and she'll probably answer: oven cleaning. But as with many things, if you know a few of the trade secrets, even this chore can be lightened. Standard Ovens:—There's only one way to make the enamel sparkle—and it's manually. To avoid horrendous buildups, be good and wipe with a sudsy cloth after each major use. If spots burn on, place an ammonia-soaked cloth on spot and let sit for 30 minutes. Use detergent to whisk away. Large spills can be scraped off with a single edge blade. Continuous-cleaning Ovens: Although they have a specially treated lining, which breaks up soil while oven is on, this is no guarantee for a super-clean oven. For extra help, sweep out the inside with a wet nylon pad occasionally; blot dry and heat oven at 475°F for two hours. Or, protect against major spills by lining oven bottom with foil. If not, blot up drippings as soon as possible. When oven cools, spray on an all-purpose cleaner; scrub with nylon brush and rinse off with cold water. Never apply oven cleaner, soap pads, steel wool or any abrasives—you might damage the lining. Self-Cleaning Ovens: Food spots are burned off by high heat but the cycle works better if you remove any excess with a damp cloth. Wipe off outside oven frame and door liner so that soil isn't baked on. After the cycle, if the oven isn't completely clean, check the setting. Either the cycle is too short or the insides were too caked. Try again. Never use an oven cleaner or you could ruin oven surface.

Illustration by Rainbow Grinder

ew Hunt's Prima Salsa.®
:'s thicker and zestier than Ragú."

We're delighted when spaghetti sauce lovers like Boston's Mr. Frank Gagliardi tell us, "New Hunt's Prima Salsa® is thicker and zestier than regular Ragu* Spaghetti Sauce." That's because he's pretty fussy about his spaghetti sauce. If new Hunt's Prima Salsa pleases him, imagine how it will please you!

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Frank Gagliardi
3 North Square
Boston, Mass.

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U—See how the regular Ragu ghetti Sauce begins to come ugh the strainer in a matter of a seconds.

HUNT'S PRIMA SALSA—It's thicker and zestier than Ragu. It even looks better—it stays in the strainer.

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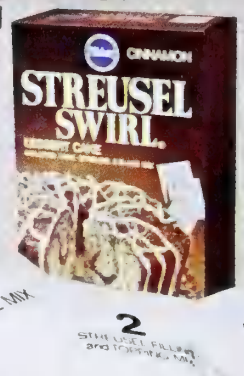
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Don't be afraid of the fancy swirl. Don't be afraid of the lacy-looking glaze topping. Streusel Swirl® makes one beautiful cake that's easy to make the first time you bake it.

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Follow the simple directions; your oven will do the rest.

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One beautiful cake that's easy to make.

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THE CREPE CRAZE

Crepes have always been scary-to-make but smashing-to-serve. Now, with the raft of easy, new crepe makers and foolproof recipes, these fragile pancakes are fast becoming a staple in America's culinary repertoire. With just two batters (basic and sweet), you can fold, roll or layer crepes with just about everything imaginable. (continued on page 88)



1. Zucchini pockets
2. Layers of minced mushrooms
3. Chocolate mousse crepe
4. Chili and egg brunch crepe
5. Two-caviar hors d'oeuvre

Recipes, page 90.

Photograph by Rudy Muller

"Boy oh



Try all the terrific hot meal ideas from Chef Boy-ar-dee®. They're delicious. Because the Chef combines the finest pasta, cooked till it's tender, with real juicy beef. Then it's all topped with a rich, thick tomato sauce made from the Chef's very own special recipe.

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Rich cheddar flavor at pennies a serving.
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IN ITS OWN JUICE
no sugar added
And that makes a tastier slim salad.
At Dole®, sweetness comes naturally.

THE CREPE CRAZE

continued

re Basic Crepes; set aside.
arge skillet over medium heat, heat
or olive oil. Add onions and sauté
minutes. Add remaining ingredi-
nd continue cooking until zucchini
der-crisp, about 5 minutes. Remove
eat.
heat oven to 350°F. Cut crepes in
Place browned side up. Arrange
2 tablespoons zucchini mixture in
of each crepe in wedge shape. To
ap one side of crepe over filling
olding center in place, turn down
dge so that browned side is show-
epeat with opposite side; overlap
cure center with toothpick.
e crepes onto baking sheet or
roof platter and heat for 10 min-
Remove toothpicks. Makes 12
. About 140 calories per crepe.

CREPES AUX DUXELLES
(Layered Mushroom Crepes)
pictured on page 85

sic appetizer for a gala evening—
an ahead because it takes time to
2 pounds of mushrooms.

c Crepes
sweet butter
ds mushrooms, chopped very fine
c clove, crushed
spoon salt
r, to taste

e Basic Crepes; set aside.
arge, heavy skillet (do not use cast
melt butter. Add remaining in-
nts and sauté over low heat for 1
nd 15 minutes, stirring occasion-
he liquid from mushrooms should
ate and mushrooms will turn dark
. This thick, dark mixture is dux-
(May be prepared in advance.
store in tightly covered container
igerator up to 1 week. Or, freeze
month. Thaw, bring to room tem-
re about 2 hours before using.)
ssemble: Preheat oven to 350°F.
1 crepe on baking sheet; spread
with ⅛ of the duxelle. Repeat
g, ending with crepe. Cover top
with foil or brush with melted but-
prevent drying. Bake for about 7
s or until heated through. Cut into
ges. Garnish with additional mush-
lices, if desired. Makes 8 servings.
270 calories per serving.

SSE AU CHOCOLAT EN CREPE
pictured on page 85

liqueur flavors these elegant des-
epes.

sert Crepes
, separated
spoon salt
sugar
res (1 oz. each) unsweetened
colate, melted
1½ cups heavy or whipping cream
2 tablespoons coffee liqueur
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
Confectioners' sugar for garnish
Semisweet chocolate, grated for garnish (optional)

Prepare Dessert Crepes; set aside.

In small mixer bowl with electric mixer at high speed, beat egg yolks and salt until thick and lemon colored. Gradually add ¼ cup sugar, beating well. Add melted chocolate, ¼ cup heavy cream and liqueur; beat until smooth and thick.

In large bowl with electric mixer at high speed, beat egg whites and cream of tartar until soft peaks form. Gradually add remaining ½ cup sugar, continue beating until stiff peaks form; set aside.

In small bowl, beat remaining heavy cream until soft peaks form. Gently fold whipped cream into chocolate mixture; then mixture into egg whites, until well combined. Cover and refrigerate at least 12 hours or up to 24 hours.

To serve, fold each crepe into quarters. Open top layer to form pocket and fill with ½ cup chocolate mixture. Repeat with remaining crepes and filling. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar and grated chocolate. Makes 12 crepes. About 300 calories per crepe.

TEX-MEX CREPE
pictured on page 85

Serve this for a dynamite brunch dish.

6 Basic Crepes
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
¼ cup chopped onion
½ cup chopped tomato, drained

(continued)



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A.D.C.™
Automatic Drip Coffee

THE CREPE CRAZE

continued

continue cooking, stirring constantly, until thickened, about 10 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in Parmesan cheese until cheese is melted in.

To assemble: Preheat oven to 375°F. Pour ½ cup sauce into 13x9-inch baking dish and spread evenly. Place ¼ cup filling in center of each crepe. Roll up, jelly-roll fashion and place, seam side down, in baking dish. Repeat with remaining crepes and filling. Pour remaining sauce over crepes and sprinkle with reserved cheese. Cover with foil and bake for 20 minutes. Uncover and continue baking 10 minutes.

Remove from oven and let stand 10 minutes before serving. Makes 12 crepes. About 260 calories each.

CREPE MONSIEUR

Ham and cheese are combined with tangy additions to make this crepe.

12 Basic Crepes
¼ cup Dijon mustard
¼ cup prepared horseradish (optional)
½ pound sliced cooked ham
½ pound sliced Swiss cheese
3 eggs, lightly beaten
6 tablespoons butter or margarine

Prepare Basic Crepes. Place each crepe brown side up and spread with 1 teaspoon mustard and, if desired, 1 teaspoon horseradish. Place a slice of ham and cheese on crepe. Roll, jelly-roll fashion. Repeat with remaining crepes. Dip each crepe in egg. Melt butter in large skillet. Add rolled crepes, a few at a time, and cook until golden brown. Makes 12 crepes. About 260 calories each.

CREPES JUBILEE

Great when you want a flaming finale to a chic dinner.

8 Dessert Crepes
2 pints vanilla ice cream
2 cans (16 oz. each) pitted dark cherries
3 tablespoons currant jelly
2 strips lemon peel
Juice of 1 lemon
1 bay leaf (optional)
1 cup Burgundy wine
1½ teaspoons cornstarch
¼ cup brandy

Prepare Dessert Crepes. Place about ½ cup ice cream in center of each crepe. Fold over 2 opposite sides and then fold remaining sides to form a packet or bundle. Place on baking sheet and freeze.

Drain cherries, reserving ½ cup plus 1 tablespoon juice. In a chafing dish or medium saucepan combine currant jelly, lemon peel and juice, bay leaf, wine and ½ cup cherry juice. Cover and simmer 15 to 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Mix cornstarch with remaining 1 tablespoon cherry juice and stir into wine mixtu Cook until thickened and mixture bo about 3 to 5 minutes, stirring occasi ally. Add drained cherries.

Remove crepes from freezer. Place individual dessert plates. In small sau pan, heat brandy until very hot but boiling. Pour into hot cherries and ign with long match or taper. Pour o crepes and serve. Makes 8 crepes. Ab 300 calories each.

JANUARY RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this i sue including those from the Journal kitche and advertisements. All have been tested by o home economists.

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Dinner For 6

continued from page 79

FOOD CHECKLIST

- 1 pound bulk pork sausage
- 2 pounds top round beef, sliced ¼ inch thick (for best results, ask the butcher to slice it for you)
- ¼ pound sliced bacon
- 3 bottles red wine
- 1 small bottle dry vermouth
- ½ pint heavy cream
- ¾ pound sweet butter
- ½ pound butter or margarine
- 10 eggs
- 1 pound carrots
- 1 bunch celery
- 2 heads broccoli (about 3 pounds)
- Bunch parsley
- 2 pounds mushrooms
- 2 medium red onions
- 2 pounds yellow onions
- 2 heads Bibb lettuce
- 1 lemon
- 1 package (10 oz.) frozen baby peas
- 1 can (11 oz.) mandarin oranges
- 3 cups beef broth or bouillon
- 1¾ cups chicken broth
- 1 can (6 oz.) tomato paste
- ½ cup olive oil
- 6 ounces semisweet chocolate
- 2 cups garlic-flavored croutons

Staples to have on hand:

- All-purpose flour
- Sugar
- Salt
- Pepper
- 1 cup long-grain rice
- Salad oil
- Coffee
- 8 garlic cloves
- Dry mustard
- Thyme
- Basil
- Bay leaves
- Almond extract
- Cream of tartar
- White wine vinegar
- Cocoa

SCHEDULE FOR PREPARING DINNER PARTY

Two or Three Weeks Before:

1. Invite guests.
2. Inventory linen, dishes and utensils.
3. Plan table arrangement.

One Week Before:

1. Polish silver.
2. Purchase eggs.
3. Make meringues, store in tightly covered container.
4. Purchase wine and liquor needed.
5. Make salad dressing.

Two Days Before:

1. Purchase remaining food.
2. Make chocolate filling for torte.

One Day Before:

1. Prepare soup; refrigerate.
2. Prepare roulades; refrigerate.
3. Prepare broccoli; refrigerate.
4. Prepare rice and peas; refrigerate.
5. Assemble torte; store in refrigerator.
6. Wash salad greens.

That Day, Morning:

1. Purchase flowers and arrange.
2. Set table.
3. Arrange supplies for cocktails.

2½ Hours Before Serving:

1. Remove soup, roulades, broccoli and rice from refrigerator.
2. Arrange salad in bowl (do not add dressing); refrigerate.

1 Hour Before Serving:

1. Preheat oven to 350° F.
2. Place roulades in oven.

30 Minutes Before Serving:

1. Open wine (to breathe).
2. Place broccoli and rice in oven.
3. Heat soup in large saucepan.
4. Prepare coffee to begin brewing between entrée and dessert.

Just Before Serving:

1. Arrange roulades on rice; keep warm.
2. Add dressing to salad and toss.
3. Light candles.
4. Serve soup.
5. Remove dessert from refrigerator just as main dish is being served.

FRESH MUSHROOM SOUP

All recipes pictured on pages 78–79

Dry vermouth seasons this fresh mushroom soup. It's divine!

1 pound mushrooms
6 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 cups finely chopped onions
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ cup flour
1 cup water
1¾ cups chicken broth
1 cup dry vermouth
1 tablespoon salt (or to taste)
¼ teaspoon pepper (or to taste)

Slice ⅓ of the mushrooms and finely chop the rest. In large saucepot, melt butter. Add onions and sugar; sauté over medium heat, stirring frequently, for about 15 minutes or until golden. Add sliced and chopped mushrooms and sauté for 5 minutes. Stir in flour until smooth; cook for 2 minutes, stirring *(continued)*



can after can after can.

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Dinner For 6

continued

onstantly. Pour in water and stir until mooth. Add remaining ingredients and eat to boiling, stirring constantly. Reuce heat and simmer uncovered 10 inutes. *(May be prepared in advance o this point. Cover, refrigerate. To reeat, heat to boiling, cover, simmer for 0 minutes.)* Makes about 6 cups. About 10 calories per cup.

BROCCOLI PROVENCAL

Don't overcook the broccoli; it's best ender-crisp.

pounds broccoli
½ cup olive or salad oil
garlic cloves, crushed
alt and pepper to taste
teaspoon grated lemon peel

Wash broccoli. Cut stalks through flowerets into 1-inch wide pieces. Cut flowerets and enough stalk to equal 2½ inches. Trim remaining stalks and place in 2½ cups boiling, salted water and simmer for 5 minutes. Add flowerets and continue cooking for about 10 minutes or until tender-crisp. Drain and set aside in heat-proof casserole.

Meanwhile, heat oil in small skillet or saucepan. With flat side of large knife, crush garlic cloves. Add to oil and sauté for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove garlic. Pour oil over broccoli. Sprinkle with salt and pepper to taste and lemon peel. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours. To reheat, place in preheated 350° F. oven for 20 minutes or until heated through.)* Makes 6 servings. About 210 calories per serving.

BEEF ROULADES

Admittedly a lot of work, but your guests' raves will make it all worthwhile.

2 pounds top round beef
Stuffing:
6 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup onions, finely chopped
4 garlic cloves, finely chopped
1 pound mushrooms, finely chopped
1 package (12 oz.) mild-flavored bulk pork sausage
½ cup chopped parsley
2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon thyme
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 cups garlic-flavored croutons
¼ cup water
Sauce:
¼ pound sliced bacon
1½ cups sliced carrots
1½ cups sliced onions
1 cup sliced celery
⅓ cup all-purpose flour
2¼ cups beef broth
2¼ cups dry red wine
3 tablespoons tomato paste
3 garlic cloves, whole
2 bay leaves
Chopped parsley, for garnish

NOTE: Uses one large Dutch oven for entire recipe.

Have butcher cut meat across the grain into twelve ¼-inch slices. (Or, place meat in freezer for 30 minutes until well chilled but not frozen. Cut ¼-inch thick slices.) Place slices between sheets of waxed paper and pound until about ⅛ inch thick.

Stuffing: Melt 2 tablespoons butter in Dutch oven or large saucepot over medium heat. Add onions and garlic and sauté until golden; remove to bowl. Add remaining butter to pot and when melted, add mushrooms and sauté for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove to bowl.

Add remaining stuffing ingredients to bowl and mix until well blended.

To make roulades: Fry bacon until crisp; remove bacon, crumble and set aside. Reserve bacon drippings in Dutch oven. Spread about ⅓ cup stuffing mixture on each slice of beef. Roll up, jelly-roll fashion; tie each roulade with string.

Brown roulades on all sides, a few at a time, in hot bacon drippings, turning with tongs. Remove roulades and reserve drippings.

Sauce: Preheat oven to 300° F. Add carrots, onions and celery to Dutch oven and sauté 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Stir in flour until smooth and cook 2 more minutes, stirring. Remove from heat and stir in broth, wine and *(continued)*

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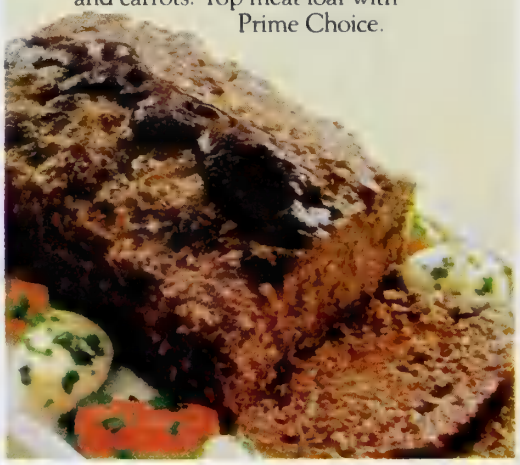
Prime Choice Meat Loaf

- ½ cup Prime Choice® Steak Sauce
- ½ cup apple sauce
- 1½ tablespoons dehydrated minced onion
- ½ cup quick oats, uncooked
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 egg
- 2 teaspoon salt

Combine all ingredients except ground beef. Blend. Add ground beef and stir until Prime Choice® mixture is evenly distributed.

Pat meat into large loaf pan. Bake at 350° for 1½ hours. Serve hot with parsley potatoes and carrots. Top meat loaf with Prime Choice.





Dinner For 6

continued

tomato paste until smooth. Add garlic and bay leaves. Return roulades to casserole. Sprinkle on bacon. Heat to a simmer on top of stove. Cover and place in oven for 1½ hours, basting roulades 2 or 3 times.

Remove roulades from sauce; discard string. Place 3 cups of sauce in blender container and purée until smooth. Remove. Repeat, puréeing remaining sauce. Return roulades to sauce. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours. To reheat, place in preheated oven for 45 minutes or until heated through.)* Cover and simmer for 15 minutes. Arrange roulades on rice; sprinkle with chopped parsley. Pour gravy into sauceboat. Makes 6 servings of 2 roulades each. About 890 calories per serving.

RICE AND BABY PEAS

A simple, yet elegant way to serve rice and peas.

1 cup long-grain rice
1 package (10 oz.) frozen baby peas, thawed
2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Prepare rice as package label directs. Meanwhile, drain peas well. Stir peas and butter into rice. Cover and remove from heat; let stand 10 minutes. The peas will be heated but still tender-crisp. Fluff rice with fork to separate grains. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours. To reheat, place in covered heat-proof casserole in a preheated 350° F. oven for about 20 minutes or until heated through. Or, place in a double boiler over simmering, hot water, stirring occasionally.)* Makes 6 servings. About 170 calories per serving.

RED AND GOLD SALAD

Mandarin oranges and red onions add color and flavor.

Dressing:
½ cup salad oil
¼ cup white wine vinegar
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon sweet basil
¼ teaspoon sugar
Salt and pepper to taste

Salad:
2 heads Bibb lettuce
2 medium red onions, thinly sliced
1 can (11 oz.) mandarin oranges, drained

Dressing: Place salad oil and remaining ingredients for dressing in small jar with tight fitting lid. Cover and shake until well blended. May be refrigerated up to 2 weeks.

Wash lettuce and drain well. Wrap in paper towels or terrycloth and place in plastic bag; refrigerate up to 2 days. To serve, tear lettuce in bite-size pieces into salad bowl. Add onion rings and oranges. Pour on dressing; toss to coat well. Makes 6 servings. About 210 calories per serving.

PICKLED OKRA

No recipe for this; serve the relish of your choice—best if it's something of your own making. A personal touch we like at any meal, including a formal dinner.

CHOCOLATE MERINGUE TORTE

A production for those who like to save the star of the meal for the finale.

Meringues:
5 egg whites, at room temperature
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
¼ teaspoon salt
1¼ cups sugar
1 teaspoon almond extract

Filling:
3 egg whites
½ cup sugar
3 tablespoons cocoa
1½ cups sweet butter, softened
6 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate, melted

Preheat oven to 200° F. Cover cookie sheets with foil and grease lightly. Using 6-inch plate as a guide, trace 2 circles on each sheet.

Meringues: In large bowl, with electric mixer at medium speed, beat egg whites until frothy. Add cream of tartar and salt and increase speed to high. Beat until whites form stiff peaks. Gradually add sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, and continue beating until meringue is stiff and glossy and sugar is dissolved. Add almond extract. With large spoon or metal spatula, spread meringues in rounds, following traced circles on cookie sheets. (Or, use a pastry bag with a number 3 decorating tip.) Bake for 1 hour. Meringues should still be white. Turn oven off and let meringues dry in oven overnight. (For best results, do not open oven door.) May be stored tightly covered up to 6 months.

Filling: Place 3 egg whites in top of double boiler over hot (not boiling) water and beat until foamy. Gradually add sugar, cocoa, butter and chocolate until smooth. Remove from heat and cool until firm. Cover, refrigerate. Bring to room temperature before spreading.

To assemble torte: Place meringue layer on cake plate. Spread with about ¾ cup filling. Repeat stacking meringue and filling, ending with filling. Refrigerate, uncovered, for at least 24 hours.

To serve: Decorate top of torte with whipped cream, if desired. Let stand at room temperature 30 minutes before serving. Makes 12 servings. About 430 calories per serving. **End**



Prime Choice® Steak Sauce can turn ordinary ground beef into something a little extraordinary. It's the unique tasting sauce with just a hint of sweetness. In fact, it's so thick and delicious, it adds zest to any cut of meat.

Prime Choice tops everything, inside and out.

Once upon a RyKrisp® snack cracker, good things taste even better. Cheese, salami, dips and spreads—they're all enhanced by hearty, whole-grain RyKrisp, the "Go With" cracker.



California Ripe Olives add an extra special touch to every recipe. And they're great all by themselves. Put a bowl out and watch them go.

Go with RyKrisp nd California Ripe Olives.

And this incredibly edible hot snack.



Here's a simple snack, made with California Ripe Olives and whole-grain RyKrisp, that's simply delicious. It's easy enough to pop into the oven tonight, and tasty enough to serve guests.



Ripe and Rye Appetizers

1 package (3 or 4 oz.) sliced smoked beef, snipped
1 cup (4 oz.) shredded natural cheddar cheese
1 can pitted California ripe olives, drained and sliced or wedged
1 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
1 8-1/2 oz. package RyKrisp

Combine smoked beef, cheddar cheese, ripe olives and mayonnaise. Spread about one tablespoon on RyKrisp.* Bake in 375° oven 5 to 7 minutes, or until bubbly (45 seconds in microwave oven). Serve hot. Makes about 36 appetizers.

*May be frozen at this point. Bake as directed above.

®Ralston Purina Company, 1976

California Ripe Olives

I hereby resolve (again) to lose weight.



Heaven knows your intentions were good this time last year. And, heaven knows you tried. But, somehow, around about March, that resolve faltered and suddenly, it was gone.

And your fat was not. We know. We're Ayds and we've been in the dieting business a very long time. And, we know that there is a weight reducing plan that works. We call it the Ayds Plan. It's a program that works because it helps you to eat less (and, therefore, reduce your caloric intake).

How does the Ayds Plan work? You simply take 1 or 2 Ayds® Reducing Plan Candies before meals with a hot drink and Ayds helps satisfy your appetite. So, when you sit down to eat, you eat less . . . take in fewer calories, so lose weight . . . week after week. The Ayds Plan has worked for literally thousands of women. These pictures of Judie Miskella are just one example.

At age 31, Judie suddenly discovered that she had to have an operation. Her doctor told her that women usually gain weight after such surgery. Understandably, Judie was worried. At only 5'-1/2" tall, she weighed 170 pounds and was already way overweight. She had her operation and then decided that no matter what anyone said, she was not going to go on being fat. So she went on the Ayds Plan. Judie lost 66 pounds, and looks and feels great. In her own words Judie says, "I feel that if the Ayds Plan can work for someone like me, it can work for almost



From 170 lbs...



...to 104 lbs.



anyone with a weight problem."
So, don't take our word for it. Take Judie's. The Ayds Plan works.

Why not make this the year it works for you. And keep that resolution once and for all.

P.S.: We're so sure that the Ayds Plan will work for you, we're willing to give you 50¢ off on your first box.

So here's the coupon and our very best wishes for a Happier New Year.
You can do it!



50¢ towards a Happier New Year.

Simply print your name and address below and send this coupon together with the side panel of any Ayds box on which the words NUTRITION INFORMATION are printed. We'll send you 50¢. Mail to:

Campana Ayds Offer, Dept. J-017A, Batavia, Ill. 60510

Name_____

Address_____

City/State/Zip_____

This coupon must accompany your request. No facsimiles will be accepted. Also, only the correct box panel (as described above) will be accepted as proof of purchase. Limit one per customer. Offer expires March 31, 1977. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. Void where taxed, restricted or prohibited by law. Offer good in U.S.A. only.

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To large skillet add first 7 ingredients. Cover and heat to boiling. Simmer 5 minutes. Add fish; reduce heat to low and simmer 5 minutes or until fish flakes easily when tested with a fork. Remove fish with a slotted spatula or spoon; keep warm. Strain the cooking liquid; discard vegetables. Return strained liquid to skillet. Heat to boiling over high heat, boil until liquid is reduced by half, about 5 minutes.

Meanwhile, stir butter and flour together until a smooth paste is formed. Add paste to reduced liquid, a small bit at a time, stirring constantly with wire whisk; then add milk. Cook until thickened. Add remaining ingredients and cook until heated through. Pour sauce over fish. Makes 4 servings. About 200 calories each.

until tender; stir in garlic and contin cooking for 1 more minute. Add wat wine, beef bouillon, thyme and bay le Heat to boiling, stirring to dissolve bou lon. Pour over beef in casserole. Cov and place in oven for 1½ hours or un almost tender. Add carrots and cook 2 minutes more. Meanwhile, mix flour ar 2 tablespoons water until smooth. R move bay leaf from casserole. Stir flo mixture into casserole. Add mushroom and whole onions; return to oven an continue cooking 10 more minutes. Se son with salt and pepper. Makes 4 ser ings. About 315 calories each.

TUNA-BROCCOLI BAKE
pictured on page 80

This will probably be the kids' favorit

2 tablespoons diet margarine
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup skimmed milk
4 eggs, separated
1 can (7 oz.) water-packed tuna, drained
1 package (10 oz.) frozen chopped broccoli, thawed
¼ cup shredded Cheddar cheese
3 green onions, chopped
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon bottled hot pepper sauce

Preheat oven to 350°F. In larg saucepan, melt margarine. Stir i flour until smooth. Add milk an cook, stirring until hot and thick ened. Remove from heat. Coo slightly. Stir in egg yolks, tuna, broc coli, cheese, onions and seasonings In medium bowl with electric mixe at high speed, beat egg whites unti stiff but not dry. Fold tuna mixture into egg whites. Spoon into a 6-cup casserole (with straight sides) o soufflé dish. Bake for 45 minutes o until golden brown and firm to the touch. Makes 4 servings. About 250 calories each. **End**

DISHES FOR CALORIE COUNTERS

continued from page 80

4 cups water
4 medium potatoes (about 1 lb.) peeled and diced
1 package (10 oz.) frozen green peas, thawed
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
Pepper to taste

In large saucepot, place chicken, 1 whole carrot and next 5 ingredients. Over high heat, heat to boiling. Reduce to low; cover and simmer for 30 minutes. Cool chicken in broth. With slotted spoon, remove chicken from broth. Remove skin and bones; discard. Cut chicken into chunks. Remove vegetables from broth; discard. Skim and discard fat. (For best results, chill broth to remove fat more easily.) Dice remaining 2 carrots.

Over high heat, heat chicken broth to boiling. Add potatoes and diced carrots. Reduce to low heat, cover and simmer 10 minutes. Add peas and chicken; cook 5 minutes longer. Stir in parsley. Season to taste. Makes 4 servings. About 235 calories per serving.

FLOUNDER FILLETS IN HERB SAUCE
pictured on page 80

The sauce makes this dish special.

1 cup water
¼ cup white wine
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 rib celery
1 medium onion, halved
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
1 pound flounder fillets, fresh or frozen and thawed
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
2 tablespoons flour
¼ cup milk
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
2 tablespoons chopped green onions
1 tablespoon chopped fresh dill (or 1½ teaspoons dried dill weed)



BEEF IN BURGUNDY
pictured on page 80

An easy version of Boeuf Bourguignon.

1 pound lean round beef, cut in 1-inch cubes (trimmed of all visible fat)
1 medium onion, chopped
2 garlic cloves, chopped
1½ cups water
1 cup Burgundy wine
2 beef bouillon cubes
1 teaspoon thyme, crushed
½ bay leaf
4 medium carrots cut in ½-inch slices
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons water
¼ pound mushrooms, quartered
1 can (4 oz.) small whole onions
1 teaspoon salt
Pepper to taste

Preheat oven to 350°F. In skillet with non-stick finish (or use a no-stick vegetable spray) cook beef until all sides are browned. Remove to casserole. Pour off drippings. Add chopped onion and cook

Can you see any difference?

I can't. Because New Dawn 2 ha a color formula that gives you as rich and natural a color as money can buy. Dark shades that are deep and lasting. Lighter shades that stay as natural as any other shampoo-in hair color at any price.

The world's most expensive hair color or New Dawn 2 at $1.59?*



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*Suggested retail price.


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Low numbers are one thing. But not everything.
Winston Lights
Low 'tar' and nicotine numbers are important to me.
But I smoke for taste. That's why I smoke Winston Lights.
I get a lighter cigarette, but I still get real taste.
And real pleasure. Only one cigarette gives me all that:
Winston Lights.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

3 good reasons to buy a new Frigidaire dryer.



1. Big load capacity.

Room to dry 18-lb. loads. Door opening is large enough to take on the biggest loads without shoving and wedging.



2. Sorting Fingers.

Gently separate soft delicates and fluffy towels. Keep clothes open and billowing as they tumble freely.



3. Frigidaire dryers come with Bounce.*

Bounce is the fabric softener that works in the dryer to make your cottons really soft. Controls static so synthetics don't cling. And leaves your clothes smelling clean and fresh. No liquids to pour and no rinse cycle to catch.



Bounce makes clothes really soft.
Bounce controls static so synthetics don't cling.
Bounce leaves things smelling clean and fresh.

*Bounce has agreed with dryer makers to supply Bounce samples and to feature their dryers in Bounce advertising.

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GROWN-UP'S GUIDE TO ROCK MUSIC.

A JOURNAL SPECIAL BY SHARON LAWRENCE

you ever wake up at midnight worry-
just what your son or daughter was
g at that rock concert — and when
'd be home?

Are you a Sinatra or Presley fan who
your teeth when the record player
ults your ears with the unfamiliar
e teenagers call music?

If you can't beat it, join it. The
thy form of communication among
ng people known as rock and roll
ic — or just plain "rock" — is not
roying the younger generation.
tually the time to worry may be if
kids aren't listening.) And parents
other grown-ups who expose them-
es to the beat have been known to
taste for it...especially when they
erstand its appeal and its effect.

Rock is a common denominator for
— a way to be "part of the gang," to
e to each other. The noise, the
ing beat and the emotional content of
music can also offer a healthy release
adolescent pressures. An argument
mom or dad may well send a teen-
fleeing to his or her room determined
rn up the stereo as a defensive,
rtive act. Painful to the ears? Yes,
t beats breaking windows or destroying
iture.

Very simply, though you may like
e of it, rock is still largely theirs, not
s. The rock performers whom kids
to see make their audiences feel part
omething; give them the sense that
aren't alone in the world.

So just what does go on in the rock
s and concert halls that lure your
lren? First, high volume; it is loud.
you'll notice that much of the music is
surprisingly melodic, punctuated by
guing lyrics. You may even have found
self humming catchy tunes like Elton
's "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road," or
ie Wonder's "You Are the Sunshine
ly Life."

A number of talented artists, many
classical training or college educa-
s, produce this music. Many other
icians are hard-working but less well-
ed. Some, like Alice Cooper or Kiss,
on the freaky side. They concentrate



Photo: Judy Lawne

on bizarre makeup and far-out visual effects. But most kids appreciate this for what it is — a taste of campy drama they know their parents dislike.

Most rock concert halls don't sell liquor on the premises, and many of them post security guards at the doors to check for liquor or drugs. Concert promoters can't afford to run into trouble with the law by seeming to condone their use. However, some kids get a thrill from smuggling something in. So despite these precautions, the scent of marijuana hangs in the air at many rock gatherings. But remember, forbidding a kid's attendance at a rock concert is not going to prevent his or her exposure to pot.

Rock clubs may serve liquor, but only to those of age. Usually, they stamp the hands of under-age patrons after checking their I.D.'s and will not serve them anything stronger than a soft drink.

Times have changed since the late 1960s, when liquor and drugs were often glorified at rock events. Then, a teenager might have been impressed to see a rock musician "high" on stage. Now, only a few rock musicians dare do this. For one thing, concert promoters and police can make it tough for drug-using acts to return to a city. For another, today's more mature young people feel a bit cheated when one of their rock favorites is intoxicated or spaced out on stage and cannot give his best performance.

Another remarkable change in the 1970s is that rock now appeals to very young children as well as their older brothers and sisters. Many of these little ones have large record collections, too.

Their interest in rock can prove beneficial. In Los Angeles, at the Park Century School, which helps bright children with severe learning disabilities, director Lael Horwitz sometimes uses rock to help children with their reading. "Often you can help a child read by saying the letter to the beat of the music," Ms. Horwitz says. "The repetition of the pattern of the beat will help him identify the letter each time. Children are very relaxed when they listen to music, and this is important."

Some parents worry that many young people make heroes out of certain rock stars. But with all the anxieties of adolescence (I'm too fat, too thin, I have acne, I don't have a boyfriend), it's natural for teens to want to believe that the rock star, seemingly so secure and exciting, understands and likes them. After all, the songs seem aimed just at them. You probably suffered from hero worship in your youth, too. Once kids start dating, their adoration of rock stars usually becomes less intense.

What about those "groupies" you hear about, who chase after rock stars so shamelessly? Could your child ever become one?

Kids become groupies not through the influence of rock, but because they are troubled children. If you have a good, honest relationship with your children, it's unlikely that they will need to seek attention by throwing themselves at every passing rock musician.

A major ingredient in a good parent-child relationship is respect for the child's enthusiasms. Try asking with genuine interest who and what she likes in rock. If your child is mad about Stevie Wonder or Janis Ian or Elton John, get her to tell you why. You'll learn a lot. The conversation might go well beyond rock music if you show that you really care. Listen — really listen — to your kids, and they'll listen to you. Meanwhile, here's a guide so you can hold up your end of the conversation.

Sharon Lawrence, who once served as publicity director for Elton John's Rocket Records, is the author of the recently published book, "So You Want To Be a Rock & Roll Star" (Dell Publishing Co.)

MALE SUPER STARS

Elton John/*Photo: R. Aaron.*



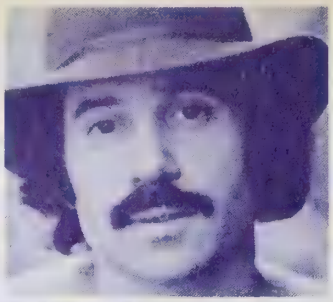
Elton John: English-born "EJ" has been the hottest—and richest—star in rock music for the last three years. When Elton, 29, releases a new album, a million copies are sold in less than a month. He is known for his huge collection of eyeglasses (yes, he really needs them), lavish costumes ("because the audience likes surprises"), overwhelming generosity and devotion to English soccer. His hits include "Bennie and the Jets" and "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road." His greatest talent, aside from eclectic vocal and piano styles, is his great gift for personal communication with his audience.

Stevie Wonder



Stevie Wonder: Other musicians, as well as fans, consider Detroit-born Stevie a genius. Stevie, 26, lives and breathes music; he's a perfectionist who spends weeks on end in the studio. Although he was born blind, that has never seemed to handicap him. He can play virtually any instrument, and loves experimenting with varied forms of music. Stevie started making records when he was barely 12, and has a string of hit songs, like "My Cherie Amour" and "You Are the Sunshine of My Life," to his credit.

Paul Simon/*Photo: Columbia Records.*



Paul Simon: This short, balding New Yorker, now in his mid-30s, is known for his intelligent, often moving, sometimes humorous lyrics and lovely melodies. Simon surfaced in the 1960s as half of the singing team of Simon and Garfunkel. Their "Bridge Over Troubled Water" album remains one of the all-time best sellers. The team split (amicably), and Simon now performs solo, as in his hit "Kodachrome."

David Bowie/*Photo: M. Rose.*



David Bowie: Thirty-year-old Bowie (as he likes to be called) has been a favorite of *avant-garde* young audiences for several years. They are never quite sure what kind of makeup, costumes and songs he'll spring on them next. Bowie also appeared in the recent film, *The Man Who Fell to Earth.*

John Denver/*Photo: RCA Records.*



Donny Osmond: Handsome, exuberant Donny Osmond, 19, is a true teen-age idol. American kids practically grew up with The Osmond Family, thanks to their many television and concert appearances, but Donny is the most popular member of this Mormon group from Utah. He turns out hit after hit including "Puppy Love" and "Too Young," either on his own, with his sister Marie or with his family.

Rod Stewart: London-born and bred, Rod Stewart, 31, communicates energetically with his audiences through his husky voice and vibrant stage manner. Rod has sung with many British groups, most notably the Faces, as well as having a solo career. His biggest hit is "Maggie May." His passion is Scottish soccer, and many of his fans dress up in tartan plaids when they go to see him perform.

Barry Manilow/*Photo: B. Grey.*



Barry Manilow: A few years ago, this Brooklynite made his living writing TV jingles. A fine pianist and arranger, he first became known to the public as Bette Midler's musical director. Now, he's a star in his own right. His romantic songs like "Mandy" particularly appeal to teen-age girls.

John Denver: Blond, bespectacled and perennially smiling, John Denver has played the guitar since he was a boy traveling all over America with his Air Force family. He first came to prominence when he replaced Chad Mitchell in the Chad Mitchell Trio. Since then his knack for writing lyrical songs (for example, "Take Me Home, Country Roads") has made him a star—and poet laureate of his home state, Colorado.

Neil Sedaka/*Photo: M. Rose.*



Neil Sedaka: You might remember Sedaka from *your* youth. He started his career as a concert pianist, and was chosen by Arthur Rubinstein as the best pianist in New York high schools in 1956. By the time he was 20, Neil had given up studying the classics for writing pop songs, among them "Breaking Up Is Hard To Do." Now, more than 15 years later, he has made a comeback—and a whole new generation of teenagers, as well as their parents, love this hard-working singer-songwriter.

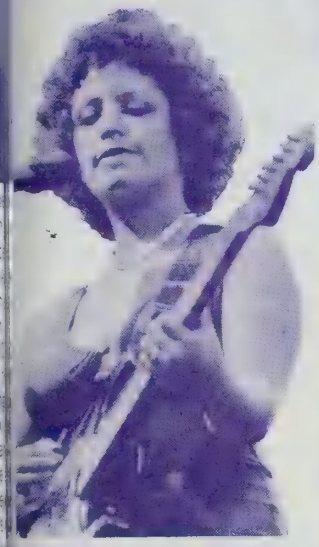
Peter Frampton/*Photo: R. Aaron.*



Peter Frampton: A sweet-faced blonde from England, Frampton recently achieved great success in America, in part due to his constant touring. His biggest hit, "Show Me the Way," shows his skillful guitar-playing.

FEMALE SUPER STARS

is Ian/*Photo: C. Pulin.*



s Ian: Diminutive, 25-year- Janis Ian had her first hit n she was 15. It was an ad-of-its-time song called iety's Child"—about an rracial romance. When is was in her teens, she ad- ed folk singers Joan Baez Odetta. Today she is a star, after many ups and downs. personal struggles have bed her become one of the t writers in music today. It's d for anyone not to be moved er powerful, emotional gs.

Mitchell/*Photo: Asylum Records.*



Mitchell: She started out as lk singer in her native ada in the mid-sixties. Today, i is world famous—and one he richest women in rock. A ed songwriter, she has moved n a folksy sound to more histicated, jazz-influenced sic in recent hits like "Big ow Taxi." Not just a rock ger, she is a perfectionist a poet.

Helen Reddy: Born to an Australian show business family, Helen came to America to seek her fortune, but found rough going until agent Jeff Wald, now her husband and manager, guided her to the top. Among Helen's hits is the famous "I Am Woman," which became something of a feminist anthem.

Kiki Dee: This charming, red-haired, green-eyed English singer is a protege of Elton John. Equally at home with a smooth ballad or an up-tempo rock tune, Kiki is riding high on the recent success of "Don't Go Breaking My Heart," which features a duet with Elton.

Carly Simon/*Photo: C. Pulin.*



Carly Simon: Carly sometimes bears an uncanny resemblance to Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones, who several years ago did some back-up vocals for her big hit, "You're So Vain." Since her marriage to singer James Taylor and the birth of their daughter Sarah, Carly hasn't toured much—partly because she suffers from stage fright. Her records often feature provocative songs she writes in collaboration with Jacob Brackman. Other Carly hits include "Mockingbird," which she sings with husband James.

Phoebe Snow/*Photo: Columbia Records.*

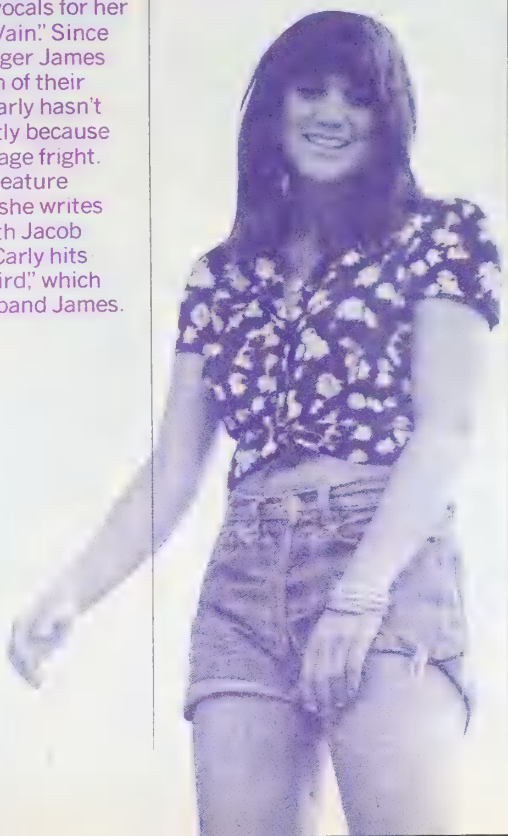


Phoebe Snow: An intriguing voice with a wide range and definite jazz influence characterizes 24-year-old Phoebe, a native of Teaneck, N.J. Her first hit, "Poetry Man," is a special favorite of teen-age girls. Phoebe recently became a mother for the first time, and has stayed close to home, but it's a good bet that she'll be back making hits soon.

Carole King: Like her old friend, Neil Sedaka, Carole has been around since the 1950s. Her album, "Tapestry," has sold millions of copies. Her songs, such as "You've Got a Friend" and "I Feel the Earth Move," have a timeless quality—and she performs them in a totally natural way, as though she's playing and singing just for you. She says she *is*.

Linda Ronstadt: Sometimes wearing her hair in pigtails and with her feet often bare, 30-year-old Linda seems like a teenager. But her voice is mature, full and rich in hits like "Heat Wave." She ranks in the forefront of female singers.

Linda Ronstadt/*Photo: C. Pulin.*



Toni Tennille/*Photo: ABC Records.*



Toni Tennille: America has fallen in love with the Captain and Tennille, a husband-wife team. After years of work on their own and with other bands (notably the Beach Boys), the duo suddenly hit the top of the charts with "Love Will Keep Us Together," written by Neil Sedaka. The Captain (he's Daryl Dragon, son of well-known conductor Carmon Dragon) plays piano and arranges, while Alabama-born Toni, 33, captivates the crowd with her sweet, powerful voice and her own keyboard talents. They now have their own weekly television show—and a constant stream of hits.

Olivia Newton-John



Olivia Newton-John: During the last three years, English-born, Australian-bred Olivia—with her fresh, pretty looks and sweet, clear voice—has made hit after hit. Country-Western fans seem to like her, too—she's one of the few rock singers around who capture the C-W audience as well.



TOP GROUPS

ZZ Top: This energetic trio features very, very loud rock, with emphasis on guitar licks. Dressed up in expensive, sequined suits, they play earthy music and are picking up a huge following, especially in their home state of Texas. Their name is partially derived from a paper used to roll cigarettes.

The Eagles/*Photo: Asylum Records.*



The Eagles: A group that specializes in country-flavored rock with high-flying harmonies, fine guitar playing and well-written songs. A couple of the Eagles once played back-up for Linda Ronstadt, and they still appear on each other's albums. All close to 30, the Eagles are one of the most popular American groups here and abroad.

Wings/*Photo: Capital Records.*



Wings: Former Beatle Paul McCartney, one of the best-loved rock stars of all time, formed his own band, Wings, after the Beatles broke up. Paul writes songs, sings and plays bass, while his American wife Linda, in her mid-30s and the mother of three, plays piano and sings back-up vocals. The recent Wings tour, McCartney's first American appearance since the Beatles' last swing across America ten years ago, was an all-out success and gained him a whole new audience. Some of McCartney's best-known songs: "My Love" and "Band on the Run."

Bad Company: Take a good name, unite four men from three greatly-loved British bands (Free, Mott the Hoople and King Crimson), add straight-out rock and roll, and the result is instant fame. Just over two years ago, Bad Company's first album, featuring talented vocalist Paul Rodgers, became an immediate hit. They've been on top ever since.

Aerosmith/*Photo: M. Rose.*

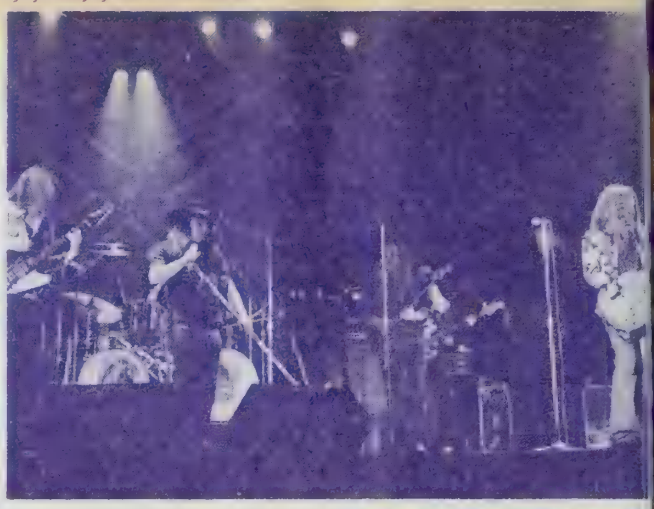


Aerosmith: Five Boston boys led by singer Steve Tyler, Aerosmith has done a lot of touring across the country to gain their current success. You might describe their sound as "medium-weight metal," though they have pretensions to more serious rock music.

The Beach Boys: These Southern Californians are really the first important American group. Now in their 30s, they started out 15 years ago, and after a fallow period, are back on top. Their harmonies and techniques, masterminded by head Beach Boy Brian Wilson, a charming eccentric who rarely appears on stage, have influenced many musicians, especially English groups. Their repertoire includes updates of some of their classics, such as "Surfer Girl," "Fun, Fun, Fun" and "Good Vibrations."

Bay City Rollers: The Rollers, natives of Edinburgh, Scotland, who perform in Scots plaid outfits, are adored by kids all over the world. Their ambition is to be as big as the Beatles were. They probably won't revolutionize music the way the Beatles did, but they should be around for quite a while, judging from hits like "Saturday Night." How did the Rollers get their name? They stuck a pin in a map of America. It pointed to Bay City, Mich. They added the Rollers for dash.

Lynyrd Skynyrd/*Photo: B. Moore.*



Lynyrd Skynyrd: Today, after several lean years, Lynyrd Skynyrd is a big-money act. The group is from Jacksonville, Fla., and took its name—with a few spelling changes—from a high school teacher who was always after them to cut their hair.

America/*Photo: B. Grey.*

America: Three American musicians, sons of military families living in England, got together in the late 1960s, chose the name "America" for nostalgia and began turning out hits. Their songs feature intriguing harmonies and fine acoustic guitar work.



Kiss: Three years ago, no one had ever heard of this "heavy metal" group founded by former schoolteacher Gene Simmons. Today they're selling albums at frightening speed. Kiss favors black leather costumes, platform boots, heavy makeup, protruding tongues, strobe lighting and smoke bombs.

Kiss/*Photo: C. Pulin.*



UP AND COMING

Cole: Daughter of the "King" Cole, Natalie like a more energetic Franklin. She has won mmy awards.

Popular in England, as won many American), with their outrageous s and lighting as well music.

ey/*Photo: C. Pulin.*



ers: A Jamaican band, making a great impact c with a compelling nat combines rhythm s, soul and their native –a distinctive Jamaican me call leader Bob a genius.

wo sisters, Ann and Vilson, are the core of n American-born, un-based group with a c sound. Nancy writes ic to Ann's lyrics, and lts are successful— st album, "Dreamboat as already sold over a opies.

pringsteen: You e seen Bruce on the Newsweek and Time. w Jersey boy is a l singer and ter.



Photo: Judy Lawne.

OLD RELIABLES

Most of these rock acts have long been popular, some of them for more than 10 years. Some of the groups that emerged in the '60s are still loved by people over 20—and also attract many fans from today's young audience.

Rolling Stones: An English rock band with an American rhythm and blues flavor.

The Who: Englishmen with a loud rock sound and many visual effects.

Led Zeppelin: Another loud English group, among the original "heavy metal" (see Rock Lexicon on p.111) sounds.

Bob Dylan: Gravel-voiced American singer-songwriter who helped revolutionize music in the '60s.

Jefferson Starship: Formerly into "acid rock" (see Rock Lexicon on p. 111), this San Francisco group used to be called the Jefferson Airplane.

John Lennon: The "intellectual" Beatle, now making solo albums and rare public appearances.

Ringo Starr: The "charming" Beatle, now making solo albums.

George Harrison: The "spiritual" Beatle, who recently toured with a back-up band, to fair success.

Eric Clapton: English guitar player who has inspired many American bands.

Bee Gees: Three Australian brothers known for fine songs with distinct harmonies.

ROCK LEXICON

Rock... Short for rock and roll. Rock music has many influences, but black music is at the root. These days, however, any song heard at a rock concert or on a rock TV show is called "rock," although it may be influenced by folk, blues, jazz or soul.

Boogie... To teenagers, "let's boogie" means "let's move" or "let's go." On a concert stage, when a musician asks his audience, "Do you want to boogie?" it means, "Are you ready to let loose and start dancing?"

Heavy Metal...means very loud, repetitious music with great emphasis on guitar and very little on lyrics.

Acid Rock... An important part of the music of the late '60s, this form derived mainly from San Francisco rock bands, who liked to take LSD (acid) and let their music take them wherever—often into long, monotonous songs. Now acid rock is considered passé, except perhaps in San Francisco.

R and B... Stands for rhythm and blues, which mainly means soul music. It's the basis of many good songs, written both by blacks and whites.

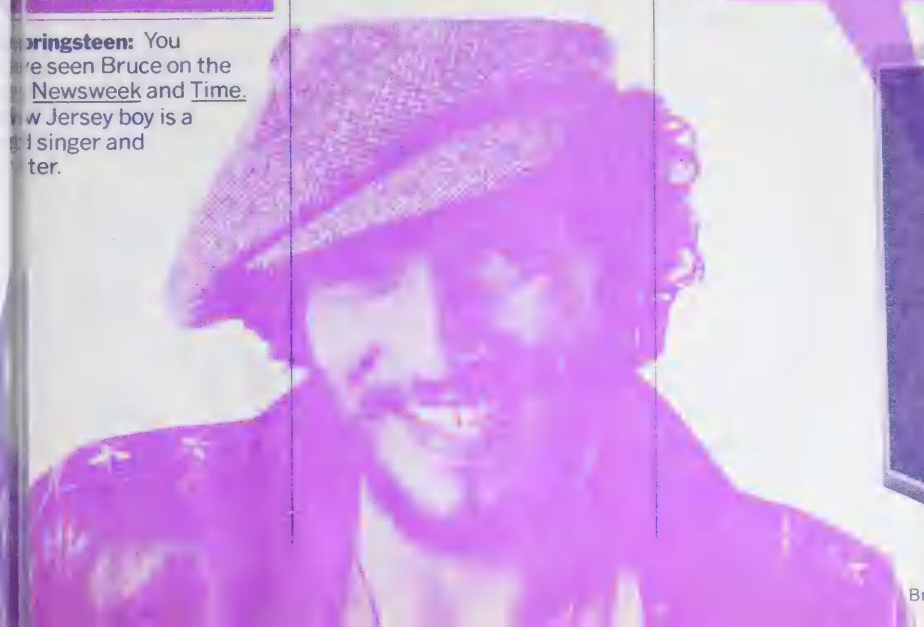
Gig... Originally a musician's term, it is now used by kids in daily conversation. It means "concert"—as in "Are you going to the gig?"

Dude... Dude means man, as in "That dude is really terrific."

Cool... This standby means "good" or "great"—as in "He's a cool dude."

Get Down... Usually means, paradoxically, "get up" and is similar to "boogie." For example, "We really got down" means "We really had a good time."

Far Out, Outasight...1960 holdovers, which essentially mean "great" or "exciting."



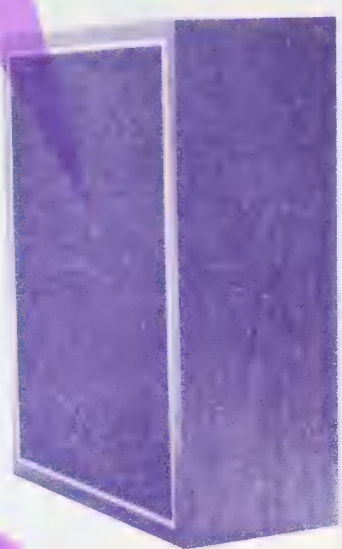


Photo: Judy Lawne.

Bruce Springsteen/*Photo: Columbia Records.*

Karen Ann Quinlan: Journal readers speak o

Few articles have aroused such an outpouring of mail as our September 1976 report on comatose Karen Ann Quinlan—and her parents' fight to let her die in peace and with dignity. Here is a representative sampling of reader letters.

THE STATE RESPONDS

In your article, there is an assertion that the criminal investigation conducted by my office was frivolous and was somehow intended to hurt the Quinlan family. Nothing could be further from the truth....

There were, after all, written medical reports that Karen had an "egg-shaped lump" on the back of her head and bruises on her buttocks and the backs of her legs. To become a party to a case as significant as this, involving a patient who had lapsed into a coma from unknown causes while ignoring medical reports about bumps and bruises, would have been...irresponsible on my part....

As for the outcome of the investigation, I said last February that it failed to establish that foul play was the cause of the coma. This is not the same as saying that we found "nothing." Indeed, our findings were extensive and were communicated to Karen's attending physicians. Except for this, the confidentiality of such an investigation has been respected by my office....

As your article reports, earlier this year her [Karen's] family expressed its determination to ascertain the coma's cause by retaining an expert to observe the autopsy that must be made after her death. It is thus difficult to comprehend how my office can legitimately be criticized for its responsible efforts to find the answer to this question during her lifetime.

William F. Hyland, Attorney General, State of New Jersey

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Thank God the Quinlans chose the *Journal* to publish Karen Ann's story ["Let Me Sleep: The Story of Karen Ann Quinlan," September 1976] and that you chose Phyllis Battelle to write it. I have never read an account as complete, factual and in such good taste. Every question about Karen Ann that has ever come to my mind was answered in your article.

Dolores J. Wolthoff, Wyckoff, N.J.

A "NON-LIFE"

I have followed with great interest the Quinlans' battle to allow their daughter the right to die with dignity.

Three years ago, at age 14, my son suffered a severe brain stem injury in an automobile accident. How often in the anxious years since have I regretted the doctors keeping his body alive with machines when God would have allowed him to die.

His prognosis now, at age 17, is to live this non-life for 50 or 60 more years. What horrible penalties modern medicine is able to impose upon mankind.

(Name Withheld)

DOCTORS WRONG

Though I have great sympathy for the Quinlan family, especially Karen Ann, I do not agree with them. I'm for holding on to every thread of life. My husband was in a coma in 1958. Maybe it was my youthful inexperience or plain ignorance, but I never once seriously considered death. Despite what the doctors said, I knew he would be all right. I am convinced that I was able to transfer some of my strength to him. We didn't pay any attention when, months later, we were told he wouldn't walk again. He's fine now—and I wish as much for Karen.

K. L. Bowers, Salem, W. Va.

SPIRIT OF WARMTH

Your Karen Ann Quinlan [story] is an example of superb writing and journalism in every way. It is minutely correct, in terms of religion as well as current medical trends. Through it all, there is a spirit of human warmth (without emotionalism)—so necessary an element in order to protect humanity as promised by our Constitution. Too often our courts of law stoop to painful, drawn-out quibbling on minutiae that serves no purpose.

The Quinlans are to be commended for releasing private and personal details for the good of others.

Sister Cecilia Mary, S.P., Seattle, Wash.

WISHES EXPRESSED

As a result of Karen's dilemma, I s young woman, took a long hard lo the "right to die" issue. For those would avoid a similar tragedy, I su obtaining the "Living Will." Copi free by writing: Euthanasia Educa Council, 250 West 57th Street, New N.Y. 10019. In brief, the "Living W quests that death be allowed to th son who has no reasonable expect of recovering.

Personally, I sleep better at night ing my beliefs and wishes are sta black and white, should circumst render me unable to speak for m

Mrs. B. R. Wheeler, Fayetteville, N

CHANGE OF HEART

Like many people, I have followe Quinlan story through television, and newspapers. I must admit I al believed that Karen should be kept no matter what the circumstances. reading the *Journal's* story, I am ab the first time to understand the rea ings of the Quinlan family.

Today, I am ashamed of myself Quinlans are obviously very ca people who have been through a deal, emotionally and spiritually heart goes out to them and I offer m support, no matter what the out They have been through enough.

Cathy McNeill, Morris Plains, N.J.

DRUG WARNING

As one who has suffered a terrible edy because two depressant drugs prescribed for one member of my fa after he suffered a heart attack, I to say: It ought to be made very clea because alcohol potentiates the effe tranquilizers, even a small dose m fatal.

Other people can be spared the edy that befell the Quinlans if they k that any combination of depressant is very dangerous and possibly leth

Kathryn Goodier, Waverly, N.Y.

LADIES' HOME

Journal Women of the Year, 1977

HELP US SELECT THIS YEAR'S WOMEN OF ACHIEVEMENT.

the fifth year, Ladies' Home Journal selects the outstanding American women of the year in ten categories. articipate, and to assist our distinguished jury in the final selection of women leaders, fill in the ballot below. by February 15 to WOMEN OF THE YEAR, 1977, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 22. To record the order of your preferences, place the number 1, 2 or 3 in boxes before your top *three* choices in n category. If you wish, you may make additional nominations in each category, as well as write in your nomination ne "Unsung Heroine" category. See next page for full instructions and procedures.

tical Life

.indy Boggs
Member, U.S. House of Representatives, Louisiana; Chairperson, 1976 Democratic National Convention

Ruth C. Clusen
President, League of Women Voters, Chairman of its Education Fund (which played a principal role in developing the 1976 presidential debates)

.udrey Rowe Colom
Chairwoman, National Women's Political Caucus

Millicent Fenwick
Member, U. S. House of Representatives, New Jersey

Martha Keys
Member, U.S. House of Representatives, Kansas

Mary King
National Director of the Committee of 51.3%, Jimmy Carter's task force on Women

Ruth B. Mandel
Director, Center for the American Woman and Politics, Eagleton Institute of Politics, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J.

Barbara Mikulski
Member-elect, U.S. House of Representatives, Maryland

Dixy Lee Ray
Governor-elect, Washington

. DeLores Tucker
Secretary of State, Pennsylvania

Science & Research

A ☐ **Jessie Bernard**, Ph. D.
Sociologist; Research Scholar Honoris Causa, Pennsylvania State University

B ☐ **Elizabeth Boggs**, Ph. D.
Former president, National Association for Retarded Citizens

C ☐ **Nina Byers**, Ph. D.
Professor of Physics, U.C.L.A.

D ☐ **Marion J. Finkel**, M. D.
Associate director for new drug evaluation, Bureau of Drugs, U.S. Food and Drug Administration

E ☐ **Ariel C. Hollinshead**, M. D., Ph. D. Professor of Medicine, Director of Laboratory for Virus and Cancer Research, George Washington University Medical Center

F ☐ **Elisabeth Kubler-Ross**, M. D.
Psychiatrist, consultant in the counseling of dying patients and their families

G ☐ **J. Virginia Lincoln**
Chief, World Data Center "A" for Solar Terrestrial Physics, Boulder, Colo.

H ☐ **Beryl Michaelson**, M. D.
Staff physician, Indian Health Service Hospital, Eagle Butte, S.D.

I ☐ **Joanne Simpson**, Ph. D.
Professor of Environmental Sciences, University of Virginia

J ☐ **Irene Tinker**, Ph. D.
Director of International Sciences, American Association for the Advancement of Science; founder and chairperson, International Center for Research on Women, Washington, D.C.

Humanitarian & Community Service

A ☐ **Mary Jane Fate**
President, North American Indian Women's Association; Board member, Rampart Village Corp., Athabaskan Indian community, Fairbanks, Alaska

B ☐ **Marjorie Fine Knowles**
Professor of Law, University of Alabama; equal rights activist

C ☐ **Terese Lasser**
Founder, national consultant and coordinator, Reach to Recovery, American Cancer Society program for mastectomy patients

D ☐ **Sandra Kay Lebeau**
Social worker; tribal councilwoman for the Cheyenne River Sioux

E ☐ **Herta Loeser**
Director, Civic Center and Clearing House, Inc., a Boston counseling and referral service for volunteers; director, "Project Re-entry," designed to help mature women re-enter the job market

F ☐ **Marty Mann**
Founder of the National Council on Alcoholism

G ☐ **Gloria Scott**
President, Girl Scouts of the U.S.A.; professor of education, North Carolina A&T State University

H ☐ **Catherine Filene Shouse**
Founder, Wolf Trap Farm Park for the Performing Arts; catalyst for development in the arts, philanthropy, jobs for women

I ☐ **Ruth Harper Vance**
Versatile community volunteer for the arts, Detroit

J ☐ **Jerri Wagner**
President, General Federation of Women's Clubs, Prescott, Ariz.

Government & Public Affairs

A ☐ **Virginia Allan**
Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs

B ☐ **Anne Armstrong**
U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain

C ☐ **Arlene Becker**
Deputy Director, Parole and Community Services Division, Department of Corrections, California

D ☐ **Liz Carpenter**
Co-Chairman, ERAmerica; former press secretary to Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson; member, President's National Commission on the Observance of I.W.Y.

E ☐ **Martha Daughtrey**
Judge, Court of Criminal Appeals, Tennessee

F ☐ **Ruth Fernandez**
State Senator, Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

G ☐ **Nancy Hanks**
Chairperson, National Endowment for the Arts and National Council on the Arts

H ☐ **Janet Gray Hayes**
Mayor, San Jose, Calif.

I ☐ **Patience Latting**
Mayor, Oklahoma City

J ☐ **Eleanor Holmes Norton**
Chairperson, New York City Commission on Human Rights

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL · WOMEN OF THE YEAR ·

Communications

A ☐ **Erma Bombeck**
Syndicated columnist and TV humorist

B ☐ **Elizabeth Drew**
Political writer and television commentator

C ☐ **Nora Ephron**
Writer; editor, Esquire magazine

D ☐ **Phyllis George**
Television sports commentator

E ☐ **Doris Kearns Goodwin**
Author, Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream

F ☐ **Pauline Kael**
Film critic

G ☐ **Mary McGrory**
Syndicated political columnist

H ☐ **Eileen Shanahan**
Financial writer, The New York Times

I ☐ **Gail Sheehy**
Author of bestseller, Passages

J ☐ **Harriet Van Horne**
Syndicated columnist

Education

A ☐ **Jean Campbell**
Director, Center for Continuing Education, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor

B ☐ **Marjorie Bell Chambers**
President, Colorado Women's College; President, American Association of University Women

C ☐ **Angela Jorge de Rios**
Professor of modern languages, Director of the bilingual, bicultural studies program, State University of New York at Old Westbury

D ☐ **Marion J. Fahey**
Superintendent of Boston's Public Schools

E ☐ **Hanna Holborn Gray**
Provost, Yale University

F ☐ **Matina Horner**
President, Radcliffe College

G ☐ **Sister Colette Mahoney**
President, Marymount Manhattan College, New York City

H ☐ **Margaret McNamara**
Founder and Chairman of the Board, "Reading is Fundamental," nationwide program for assisting schools in teaching basic reading, Washington, D.C.

I ☐ **Marjorie Downing Wagner**
Vice Chancellor, Faculty and Staff Affairs, California State University and Colleges

J ☐ **Phyllis J. Wallace**
Professor, The Alfred P. Sloan School of Management, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Business & Economy

A ☐ **Bette B. Anderson**
President, National Association of Bank Women, Inc.; Vice President, Citizens & Southern National Bank, Savannah, Ga.

B ☐ **Goldie Dietel**
Vice President, Corporate Relations, Equitable Life Assurance Society, New York City

C ☐ **J. Diane Folzenlogen**
Secretary-Treasurer, Electronic Data Systems Corp., Dallas, Tex.

D ☐ **Deborah Szekely Mazzanti**
Founder and President, The Golden Door, Inc., Escondido, Calif.; member, President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports

E ☐ **Rachel Robinson**
President, Jackie Robinson Development and Management Corp.

F ☐ **Beverly Splane**
Executive Vice President, Chicago Mercantile Exchange

G ☐ **Geraldine Stutz**
President, Henri Bendel, women's specialty store, New York City

H ☐ **Madelon Talley**
Vice President, Dreyfus Asset Management and Director of Foreign Investment Funds, Dreyfus Corp., New York City

I ☐ **Gloria Vanderbilt**
Artist, designer; Chairman of the Board, Gloria Vanderbilt, Ltd.

J ☐ **Addie Wyatt**
International Director of Women's Affairs Department, Amalgamated Meatcutter & Butcher Workmen of North America (AFL-CIO); National Vice President, Coalition of Labor Union Women, Chicago

Creative Arts

A ☐ **Marian Anderson**
Singer

B ☐ **Colleen Dewhurst**
Actress

C ☐ **Martha Graham**
Artistic director and choreographer, Martha Graham Dance Company

D ☐ **Loretta Lynn**
Country and Western singer

E ☐ **Mary Tyler Moore**
Actress and President, MTM Productions

F ☐ **Louise Nevelson**
Sculptor

G ☐ **Helen Reddy**
Singer, songwriter, actress

H ☐ **Lisa Taylor**
Director, Cooper-Hewitt, the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design

I ☐ **Marlo Thomas**
Actress, political activist

J ☐ **Shirley Verrett**
Opera singer, sang in the opening of the Metropolitan Opera, 1976-77 season

Sports

A ☐ **Shirley Babashoff**
Olympic swimmer

B ☐ **Jennifer Chandler**
Olympic diving gold medalist

C ☐ **Chris Evert**
Tennis champion

D ☐ **Dorothy Hamill**
Olympic figure skating gold medalist; three-time U.S. figure skating champion

E ☐ **Lusia Harris**
Star center and high scorer, U.S. Olympic women's basketball team

F ☐ **Joan Joyce**
Softball pitcher, Connecticut Falcons; founder of first women's professional softball league

G ☐ **Jan Merrill**
Olympic distance runner

H ☐ **Cindy Nelson**
Downhill skier, bronze medalist at 1976 Winter Olympics

I ☐ **Judy Rankin**
Number one U.S. woman golfer

J ☐ **Sheila Young**
Winner of three Olympic speed skating gold medals; also 1976 world sprint cycling champion

Unsung Heroine of the Year

...a category in which you nominate your choice for relatively unknown woma has achieved outside the eye—in the home, commu etc. You must submit at l one-page summary (prefe typewritten) about her, al with your name and addr Preference will be given t women who have made pe contributions without oth honors.

How To Participate

On these two pages, you w find ten categories structu to cover many aspects of women's lives. *Please indi your first, second and thir choices in each category* placing the appropriate nu in the box provided. (If you prefer to make your own n nation, you may send a one typewritten summary desc ing the contributions of yo nominee. The "Unsung He also requires a write-in.) T out the complete page and to: *Women of the Year, 197 Ladies' Home Journal, 64 ington Avenue, New York, 10022.* All mail must be po marked no later than Febr 15. A scientific sampling of ballots will be taken by the Journal; tabulations of rea preferences will be presen the blue-ribbon jury, which be guided by these prefere but not necessarily bound them. Decisions will be announced in the Spring.



Reminder!
Women of the Year ballots must be post marked no later tha February 15, 1977.

Section designed by Mo Lebo

What makes that young adult dog of yours so special?



For one thing, he's *yours*. And you're *his*.

And he will love no one else for the rest of his life.

But now he's in his peak years: ages 1 to 7.

That's what makes him so special to *us*. And why we make Cycle® 2 dog food.

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uring these years, your dog's nutritional needs are quite different than during puppyhood ring his later years. He uses protein, vitamins and minerals as only a young adult dog can.

ycle 2 is specially balanced to meet these requirements. o help your dog stay trim and fit.

provides the young adult with all the nutrition he is known to need.
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So you know that every Cycle 2 dinner is as delicious as it ritious.
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d remember: there's a Cycle food specially formulated for each ant stage in your dog's life.



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DOG FOOD

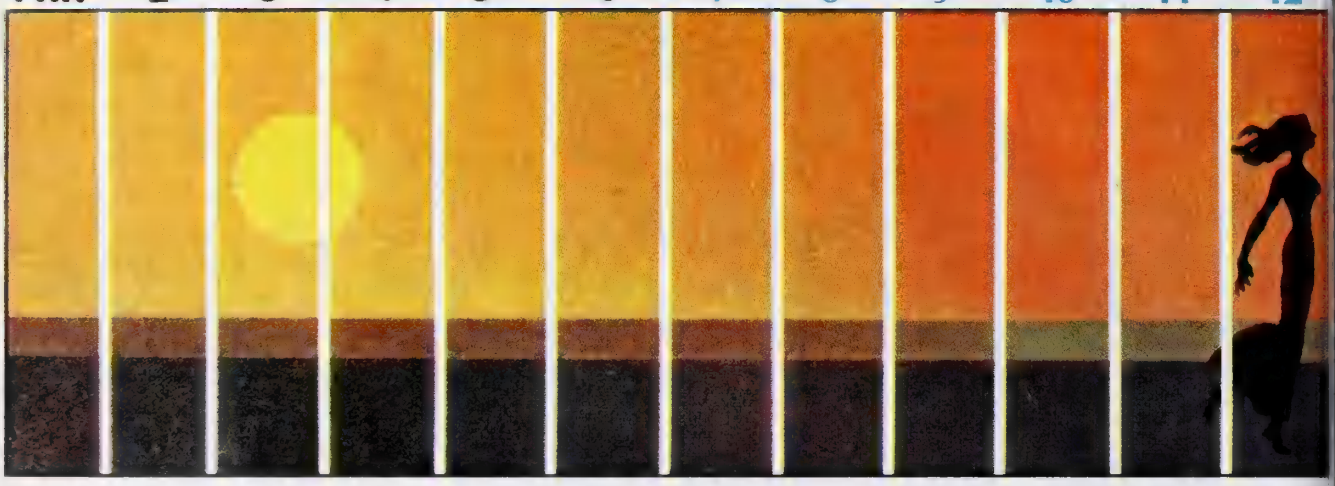
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MIA

continued from page 60

come to our windows. We have chickens and a goat. It's like Thomas Hardy country. The nearest village is a mile away. You can walk all day at the back of the house and only see woods."

Several days later I accepted her invitation to visit her there. About one hour from London, the house is set far back from a side road. A small, thatched-roof guest cottage faces a large, low-lying main house. Everybody was in the kitchen, bustling with excitement: Mia, Matthew and Sacha, Lark Song and two-year-old Fletcher. Only Tara, 2, their second Vietnamese child, was absent. "Tara's sleeping!" announced the others. And the children's regular nanny was off that day; a substitute was taking her place. Two black cats, big Henry and tiny Juliet, were snuggling against the enormous, restaurant-size stove.

It was a little past noon and Mia was preparing a picnic lunch—thick tunafish sandwiches for us and hard-boiled eggs, "fish fingers" and other delights, all carefully wrapped in foil, for the youngsters. Lark, an adorable, black-haired charmer, walked around clutching a box of raisins and chanting, "The raisins in the bawx are mine." Andre came in to the kitchen and said to Fletcher, who has curly, white-blond ringlets, "Come and sing me something."

Finally everything was packed. Mia carried Fletcher, I carried the large picnic basket and, with the other children leading the way, we piled into their station wagon. Mia drove down the road about a mile and parked. We climbed over a fence and walked through a field of buttercups. "Where do you want to go?" asked Mia. "To the 'dark bit'," agreed the twins, naming a favorite hideaway under a broad tree.

We spread a groundcloth and Mia portioned out food for the children. I uncorked a bottle of red wine and she passed the sandwiches. With their own cloth, the twins went merrily to the dark bit, Lark and Fletcher staying with us. After a while, Fletcher toddled off to visit his brothers and stepped, plunk, into a mound of manure. He cried at the top of his voice. Mia ran to the rescue. "Cowshit!" she exclaimed, and, trying to clean her son, she got some on herself. She dipped a spare diaper in the river and cleaned off the baby and herself. As Fletcher quieted, Mia said she didn't mind the smell of manure, remembering her days as a teenager living with relatives on a farm in Ireland.

Lark toddled off to visit her brothers and stepped, plunk, into a hole. Loud screams of anguish. "Just little holes co make with their feet," said Mia, sett Lark upright and trying to console h

As we ate our sandwiches and sipp our wine, Mia was calm and relaxe not the least fazed by the children, w traipsed back and forth over the pic cloth. She talked about her children a about "the lack of solid values" in l own upbringing. Again, she said h close she was—and is—to her broth and sisters. Born Maria de Lourdes liers Farrow, she was called Mia by l siblings. At one point, she said, th called her Mildred, until on an oce voyage they "threw" Mildred—her h side?—overboard.

When we returned from our fi messy picnic, Mia gave me a tour of t house. Downstairs it was dark, warm a comfortable: heavy leather chairs, wo beams, a piano in Andre's study, lamps to be used when the power fail On the walls were paintings by primit artists and photographs of the fam taken by Mia. Upstairs, facing the sta was a terrific collection of puppets, ma by Mia. She gives puppet shows for l children. Will that be her return to t New York stage—as a puppeteer? S laughed at the thought. The childre bedrooms were brightly decorated primary colors. The master bedroom w large and airy, a family room with broad view of the woods.

n, Matthew, Fletcher and I went walk in those woods. The lawn was nded by mountainous, flaming dendron bushes, with tiny raspss hiding underneath. The countryvas green and lush. As we neared id, Mia listed their animals: the Henry and Juliet, two chickens named Muriel because they can't em apart), two fish named Gladys use they can't tell them apart) and ister named Florence. Then, sud-, I spotted a railroad train! It's a se, she explained. What the devil doing in the middle of the woods? *s a present from Andre.* Was it a se? *How could it be a surprise? It s twenty tons. But they're cheap,* id, *and there are so many around.* would I do with one? *Sleep in it,* aid. *It is our treehouse on the d.* She and Andre have camped here. *We wanted to sleep out here ake up on a train.*

en she comes out at dawn and on her property. She likes to look stars. Years ago in California she l drive to the desert and lie down p of her car and look at the stars. e's most recent present was a tele-. He gives her "adult versions of She has no interest in clothes, furs ewelry. "I'd like a microscope," she She wants to see everything—in de-"The height of time is now," she said. "Andre says I lack perspective. In return, I have immediacy."

It is a crucial difference in their personalities and their careers. As a musician, Andre makes plans three years ahead, whereas Mia doesn't always know what she's doing tomorrow.

Sipping a glass of beer back in the kitchen, Mia said that the longer she lived in England, the more deeply she felt about being American. Suddenly she left the room and came back carrying the Farrow family photo album, filled with pictures of her mother and father—an extraordinarily handsome Hollywood couple—and baby pictures of herself and her brothers and sisters. She turned the pages. "I have some in which I look like Fletcher." And there they were. With white-blond ringlets and large eyes, she was an exact double of her son. All the Farrow children had large, expressive eyes. But, in the photograph, Mia didn't look like herself. Her face was "fuller," I said. She laughed, and corrected the euphemism. "I was a *fat* child," said thin, elfin, sprite-like Mia.

The last time I saw Mia she was standing at the bar at Kings Crown, a popular pub next door to the Royal Court Theater, buying lagers for her English colleagues and smoking cigarillos. She seemed nervous. I said that I really had no more questions to ask. "You just wanted to see me again?" she said. Yes, that's it, I agreed, although actually I did have one small question: I've seen what her children are learning from her, but was she learning from her children?

"I learn from them all the time," she said. "I carry this . . ." and she reached into her handbag and took out the largest magnifying glass I had ever seen. It looked as big as a pie-plate. She said that she had three of them and always carried one with her. You never knew what you might want to look at. What does she look at? She hesitated, as if the answer might be too personal, then said, "Flowers. Flies' wings. The bottoms of people's shoes when they take them off. The children and I take a lot of first looks at things. We share—observing."

It was almost curtain time. I said I would call her if I had any more questions. "Call," she urged. "No questions!" She kissed me and left for the theater.

A week later I telephoned her. No questions. She had some news. "We just got a turtle," she announced. "We named him Owen"—after Jesse Owens, the Olympic runner. Now living in the country with Mia and Andre are—by my count—five children, two cats, two fish, two chickens, a hamster, a goat, a turtle and an orphaned caboose. They named their house The Haven. I once asked her why. With a smile, she answered, "Why not?" Mia Farrow, survivor of storms, has found her Haven. **End**



and a hint of vinegar

pure and natural, says everything you want to know.

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TAKE

Spray 'n Wash® is America's number one laundry soil and stain remover because it gets rid of tough stains on all washable fabrics—even polyester and permanent press.



WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE KENNEDYS?

continued from page 48

stars and famous people—especially if they are men.

The Kennedy sisters—Eunice, Pat, Jean: They are wildly loyal and supportive to their brother Ted and anyone else in the family. Eunice is the most competitive and hardest-working. She is the executive vice-president of the Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr. Foundation, which supports research and related programs for the handicapped, and she has become so involved in the Special Olympics for the Mentally Retarded that when asked if she and husband Sarge Shriver were supporting Carter last fall, Eunice said, "We are working for the Special Olympics, that's all." Mrs. Shriver says she would encourage her children, Maria, Anthony, Mark, Robert and Timothy, to go into politics. Last year, Eunice defended Joan Kennedy against a tabloid story about her alcoholism. This was reminiscent of Pat Lawford's letter defending Ethel against charges that she is a fun-loving lightweight. This was about the only time Pat has ever surfaced, aside from her much-publicized marriage and divorce from actor Peter Lawford. Pat, who used to be blonde, now has flaming red hair and lives in Manhattan, where she is reported seeing stockbroker Richard Wilson. Pat has four children by Lawford—Chris, 21; Sydney, 20; Victoria, 18, and Robin, 15. Jean Kennedy Smith's husband, the good-looking Steve Smith, manages the Kennedy family fortune from an office in the Pan Am building. They live in a swanky, Manhattan, East side, five-bedroom apartment and have two adopted daughters, Amanda, 9 and Kym Maria, 4, as well as their sons Steve, 19 and Willy, 16.

Joan Kennedy: The most lovable and vulnerable of all the Kennedys, Joan embraced her own cause in 1976, and it may well turn out to be her salvation. The beautiful blonde, who has lived under such cruel pressures while married to Ted Kennedy, announced that she'd joined Alcoholics Anonymous. "I hope that my problems are behind me," she said, looking ten years younger than her 39 years. In recent years, fate has not been kind to Joan, who lived through two Kennedy assassinations, campaigned while hating politics, endured Chappaquiddick, suffered when her parents divorced after 35 years of marriage, heard the stories of Ted and other women, lost her mother last May, visited sanitariums and psychiatrists, faced a drunk-driving charge, and in 1973, confronted the horror of her son losing his leg to cancer at 13. Today, Joan is simply grateful that there is no sign of the cancer recurring, and Teddy, Jr. skis, swims and sails on an artificial limb. His illness seems to have brought Joan and Ted closer and she is devoted to the Senator and her children, ages 9 to 15. Teddy, Jr., Kara and Patrick all go to private schools in Washington, D.C.

Rosemary Kennedy is the Kennedy nobody knows. She lives under the tender care of the Sisters of St. Francis of Assisi, at the St. Coletta School in Jefferson, Wisc., the world's oldest, largest Catholic home for the mentally retarded. Rosemary, 57, resides in the school's special "K Cottage" with a dozen nuns and a dog she loves. She enjoys having her hair fixed, her nails done and listening to people play the piano. She loves compliments and loo forward to visits from her mother eve few months and from sister Euni every six weeks. In a unique way, Ros mary has made quite a contribution life, since her handicap sparked t Kennedy family's interest in mental r tardation.

The Up-and-Comers: The next voi of authority after Senator Ted belon today to Joe Kennedy III, Bobby's 2 year-old eldest son. A graduate of t U. of Massachusetts, Joe has be learning politics since he was a boy i volved in Uncle Jack's 1952 Sena campaign; recently he masterminde Uncle Ted's entire reelection ca paign. Over six feet tall, with pierci eyes, a toothy grin, tousled hair a the inevitable pinstripe suits and sma knot ties that look like hand-me-dow Joe more closely resembles his geni Uncle Ted than he evokes memories his slight and shy father Bobby. Joe h the charisma, the friendly handsha and the professional smoothness. H has already led an eventful life: in 19 he was aboard a German airliner th was hijacked by Arab terrorists; he h represented his family at many fun tions (including his father's funeral fought a bull in Spain; survived a Ca fornia auto crash; and was driving t car in a tragic accident on Nantuck that resulted in a friend, Pamela Kell being paralyzed for life. (Pamela r ceived more than $1 million from t Kennedy family and says, "I love the all. They are my friends." Joe goes see her regularly.) Next Septembe Joe will be old enough to hold a seat the House, and most observers thi that's just where he is headed.

The other coming young Kennedy Robert F., Jr., 22, a senior at Harvar which both his father and uncles T and Jack attended. This Bobby, li

(continued on page 13

YOUR

New Non-Aerosol Spray 'n Wash delivers its great soil and stain removal power with a remarkable, adjustable trigger sprayer. Choose a wide spray for big stains, a fine stream for small stains and collars. Economical refill available.



© 1977 MNP Texize Chemicals Co., Div. of Morton-Norwich Products, Inc., Greenville, S.C.

CHOICE



Two great ways to g rid of tough stains

Meow Mix, we've received num-
letters about our product from
ied customers.
st of them from people with cats.
me of them from cats with people.
least, they're signed by cats
e even have paw prints).
s writing letters?
hat seems unheard of maybe it's
se, in Meow Mix, they finally
a cat food worth writing home
. Or writing away about.
e cat, who claims to be a gour-
ays she eats nothing but
Mix.
other cat (Klondike, by name)
hat when his favorite super-
et ran out of Meow Mix, he went
on a hunger strike.

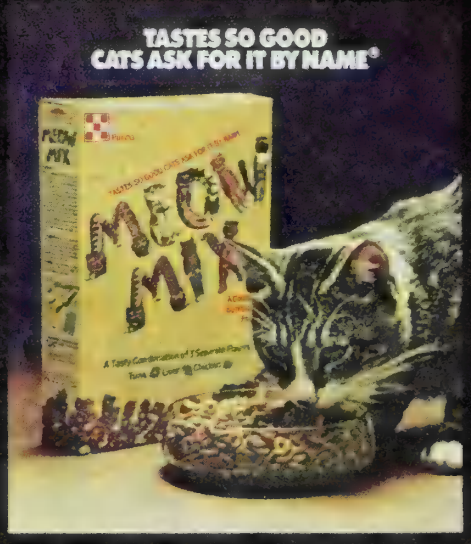
Other cats spoke glowingly of the taste of Meow Mix, the convenience, the price and the fact that they could get their three favorite flavors (tuna, liver and chicken) in one package.

They all agree that Meow Mix tastes so good they ask for it by name. Practically every time they open their mouths.

There was more, too. Which we won't go into now. Somehow, it seems that what cats couldn't put into words about Meow Mix, they put into letters.

Oh, people said some nice things about us, too.

But, after all, that's easy for them to say.



CATS DON'T JUST SAY THEY ASK FOR MEOW MIX, THEY PUT IT IN WRITING.



©'84, Ralston Purina Co. Meow Mix® Cat Food

Why isn't More white?

Because More is burnished brown. To make its longer, leaner design look as good as it tastes.

And when it comes to the taste of More, you can enjoy its smooth mildness longer.



Because More burns slower.

So More doesn't end with just good looks. There's lots of good taste as well. It's like any really good cigarette.

Only it's More.



©1976—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

FILTER: 22 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 22 mg. "tar", 1.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

COOKING HOROSCOPE

continued from page 12

u won't suffer from headaches and omnia.

TAURUS: APRIL 20 to MAY 20 (A Matter of Taste!)

U ARE GENERALLY cautious, shrewd, adfast, but obstinate. Usually gentle, u're not when you've been crossed. en you turn into a bear, lose control d you're better off left alone.

You want only the good things in life, aning great but simple dinners at me or in quiet places. You have that nous "Taurean taste." For you, that ans only the best. If you can't have finest steak, fruits or vegetables, u'd rather have nothing at all. You e your kitchen beautiful and functnal, your dining room romantic (inenced by Venus, your ruling planet). nce you have a love for good food and ne, you have an instinctive ability to ok well. Your greatest problem is your ndency to overindulge your Taurean te.

Taurean menus are fun because they lude many versatile, but low-calorie ds: wheat, beans, chestnuts, lentils, ick peas, apples, strawberries, raspries, pears, peaches, grapes. Herbs yme, mint and catnip) and well-seaed vegetables are special for Taures. Celery tops the list of foods to help ting Taureans.

Friday is your best day for entertaing. Taurus, Capricorn and Virgo types n you on.

GEMINI: MAY 21 to JUNE 20 (Offbeat Palate!)

U'RE BETTER KNOWN for being erratic an for your ability to cook, due to your nstantly shifting mercurial nature. You e your dual personality to your sign, twins. That's why you burn up engy and rely on mini-meals, appetizers d nourishing and quick, light treats. od must be offbeat, exciting.

Your curiosity about life makes you rific fun to be around. You literally n people on to food just by the way u talk about your travels—dining in tant bistros or sampling strange new te treats. Your only hangup is indeion. It's tough to know what and when serve at home. Since you are often a getarian, you thrive on a diet of fruits d nuts. Load up on milk plus green ds and carrot combinations. You need summery food supply like the season ich marks your rise in the heavens. its, fruits, vegetables, melons in salads or repasts suit your offbeat palate. You particularly love to dine with Aries, Leo, Libra and Aquarius types.

Normally, you are jet-propelled and a night person. Often you're an insomniac and need plenty of sleep to quiet your sometimes jangled nerves.

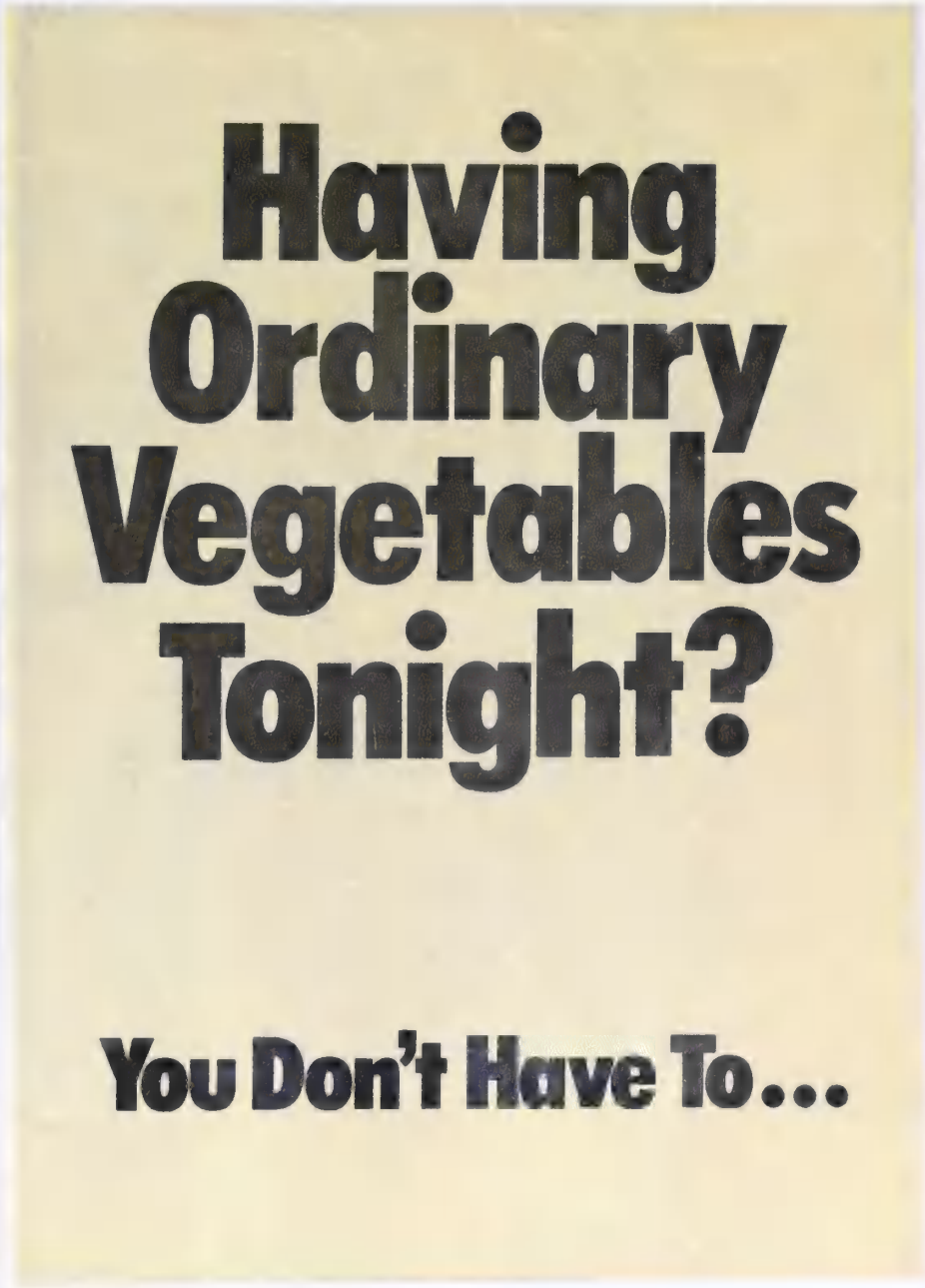
CANCER: JUNE 21 to JULY 22 (You Take the Cake!)

SINCE YOU'RE A CHILD of the moon and the crab creature of the sea, you are devoted to domestic things. Any kitchen task is a labor of love. French chocolate soufflé or black bottom pie is your kind of dish. Moon men excel in the kitchen, often making catering their vocation.

You don't know any half measure in love or in the culinary arts. Like many Cancerians, you are often very possessive (you'll take the very last piece of cake left on a plate). Your extreme sensitivity and excellent memory make you a fine host or hostess, willing to devote long hours in the kitchen putting your natural talent to work to create the special dish to please the most discerning palate.

Just one word of caution though; you are never at your best when there's tension in the kitchen, for it can lead to incessant worry and digestive upsets. Too often you worry about having enough food to feed your friends. You prepare too much and then gorge yourself on the leftovers.

You shine on Monday *(continued)*





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COOKING HOROSCOPE

continued

Friday, so entertain your friends loved ones on those days.

O: JULY 23 to AUGUST 22 (Exotic Diet)

THE LION who rules your sign, you t to be king of the table as well as ungle and the sky.

eing the host or hostess with the test is literally your scene since re flamboyant, masterful, coura- is, passionate and, above all, gener- You can turn on the shyest, most rved guests. But be careful you t overdo it by coming on too strong ou will turn off people by your kness and lack of self-restraint.

ou adore entertaining friends and ly on Sundays. You're happiest in company of Arieans or Sagittarians. love food that, like yourself, is rful, dramatic and exotic, appealing gly to your keen sense of smell, and taste. Not only do you cook fire, but you like to perform, show- off your ability with dishes like bé desserts or flaming steaks.

nce food for you is sensuous as well ntertaining, you seldom have turn- ns to your invitations. One word of ion, though: since your appetite is r than life, use moderation to avoid ing ostentatious. Typically, you are g and healthy and recuperate kly from all illnessses. However, in years, you are prone to have heart litions and rheumatism. Keep your- in top form.

VIRGO: AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 22 (A Born Planner!)

R OUTWARD APPEARANCE and be- or can be very deceiving. Inwardly are introspective and sometimes in- sive. You're super careful about diet, often becoming a vegetarian. eneral, you seem to need less food people born under other signs.

our patience and your love of chil- make you an excellent nurse, will- o prepare special food to see them gh illnesses. And your great mem- nakes you able to reel off a recipe tried only once, ages ago.

our only real hangup is being able lease yourself. You're a born per- onist and planner. You work tire- y to create an orderly, harmonious ronment, especially in the home. ically, your patterns have been set in life. You thrive on routine even it comes to marketing and pre- g meals.

The social scene is not for you and yet you love being invited to parties because you're a people-watcher. You are usually an extraordinarily good cook striving hard to please your family. Choose Wednesdays to entertain your friends at small family-type dinners at home. You're happiest in the company of Capricornians or Taurians.

LIBRA: SEPTEMBER 23 to OCTOBER 22 (Subtle and Sumptuous!)

SINCE YOURS IS an air sign, you're a dreamer, romanticist (you're ruled by Venus) and idealist.

You seem to live way up in the clouds, but don't underestimate your strength. Your biggest problem is being able to live up to your dreams and schemes, since it means coming to grips with the realities of life. You enjoy taking your time when you look at a menu. Taking your pick from the buffet table turns you on.

You have a great need for privacy, and enjoy dining in quiet romantic settings. You have tremendous appreciation for beautifully prepared foods, and almost gourmet tastes because you prefer simply prepared fare made with fresh ingredients, subtly flavored.

You much prefer planning and preparing meals than doing the kitchen cleanup. Monday is the happiest day for you to entertain. Normally, you are healthy, but look out for *(continued)*



COOKING HOROSCOPE

continued

kidney flare-ups. You are better off keeping busy doing things you enjoy.

SCORPIO: OCTOBER 23 to NOVEMBER 21 (Mystery Food!)

SINCE YOU ARE ruled by the two planets Mars and Pluto, you are seldom ignored because people either adore you or hate you.

Outwardly, you display unusual self-control, even though inwardly you may be banking red-hot coals. You have intense feeling about anything you undertake in life, including foods in general and cooking. Your eating habits are a dead giveaway to your sign. While you possess a most unorthodox palate, craving hot dogs, you also revel in such succulent delights as mandarin duck or nice, thick juicy steaks. You have insisted upon certain foods ever since you bypassed your Pablum for the onion rings with the hamburger and the crisp skin on the roasted chicken.

You are never puny-looking since you crave good living and good eating. Typically, you like food that smacks of mystery and originality. While other people want to know exactly what they are eating, you prefer novel fare that is exotic, highly spiced, often hot elaborate.

You love to entertain or be ent tained on Tuesdays by other wa types: Cancerians or Pisceans.

SAGITTARIUS: NOVEMBER 22 DECEMBER 21 (Keep It Simple!)

LIKE YOUR SIGN, the archer, you aim the stars. Invariably, you achieve y goals because of your drive.

You are a deep thinker with an canny knack for knowing exactly wh going on in people's heads. Typica you give that same concentration to lecting a menu or performing at range.

You have a thing about travel a enjoy food from many places. Saturd is your magic day for entertaining. Y favorite guests are other fire people l yourself or Arieans and Leonians. Y have a hearty appetite and prefer dow to-earth food from all over the gl served simply but elegantly. Your st dards are high. You judge your cook ability and that of others by the w they prepare simple, one-dish me (stews, soups or casseroles).

You are one of the few signs un the Zodiac that enjoys English- as w as American-type fare.

Remember to provide infinite varie Be careful not to overlook the vegetab but don't clutter up the stew with many.

CAPRICORN: DECEMBER 22 t JANUARY 19 (Cook in Advance!)

SINCE YOU'RE RULED by Saturn, the g planet, you are pragmatic and appro life with determination, ambition a great organization. Even during busiest holidays of the year, you alw seem able to hold up under tremend pressure, keeping your cool and s planning marvelous food treats to ce brate the occasion.

You almost seem to have a bluepr for life. That extends to your kitch as well. Typically, you like to p

How to keep a slipcover in the pink...



When you dye it with Rit.

RIT™ Dye can be the refreshing change that makes a slipcover, a throw pillow or a dust ruffle look new and exciting again. Just give it a little loving care and you'll enjoy that bright, beautiful color for a long, long time. Here are a few tips to help you protect recently dyed items:

1. Always wash them in cool water.
2. Always wash them separately. (Or *at least* the first 2-3 times.)
3. Always dry them away from sunlight.
4. And, for best results, have them dry cleaned, if possible.



For more information write: RIT, Dept. P, 1437 W. Morris St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46206.

Rit. You're going to love the results!

Best Foods, a Division of CPC International Inc.

SLEIGHT-OF-HAND

By Lily O'Sullivan

You think that spring will never come,
then, right before your eyes,
sudden as stars, come celandines
and take you by surprise.
Cats bide their time by sunny walls,
in long enchanted dreams
of meadow-mice, their sunlit eyes
like pale primroses, newly blown,
along the banks of streams,
and yesterday's black hawthorn hedge,
today is quick with green.

enus a week in advance, make yard-ng lists for marketing and tuck cook-g chores in between a busy career nd your family.

Your family always comes first. You ke to cook in advance, planning meals own to the last detail—so ambitiously looks like you had all kinds of kitchen elp. Capricorns work best alone. Your trological food list is short (barley, eets, and saffron and quince), but ou're long on ideas. Guard your nergies. Load up on a diet rich in lcium. Since you value harmony above l else in life, choose dinner guests refully. You're happiest entertaining n Saturday in the company of other rthlings like Taurians and Virgonians.

AQUARIUS: JANUARY 20 to FEBRUARY 18 (Read the Cookbook!)

LTHOUGH YOU ARE alternately turned n and off, up or down, you almost feel times as if you'd like to let it all pour ut, just like your sign, the water bearer.

Your most outstanding trait is your ility to remember. That's why you ve never needed any formal cooking ssons. You learned to cook by watch-g your mother in the kitchen. Even ough you have a memory like an ele-ant, you often leave out tiny details a recipe. Better stick to the cook-oks for complicated cooking.

Despite your original ways, you have wn-to-earth tastes and stick to tried d true foods such as steaks, chops d roasts. You're more likely to fill in ith potatoes, vegetables (you like to ow your own) and seasonings. Al-ough you eat as much protein as you e, avoid eating too much starch and gar. Cholesterol can be a problem you, especially in your late middle ars.

You have a fetish for cleanliness and ur kitchen shows it. You are a com-tent cook, often eager to try out new cipes or the latest kitchen gadget. uring whimsical moments, you're keen cooking "airy" foods: giant popovers, ufflés and fluffy meringue pies.

Entertain on Saturdays and relax ith Aries, Libra and Gemini types.

PISCES: FEBRUARY 19 to MARCH 20 (Fish Is the Dish!)

KE YOUR SIGN Pisces, the fish, you ake waves for all the world to see, t they are mere ripples compared to e depth of your emotions.

You have a unique talent for know-g what will happen before it hap-ns. Like most Pisceans, you love to e and work near the water. As you ight have guessed, fish is paramount your diet. You could live on fish, tractively prepared and served in countless ways, but that does not make you alien to other foods, such as steak or baked potato.

You love to eat and are an inspired creative cook. You have a gift for giving the plainest of food a flair and a touch of artistry with ususual and exotic foods. You like to entertain on Thursday, especially at small dinner parties for close friends and family. You are an outstanding host or hostess, but not the best homemaker in the world. You are bored with the tedium of everyday cooking. You love romantic places, selecting restaurants that serve excellent fare in quiet, relaxed surroundings. You're happiest around young people, particularly if they are Virgo, Cancer and Scorpio types. **End**

SUBSCRIPTION LATE? AN EXPLANATION

Over the past few months, many subscription copies of the *Journal* have arrived as much as three weeks late. As you may know, the employees of the United Parcel Service (UPS) have been on strike in 15 states. The result is that the United States Post Office has had to handle UPS packages as well as the normal flow of mail. The combination has backed up all classes of mail, including magazines. We're sorry about the delays and hope the situation will be cleared up soon, so we can resume our regular, prompt service.



How to tell authentic Spanish olives from imitations before you taste them.





Not all green olives are alike. So to make sure you're getting authentic Spanish olives, and not "Spanish-style" imitations, look for Señor Olive on the bottle.

Because only Spain has made an art out of the growing and curing of olives—so much so that Spain supplies most of the world.

The hot dry climate and mineral rich soil of the Spanish province of Andalusia are ideal for olive groves. Here, tending and curing the olives has been a matter of pride for hundreds of years, and the workers treat the delicate fruit with great reverence.

That's why the delicious tangy taste of Spanish olives is so difficult to duplicate.

So make sure the olives you buy have Señor Olive on the label or cap. He'll remind you that it takes more than a green thumb to grow a great green olive.

SPANISH OLIVES

ACEMESA
THE SPANISH OLIVE COMMISSION

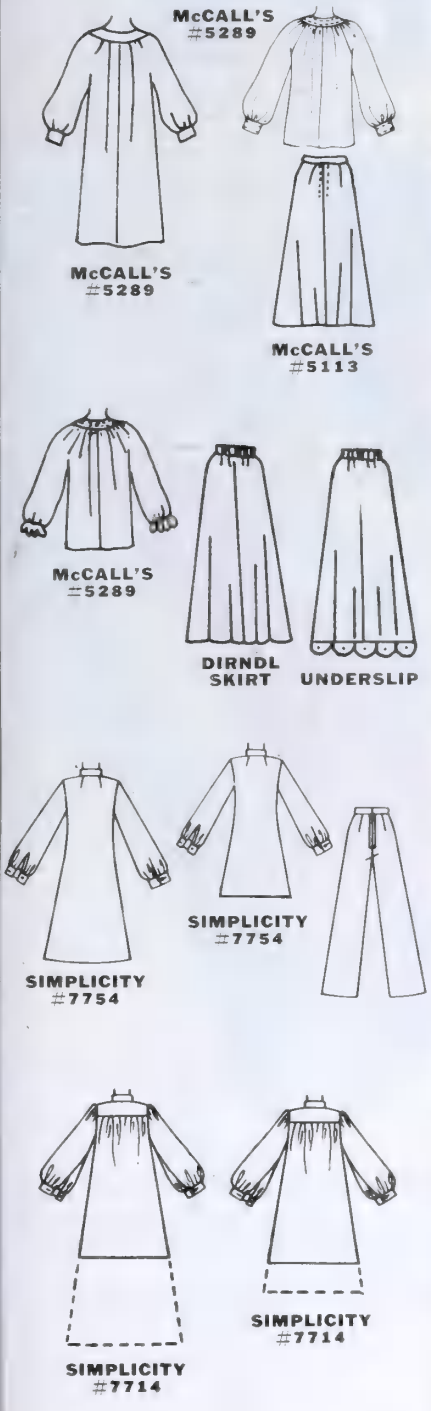
Spanish Olives.
The best olives in the world.

PATTERN INFORMATION AND BACKVIEWS

"Shirting it— The New Way"

PAGE 68: Gray jumper-style shirtdress, McCALL'S #5289. Requires approximately 2 yards of 54 inch fabric for mid-calf length, as shown.
PAGE 69: Floral overshirt, McCALL'S #5289, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 45 inch fabric. Gored skirt, McCALL'S #5113. With 3 inches added to length and pockets omitted, needs about 2 yards of 60 inch fabric. Eyelet peasant tunic, McCALL'S #5289, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44–45 inch fabric. Long handkerchief dirndl skirt, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 48 inch fabric, sewn with one seam and gathered on an elastic band. Ruffled underslip made by attaching a ruffled eyelet border, about 7 inches wide, to the hem of ■ purchased evening slip with gathered waist.
PAGE 70: Striped shirtdress, SIMPLICITY #7754, needs about $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44–45 inch fabric. Menswear pants and tunic, SIMPLICITY #7754, entire suit requires about 5 yards of 54 inch fabric, allowing for matching plaid.
PAGE 77: SIMPLICITY #7714, lengthened for evening dress. We added about 20 inches to tunic version, using ■ total of $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 60 inch fabric. SIMPLICITY #7714, lengthened for below-the-knee party dress, needs approximately $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44–45 inch fabric.

All yardage approximate and based on Miss size 10.



What's happening

continued from page 8

but here comes one that is clearly funny. It's a new comedy-mystery about Sherlock Holmes called *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*, and it's 100% entertainment.

Here is the story of the apocryphal meeting of Holmes and Sigmund Freud. A meeting that results in a criminal case, a psychiatric case and a case of an ingenious novel being turned into a terrific movie. We open to find a deeply troubled Holmes: he has locked himself in his room and is dejected because he's injected himself with cocaine. That's the source of the title: the cocaine is taken in a seven percent solution of water. Dr. Watson, frantic that something must be done, schemes to get Holmes to Vienna to meet Freud, using the hated Professor Moriarty as bait. Discovering the ruse, Holmes is annoyed, but almost immediately admires Freud and they form a free association. Freud frees Holmes from dope, and they dope out a mystery together: the case of the red-headed woman who looks exactly like Vanessa Redgrave. The movie moves right along, proving there's no pace like Holmes. The performers glister, especially Alan Arkin whose Freud is couched in elegant lines, and Nicol Williamson, who is the penultimate Holmes. What's unusual is it's grand for the whole family, yet there's nothing elementary about it. *(continued)*

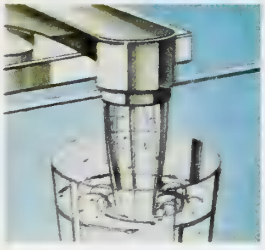


Tareyton goes low-tar one better.

Of course Tareyton's filter reduces tar...

Tareyton has less tar than 75% of all other cigarettes sold!

...but it also improves the taste with activated charcoal.



The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recently reported that granular activated carbon (charcoal) is the best available method for filtering water. As a matter of fact, many cities across the United States have instituted charcoal filtration systems for their drinking water supplies.

The evidence is mounting that activated charcoal does indeed improve the taste of drinking water.

Charcoal also helps freshen air in submarines and spacecraft.



And charcoal is used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.





"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch."



That's why Tareyton is America's best-selling charcoal filter cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine;
100 mm: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

What's happening

continued

/ISH FAMILY DIVERSION

'here's good news for young people for adults with fairy tale hearts: the ish have sent us quite the most lavish cing movie-version of Cinderella I e seen. Now it's called, *The Slipper the Rose*. What makes this version ealing is its lavish look, its droll pt, and its professional non-hokey ormances. Richard Chamberlain /s the prince, not as a sappy heart-cher but as a prince who thinks the ı of a royal ball to find a bride is be-th him. But his father the king throws party anyhow, and that's how the ıce meets Cinderella, played by a /comer named Gemma Craven. She / have won the role as the result of a e Andrews sing-alike contest. Close r eyes and you can't hear the differ-

NE SHALIT REVIEWS

erica at the Movies is a pasteup that in lishing would be called an anthology; in ı school it would be called "flunk out on final."

falo Bill and the Indians circles like ■ vous horse with a new rider, but has a eshing originality I liked. Not for kids.

gsy Malone, acted by kids, is a spoof of kets and prohibition in the late 20's. A ıthearted lark full of smiles. What fun!

nt Offering offers highly skilled Bette vis, Karen Black, Oliver Reed in what was ant to be ■ spooky movie. It ends up tering into nonsense.

usin, Cousine, the story of the love of ■ band and wife, has captivated all Amer- Enchanting and joyous.

e Front is insubstantial—a thin gruel en star Woody Allen isn't on screen. A vie set in the Joseph McCarthy 1950's.

w Funny Can Sex Be? is ■ tawdry, wit-s, tasteless dud.

Amin Dada is a rare look at the dictator Jganda—a man who is part buffoon, part nace. A remarkable record.

gan's Run doesn't *star* Peter Ustinov, but small role is the only memorable part of s 23rd century sci-fi confusion.

dway is about that turning-point WW II cific battle starring everyone—Fonda, d, Mitchum, Heston, etc. Not the worst or the best.

rman . . . Is That You? is an example of at movies would be like if television pro-ms were shown in theaters. Ninety min-s of very weak jokes.

e to Billy Joe was uninspired by the song. swath of boredom on a field of hype.

e Outlaw and Josey Wales begins as the il War ends. Clint Eastwood is out for geance. The movie runs 2 hours, 17 min-s. Two hours too long.

Ives stars Charles Bronson. If you enjoy n (as I do) you'll enjoy this private eye vie with Bronson in charge all the way.

e Shootist is touching and strong, with an eptional performance by John Wayne. nmy Stewart and Lauren Bacall also star.

ent Movie really *is* silent and really *is* ■ nedy treasure, thanks to the inspiration of el Brooks. A film for everyone.

nday Woman stars Marcello Mastroianni, an-Louis Trintignant, and Jacqueline Bis-. Not much can be said for their script, t these three stars are hard to pass up.

ence. The tenor of the songs may remind you of *Mary Poppins*, and no wonder: the same Sherman Brothers wrote the words and music. A family diversion for youngsters looking for entertainment during their home-from-school days.

TIME FOR JUBILATION

How often children are exploited in movies: demeaned and distorted. Either they are required to be icky-gooey-sweet, or else they're ordered to act like miniature adults, robbed of the radiance of childhood. It is a time for jubilation because the French director, François Truffaut, has set free a charming balloon of a movie about children called *Small Change*. And these children *act* like children . . . kind and worried and naughty and resourceful and in love. *Small Change* is a series of incidents about the children in a French elementary school, two of whom con a classmate into one of the most amusing haircuts ever inflicted on an unsuspecting child. One little boy flirts with a sweet little girl—not because he cares for her, but because he has a crush on her *mother*. An even littler girl, locked in her apartment by her dining-out-alone parents, shouts for food from the window and has a basket sent up by amused neighbors. *Small Change* is spun with sunny invention and respect for children . . . a modest string of sweet memories that goes on just a bit too long but which is, just the same, a tiny ornament of this movie season. **End**



Mrs. Paul's Corn or Apple Fritters. Country-fresh corn or tasty diced apples, blended with butter, eggs and sugar for a homemade taste.

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE KENNEDYS?

continued from page 118

his father before him, has fought hard to establish and keep his own identity in an overwhelming family and under the domination of a vigorous older brother. Bobby's youthful misdemeanors seem far behind him now as he speaks idealistically of his late father's goals, the responsibilities of people "with advantages," and the need to compete to survive. A born naturalist who always kept animals and reptiles at Hickory Hill, Bobby continues to be interested in wildlife, conservation and ecology. He participated in ABC-TV's special about his recent adventures in Africa, where he drank cow milk mixed with blood along with the Masai warriors. He has been up the Amazon river, shot the rapids, hitchhiked cross-country and is a scholar and thinker. Concerned about the family image, he doesn't like to be photographed smoking or drinking beer. This Kennedy could develop as a writer, teacher, actor—or combine those talents to become a politician.

Eunice's two oldest, Maria and Bobby Shriver, are also interesting. Maria attends Georgetown University and has expressed a yen to "help the poor of underdeveloped countries." Bobby Shriver, a Yale graduate, says he wants to be a lawyer or win a Pulitzer Prize for journalism.

Generations still to come

The point is that the burgeoning family created by Joseph P. Kennedy and Rose Fitzgerald has created political and public material for generations to come. If Ted should win the presidency in 1984 and serve for eight years, the office will be open in 1992. At that time, Joe, III, will be just 41—with a history of wide political experience behind him. (His Uncle Jack was 43 when he was elected, the youngest man ever to win the presidency, but such records exist to be broken!) Should Joe, III, decide to run for president, should he win and serve for eight years, the office would be open again in exactly the year 2000. Bobby, Jr., Caroline, John, Bobby Shriver, Maria Shriver, Teddy, Jr. and young Kennedys yet unheard from, will all be old enough by then to decide for themselves how long they want to keep this thing going on. And on. And on. And on. **End**

Coming Next Month!

THE ALL NEW WEIGHT WATCHERS DIET



Can this marriage be saved?

continued from page 18

hours of discussion. Jan taught for five years and we banked every penny of her salary. We lived on my earnings as a high-school coach, a job I would have gladly stuck with forever. The year Beth was born, Jan quit her job, also as planned. We both wanted a boy and a girl before she turned thirty.

"I was happy to go along with Jan's needs. However, as time rolled on, it seemed that I didn't enjoy my children as I should. They're both closer to Jan than they are to me. But I was able to forget my disappointments and frustration at home in the terrific pleasure I took in coaching. The time approached, however, for Jeffy to enter first grade, for Jan to return to kindergarten teaching and for me to get out of coaching, which is a dead end in the public school system. According to our plan, I was supposed to apply for a transfer to the principalship of a junior high school in an inner city district.

"Suddenly, almost overnight, I had a bellyfull of the step-by-step success of Jan's and my lifetime plan. Three years ago I broke out of the mold. I went into private business and bought a house in a single day—in fact, I kicked our lifestyle, my straight-arrow image and inner vision of myself plumb to hell.

"I cheated on Jan with a woman she considers a good friend. For the past year, I've been carrying on a red-hot affair with Ellen, whom I neither respect nor admire—except in bed. It's been a breeze to carry it off since Ellen spoke to Jan about my fake bowling league. Jan, of course, knows nothing.

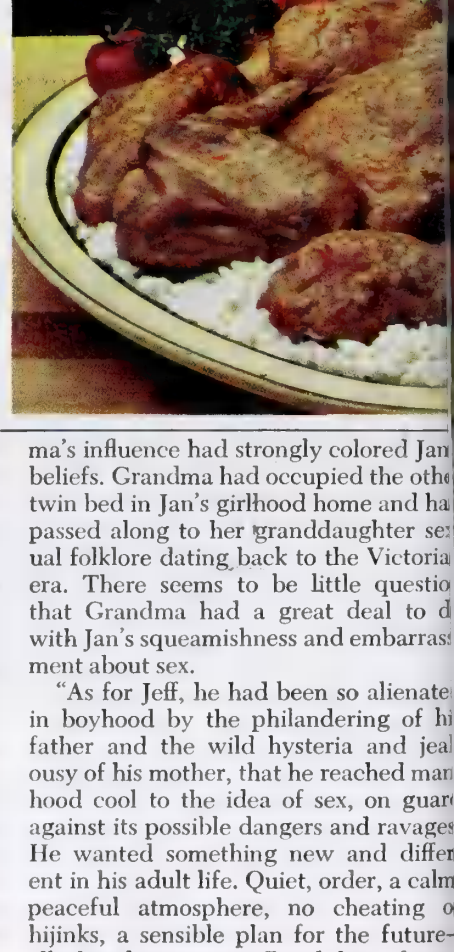
"My father-in-law once got in a similar jam years ago, and he knows the score. He knows how guilt and in turmoil are driving me berserk.

"It was his suggestion that I s professional advice on the right m to make in order to save my sanity not my marriage."

THE COUNSELOR EXPLAINS

"Jeff and Janice had failed to achi true intimacy in fourteen years of m riage," the counselor said. "It was th policy to stifle criticism, to hide hon feelings, to avoid quarreling for fear making waves and creating unpleasa ness. Husband and wife were joined a phony union, a non-marriage, w the partners knowing almost as lit about each other as two passersby the street.

"It soon became clear in counseli that Jan had modeled herself on h mother—who, in turn, had model herself on *her* mother. Indeed, Gra



ma's influence had strongly colored Jan beliefs. Grandma had occupied the oth twin bed in Jan's girlhood home and ha passed along to her granddaughter se ual folklore dating back to the Victoria era. There seems to be little questio that Grandma had a great deal to d with Jan's squeamishness and embarras ment about sex.

"As for Jeff, he had been so alienate in boyhood by the philandering of hi father and the wild hysteria and jeal ousy of his mother, that he reached man hood cool to the idea of sex, on guar against its possible dangers and ravages He wanted something new and differ ent in his adult life. Quiet, order, a calm peaceful atmosphere, no cheating o hijinks, a sensible plan for the future all the things Jan offered him durin their leisurely, passionless courtship.

"Having sublimated his sex drive i sports, Jeff felt let down after his tepi

oneymoon week. He soon convinced imself that Jan's placid passivity in bed vas natural and that sex, as he had long uspected, was highly overrated. Once gain, as he plunged into his job as a igh school coach, he sublimated his unger for sex with physical exercise and he strategy and drama of winning or osing at football.

"Although vaguely dissatisfied with he marriage from the beginning—as was an—Jeff was unaware that there were imes he actually missed the excitement f his boyhood home. In those days he ad experienced the spice and variety f life as well as the suffering.

"For eleven years Jan and Jeff sailed long comfortably, with everything proeeding according to plan. They had heir two children on schedule and, gain on schedule, Jan exchanged teachng for full-time parenting. Shortly after effy's very welcome arrival, both Jan



nd Jeff felt the first faint stirrings of liscontent. She missed the independence of holding a job and hoped in vain that her husband would praise her or making the sacrifice. She resented Jeff's total absorption with his job and his wholehearted dedication to football —as well as his continuing closeness with her father.

"Jan swallowed her wrath at male selfishness and buried herself in tending the children. Without realizing it, however, she avenged her wounded feelings by isolating the youngsters from Jeff. It is hardly surprising that Jeff was disappointed in his children when they so patently preferred their mother.

"Jan and Jeff both kept their grievances to themselves. One seemingly minor grievance that bugged Jeff endlessly was Jan's reluctance to buy a king-size bed to accommodate his lanky frame. For fourteen years, despite what Jeff felt was a real physical need, he and Jan continued to sleep on an old double bed because the purchase of a king-size bed wasn't high on their priority list.

"The long-gathering storm broke in the couple's eleventh year together—the year Jeff was slated to give up coaching and request a transfer to the administrative side of the public school system. Their timetable-dictated move made sense from a career standpoint, but to a sports-minded, nonexecutive man like Jeff it was a deadly prospect to contemplate.

"Abruptly aware that he had been granted every success promised by the family plan, but nothing he wanted, Jeff rebelled. He launched the first phase of a revolt aimed at escaping the bondage of planning. Without Jan's knowledge, he jumped out of the security and tenure of the educational field into the hazards of private business—and chose a home without lengthy consultation between them. He nearly broke Jan's heart, but she accepted his bewildering actions without protest.

"Jeff didn't anticipate the appearance of an Ellen on the scene. Indeed, as he confessed with chagrin in an early interview, he was confident that he could easily resist her crude sexual blandishments, but despite this confidence, he soon found himself in bed with her. There he was introduced to sex, virtually for the first time.

"Jan and Jeff took our course of intensive counseling with many hours of work crowded into a short span of days. The three of us began with a review of the facts of their marital relationship that they had so long and unwisely concealed from each other. In spite of the clues that lay evident everywhere, Jan never suspected Jeff's infidelity. Eventually, Jan was able to perceive that she had shut her eyes to the truth to spare herself pain.

"Both she and Jeff were taught that truth and square dealing are basic to marriage. But so is pain. Quarrels and arguments are as essential as tender moments, laughter and fun in bed. Defeats as well as triumphs need to be shared.

"Through counseling, Jan and Jeff learned the art of communication. They learned how to express vigorous, even violent, differences of opinion, to speak out, to reveal their inner feelings and emotional needs.

"After Jan and Jeff returned to Ohio I received a few progress reports from Jan. Their sexual relationship continues to improve, although, of course, they admit they still have a way to go. At Jeff's request, Ellen transferred to another division of the company and Jeff hasn't seen her since.

"Jeff's relationship with the children has improved to the point that it is fine. He and Jan have begun to air their differences—occasionally even in the presence of the youngsters.

"Jan and Jeff still have a plan for the future, but it's a flexible plan. A king-size bed now stands in the master bedroom. 'That bed cost us a fortune,' wrote Jan in a postscript to her last letter, 'but Jeff and I consider it a bargain!' " **End**



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MOVIE VIOLENCE

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violence *grafted* on to movies. I do *desperately* hate the hypocrisy of producers who insist on telling us that it's because violence *exists* in life, and because it's a part of the story, when all of us know full well that it's because they want to hear the sound of money dropping into the box office." Finch is right; Peerce and Schlesinger are cunning enough to know how to make money through brutality. I have sat in theaters and heard audiences cheer movie killers. I have seen men and women jump up during "Death Wish" and shout out their support for the killer.

Who are the guilty?

Hollywood Writers, so creatively bankrupt that they use sleazy violence.

Directors, who revel in flashier, trashier ways to show horror and pain.

The Money Lenders, who only have sense for dollars.

Audiences, who deliver the dollars in return for cheap thrills.

Actors, who accept their exploitation. John Cassavetes, who has appeared in junk movies to earn the money he needs to make his own fine films ("Husbands," "A Woman Under The Influence"), agreed to do "Two-Minute Warning." His justification: "I think we're a violent country *and I think we like it.*" (It's sad to see gifted people sell out to sick shock.)

Parents, who don't care what their children see; who don't bring pressure on local theaters that show this desensitizing trash.

Mandarin Critics, who think it's *chic* to approve of the kinky, the corrupt.

The Motion Picture Association Rating Board Members, who wink at debasement and drape a benign 'R' over the deserves-an-X "Marathon Man." They ought to serve as shock absorbers, but they almost always pass along the shock to the movie public, a large part of which is very young. That's why parents have no reliable guide to the movies and cannot accurately gauge the loathsomeness of a film by its rating. In years past, I have said that nudity will harm no one, but that violence is the ultimate obscenity. The French government agrees that violence is far more dangerous and insidious in films than is sex. Therefore the French Secretary of Culture has decreed that excessive violence will be scissored out. I suggest that American producers do the same, voluntarily, and adopt my slogan: "Shear Sheer Violence."

I am opposed to government censorship, but if movie makers keep up their assault, they may wake up some late morning and discover that a political powerhouse in Washington has mobilized Congress for a last-straw vote ready to clamp a tourniquet on Hollywood's bloodiness. I hope it doesn't happen. I hope the public sensors are sensitive to this threat and will hold off the censors by holding back support of malevolent movies. If the government should ever interfere, many will blame the movie moguls' rapaciousness. But pause, my friends. Shouldn't we blame ourselves? Because while the vicious "Straw Dogs" was sad, and "Marathon Man" was sadder still, can we be sure that the American public is not the sadist of all? **End**

PROMISE

By Marcia Cohen

"It will be all right,"
You promised, and I,
Wanting to believe you
More than I wanted spring
Or a dry roof over my head,
Leapt off that precipice
Poets call Love . . .
Falling and falling . . . through windsongs,
The deep ocean swells of your touch.
The dream of you next to me . . . always.
Falling and falling to where
I would have landed,
Broken on the cold rocks,
Had you not
Kept your promise.

"I switched from clay litter to Litter Green®...

when some friends asked if I kept my cat's litter box under the sofa."



"They were joking (but not really). I took a sniff and you *could* smell a sour odor ...even out in our living room. I'd just changed the clay litter the day before, so I decided then and there to try Litter Green. I'd heard on television that Litter Green's ingredients could stop odors better than clay. Well, it's true — Litter Green makes my home much more pleasant, both to me and to my guests. Every cat owner should definitely try Litter Green."

Jan Smith and Brandi
Belmont, California



Litter Green®
with chlorophyl and natural alfalfa deodorizers.

Stops odors clay can't control.

GETTING THE MESSAGE

continued from page 32

ıank you!" she said, a new sparkle voice. "A secretary couldn't have better. I must tell the exchange service is improving."

y pleasure," said the voice. "We'll anything else comes up. Welcome to the States. Goodnight."

e morning was filled with bright, sunshine. Francesca called her and a few friends with whom she ot left her new number. All seemed o hear from her, at least, they mut- "Let's get together sometime." ad her hair done, notified the hos- she was ready to do her two-day- k volunteer stint, and as she was g ready to have dinner with her riends across the hall (they were but terribly good company) the e rang.

was the TR–5 exchange. Same Rock braltar voice.

i," he said. "You got a call from the ıbeam Company. They wanted to if you'd do a deodorant commer- I told them you were very busy wouldn't be interested. Right?"

e caught her breath. Normally, she l people who didn't let her make up wn mind. But this voice had caring and it was refreshing.

ight," she said.

lso, that man called. His name is ıan. He won't believe that I'm just at a switchboard. He traced the ess and he says if you don't call he's coming over to this address t you."

low could he find your address?"

le could if he wanted to. I gather oesn't know where you're living."

lo," she said. "He's my ex-husband. . . . difficult."

know," said Mr. Exchange. "To tell ruth, I write movie scripts, and I his reputation."

ıe phone woke her early the next ing. It was the exchange again.

ou'll never get your writing done," aid sleepily.

m going off," said the voice. "I'll be l weekend. I wanted to make sure e all right."

ll be fine. Joan Fontaine has asked o spend the weekend with her in gue. Norman will never find me ." She wondered if it were wise to Mr. Exchange this. He could be a thief. But not with that voice.

's cold out there," he said. "But I she's a wonderful cook, so I won't till Monday and ruin the soufflé. Monday, I'll figure out something."

ı was her usual breezy and amus- elf. Francesca felt herself unwind- nd wishing she did not *(continued)*

ADVERTISEMENT

Why Do You Want to Look Younger?

Probably every woman has a slightly different reason. Are you planning to go back to work? Did your husband get that promotion, so you'll be mingling more with other company wives?



Or did you catch a glimpse of yourself in a store window and wonder, just for an instant, who that older-looking person was?

Whatever your special, very personal reason, it's undoubtedly time you discovered the secret of a mysterious beauty fluid that can help you look younger. Join the women from many parts of the world who have enjoyed the beautiful benefits of this remarkable skin-cherishing liquid, known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.

Oil of Olay goes to work instantly to help you look younger. How? The beauty fluid penetrates your skin astonishingly quickly, letting pure moisture, tropical oil and precious emollients work hand-in-hand with nature to help ease away unwelcome dryness. When your skin is dry, you know, little wrinkle lines are far too noticeable, so you may easily look older than you should. Or could.

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What's the best time for Oil of Olay? Most devoted users like to smooth it on both morning and night. Oil of Olay doesn't leave a greasy afterfeel or look, so it's marvelous under makeup. Or if you like to give your skin a vacation from cosmetics, Oil of Olay lets your skin live in its own moist climate.



The beauty fluid gives your skin a dewy glow even without makeup. Applied at bedtime, Oil of Olay cherishes your skin into quiet hours of sleep. Any other time your skin feels dry and you'd like to raise its moisture level is a good time for Oil of Olay.

Why do you want to look younger? Whatever *your* reason, won't you let Oil of Olay help?

Beauty Secrets

If you're one of those people bothered by dry lips, be sure to use Oil of Olay before you slick on lipstick or lip gloss. Feel the difference?

* * *

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* * *

Perhaps the sudden realization that you looked older than you realized has prompted you to plan an overall self-improvement program, complete with diet, exercise and time set aside for intensive grooming. When you're exercising, giving yourself a manicure or while you're figuring out your calorie count for the day, is a good time for an extra application of Oil of Olay.

* * *

When you wear earrings all day, you may notice your earlobes seem dry. Try a few drops of Oil of Olay®. Doesn't that feel good?

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So use Dismiss with confidence. To feel really clean. Really fresh. It lets you feel secure about douching.

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GETTING THE MESSAGE

continued

have to return to New York. Several times during the day, she thought of TR-5, and how odd it was that she never thought of asking his name.

Back in her apartment, she dialed the number. She had a martini in hand.

"Hello," he said. "I've decided to drop the Miss Ferrar. It's not your real name, anyway, is it?"

"No," she said. "The real one's Ryan. My mother's name was Francesca. She was Italian, and Dad was Irish."

"I know," he said. "I've read up on you over the weekend. Oh, yes, there's a message from a Victor. He has your dress ready for the Andre Previn concert next week. There's also a message about that new play opening. You should see it. I think it has a good screen role for you . . . the mother, I mean. It would take acting, but you've got the skill."

"Good Lord," said Francesca. "You are a researcher."

"Your gynecologist called. Time for the annual checkup," he said. Sometimes, she thought, this all gets too personal.

"And the liquor store called. Do you want to repeat the gin order? Francesca Ferrar, I mean Ryan, you're not going to be doing that beauty feature if you lean on the martinis too heavily." She put her glass down hurriedly.

"I'll call them and tell them not to repeat the order," she said.

"Good night, Ryan," he said.

By evening, Francesca found herself waiting for the phone to ring. She'd parked herself in front of the TV with a sandwich, and by 9:30, she was almost in tears. Then it rang.

"I'm late," said the voice. "I was coping with Norman. Would you believe he arrived here, with all his luggage, insisting that I was hiding you and that you were somewhere upstairs over the switchboard? He said I was your new lover. He said I was the honest stranger type you always liked."

"Where is he now?" she asked in alarm. When Norman got jealous, he could be dangerous.

"I sent him off on a plane to C nia, after convincing him that your new lover's best friend, an you were planning to get marriec

"Married? To whom?"

After a pause, he said. "Mari Michael Lanahan. That's not a ba Goodnight. I'll call you if there a other messages."

Next day he did not call. Nor th Nor the next.

It was ridiculous, but part of h ings seemed to have been torn fro She couldn't bring herself to lea house in case she might miss the

On the fourth day, the telepho erally jumped. "It's you," she br in relief.

"Yes," said TR-5. "I'm calling Kennedy Airport. I've had a scri cepted and it's being produced in so I'm on my way. They've hired girl to replace me at the exchan

A vast lump rose in Francesca's Speak, she said to herself. Speak. an actress, aren't you?

"Oh, that's great," she said, c cheerfully. "I'm sorry. I mean, I' lighted. You've been most helpfu you have a talent for giving mess

"Well," he said. "There'll be a operator where I'm headed. The Romana. Via Condetti, Rome. Francesca."

"Ciao," she whispered, holdin phone close to her ear. "Ciao."

She could hear the jet engines distance, and the sound of the a announcements.

"You know," she was almost su heard him say, "I hope you have ent for getting the message. I you're brushing up on your Italia not taking any other offers unti hear from me at this time a week today."

"I'm here, TR-5," she heard h shouting. "I got the message."

"Mike Lanahan's the name," she she heard him say.

The phone clicked, and in her r eye, she saw a tall, dark-haired Iris walking away from the phone Just the type she always liked.

"Arrivederci," she said. "Arrived And she hung up the phone.



AIRMAN MAO

continued from page 67

He had a young face and was l in a Mao suit like the other e officials we had met. Silently, he ir coats and those of Ambassador and the foreign minister, and epped aside. We did not pause versation. The man who came for- o formally welcome us to Mao's home was China's chief of pro- recognized him from the day be- hen he had escorted us to our g with the foreign minister.

hurriedly proceeded to usher us ne small reception area at the en- into a room lighted only by an oor beyond. This dark room con- several chairs and a ping pong Through the doorway we could o's study. When we crossed the ld, I saw the Chairman at the end room. He was sunk into a large, ffed armchair, the center seat of ntical pieces that formed a semi- My first impression was of a man acant eyes and an open-hung jaw. yellow skin looked eerily translu- t was of wax-like consistency and totally unlined. He struggled to t with the help of two young fe- ttendants dressed alike in gray uits. For a moment he tottered and he women stepped back and he lone. David and I sensed a move- ehind us. A television cameraman n assistant holding lights had l into the room. The crew filmed ene as Mao leaned forward and he, then David, a firm handshake. they were gone as quickly and as they had appeared.

protocol official motioned for me next to the Chairman. After two f intensive lectures from workers, s, peasants—from party cadres e foreign ministry, I expected a from Chairman Mao, but cer- not a dialogue. Consequently, I ly relaxed and began to absorb details of the stark room—the -ceiling-high shelves filled with af books and scrolls; the strange, t-tall lamps equipped with enough ty for TV coverage; the cylinder- tins of Panda cigarettes (Mao nce an "inordinate smoker," ac- g to China expert Edgar Snow); icate cups of green tea and warm oths on the tables between the rmchairs. I was most intrigued white spittoons beneath each ta- concentrated on all these details ited to listen, for I found it diffi- look closely at the Chairman. e my eagerness to meet Mao, once resence I somehow felt it was an n to see him exposed as the 82- d shell of the man he once was. maculate gray Mao suit hung loosely on his body, his long arms and large hands seemed dead weight at his side and, when he spoke, the sounds emerged as grunts: harsh, primitive, labored.

In the two days before our meeting, we had spent time with Mao's interpreter, 32-year-old, Brooklyn-born Nancy Tang. We had found her to be a pleasant but unyielding Maoist who, despite the first six years of her life in New York, had dismissed America as a country that "expects people to accept their lot in life." Nancy, her face youthful despite her severely bobbed hair and steel-rimmed glasses, seemed at ease in her seat next to the Chairman. In order to determine exactly what Mao had said, she frequently consulted with two other interpreters who sat directly behind her in straight-backed chairs. After these quick conferences, she would repeat the Chairman's words back to him. If the precise sense of his thought was incorrect, Mao, in frustration, would grunt corrections and tap with his fingers at Nancy's notebook.

The interplay between Nancy and Mao was bantering at moments. She seemed almost playful as she submitted to corrections. In a starkly asexual society, I sensed the first hint of coquettishness. It was obvious there was rapport between the aged warrior and the young interpreter.

Mao in control

It was not until my father's letter was interpreted that I realized how very much in control Mao was, despite the apparent stroke that had partially paralyzed his mouth. He seemed pleased by my father's personal message and told me, "Mr. Nixon is welcome in China." Then he took the letter from Nancy's hand and, to my astonishment, distinctly and precisely read in English the date at the top: "December 23, 1975." It was an effective way for the Chairman to tell us that his physical handicap had had no effect on the agility of his mind.

After the letter was translated, Mao announced that the chair in which I was sitting was the same one my father had occupied during his visit almost four years earlier. I got up from my armchair and told the Chairman I would like to switch places with David so he could say that he, too, had occupied an historic seat. As we made the quick change, the Chairman laughed heartily. His first question was, "How is Mr. Nixon's leg?" David launched into a description of the effects of phlebitis. When I saw that Mao was looking straight ahead and not at us, I uneasily thought that David might be giving too long and detailed an account. But as the meeting progressed, I discovered that Mao rarely looked in our direction, concentrating his energy instead on those interpreting for him. *(continued)*

"Feminine Itching Was Driving Me Crazy."

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CHAIRMAN MAO

continued

The atmosphere in the room was warm and friendly. I showed the Chairman a small, round pin with his profile on it that Ambassador Huang's wife had given me that evening. Though Mao had seen literally millions of men and women wearing similar tin medals, he reacted with a childlike delight and impulsively clasped my hand.

Perhaps because of his age and the humbling and dependence on others for the most basic needs that comes with illness, Mao had an unexpected gentleness. He did not posture. He spoke self-deprecatingly about a poem on struggle that would be published to mark the New Year. "It is nothing. I wrote it in 1965." I found it imposible not to compare his attitude with that of other all-powerful dictators I had met. I thought especially of Russia's Brezhnev, who often spoke in a pompous, conspiratorial whisper so that his audience had to hang on every word; who enjoyed clapping his hands while people laughed and smiled on cue. And Greece's Papadapoulos, who received visitors in a room 60 feet by 30 feet, and, as if a caricature of a movie scene, seated himself behind the fortress of a huge desk while visitors were assigned low chairs in order to listen with proper respect. In contrast, Mao and Nancy interacted as grandfather and granddaughter. Ambassador Huang-chen appeared relaxed and slightly absentminded. In wonder, I saw that he did not lean forward in his chair to catch every word the Chairman spoke.

As the time neared 1 A.M., I twice rose from my chair in an attempt to leave—I could not ignore the foreign minister's signals from across the room as he tapped on his wristwatch to remind me of the lateness of the hour. And twice the Chairman protested, motioning with both of his hands for us to remain.

Not utopian society

Astonishingly, Mao Tse-tung was the first person we had met in China who dropped the pretense that the People's Republic is a utopian, perfect society. He actually sounded skeptical and disappointed in his people, especially the young, untested generation. "Young people are soft. They have to be reminded of the need for struggle." The Chairman did not hide the fact that he keenly sensed his mortality. When he spoke of the future, he spoke of a future out of his control, without even the certainty of the guiding light of "Mao-Tse-tung thought." I remembered that Mao had rated the chance of permanent success for his revolution less than 50 percent.

The Chairman told us, "There wil struggle in the party, there will be st gle between the classes, nothing is tain except struggle." For the first t since we had entered the room he came animated, like a young man. vigorously used his forefingers, jabl at each other, to emphasize this strug Then suddenly he asked, "What do think?"

The beginning of a dialogue wa unexpected that both David an paused, and then, at the same mom spoke: "I agree. . . ." Our voices w hollow echoes of each other. There a silence as Mao waited for us to more. Finally the Chairman spoke ag "It is quite possible the struggle will for two or three hundred years."

It was oddly moving to witness effort of the grunts of this old man a spoke of struggle. Mao urged his pe to read the little Red Book of his qu tions whenever they felt in need strength. But to whom and to what the Chairman himself turn in mom of doubt?

As Mao Tse-tung spoke of strugg had the undeniable belief that the Ch man, in spite of the infirmities of hard-lived years, was more mentally tal and eager for struggle than yo China. As if responding to a questio posed often in his own mind, Mao scribed how he had dealt with the



nents of his revolutionary struggle in e past. "We are not terrible. We rec- nize people commit errors and if they derstand their errors they are fully stored to their former positions." And en, defensively, as if asking for the proval of two alien Americans from country he never had visited, he said, Ve don't shoot people." For a moment paused, then said, "We forgave sev- al Nationalists the other day." He was ferring to the release of some of iang Kai-shek's Nationalist soldiers o had fought the Communists during e Civil War. We realized that Mao as fervent in his belief that man could reformed. But he must have been nscious of the irony of his statement cause of the many times he resorted to ass executions instead of re-education.

Throughout our visit with the Chair- an, I was fascinated to watch his two ung attendant-nurses. They sat close hind Mao and carefully, even tender- , monitored his every movement. They emed to breathe with him. As we pre- red to leave, the Chairman leaned for- rd to rise from his chair. One of the ls, swift and graceful despite the lky diamond shape of her Mao suit, n a comb through the Chairman's hair that he would be ready for the same meras that had filmed our first hand- ake. She had an extraordinarily serene d beautiful face. Her hair was softly rled, unlike the hair of any other wom- I met in China. Her assistance was poignant reminder that a once power- l man was physically dependent on a rcle of attendants. Jealously protected gainst stress and strain, he was isolated his environment.

A human man

As we prepared to leave Mao, there as firmness and determination in his ice when he told me, bringing his arms wn heavily on the sides of his chair emphasis: "When your father comes, will be waiting." And there was bra- do and an air of unreality when Am- sador Huang-chen assured me, as e departed through Mao's ping-pong om, that the Chairman did not just atch the game, but still enjoyed play- g. And there was the sad moment of alization that the Chinese god, who od in the doorway with his two rses, was a human man who had said decade before: "Men do not like to ar the burden of the revolution roughout their lives."

Why were David and I given an audi- ce with Chairman Mao on New Year's ve? Was it because of some sort of per- nal warmth in the relationship be- een Mao and my father? He is the esident the Chinese refer to as a "man ead of his time" in his vision of Sino- merican relations. All his other actions e insignificant next to this "vision." In e words of Premier Teng Hsaio-ping to me on New Year's Day, 1976, "We have never attached much importance to the Watergate affair." David and I traveled to China on the wave of good will created by my father's trip in 1972, and the effort to "build a bridge across sixteen thousand miles and twenty years of non-communication." The Shanghai Communiqué, jointly signed at the end of that trip, remains today an important insurance the People's Republic has that it will not be swallowed up by the Soviet Union.

Despite this good will, however, David and I were given, in the words of French correspondent Georges Bianni, "astonishing" treatment, "unprecedented for people without high rank"—not for personal reasons but for the cold realism of world politics. The Chinese used our visit to send a message to Washington that they wanted the relationship, symbolized by the Shanghai Communiqué, to continue. At the same time, the Chinese expressed the unhappy opinion that current U.S.-U.S.S.R. negotiations were, in reality, Soviet victories. Ironically, despite the years of constant diatribes against American imperialism in Vietnam, Mao feared that, in the aftermath of the war, the United States would become isolationist. It was fascinating for us to realize that conservative Ronald Reagan was popular in Peking because of his outspoken opposition to the "new isolationists"—and to those who favored cuts in defense spending.

We were in China as private tourists, without diplomatic passports, and yet the government was sending us home with an urgent message: *(continued)*

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CHAIRMAN MAO

continued

Beware the grasping hand of Soviet imperialism. Perhaps they overestimated our ability to spread the word. At the New Year's Day dinner hosted by Premier Teng, David joked with our hosts about entering politics. The Chinese teased in return, "Maybe Americans do not approve of President Nixon, but we'll vote for you." Quick subtraction of non-voting age Chinese meant, with that kind of backing, David would carry the nation by 478,000,000 votes!

Whatever the reasons for the semi-official stature of our trip, there clearly was one personal element that far transcended practical politics: Mao's attitude toward my father. We witnessed a dramatic expression of this attitude when Ambassador Huang gave an emotional toast at the small farewell banquet he hosted for David and me in Shanghai. He spoke bitterly of the broken promises of the Soviet Union and how, in 1960, "our friendship was torn up like a piece of paper"—the Sino-Soviet pact that Mao had declared in 1950 was "eternal and indestructible." Without Soviet aid, the gasoline situation then was so desperate that at one point China's buses were propelled by balloons. In unspoken contrast was the knowledge that my father had, throughout his presidency, opposed Soviet adventurism against China as well as against other nations.

Finally the Ambassador spoke of my father's words to him during a visit to San Clemente in 1975: "When I left office, I discovered who my friends really are." The Ambassador's aide, who was translating, had tears in his eyes as he added, "The Chinese do not forget their friends!" His words were moving but they were also jarring. So much has been written about Mao's loyal friends and comrades: Kao Kang, eliminated in 1953; Liu Shao-Chi, disgraced in 1966; and Lin Piao, who died mysteriously in 1971. Perhaps, however, friendship with my father could be idealized because he was no longer in power. His relationship with China was part of history, unchangeable.

At the end of the farewell banquet, we drank a toast to my father on the eve of his 63rd birthday, and then Huang-chen requested that David and I telephone the Liaison Office in Washington when we arrived home, to inform Ambassador Han of our safe return. "Chairman Mao has followed your trip. He considers you part of his family."

Complete isolation

Despite the official blessing of Chairman Mao, most of the time David and I were in China we felt as if we were living on another planet. Our isolation was complete; we were unable to understand the language; for two weeks we saw only two other Americans; and we were insulated in government guest houses or hotels where we ate all our meals with the ambassador and the other four officials in our party. The strain was greatest in Peking, where we stayed at the former Austro-Hungarian Embassy, a columned mansion with bullet holes in the walls from the Boxer Rebellion and bathrooms larger than the kitchen in our Washington apartment. Because this guest house is normally used by the Russians during the perpetual Sino-Soviet border talks, we assumed that every inch was wired. As a result, there was lots of amateur sign language and facial contortions between us.

Then there were, as we put it, "the five minutes," that time at the end of each day when we permitted ourselves to reflect on where we were. Two Americans dropped down in an isolated, xenophobic and humorless society, cut off from America, even cut off from daily newspaper information. For five minutes at night we would stand at a window and look out over a vast darkness below, whether in Peking, Canton or Shanghai. By 9:30, everyone was asleep, and communities the size of Chicago were as quiet as an Appalachian farm. The only prominent light emanated from towering red neon character posters proclaiming the slogans of China's revolutio the only steady light over a sleepi weary population that would arise, pressionless, within eight hours, to sume the back-breaking work of bui ing New China.

We experienced little to remind us life in America. There was one me orable exception. At the zoo in Pek on New Year's Day, we not only saw pandas but also ran into Rep. Marga Heckler, who was on a tour of Ch with a group of congresswomen. was holding a copy of the morning *P ple's Daily*, with the front-page ph of David and me shaking hands with Chairman. "Wait until Bella [Abz sees this." She rolled her eyes. Fo moment we were back in Washingt

Ironically, despite our efforts, could learn little of a personal nat about our hosts and even less ab Mao's private life. The Chairma warmth and the reference to us as bei part of his family made me curious know more about his own family, es cially his children. I wondered about ability, in the midst of the consumi role as god and oracle of thought, sustain personal ties with family a friends. But we found that Mao wa one-dimensional god; his likes and d likes, his loved ones and acquaintanc were not discussed.

In his determination to supplant Co fucian devotion to the family with lo alty to the State, Mao made it clear th he was creating no dynasty. There a conflicting accounts about the numb of children he fathered. Edgar Sno who had several long interviews w Mao, mentions two sons born to his fi wife, and two daughters by the prese Madame Mao, Chiang Ching, his fou wife. One biographer, Stuart Schra states that Mao's second wife, Ho Tz chen, bore him five children, includi one on the 368-day, 6,000-mile Lo March. I find it incredible that Mao vorced Ho Tzu-chen in order to ma Chiang Ching, for Ho was one of o 31 women who survived the legenda Long March. For one year and thr days, the Chinese Red Army retreat from Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalis They crossed 34 rivers, 18 mounta ranges, walked on trails so narrow m and animals fell off, and through m so deep men were simply swallowed in the mire.

The Long March became central Mao's existence; indeed, the most imp tant part of the image he forged of h own greatness. He compared the Lo March to the creation of the worl "Since Pan Ku [the mythical creator the world] divided the heaven from t earth . . . has history ever witnessed Long March such as ours?" Yet he eli inated from his personal life the woma who shared this adventure and th agony with him. It was as if *(continue*

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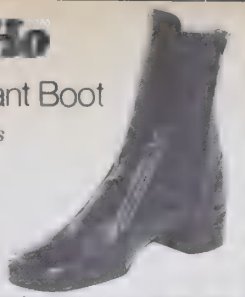


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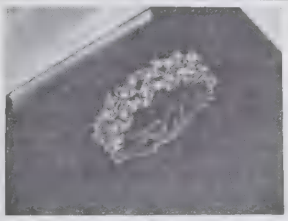
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CHAIRMAN MAO

continued

he alone could comprehend the agony of 100,000 men reduced to 15,000. He alone could be the ultimate veteran of the Long March.

Mao cultivated the image of standing alone, godlike, with total focus on duty to the state. Madame Mao is an entity in herself, apart from Mao. She became a public figure during the Cultural Revolution for the sole purpose of rekindling revolutionary fervor. Last October, shortly after Mao's death, his widow was reportedly arrested in a purge of China's so-called radicals. Other members of Mao's family were invisible with the exception of his niece, 34-year-old Vice Foreign Minister Wang Hai-jung, but even she kept an identity apart from Mao. I thought it extremely odd that Wang Hai-jung dismissed our question of how exactly she was related to the Chairman with, "Some people say that I am related." In asking personal questions we simply met a closed door.

The only source for glimpses of the human side of the Chairman were in his official writings and poetry. All Mao's early writings have been unearthed, and they provide, perhaps unintentionally, flashes of a man of flesh and blood. For example, in 1919, following the suicide of a young girl forced to marry against her will, Mao wrote nine articles in 13 days denouncing the old society and calling for the "great wave of the freedom to love."

There are 57 million copies of Mao's poetry in print, a figure equal to all the volumes written by English-speaking poets from the beginning of time. It provides a revealing look at the man who could describe with sensitivity the sun casting shadows on the mountains and, in the next line, write:

"Bullet holes in village walls. These mountains and passes are decorated, looking even more beautiful today."

Death of Premier Chou

On January 9th, as David and I prepared to fly back home, China—whose power is entrusted to so few—suffered a blow that appeared to cause only a ripple: the death of Premier Chou En-lai.

We received the news of the end of Chou's four-year battle with cancer from an American correspondent thousands of miles away in New York. The reporter's telephone call awakened us in our bedroom in the Shanghai guest hotel at 7:30 A.M., but the jolting news was not confirmed until Ambassador Huang-chen's aide came to our bedroom an hour later to formally advise us of the Premier's death. It was the morning of my father's 63rd birthday. Fourteen floors below us, outside our bedroom window, we heard the blare of loudspeakers playing martial music, the very same music we had heard the morning before. It was as if nothing had happened. Despite Chou's death, the hotel staff brought in a beautiful ten-inch vanilla birthday cake for David and me, presumably to have with breakfast. And in a silk-covered box was an even larger cake, decorated with Chinese characters representing "Happy Birthday, Mr. Nixon," to take home to my father.

Despite the sorrow on the faces of the Chinese we came into contact with that morning at the guest hotel, life in the People's Republic remained unchanged. The message was clear: in the end, it is the masses who count, who rule, not the leaders; Chou's death would not change the inevitable course of history. Unspoken, but unavoidable, was the message that Mao's death would not change things, either. Mao had already passed into history. He was godlike, remote. There would be no personal grief. China's strength would not be diminished by her "god's" physical death.

Restless in solitude

Perhaps in his declining years, Mao became aware of history and his place in it. We felt so. Meeting with him in the middle of the night lent an inevitable impression of a man restless in solitude. The regrets and satisfactions he felt at the end he did not express to us. Nonetheless, his painful physical vulnerability poignantly reminded us of the hours we had spent with Dwight Eisenhower before he died. Sitting at his bedside at Walter Reed Army Hospital was a forceful reminder of our youth, the opportunities ahead, and of the roads we had yet to travel. It was also a reminder of how carelessly we live and how much can be lost and wasted by living life casually.

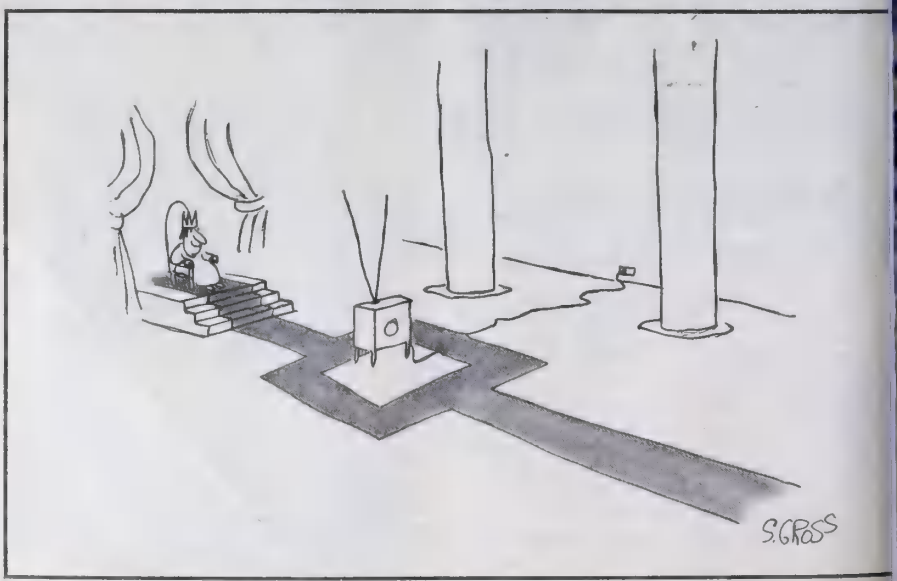
We experienced the same emotions in Mao's presence. The Chairman was drawn and spent. Yet, with each attempt we made to leave, he ordered us to stay, clinging to visitors who sessed opportunities he may have wis were his again. Finally, when we led to the door by the foreign mini Mao walked with us. It was a ges he had not accorded any visitor for two years—and a gesture our entou felt was significant.

I felt sad when I shook his han farewell. "You people are young," said. "Come back to China. In ten ye time she will be great." He no lon smiled. The two nurses stood by his s supporting him. He waved twice as disappeared into the darkness of next room. My last glimpse was weary man turning, attempting w with his nurses, then being led awa be alone again.

The man who was realistic enoug see China's shortcomings was perh realistic enough to see his own. In last months he may have anticipa that his succesors would eventually fault with him, just as Stalin's h found fault with Stalin, and Khrush ev's heirs with Khrushchev. Mao's l acy, while great, is flawed and viol He accomplished visionary goals. his goals were achieved at a fea price in death and destruction. His l perhaps above all others, had gi rise to the violent and rising revoluti ary demands of the world's poor. advanced a worldwide struggle that and will continue to bring enormous location and change, death and uphe al. But whatever history decides, i certain Mao's life will stand as a strik testament to the power of the hum will.

I like to think that when we s good-bye to Mao he was perhaps tem ed to give advice, as only the old co sel the young. If he had given advi I believe the words would have b those he repeated endlessly, and wh were indeed the rhythm of his life:

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Editor's diary

By Lenore Hershey



THE STARDUST SIDE

Being editor of *Ladies' Home Journal* is a serious, demanding job. But it does have its stardust side . . . and somehow, during the last few months I have often felt as if I was living out my own teenage dreams. First, there was a trip out to Los Angeles for an appearance on the Merv Griffin show, on which I presented *Journal* Star Dazzle Awards to Cloris Leachman, Marie Osmond, Michael Learned, Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Gladys Knight and Lindsay Wagner. What is it like to do a 90-minute show with such a bevy of beautiful professionals? Scary, but somehow I weathered it, supported by Merv and outfitted in my borrowed amonds and glamorous fling (see photo, left). Then, almost before I could ecompress, it was into another jet for Thanksgiving week, which I spent Monaco as a happy participant in the second anniversary of Loew's onte Carlo, a breathtaking hotel in a fairyland atmosphere. Here, I met incess Grace, Prince Rainier and Princess Caroline, nibbled caviar and pped champagne at a royal gala, shared Thanksgiving dinner with my sband and daughter (who flew over from London) and then returned New York to get the holidays—and some *Journal* issues—wrapped up. As I id, there's a lot of hard work here in the editor's office, and many sponsibilities that are sobering, to say the least. But, let's face it, there's s of fun, too. And I don't mind admitting that stardust isn't hard to take—least in small doses. Now, nose back to grindstone. . . .

AIL TO THE CHIEF

nce 1883, this magazine has been volved with many White Houses. ow a new chapter has begun. Still other president and his family ve moved into the residence at 00 Pennsylvania Avenue, bring- into the panorama of American story another special flavor, an- her set of changes, a new set of aracters. We don't know which ndidate received your vote last ovember, nor should it influence r universally shared forward tide hope. To President Carter, his rst Lady and the entire admin- ration—this magazine can only of- its full support for a successful ur years in the creating of a better, stronger United States.



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What's happening



By Gene Shalit

Test your dog's IQ and celebrate the 347th anniversary of popcorn. Then consider a feel-good-all-over movie called *Rocky*.

If you are reading this on Monday, and you're not doing the laundry, you're a nonconformist. Doesn't that feel *good?* The fact is (if the fact is that you believe pollsters), that 22 percent of Americans do their laundry on Monday. You can take the word of MRCA (Marketing Research Corporation of America), who has just put 2,000 households through the wringer. Monday is washing's done birthday, but Friday and Saturday are celebrated for house cleaning. Wait! Don't you want more data? How about the fact that 25 percent of weekly cleaning time is devoted to dusting (I've never met *anyone* devoted to dusting), while four percent of weekly time is spent for stain removal (which is probably why there are so many stains around), polishing and waxing. (An informed public . . .) If this information has teased you into wanting more . . . *more!* . . . you may have the complete report from MRCA simply by sending them a self-addressed stamped envelope and $110,000.

• While you're waiting for your report to arrive, why not measure the intelligence of your family dog? Yes, *now*—thanks to the pioneering work of a psychologist named Cathy Coon—canine IQ's can be determined on a standardized scale. The ten-part test includes such tasks as grabbing a dog biscuit from beneath a shoebox and escaping from a towel-wrap. On a scale of zero-to-10 (zero is very dumb and 10 is brilliant), purebred dogs scored the highest with a 7.63 average. The dummies of the dog world apparently are toy poodles who scored a less-than-genius average of 4.78. (Don't write to *me*. I just work here.)

• February is the year's shortest and most frequently mispronounced month. We all know about the February birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, and about Groundhog Day on the second of the month, but did you know that February 4th—jubilation!—is the 20th anniversary of the portable electric typewriter? I'm all keyed up! And how about February 22nd, the date 347 years ago on which an Indian introduced the Pilgrims to popcorn? (I think it was at a double feature of *The Mayflower Compa* and *The John Alden Story*). The February date that I admire most is the 28th: 150 years ago on that date America's first passenger-and-freight railroad—the Baltimore & Ohio—was incorporated. (Where would *Monopoly* be without it?)

And now, let's go to the movies:

PROPHET AND LOSS

A number of readers have expressed a special interest in my view of *Network*, Paddy Chayefsky's comedy that is, above all (or, in his view, beneath all), television. I can understand this interest in me, because I do appear on television, and many of my friends work for television. Still, I'm not going to allow this to color my opinion. I'm going to say flat out that *Network* is a ridiculous movie. Paddy seems to be hitting about six typewriters at once as he concocts a conglomerate of plots that zap the Arabs, Patty Hearst, big business, sex, black revolutionaries, television news, career women and the public. It is a schizophrenic farce that doesn't seem to know where it's going and gets lost not getting there. The script stumbles from speechifying to not-quite-up-to-soap opera . . . from surrealism to the absurd to just plain urd. The principal character in this *plot-pourri* is a TV anchorman who is fired by the network and threatens to kill himself on the air. Instead, he has a nervous *(continued)*

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That's the Vantage point. And that's the point of Vantage Longs. Never before has there been a ng cigarette quite like it.

Try a pack today and see if you go along with us.

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What's happening

continued

breakdown and becomes an arm-waving evangelical prophet who builds a bizarre national audience. Much of the cast does well, especially Peter Finch as the anchorman-turned-tormented prophet, and Robert Duvall and Ned Beatty as the network's corporate cobras. But Faye Dunaway is a disaster as a programing vice president who tries to subvert News with Show Biz. The movie rushes along with plots falling all over each other. Will old Bill Holden leave loyal Beatrice Straight for foxy Faye? Will the Arabs take over American television? Will the left-wing radicals sell out for ratings? Will Paddy make a fortune from this farce? He has done some admirable writing for TV in the past, and producer Howard Gottfried formerly did *Gilligan's Island*, but in *Network* they've whipped up a stew of satiric messages, propped up on a silly central character. Paddy Chayefsky's prophet is our loss.

PROMISE WITHOUT FULFILLMENT

F. Scott Fitzgerald is one of my favorite writers but I can't remember a satisfying film based on his work. His unique *style* seems incompatible with the screen. A couple of years ago Fitzgerald's memorable novel, *The Great Gatsby*, was turned into a good-looking shambles of a movie. And now a big name writer, a big name director and a big name cast have moved in on Fitzgerald's novel, *The Last Tycoon*. What a squad: Harold Pinter has written a screenplay for the director Elia Kazan (who did *On the Waterfront*), and a cast of recognizables: Robert De Niro, Robert Mitchum, Jack Nicholson, Jeanne Moreau, Dana Andrews, Donald Pleasence, John Carradine, Seymour Cassell, Ray Milland and Tony Curtis. Unfortunately, Mr. Kazan has allowed into the cast (in the two major female roles), two young women who almost double-handedly ruin the movie: 20-year-old Ingrid Boulting, and 18-year-old Theresa Russell. When they were hired they were actresses of unproven ability. Now they are actresses of proven inability. *The Last Tycoon* is a tale of Hollywood in the 1930's. The tycoon is Monroe Stahr, production head of a vast studio. He's young, ruthless, decisive—a movie-making genius portrayed in a riveting performance by Robert De Niro. He capsizes his career over a girl who unwittingly makes him easy prey for two studio barracudas, Mitchum and Milland. The movie is handsome with some pleasant 1930's nonsense and strong performances. But it is primarily promise without fulfillment.

The Last Tycoon in novel form was never finished. Perhaps the movie version should never have been begun.

PEOPLE YOU WILL CARE ABOUT

All right friends, is there a *good* movie? Something effervescent, something to make you feel good all over when it's all over? You bet. And you *can* bet on *Rocky*, one of my favorite movies of the year. Rocky is a young guy in the slums of south Philadelphia, a going-nowhere boxer who bangs through three smoky rounds in the local cigar-butt fight club, hoping for 30 bucks if he wins—a punched face covering an unschooled mind, but good sense, and some common decency. *Rocky* is his story—his lumbering life, the plain girl from the pet shop he hesitates into love with, and finally his shot at life through an implausible shot at the heavyweight championship. Sure it's implausible: so was Cinderella, so was Harry Truman in 1948. *Rocky* is implausible until you see it: then you see that it is alive with sure-it-could. I believe every character in this story directed by John Avildsen: Rocky and his girlfriend (Talia Shire); Rocky and her brother (Burt Young); Rocky and his manager (Burgess Meredith); and above all, Rocky himself, punishing himself to get ready for that never-in-anylifetime chance at the title. Sylvester Stallone *is* Rocky, and this is his picture. He wrote it. He fought to make it. He stars in a stunning performance. Even his dog, Butkus Stallone, is in it. Please don't say, "Oh, I don't want to see a boxing picture." Rocky is no more about boxing than *A Streetcar Named Desire* is about public transportation. It's about people you'll *care* about. So kick away your cares and lean into *Rocky*, a drama that will envelope you and lift you up with a feeling of exultation. Now *that's* a movie worth waiting in line for.

BORING, BANAL, SHABBY

Two-Minute Warning is a football term meaning there is time for one more commercial. In the *movie*, two-minute warning means it's time to wake up and see if the movie is over, and if not, *why* not? This is the story of a sniper who bunkers himself atop the Los Angeles Coliseum with a high-powered telescopic rifle. The picture is packed with plastic types: Charlton Heston the police chief, Martin Balsam the stadium manager, Beau Bridges the young family man, and Jack Klugman, the professional gambler. After almost two hours of tedium, the sniper gets his cue: bullets fly, bodies jerk into death and 90,000 fans stampede in a gratuitous orgy of violence. The story is a bore, the characters banal, the script shabby. The only two good lines in the movie are the football teams'.

RING OF PLASTIC GLASS

It's risky to make a movie biography of a person famous enough to make a movie biography of, because we're t familiar with the famous person to b lieve the impersonation. That's wh happens with *The Incredible Sara* which pretends to be a biography Sarah Bernhardt, who lived from 18 to 1923 and is said to have been an e ceptional actress. She was indisputal a master of publicity. She often slept her casket (I guess she was crazy abo rehearsals), she insisted on being paid gold after each performance, and s won an international theatrical repu tion. Whatever Sarah had, only she h it, and what we see here does not co vince me that she *did* have it. The mov rings like a plastic glass. It fails as bio raphy because we learn next to nothi of her life. It fails as art because all v see is Glenda Jackson, acting in snipp from Shakespeare, Racine, Molière a Greek tragedy. Much of the movie sho us Glenda on stage, between which th is an off-screen fling with a Belgi prince and a Greek roué. Yawn. The p ture ends in what is intended as a bla of glory—literally: as Joan of Arc, she burned at the stake on stage. This wou seem impossible to do without burni down the whole theater. Say, now tha mention it. . . **E**

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

America at the Movies is a pasteup that publishing would be called an anthology; film school it would be called "flunk out the final."

Bugsy Malone, acted by kids, is a spoof rackets and prohibition in the late 20's. lighthearted lark full of smiles. What f

Cousin, Cousine, the story of the love o husband and wife, has captivated all Am ica. Enchanting and joyous.

The Front is insubstantial—a thin gr when star Woody Allen isn't on screen. movie set in the Joseph McCarthy 1950's

How Funny Can Sex Be? is a tawdry, v less, tasteless dud.

Idi Amin Dada is a rare look at the dicta of Uganda—a man who is part buffoon, p menace. A remarkable record.

Norman . . . Is That You? is an example what movies would be like if television p grams were shown in theaters. Ninety m utes of weak jokes.

The Outlaw and Josey Wales begins as Civil War ends. Clint Eastwood is out vengeance. The movie runs 2 hours, 17 m utes. Two hours too long.

St. Ives stars Charles Bronson. If you en him (as I do) you'll enjoy this private movie with Bronson in charge all the way

The Seven-Per-cent Solution is a come mystery involving Sherlock Holmes a Sigmund Freud, all adding up to 100 p cent entertainment.

The Shootist is touching and strong, with exceptional performance by John Way Jimmy Stewart and Lauren Bacall also st

Silent Movie really *is* silent and really *i* comedy treasure, thanks to the inspiration Mel Brooks. A film for everyone.

The Slipper and the Rose is good news anyone with fairy tale hearts. Lavish C derella story with music.

Small Change is an utterly charming cl dren's story from François Truffaut.

Sunday Woman stars Marcello Mastroian Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Jacqueline B set. Not much can be said for their scri but these three stars are hard to pass up.

Going gray scares me. But peroxide scares me more. Help!

ecently, while shopping with end, I caught a glimpse of " in a mirror. EEEK! I zed those few straggly strands ray were making me look a e bedraggled. And a lot r than I am!

h No! "None of my friends gray! Why me?"

m too young to be gray. But t's the solution? How can I a hair coloring? I'm a scaredy- when it comes to putting e other color on my chestnut vn hair. And the whole idea eroxide makes me cringe.

hat was the day my friend me she used Clairol's Loving ® Color-Lotion. And I dn't believe it. Not only was hair absolutely beautiful and ral looking, she told me ing Care has no peroxide. tually covers gray without nging your natural hair color.

seconds, we picked out my le from the 15 to choose from. nt straight home. Followed easy directions. And when shed in my Loving Care, ldn't believe my hair.

e got my own natural color. ver. Not one ugly hint of gray.



What's more, my hair's in terrific shape. More body. Softer and shinier. Loving Care is actually good for my hair.

I love it. And now when I catch a glimpse of myself in a mirror, I like that person who's looking back at me.



It's good for your hair.

Clairol Inc

Can this marriage be saved?

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

Garson blamed himself for his impotence and tantrums. But this couple, working together, found many mutual causes—and solutions.

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was Doris Ryan McElwee.

Paul Popenoe, Sc. D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board
American Institute of
Family Relations

IDA TALKS FIRST

"I first learned about Garson's sexual problem on our wedding night nineteen years ago," said black-haired, 39-year-old Ida, speaking in a constricted voice. Garson's problem and one of the major problems in the marriage was his periodic impotence under stress.

"Gar's silence during our lengthy courtship seemed terribly unfair," she continued, without warmth. Her controlled, mechanical voice seemed appropriate to her scientific education and work as a systems analyst. "I was a virgin and didn't know what to expect, but I vividly remember the deep humiliation of the non-event. I felt I'd failed as a bride.

"Of course, Gar and I were under a great deal of strain and tension at the time. We'd had a huge wedding with scores of family guests on both sides. After the ceremony and the big reception we took off in showers of confetti and rice. By then it was way past midnight. When we reached our room at the motel, I dived for the bathroom and locked the door. I changed into my glamorous trousseau nightie and waited for Gar to knock. He never did.

"Finally, I peeped out. Gar sat bolt upright on the edge of the double bed with a peculiar expression on his face. He jumped up, smiled in that same peculiar way, led me to the bed and turned off the lights. We lay down together in the dark. He took me in his arms, pulled me close and kissed me hard on the lips. Nothing else happened. I was so perplexed, I couldn't think of a word to say. Five or ten minutes went by. Then he turned toward the wall and went to sleep.

"I hadn't figured sex to be the whole of existence, but I did want children and Gar's sexual disability was hard to accept. We never talked about it, but it was much on my mind—and on his, too, I'm sure. Eventually, Gar relaxed, got accustomed to marriage and became more comfortable with me. After a while, our sexual relationship ironed itself out; I suppose it's been as good as the average."

Ida paused. "I dropped out of college to work full time for two years while Gar got his engineeering degree. By the time Jane, our eldest, was born, he had graduated and found a place in computer control in a small factory. Until five years ago, I stayed home and devoted myself to bringing up our children—four girls and Scott, who's twelve. Gar has been a passable sex partner, if not spectacular. We usually had intercourse once a week, on Friday nights—unless he was mad at me and the children over a trifle, or exhausted by the evenings he spent doing volunteer chores at the church.

"Frequently though, he flies into a towering rage for no apparent reason, and he scares me to death. Occasionally, Gar gets an urge to make love right after one of his tantrums, and at such times I loathe his amorousness —although I've never told him so.

"Despite having five children, Gar and I have never been close. He spends far more time on his church duties than on us. His absence four or five evenings a week might be excusable if he were earning extra money, but he isn't." Ida grimaced. "Five years ago, it seemed as if Gar and I were unhappier than ever. Our sexual relationship had practically ended. His temper outbursts were increasing. Jane was the favorite target of his attacks and he was turning her into a nervous wreck.

"We were getting nowhere financially, in spite of my efforts to economize. Gar regularly contributes ten percent of his earnings to the church, whereas the children's education fund receives a scant five percent from him. One fine day I realized it would undoubtedly fall to me to put five children through college.

"When our youngest girls, twins named Mary and Carrie, started kindergarten, I went back to college. To my surprise and relief, Gar was extremely cooperative at first and helped all he could around the house while I studied. Indeed, he said he had always been a firm believer in women's lib. After graduation I got a job in systems control with a growing industrial firm, where I earned almost as much a year as Gar ($14,000). He claimed to be proud of my success. But he called me the company's token female, which I regarded as a nasty wisecrack.

"I didn't realize how mean and nasty Gar had become until last summer, when I decided to treat the family to a three-week trip to Europe. Everyone was delighted with the idea, except Gar, who dragged his feet, but finally gave in.

"It turned out to be an expensive nightmare from beginning to end. Gar was in a constant state of rage and spoiled everything for everyone— *(continued)*

"Dear General Foods, I'm 11. How long efore I can stop eating food that's good for me?"



ɔt of 11-year-olds eat nutritious
r a very good reason: their
make them. But who makes you
when *you're* the mother?
truth is, you *never* outgrow your
good nutrition. All that good
our mother gave you still applies.
l to eat a balanced variety of
ɔu *need* to eat in moderation.
l to adjust your diet to your life-
tive people like ballet dancers
d more food energy than office
and so should eat accordingly).
; good advice may seem a bit ob-
ıt, as U.S. Department of Health,
n & Welfare studies indicate,
grown-ups are ignoring it. Many
ps simply aren't getting all
ents they need.
ve'd like to point out what some
ıutritional deficiencies are—and
few ways to correct them.

**single greatest nutritional
leficiency in your diet.**

is an essential nutrient for child-
it helps the blood carry
ɾet for the same reason, it's also
for grown-ups—and many
ps aren't getting enough of it.

Recent studies by the Department of Health, Education & Welfare show that iron is the leading nutrient deficiency in all segments of the population.

One obvious way to correct this is to eat more of iron-rich foods. Beef liver, hamburger, prunes and pork chops are good sources. However, most nutritionists believe it's difficult to get enough iron in the usual American diet without regularly including some iron-fortified foods. That's where our Post® cereals—such as Fortified Oat Flakes, 40% Bran Flakes, and Raisin Bran—can help.

Calcium, vitamin C, and other nutrients grown-ups don't get enough of.

Most people know that growing children need calcium to build bones. But grown-ups need it, too. Yet many women over 18 were found to have up to 30% less in their diets than they should. One pint of milk each day will give you most of the calcium you need.

Studies also show moderate shortages of vitamin C in 50% of U. S. families. That's why orange juice or Tang™ instant breakfast drink is important at breakfast.

Vitamin A is another nutrient which many of us don't get enough of. Good sources of vitamin A include broccoli, carrots, spinach, squash and collard greens, whether fresh or frozen, as in our Birds Eye® frozen vegetables.

It's because of shortages like this that our Post cereals are fortified with a number of essential vitamins.

Why grown-up diets need grown-up supervision.

One big reason for nutritional shortages is our national obsession with slimming down—causing people to eat less than they should, so that they may not get enough of the essential nutrients. Actually, no balanced diet, followed in moderation, will cause fatness.

Then there's the misconception that the older and less active you get, the less food you need. In fact, your food intake may go down; but the truth is, your need for most nutrients remains the same. So that, nutritionally speaking, you may actually have to work harder to balance your diet than when you were a child.

Finally, there's the belief that nutrition is no fun. With grown-ups, as with children, it's easier to get people to eat good foods if the foods taste good. So it's no accident that our Tang instant breakfast drink, Birds Eye vegetables, and our Post cereals taste as good as they do. Our nutritionists, many of whom are also parents, insist upon it.

For more information.

This sketchy discussion of nutrition for grown-ups obviously can't tell the whole story. So we have acquired and are offering, at cost, a $2.00 booklet that deals with the subject in greater detail. It's called *Nutrition Labeling: How It Can Work For You*, and it was prepared by the National Nutrition Consortium Inc., an organization of the leading nutritionists in America. For your copy, send 50¢ to General Foods, Box 2030, Kankakee, Ill. 60901.

Our reasons for telling you all this are a mixture of helpfulness and pride in our products. The more you understand about food, the better off you'll be. And the more you understand about our foods, the better off we'll be.

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Can this marriag be saved?

continued

Jane in particular. One night whil were driving along a mountain ro Switzerland, she sassed him and he to strangle her! Gar denies it, sayin only gave her a gentle push, but was murder in his eyes. Never befor he been physically violent, and he w ashamed of himself that he jumpe of the car, rushed down the roa disappeared in the dark. I was pet and left the children behind to hur him. Hours later I found him crou in a clump of trees beside the roa refused to discuss the incident in way.

"I can forgive the sexual insult of periodic impotence—which I feel s either deliberately or subconsci aimed at my pride as a woman—but no longer put up with my fear of hin his abuse of our youngsters. His ch which is my church, too, disapprov divorce, but I think we should appl a legal separation."

GARSON'S TURN

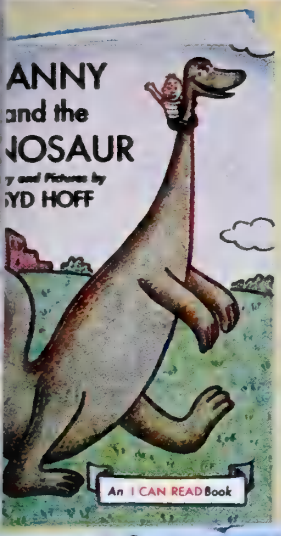
"If my father hadn't died when ten years old, I might be a com man today," 44-year-old Garson sai terly. A thin, muscular six-footer, h a thick red beard and burning, suff blue eyes. "My Dad was a wond guy who believed in the Almighty was so practical and intelligent, de his lack of formal education. He wo hard at any job available—construc trucking, on the railroad, farming- vided that on Sunday he could g church, a church that was too stric some people. It was too strict for When I grew up, I joined a gentle ligious faith.

"When I was a kid, my father u took to teach me the harsh doctrine church. He used to warn me of the of sex. He said sex could be a trap man; he said he himself had trapped by lust. It was plain that he miserable with my mother, althoug was always faithful to her.

"My father had a terrific influenc me. If I'd been a few years older we lost him, I would have been ciently mature to understand the cip'les he really stood for. I'm sur didn't plan for me to be confused wretched, fearful of life and human tacts.

"I went into the Navy when I eighteen, so when I met Ida, at twe five, I was an over-age college ju She was twenty, also a junior, and s as they come."

Again Garson sighed, shifted un fortably and his face turned a deep "Ida blames me because I didn't her in advance about my *(contin*



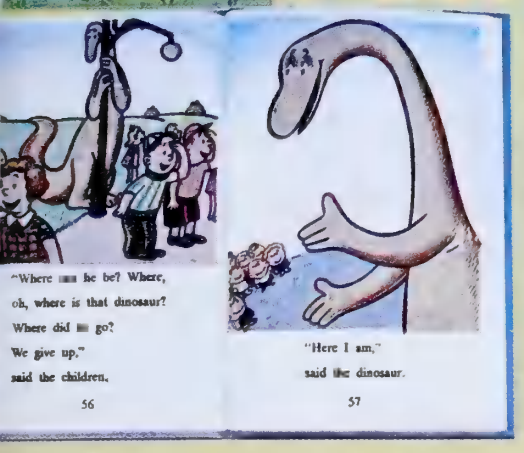
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YES, please accept my request for "Danny," plus the colorful Grow-up Chart as FREE GIFTS. Also include the other 3 introductory books shown, worth $11.85, strictly on approval. If my child and I like them we will pay you just $1.00 plus delivery. As trial Club Members, we will then receive two hardcover books every six weeks at the low Member's price of just $1.99 each (a savings of almost 50%) plus shipping, handling and sales tax, if any. We may return any book we don't like within 10 days and owe nothing. I understand that there is no minimum number of books to buy—not even one—and that I may cancel membership at any time simply by notifying you. Even if we decide not to continue membership the FREE book and Grow-up Chart are ours to keep.

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Because arthritis can be serious, if pain persists more than ten days or redness is present, consult your doctor immediately. If under medical care, do not take without consulting a physician.



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Read and follow label directions.

Can this marriage be saved?

continued

sex problem. Frankly, I didn't know I *had* a problem. Until I got married, I'd had to battle against the temptations of the flesh as much as any normal guy practicing abstinence and self-control—even if I didn't run around and talk about it. I was as excited as any guy by a girl with a shapely figure and I reacted physically just the same.

"Ida was wonderfully exciting to me in our courtship. Every time I took her on a date, I had to fight to hold myself in check—as she most certainly knows, since we *did* indulge in petting.

"But something happened on our wedding night, and it still haunts me. I couldn't perform. My body was numb, without feeling; I felt like I was paralyzed. I never did discuss it with Ida, I let her draw her own conclusions. She pretended that my failure didn't matter, but I don't think she's ever forgiven me.

"I realize I'm not the best husband in the world, but neither am I the worst. I've played fair with Ida so far as I am able. She thinks I spend too much time at the church, but my church-going helps keep my mind off my worries. Ida thinks I should be a bigger money-maker, and she's right. Five years ago, when Ida wanted to go back to school, I was enthusiastic. I have always believed that women have the same rights to achieve their potential as men. However, it didn't occur to me that Ida would elect to take a job in my particular field and beat me at it income-wise and prestige-wise. I never expected to see the day when my wife would consider that she was supporting the family.

"Nor did I ever expect that she would choose to use her earnings to pay for a European tour—a long-time, but highly unrealistic dream of mine. I tried to be a good sport about that trip, although I felt like a kept man, but I flopped spectacularly. All the kids, right down to our ten-year-old twins, knew Ida had paid for the trip. Consequently, they paid no heed to me or my wishes."

GARSON CONTINUES

"Jane, as usual, was the snottiest in the bunch. I have never gotten along with her. She is a lot like me—moody, pessimistic, bad-tempered. One night in Switzerland we were searching for a place to eat. High up a steep, craggy mountain a nice, brightly lit inn beamed down at us. I told Scott, our twelve-year-old son, to see if the place would accommodate a party of seven. Scott wouldn't budge. I insisted.

"At that point, Jane piped up that her brother was tired and I should go. Jane then announced to the rest of the fan that her Daddy was good for noth else. Scott snickered from the back s of the station wagon and the oth joined in. Well, Ida laughed out l and I went berserk. I slapped Jane in face. I *know* I didn't try to strangle I I know my hands didn't grip her by throat as both she and Ida insist. only terrible possibility that has haun me since that night is that I briefly my mind—that I was, momentarily, of touch with reality. It is almost imp sible for me to envision myself hitt one of our children—violence has place in my philosophy—yet I must mit that I struck Jane in the face.

"I am desperately afraid of my te per, my violence, my lack of contro dread the evil I might cause. Someh Ida provokes the worst in me and alw has.

"She probably doesn't mean to, the fact remains that when she puts down, I cannot function. I then get fi ous at my helplessness and inadequa and I explode. I don't know what doing. Oddly enough, in the heat of rage, I feel powerful, potent—like a m Afterwards, of course, I sink into desp

"No wife should be expected to to ate a husband like me—a weakling, a rant, an abusive father, a poor mon maker, a sexual cripple most of the ti

(continued on page 1

Nobody's lower than Carlton.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar. Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	27	1.7
Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	***2**	***0.2**
Carlton Menthol	***1**	***0.1**
Carlton Box	***1**	***0.1**

*av per cigarette by FTC method.



Filter–2 mg.
Menthol–1 mg.
Box–1 mg.

12 consecutive U.S. Government Reports confirm Nobody's lower than Carlton.

Of all brands, lowest . . . 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Carlton Filter: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine;
Carlton Menthol and Carlton Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

ing: The Surgeon General Has Determined Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Spending your money

By Sylvia Porter

How to beat TV repair gyps. What kind of mutual funds to buy. A shopper's guide to "open dating" terminology. Plain talk about mobile homes.

I've heard so much about television repair rip-offs that I'd like to know what to do *BEFORE* our new color TV needs repairs.
The basic rule is to get more than one estimate and to shop with utmost care among local TV dealers—even though you have heard that a dealer is reputable and won't overcharge you. Second, get in writing the estimate and the amount of repairs to be done—before you permit the TV repairman to begin any work on the set. Third, insist on and keep itemized bills for all repairs—for reference if the repairs fail to hold up properly.

To illustrate the dollars-and-cents significance of these fundamental points, an undercover representative of New York City's Department of Consumer Affairs took a TV set with a minor, easily-found defect to 21 repair shops. Repair estimates ranged from under $9 to $73! More than half the shops gave estimates for unnecessary repairs and seven actually began to work on the set without any authorization from the "owner."

Some additional hints: Be on guard against the moonlighter in TV repairs, the individual who operates out of his own home, advertising only a telephone number. He will accept your job, but he may take weeks or months to service your TV set. Avoid the "baiter" who will quote you ridiculously low prices for your repair job, but then will slap on steep charges for parts. Once the baiter gets your set in his shop, he may uncover an array of expensive problems, all of which will necessitate new parts and costly labor. Be alert to any suggestion of "free" service calls, for this is a clue to a racket. No trained, skilled TV serviceman could afford to make free or very cheap service calls. He would go broke in a week. And steer clear of the repair firm that lists itself under a dozen different names in the Yellow Pages. If you get mixed up with one of these outfits, you may get neither service nor your TV set back.

During the tire industry strike in 1976, we bought a new car without a spare tire. We paid for the tire, though, and were told we would receive one from the dealer as soon as the tires came in. We still haven't received our tire, and the strike has been over for months. What should we do?
You may be among the many new car purchasers who haven't yet received the spares they bought and paid for. The tire manufacturers are shipping deleted spares directly to the automobile dealers. Go back to your dealer and make sure he has an accurate record of your name, address, the type, construction and size of the tire that will match exactly the other tires on your car. (If you mix the types of tires on your car, you are inviting danger to yourself on the road.) If you have moved to another city since buying your car, contact the nearest dealer of your make of car and give him your name and address. You will receive your spare tire through this dealer.

My husband earns about $35,000 a year and we have an adequate cash reserve in the bank, high-income savings certificates maturing years from now and life insurance. I think our investments are far too conservative, considering his income level, even though we have three young children and still owe on our home mortgage. I have convinced him we should buy shares in a mutual fund. Our problem is: what kind to buy?
If he agrees with you that your nestegg should be more oriented toward growth of your investments than toward highest safety and protection, select a mutual fund with a portfolio dominated by quality common stocks that will grow and prosper as our economy grows and prospers. There are many such funds available. (By the way, I happen to agree with you.)

I'm completely confused by the various "open dating" terms used by stores in which I shop. Can you explain them for me?
There are four types of "open dating": 1) The "*Pull Date*" is the last recommended day for sale of the product in the retail store. It allows you sufficient time to keep the item on your pantry shelf or in the refrigerator until you've consumed it all; 2) The "*Expiration Date*" is the last day the product should be used, assuming you want to consume it while it is still at full quality. It actually is the date when the product's useful life ends. The words next to the date usually say "Do not use after . . ."; 3) The "*Pack Date*" is the day of the final processing or packaging of the product; 4) The "*Quality Assurance Date*" is the day after which the product starts to lose quality. The words accompanying this date (as on some cereal labels) may be: "Best when used before . . ."

Unless a processor is packaging meats, poultry and fish under Federal inspection, he is not required to explain his method of open dating. In fact, most open dates are not explained, a U.S. Department of Agriculture study recently disclosed.

While we were cleaning out the attic in my late grandfather's house we found a locked box loaded with impressive-looking bonds of several European governments. *(continued)*

Some of the most important things insurance agents can offer you are not for sale.

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Selling you a policy, any policy, is only the first step of your relationship.

From year to year, as changes occur in your life, your agent will recommend ways to keep your insurance protection up to date.

Just make sure you provide everything your agent needs to know. When the kids are born, call. When you put an addition on the house, call.

You might need more coverage. You might not.

Financial Advice.

If at any time you find yourself a little short and can't pay your life insurance premium, don't hesitate to talk with your agent. Ways of paying can often be arranged without the policy lapsing.

Your agent can recommend the right coverage to protect your mortgage, help guarantee a college fund for the kids and set up a program that will let you stay retired once you retire.

And some people think the only thing insurance agents do is sell insurance. Wrong.

Help is only a call away.

Whatever your insurance needs, just pick up the phone. Your agent is a trained, qualified specialist, more than willing to help.

It's your insurance.
We want you to understand
what you're paying for.



Prudential





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Women all over the country are switching from the old-fashioned daytime method of oven cleaning to the easy, overnight way with Mr. Muscle.

Because Mr. Muscle gets your oven sparkling clean with less work for you.

Just look at the above picture. On the left side, we sprayed an oven cleaner using the daytime method. On the right side, we sprayed Mr. Muscle overnight.

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And Mr. Muscle doesn't have all the caustic fumes you get with most other oven cleaners.

But prove it to yourself. Try the easy, overnight way with Mr. Muscle and you'll never go back to the daytime method.



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pending our money

continued

lo we determine what, if any- the bonds are worth? Our lo- nk says it can't help us.

our inquiry, including a careful tion of the bonds you found— serial numbers, denominations, as well as precise names and lo— to the Foreign Bondholders ive Council, Inc., 1775 Broadway, ork, N.Y. 10019. It well may be ne of them have value.

sband and I were extremely ssed with some of the attrac- obile homes we saw on a re- ip to Florida, and are serious- nking about buying a mobile But we've been so scared by we've heard about the safety ne of the homes, as well as the phere of the parks, that we reconcile what we've seen with we've heard. What do you

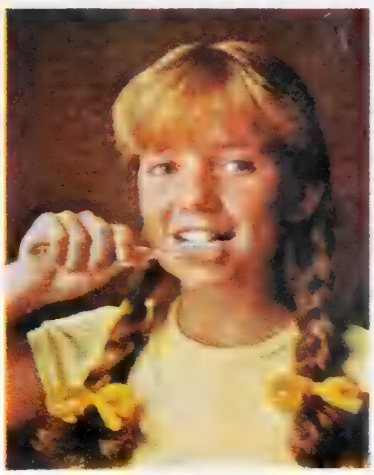
bile homes of the past often were constructed and erected in sleazy with little to commend them. But ks are being upgraded along with uses—and you well may find to- mobile home in a well-selected recisely what you're looking for. you buy, be sure the home you're g meets the Federal construction standards, effective in June, 1976. standards cover virtually all as- f mobile home design, construc- urability and safety. They are de- to protect you, the mobile home and to protect the industry via a set of national standards. Also, you buy, investigate where you ace your home. Make sure that lo- ulations permit you to install your f you're placing it on property you Check whether you'll have ade- access to water, power and sewage l. Find out whether space in a home development is available to this is where you'd like to settle. erage rate of occupancy in attrac- rks is very high. Once you find a ou think you will like and will ad- , read the park's rules and regula- ith utmost care to be certain you'll living with those rules. Ask resi- about park policies, community es, extra charges on top of rent ou might have to pay—for, say, or pets (if pets are allowed). See e is a residents' association and role it plays in determining the park's rules. In sum, you're mak- ise decision only if you take steps ance to eliminate what may be able risks and prevent turning s a bargain in today's housing mar- o a heartbreak. **End**

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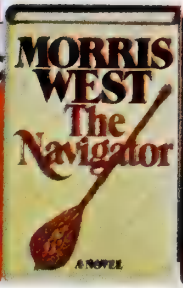
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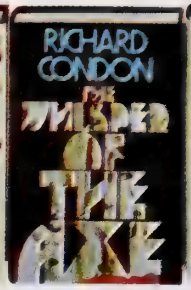
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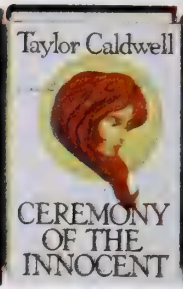
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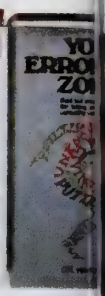
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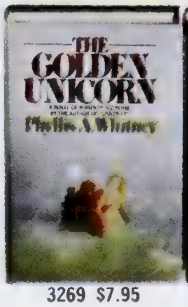
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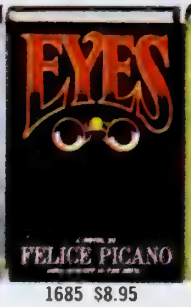
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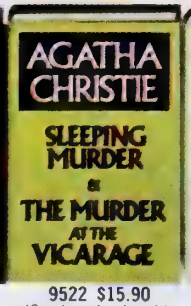
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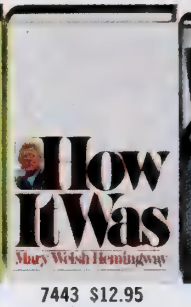
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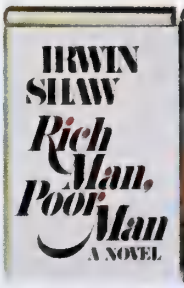
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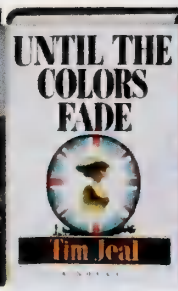
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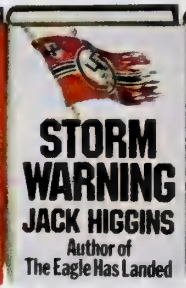
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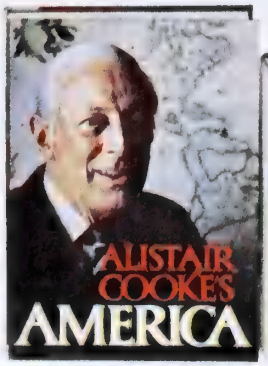


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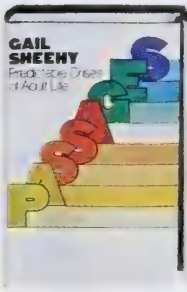
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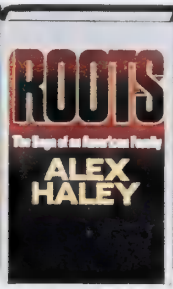
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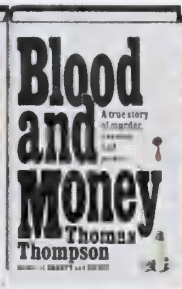




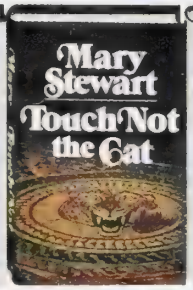
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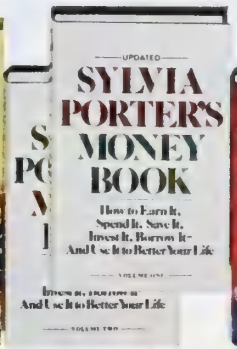
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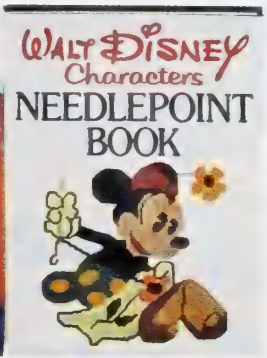
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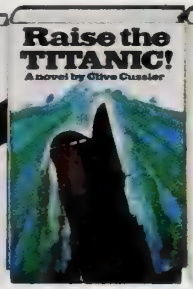
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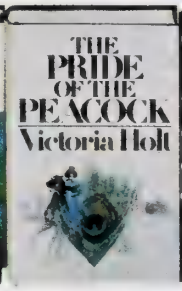
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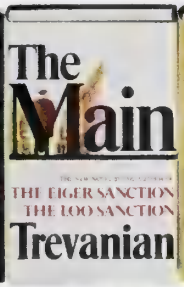
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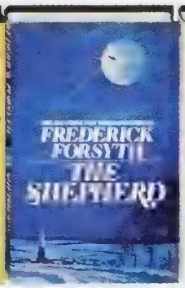
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He threatened to divorce her. She tapped his phone. Now, like a modern Scarlett O'Hara, Governor Wallace's wife seems to be a prisoner of a marriage she's trying to salvage. Here's the inside story. By Myra MacPherson

CORNELIA WALLACE: HER STRUGGLE TO SAVE HER TROUBLED MARRIAGE

Last September, front-page headlines disclosed a bizarre tale of "palace intrigue" in the Deep South. Gov. George C. Wallace of Alabama called a news conference to confirm the rumors that were swirling around Montgomery like autumn leaves: his wife, Cornelia, had secretly ordered his bedroom telephone tapped. Hundreds of tapes had been found and destroyed, the governor said, but it was purely a "domestic matter" and the press ought to leave them alone. A testy Wallace then cut off the conference with "There ain't any questions for you to ask."

Other stories followed—of Wallace counterspying and keeping his wife under surveillance; of his threatening to divorce her even before the tapes were discovered—but neither Gov. nor Mrs. Wallace cleared up any of the mystifying details about the domestic discord that had been brewing for months.

By the end of the year, however, all seemed quiet in the governor's mansion—but there was a tenseness about that silence. In many ways, Cornelia Wallace was imprisoned in the white-columned mansion, terrified that the governor would end their truce and carry out his threat to file for divorce.

He had fired her secretary and only reluctantly reinstated her after Cornelia sobbed one night at the dining room table. For a time, Cornelia's friends were barred at the mansion gate. Her friends spoke only of trivial matters on the phone, a sort of code; all Cornelia's calls were reportedly logged by the state trooper who answered the phone.

The staff is divided in its loyalties. It was state trooper gossip about fights within the mansion that first tipped off the press. One woman no longer on the staff is widely rumored to have told Wallace about the phone tap. Close friends of the governor leaked the details to the television announcer who broke the story.

There is no love lost between Cornelia Wallace and her husband's cronies. When I visited her in November, one of Cornelia's political enemies reported gleefully that "George has even taken away her limousine driver." Driving a visitor around Montgomery, Cornelia sidestepped the question; she said that she simply preferred to drive the car herself.

"Somebody tells him [George] everything I do," said Cornelia, her flashy, dark looks marred by a tense and haggard expression. "I'm never totally sure who it is."

This was, she insists, the main reason why she tapped her husband's phone and taped his nighttime conversations. Cornelia felt that Wallace's confidants were saying disparaging things about her, planting suspicion in her husband's mind—and that all this was destroying their marriage. She claims that she wanted to find out if this were true so that she could refute the stories told to Wallace. She had already tried the direct approach—asking the governor what had been said about her to him—and he would always reply, "nothing."

Her enemies surmise a more diabolical reason. They see Cornelia as pushy and politically ambitious, a woman not above taping her husband's conversations—presumably to get information on any possible unsavory political dealings—to blackmail the governor and his cronies into supporting her should she choose to run for governor in 1978.

"That's just not true," Cornelia said. "I can't think of one thing I have done that was politically motivated, except to campaign for my husband. All I was ever trying to do was keep the marriage together."

She says the tapping was a last desperate attempt to get at the truth. "Everything that had been said was so destructive to my marriage. I had been asking since 1973 about the things that George's brother, Gerald, had been saying, and George kept saying it wasn't true, that Gerald hadn't been saying those things."

It is hardly a secret that Gerald and Cornelia despise one another. When I interviewed her earlier, in May, Cornelia said, "Gerald's spread rumors that I have slept with every state trooper around. All that's been written [in tabloids] and rumored has done a lot of damage to my reputation. And it has caused dissension between George and me." (Asked about this after the phone tapes were revealed, Gerald Wallace said: "That's totally false. I don't concern myself with Cornelia.")

"I wanted to find out who my 'accusers' were," Cornelia continued. "It turned out that some of them were women who would like to be in my place—who hate me and would like to see me gone. I slipped into a right unpopular place when I married George Wallace."

Cornelia, who at 38 is 19 years younger than her husband, looked nothing like the confident, poised governor's wife the nation has seen in her public appearance. Too thin now, the makeup too heavy, the smile too tense, she sat in a corner of the casual dining room at the Montgomery *(continued)*

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ORNELIA WALLACE

continued

try Club. It seemed hard for her e just how hollow her marriage had me if she had to resort to taping her and's phone conversations. One last summer, customers at nearby s at a popular restaurant overheard Wallace say he wanted a divorce that they might as well discuss the s of settlement.

"For all practical purposes my mar- was gone," she explained slowly. rewards or closeness were just to- destroyed because of all that had said. What's so difficult to accept I had had to leave the marriage be- e of the trouble and pressure I was r, I would have left it probably king I was crazy. You feel something t and you cannot prove it for a fact. are even told it is not true. You be- to think you are crazy, that you're noid. It's the difference between ng the truth and just never knowing ure."

is rumored that Cornelia still has a f tapes—that Gov. Wallace's record- onversations with his women friends nflattering to Cornelia, that his own ls could destroy his image with the le of Alabama. Cornelia refused onfirm such rumors or to talk about t was on those tapes. There is a se when asked if such tapes might have been considered "blackmail." t blackmail to try to keep a marriage ther?" Cornelia asked. "That means e to me than anything. I had one rce. . . . There were those who said marriage wouldn't last a year. And when George was shot, they said I ldn't stay a year. It's been five years. just been trying to hang steady in saddle."

Life belongs to fiction

n many ways, the Wallaces seem to ng more to fiction than to real life, in fact, their saga points up a reality erent in Southern fiction. One could w parallels with the rawness of life, vulsively lived in the pages of Wil- n Faulkner and Tennessee Williams; he grasping world of the Snopes clan; he politically driven Willie Stark of *the King's Men*. Cornelia Wallace self makes another comparison: "I'm more ambitious than Scarlett O'Hara s when the War hit, but what's a man to do?"

George Corley Wallace, 57, dema- gued his way out of the South shout- "Segregation forever!", then broad- d his appeal to build a powerful na- al political movement. But in 1972, would-be assassin's bullets left Wal- e crippled and confined to a wheel- ir. Now he is without movement. He with his head bent, one *(continued)*

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CORNELIA WALLACE

continued

hand bracing his back against the pain that never leaves him and that escalates with his political misfortunes. His hand does not brush away the ashes that fall on his unfeeling leg as he flicks his cigar in the vicinity of the spittoon on the floor of the governor's office.

"Since he's been shot there has been a modification of George's personality," a friend says. "Much of what Wallace was is gone." Another longtime friend says, "He's not himself, period. He's sort of like a Scrooge—just a bitter person today."

Then there is brother Gerald. He's been called "The Rasputin of the administration," or, as Cornelia says, "the one who greases the machinery."

A friend of Cornelia and George says, "I've known Gerald all my life. He's like the tomcat who hangs out in the alleys. You never know what he's going to do until he comes in the house and lays down. People today can't understand why Gerald would want to get rid of Cornelia, but all that started back when George was politically powerful and Gerald and all that gang thought she might be a threat to their position."

Gerald, a lawyer, has been the target of a grand jury probe involving a highway fund scandal and federal tax investigations. He boasts that "there have been all kinds of rumors about me and they've never proved a one."

One rumor is that he offered one of Wallace's old girlfriends any job she wanted if she would break up George's engagement to Cornelia. "Gerald was so opposed to our marriage that George wouldn't invite him to the wedding, but I invited him anyhow," says Cornelia.

Cornelia "needs" Big Ruby

One central character in the drama on Cornelia's side has been her mother, "Big Ruby" Folsom Austin. Asked if any good had come out of the taping ordeal, Cornelia laughed and said, "My mother sobered up."

But at the time the tapes were revealed, Big Ruby was holding forth for reporters, sharing her diminishing supply of bourbon and volunteering that "Cornelia doesn't drink. In fact, that has alienated us. She wants me to sober up and move back in the mansion. She says she needs me, the children need me. I'm really going to try."

But Big Ruby has been banished from the Governor's mansion because no one there is at ease with her unpredictable behavior or her drinking. There is fear that she will speak out to the press.

Times are hard for Big Ruby. "I'm stone broke. I don't have a pot—or a window to throw it out."

According to Big Ruby, the marital problems of her daughter and the governor are compounded by their competitive personalities. "They're both jealous of each other. I might as well tell the truth. They are, and that's bad. They've been jealous from the very beginning, even before George was shot.

"Another reason is a political power play. Those people around George think she's going to run for governor, and they don't want that. She's independent and they can't control her. Many of those people around him have been saying ugly things about her to the governor. They're filling George full of that stuff. People talk about how awful it was for her to tape her husband, but they don't know the whole story. How they been followin' her in cars, puttin' detectives on her, sayin' those things. Oh, Lord, this has been going on for two years."

One rumor was that Cornelia saw other men, including an Alabama state representative, at her mother's home. Big Ruby reacted angrily when this was repeated to her. "She's never met a man in this house. That one man they talk of, I've never met him anywhere. It's all part of the game to kill her politically. None of it is true."

Cornelia also denied stories of other men. "They've never come up with anybody because there isn't anybody," she said. "If they had been trailing me, then they would have known it wasn't true. If they say they got anything from surveilling me they're just lying."

When Cornelia married George Wallace, the biggest hurdle for her was the memory of his late wife, Lurleen, the dime store clerk who became governor when George was prohibited by law from running again. (Lurleen Wallace died of cancer in 1968.)

Lurleen was little more than a figurehead, as Wallace continued to boss her and the state of Alabama. But she was well liked and fit a mold still prized in the South—a gentle, submissive, unambitious, safe woman—and she has been enshrined in memory since her death.

"Some people feel some sort of disloyalty to Lurleen by accepting C nelia," says Jo Ann Walker, who known Cornelia since childhood. "L leen was a fine and wonderful pers But Cornelia is every bit as nice; sh just a totally opposite personality."

Mickey Griffin, a former aide George Wallace, is one of Cornell detractors. "I despise Cornelia," he sa "She's one of the two or three phoni s.o.b.'s I've ever met in my life. She' disgrace to Alabama, a disgrace to t South.

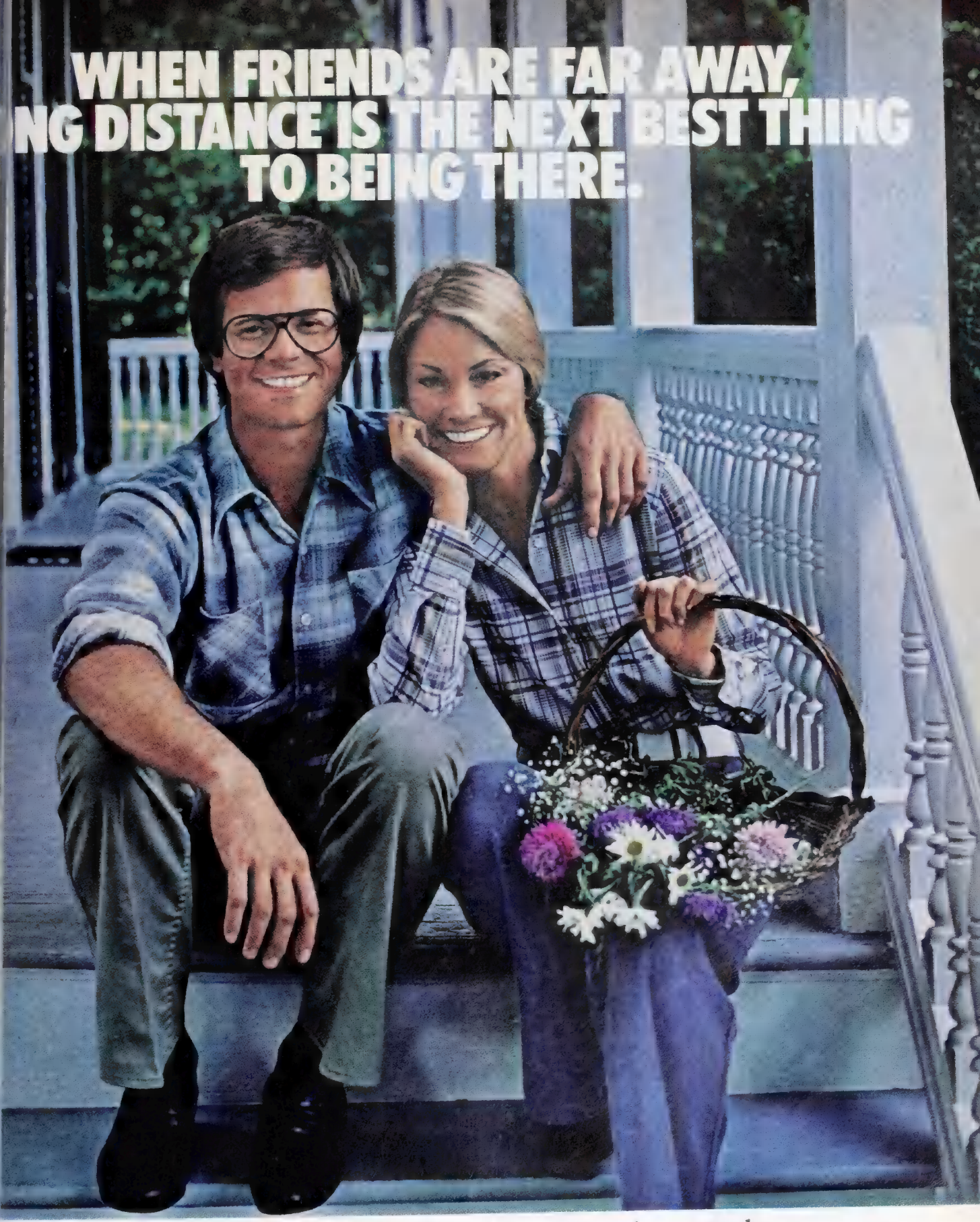
"People I know resent her greatly her fakiness. Lurleen was a gracio humble lady. Sure, she was a figurehe —but gracious and dignified. Corne could never do that.

"When the governor was shot a Cornelia fell on him to protect him, s created an instant image of a heroin Griffin says. "But they don't know t genuine fraud she is. She's too flas looking, too plastic and is perceived an opportunist. She married George s she could live in the limelight. And sh bossy. Talkin' to the national press the Democratic convention—then tur in' to me and tellin' me 'I need a drin Hell, I don't get my *wife* a drink! A orderin' the troopers around to go g her hairdresser, like they was erran boys!" The tirade is nonstop, and it not surprising that people suspect th Griffin planted the stories about t tapes to discredit Cornelia. He shrug "Somebody did it who did not like Co nelia. I did not have a monopoly c that."

Jill Lilly, an airline stewardess wh knew none of the Wallace crowd unt she came on board his campaign plan last year, is a staunch defender of Co nelia and dislikes the men around Wa lace. "They know that if she could eve convince George, they'd be out lookin for jobs. They look at her like they do Rolls-Royce. They want it, but the know they aren't ever going to get it."

Cornelia, always outspoken, makes n bones about the fact that she think Wallace's staff is ineffectual. *(continued*





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Bell System



CORNELIA WALLACE

continued

"George Wallace is like the hen that laid the golden egg and they are like the farmers who don't know how to pick it up. He's always used local boys—and he never got elected president. He should have had some heavyweights in advertising and political strategy. He's had too much rubbing with a velvet glove. The only way that man is any good is when you put a burr under his saddle."

With her deep tan, black hair and vivid, bright-colored clothes, Cornelia was never mousy or content to sit on the sidelines. Her mother was a stage mother who pushed her in all pursuits. Cornelia was a cheerleader and tried to break into big-time show business with a country record, "Baby With the Barefoot Feet," that was a flop—although she got as far as touring overseas with Roy Acuff. Her scrapbook is filled with pictures of her hardly in the magnolia and mint julep role—driving a sulky, a pace car, a jet fighter. She wound up water-skiing professionally at Cypress Gardens.

Her childhood held excitement—entertaining for guests at the governor's mansion when she lived there while her uncle, "Kissin' " Jim Folsom, was governor, and performing as a majorette. It is revealing that in her autobiography, *C'nelia*, she still recalls a teen-age performance as "one of the biggest thrills I ever had in my whole life." Cornelia was 15, and a drum majorette at the biggest political rally ever assembled at that time in Alabama. "I was strutting until I thought my hips were going to pop out of their sockets," she wrote. "When the band got halfway into the Coliseum, they turned out all the lights and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, the Elba High School band and Governor Folsom's niece, Cornelia Ellis'—and then put a spotlight on me."

But the spotlight was not always on Cornelia. Her mother and father divorced. She went to nine different schools in nine years. Today, close friends reiterate what Cornelia says about herself. "She wants a stability she never had. That's why she's clinging so hard to keep this marriage together."

Her father's death, when she was 21, hurt her deeply. "Even though he and Mother were divorced, he was loving and I saw him often. In a sense he was the stabilizer. When he died it sort of washed my bottom out."

While at Cypress Gardens in 1962, Cornelia married John Snively III, "a third-generation Floridian and a member of a citrus-growing family." She recalls that it was a "good marriage for seven years." Then Snively left her for another woman. Devastated, Cornelia returned to Montgomery with her two sons, Jim and Josh, who are now teenagers.

No great passion

When George and Cornelia started dating, he was considered one of Montgomery's most eligible bachelors. Friends say, "I can't imagine any great passion there with either one when they got married. George loves politics first and himself second. She filled a slot—'The Political Wife' slot. She was lonely and had two children and wanted a 'catch.' "

Cornelia says today, "One reason I married again instead of trying for a career is that I would have a father for my two children. I wanted and needed a family life."

They were married one year and four months when Wallace was shot. The jealousy and competitiveness that was in their marriage sometimes surfaced publicly. Once Wallace's staff had planned a surprise birthday party for him. As Cornelia coaxed him downstairs, the governor loudly berated her for a TV interview she had given. "You sounded just like a goddamned redneck," Wallace was complaining as the hidden guests leaped up with embarrassed shouts of "Surprise! Surprise!" And national reporters remember him crudely putting her down when she chattered gregariously to them. At one time he growled, "Shut up."

After Wallace was shot, their *(continued on page 144)*

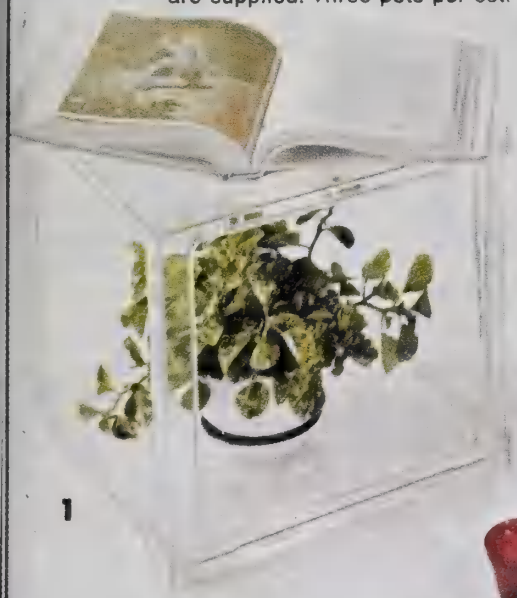


5

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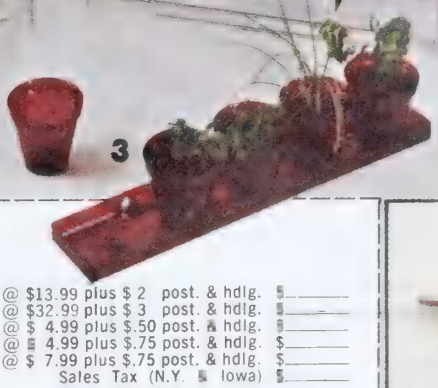
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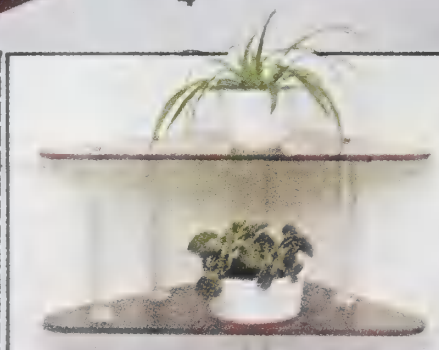
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A CONVERSATION WITH MARLO & DANNY THOMAS

For the first time, they talk about how an old-fashioned father raised a new-fashioned daughter. By Kathleen D. Fury

FLASHBACK: The place, a wintry Detroit. The time, some years ago:

A struggling young Lebanese-American nightclub entertainer named Danny Thomas is preparing to become a father. One of nine brothers, he is already proud of the heir who will carry on the family name. He has bought this expected son a football, a football helmet, boxing gloves and lots of tiny blue clothes. The chosen name, Charles Anthony, is strong and all-American—with a little Italian flavor in honor of the mother-to-be, the former Rosemarie Cassanitti. Already Danny has dreams: His boy will be a lawyer, maybe even a doctor.

Naturally, it's a girl. Oh, well. They name her Marlo. The young father is flexible, so he readjusts his dream. His daughter will grow up and be like Rosemarie—a superb hostess, a devoted wife. In time, she will bring him sweet-smelling babies he can spoil in grandfatherly fashion.

TODAY: Danny Thomas, now a legendarily successful TV comic and actor, sits in the plaid-wallpapered den of Marlo's spectacular home in Beverly Hills. The two of them are being interviewed about their father-daughter relationship, and Danny has grown lyrical about the little girl who didn't turn out to be Charles Anthony, or Rosemarie, or anybody's wife or mother. Just herself—as big a star as he is. "Marlo was always very determined," he tells the writer. Marlo smiles. "That's a great lady sitting there." He turns to Marlo. "You know, you should run for United States Senator. You could even be president."

If Danny Thomas was disappointed to have a daughter instead of a son, he quickly got over it. He adored and spoiled Marlo. Even in the early years, when there wasn't much money in the family, she remembers being dressed in coats with white fur collars and cuffs. The Thomases traveled all around the country in Marlo's earliest years, as Danny played nightclub engagements in Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Toledo. And since he couldn't stand not to spend his waking hours with little Marlo, he changed her schedule to match his own: She would stay up at night playing gin rummy with her mother, have dinner with both parents at 5 A.M., then go to sleep for the day, as people "on the road" do.

When the next child was born (another girl, Terry, also greeted with an array of football gear), it was time for Marlo to start school, so the Thomases traded in trains and hotel rooms for a house in Los Angeles. But Danny continued performing on the road. For years, until Marlo was in high school, he would be gone for as long as three months, return home to spend ten days with his family, then leave again.

Often, he'd send for Rosemarie to fly out to his current city and join him. ("Poor Mother," Marlo recalls. "She was always crying in those years. Either she had to leave him, or she had to leave us. It was hardest on her.") When both parents were gone, Marlo was in charge of her sister and (at last!) a baby brother, Tony. (For him, a resigned Danny had bought pink.) It was understood that Marlo was to supervise the nurse who was ostensibly in charge, that Marlo could advise her what snacks were allowed, what time Tony and Terry had to go to bed and what kind of punishment was allowed ("*never* hitting"). They called Marlo "the lawyer"; she was liaison between the Thomases and their hired help—a kind of substitute parent.

With this kind of responsibility, Marlo got an early sense of her parents' respect for her and her judgment. And she needed it, because Daddy was getting famous, and Marlo was beginning to be identified as "Danny Thomas's daughter." It was not a role she liked, although some children might have. She remembers going shopping with her mother, and hearing saleswomen say, "So you're Danny Thomas' little girl!" And Marlo would shoot back: "I'm me. *Marlo*!"

Says Marlo now: "You know how some women feel lost when they get married and suddenly become 'Mrs. Somebody'? Well, I was 'Mrs. Somebody' when I was two inches high. The struggle to become a person in my own right, with a name of my own, has a lot to do with me."

Danny helped in that struggle. Though he may have accepted, unquestioning, the traditional idea that his daughter would grow up to follow her mother in a domestic career, he didn't actually do much to encourage it. He included Marlo in all his activities. When writers came to the house to work on a script, Marlo was welcome to sit in—and she did. Danny liked her curiosity, her interest in his work, her sense of humor ("my treacle-cutter," he called her). When deciding whether a line was funny enough, Marlo's reaction was as important as everyone else's —"even though I was shorter."

The two of them became, early on, a kind of team. There was *(continued)*

Photograph by Giuseppe Santoro. Marlo Thomas' hair by Lynn Masters; makeup by Tom Case.

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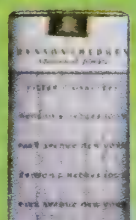
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MARLO & DANNY THOMAS

continued

never any question about whom Marlo identified with. Marlo and her mother never chose to compete with each other. Though there was a strong bond between them, they had different interests from the very beginning. "Mother wasn't really interested in sitting in on comedy meetings, and I wasn't especially interested in the affairs of the household. I guess my father and I were always very much alike. When we went on vacations, he and I would be in a motorboat and my mother and sister would be waving from the shore. Daddy even took me to prize fights and bowling with him."

She had a special influence on him, too. It was Marlo more than anyone who was responsible for turning Danny's nightclub fame into the blue-chip success of his television series, *Make Room for Daddy*. When she was in seventh grade, she wrote an essay called "Viva Today." Although it was supposed to be about the importance of living for the present, not the future, it was actually a barely-disguised plea for her daddy to stop traveling and come home. She mailed it to him at his out-of-town hotel.

Today as important as tomorrow

Danny still remembers that schoolgirl essay. "I brought it home with me and left it on the den table for a long time. I read it over and over. She wrote that today's twenty-four hours are just as long and just as important as tomorrow's—in fact, more so. I was gone a lot, securing tomorrow for my family. She wrote about how unfortunate that was, because when tomorrow comes today's love may be gone. It hit me right in the belly. That was the first time I sat down and made a plan for my career, instead of just letting things happen. I thought, how can I work and stay home? Television was the obvious answer, so that's what I did."

At home during Marlo's high school years, Danny played to the hilt his version of the stern, Victorian paterfamilias—the strict, unquestioned boss of the house. If he didn't fully succeed, it was only because he also has an irredeemably Mediterranean soul—emotional, volatile, dramatic and intensely sentimental about his children. Those years were filled with great laughter, riotous fights and quick reunions—and the inevitable family jokes. (Stranger to Thomases in restaurant: "Do you know where the phone is?" Marlo and Danny, in unison: "Why, is one missing?" Says Marlo: "We used to do all those Henny Youngman-type one-liners out in public. We were unbearable, but we loved it.")

Danny also wanted his daughters to be "ladies" in the old-fashioned, protected way. When Marlo went out on a date ("usually double, sometimes triple—a real mob scene," she says wryly), she always had a curfew. If she was late, Danny was sometimes standing on the front lawn with a shotgun. "There he'd be," she recalls with a groan, "with his overcoat and his hat and a big cigar—and that shotgun. I knew he was just into his Daddy role with a vengeance, and that he wasn't going to *shoot* anybody, but there were some poor guys I never heard from again. Who could blame them?" Though she got furious at him when he pulled this stunt, she forgave him because she understood and shared his flair for the dramatic gesture. (She sometimes calls him Orson, for Orson Welles, and he has called her Sarah Heartburn since she was a tot.)

Marlo was "never cowed" by this intense and dominating father. Why? She gives him a lot of the credit. "Although he was strict, he cared about my feelings. I can't remember his ever saying, 'You'll do this because I say so.' Instead, he'd sit with me by the hour explaining his reasons for a punishment. My mother would say 'For heaven's sake, just spank her and send her upstairs. You'll drive her crazy with all this talk.' But he believed you had to have a good reason to say no to a person, even if they were little. As a result, though I often disagreed with him, I never once in my life thought he was mean, or disliked him, and I learned a lot about understanding other people's point of view."

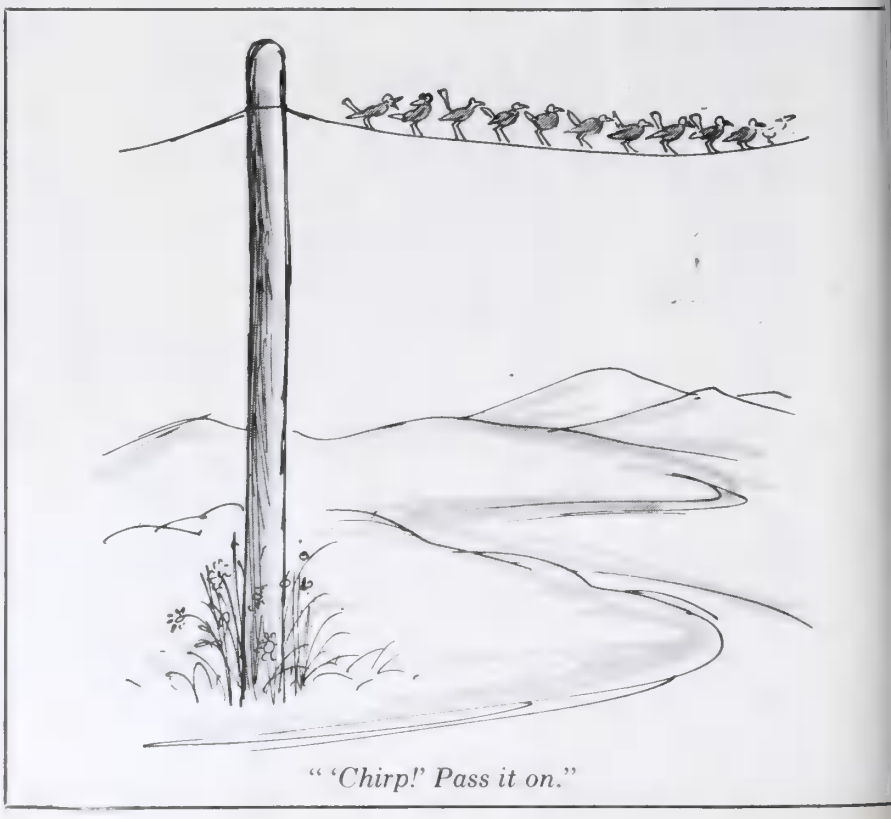
Danny's explanation of his role in Marlo's strength of will is sh
though not necessarily simpler: "
loved her, always, like God rains

It was probably inevitable, th
that such a determined daughter w
ultimately stop thinking that Dadd
ways had all the answers. That mo
came when Marlo announced her i
tion to become an actress. Even th
Danny had taught her a lot a
comedy and acting and the telev
business, he never encouraged her t
into show business. So, when she
to the University of Southern Califo
she majored in English and gradua
summa cum laude, with a teaching
tificate. She was even offered a jo
the highly-desired Beverly Hills sc
district. Danny was probably waitin
hear about her marriage plans when
told him, instead, that she was goin
New York to study acting.

Had seen it himself

He hit the roof. "All I wanted for
kids, ever, was that they be happy. T
I could share their happiness. Bu
didn't think this would make her hap
He had visions of his beloved el
daughter—with hundreds of other ho
fuls—trying out for parts in cast
offices all over New York. He'd see
himself: the years of rejection, the g
so nervous they sometimes wet th
pants when it came their turn to
dition. He was so worried that
afternoon he shouted at Marlo, in an
characteristically critical tone: "Yo
never make it, you can't do it." An
and hurt, she retorted: "Oh, yea

(continued on page 1



" 'Chirp!' Pass it on."



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Cicely Tyson: Reflections on a Lone Black Rose

She is a familiar face on movie and TV screens. But precious little is known about the real Cicely Tyson. Now a friend provides a rare glimpse of a remarkable woman.

By Maya Angelou

Would I write an article on Cicely Tyson? When *Ladies' Home Journal* asked me, I jumped at the chance. I had known Cicely for 15 years or more, admired her talents and loved her sense of humor. But my heart halted in midjump. How could she take two days of her time to sit and talk to me? And what about my full schedule? The last time I had seen her, for three spring days in 1976, we had worked together in Savannah, Ga., performing in the television adaptation of Alex Haley's powerful saga, *Roots*. She had played the mother of the young hero, and I had acted the role of the grandmother. Now she was in Hollywood filming *A Hero Ain't Nothing but a Sandwich*, and I was about to begin a promotion tour for my new book. She was a serious, busy working woman—and so was I.

I telephoned Cicely.

"Hey, Beauty."

"Hey, Lady."

Giggle, giggle.

"I want to do an article on you."

"Fabulous. Really? When?"

"I need some time to talk. I could come to Hollywood, but I think we'd be disturbed there. Can you come to Sonoma County? We can sit under oak trees and walk through the grass down to the horse corral."

She hesitated. "Well . . ."

"I grow all my own vegetables and you can eat corn, green peppers and tomatoes straight out of the garden."

"I'll come. Okay. You've got me convinced. I'll come."

Cicely arrived carrying her little white dog; she was thinner than she had been some months before in Savannah. Now, here in the country, she seemed smaller. As beautiful but more frail. Her eyes are black and slanted and almost too large for such a small face; they glint with excitement. She turns her head and nods in quick, smooth movements and her thin, pointed fingers wave as if they play on an invisible reed instrument. Her photographs do not prepare one for her ruggedness; and, hearing her mellifluous voice, one is not ready for her wiry, hard surface.

Ms. Tyson presents a series of complications and contradictions that astound. She has won fame as a film and stage actress, yet she is a pianist of concert standard. She has given recitals at many of New York's concert halls, but now not only refuses to play but is reluctant to speak of her concertizing days. Her mother had been fierce in dictating Cicely's piano rehearsal schedule and piano performing schedule. "I decided when I could dictate my own life, I would never touch another piano. I realize that was youthful rebellion. I did pretty much the same thing with marriage. When I was eighteen, I married nearly the first person who proposed. As soon as the ceremony was over and I was out of my mother's house, the marriage was over and I was out of my husband's house. I decided I had done marriage. So I never had to marry again. That, too, represents youthful rebellion. Now I am moving closer to maturity. I might play the piano again, I might, maybe. But as for marriage," she laughs, "don't ask."

She is a young, passionate woman who says she is able to control her romantic energy and totally enjoy being alone. "I sublimate," she explains. "I take all my passion and jam it into the passion of the character I'm playing. It always works." She appreciates an occasional gourmet dinner, but could exist happily on a diet of fresh fruits, nuts and vegetables.

She sits curled up, barefoot, in the corner of my large and comfortable sofa, seeming to relish the luxury as much as a cat loves a soft place before a fire. Yet she has come to the sofa only after having run three miles along unfamiliar country roads in Northern California's Sonoma County.

Photograph by Charles William Bush

e is small (5 feet 3 inches and 100
lls), yet when she shakes hands
hrust is thorough, completely en-
ering the invited hand, and her
is strong and powerful.
ely Tyson, one-time model, one-
concert pianist, heralded now as
f America's most talented actresses.
is she?
am a puzzlement. I am a puzzle
self. Sometimes I know that I am
ed in a lifelong search and I even
what I am searching for."
hesitates, living in a quiet mo-
, then her hands begin to fly around
air like two dark birds frightened
f their nest.
nd at other times, I not only don't
what I'm searching for, but I even
difficulty understanding the search
."
e laughs. Reddened lips stretch
s her large white teeth, which pro-
just enough to make her smile dis-
ve. Cicely Tyson is considered one
great American beauties. Her pic-
looks out of the nation's slick mag-
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ye Dunaway and Ali MacGraw and
current beauties; yet if her teeth
t out one more millimeter, she
d lose her place in a beauty contest
se of an overbite.
irst met Cicely Tyson at New York
s St. Mark Playhouse in 1961. I had
ioned for a role in Jean Genet's *The*
ks, which was to open three weeks
When I was told that I had been
en to play the role of the White
en, I responded with trembling
l. It was not stage fright that caused
uch discomfort, but rather the inse-
y a country person feels in the com-
of city-bred people. Although I had
studied in New York City and had
from time to time in Manhattan
clubs, I always felt I still had one
on the dirt roads of the Arkansas
l town where I grew up.

(continued on page 44)



uthor Maya Angelou with Cicely Tyson (left) in the TV version of best-selling novel, Roots.

Are you still douching with a full quart of water?

Gynecologists still recommend that, when you douche, you use a full quart of water for optimum effectiveness.* And that shouldn't surprise you. Because most women agree a full quart is what it takes to make them feel clean, fresh and feminine. That's why we've **Good.** made Massengill Liquid and Powder to mix with a full quart of water. After all, if you want to wash out built-up secretions, or if you just want to feel really fresh after menstruation (or any other time), it stands to reason that you should stay with a full-quart douche.



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*A national survey conducted in 1975 among 199 obstetricians, gynecologists, and general practitioners found that 72% recommended at least a quart of solution for douching.

The Exxon E
for Women.

CONSERVING ENERGY:
IT'S AS IMPORTANT TODAY AS IT WAS DURING THE SHORTAGE OF '73-'74. HERE'S WHY, AND WHAT YOU CAN DO.

During the winter of 1973/1974, Americans realized that it was critical to "save a watt" and "not be fuelish." Energy conservation was the watchword because some of the foreign oil we were using was cut off, and domestic supplies of gas and oil had not been able to meet all of our needs for some time.

Today energy conservation is practiced by many Americans. But greater efforts, by more people, are needed because conserving energy is absolutely vital.

CONSERVATION: ANOTHER ENERGY SOURCE.

Gas and oil are finite, nonreplaceable resources. That's why Exxon is working on developing other sources of energy, as well as on ways of finding more gas and oil. But development takes time: 3 to 7 years to establish a coal mine; and it's going to take time before enough solar systems can be put into use to make a substantial contribution to our energy needs.

No doubt you're wondering how you and others can save energy, and if your individual efforts can save enough to really do any good. Absolutely! And one of the best places each of us can save energy is at home. When you consider the impact of 57 million American family dwelling units, the savings add up fast. In fact, the National Petroleum Council estimates that 14% of the energy now used in America's dwelling units could be saved ...the equivalent of 11 billion gallons of petroleum products per year. So you see, your share is much more than just a drop in the barrel.

SAVING ENERGY ALSO SAVES MONEY.

The wise use of energy is also wise money-management, for it can save on your fuel and electric bills. Some examples: HEAT. Each degree above 68°F on your thermostat can add 3% to the amount of energy needed, and a proportionate amount to your heating bill. LIGHT. One 100-watt bulb burning for 10 hours uses the equivalent of 1 pound of coal . . . you pay for it on your electric bill. WATER. If a faucet leaks one drop of water per second, it can waste 700 gallons a year. If it's hot water, that's both energy and money down the drain.

There are countless ways to save energy. Our tip is to find the ways that are most practicable for you. You'll find familiar suggestions—and perhaps some surprises—right on the next page.

CHECK YOUR HOME AGAINST THIS HOME.

1. Is your insulation adequa Attic? Outside walls? Arou doors? Have storm window Proper insulation is the *single gr est way* to cut heating bills. (Che a contractor for local requiremer
2. Try this: close your refrig tor door on a new dollar Does it hold the bill tightly? If the refrigerator probably needs new gasket.

Check the Energy Efficiency R ing when buying any appliance, cluding air conditioners.

Another energy-saver is to th meats before cooking.

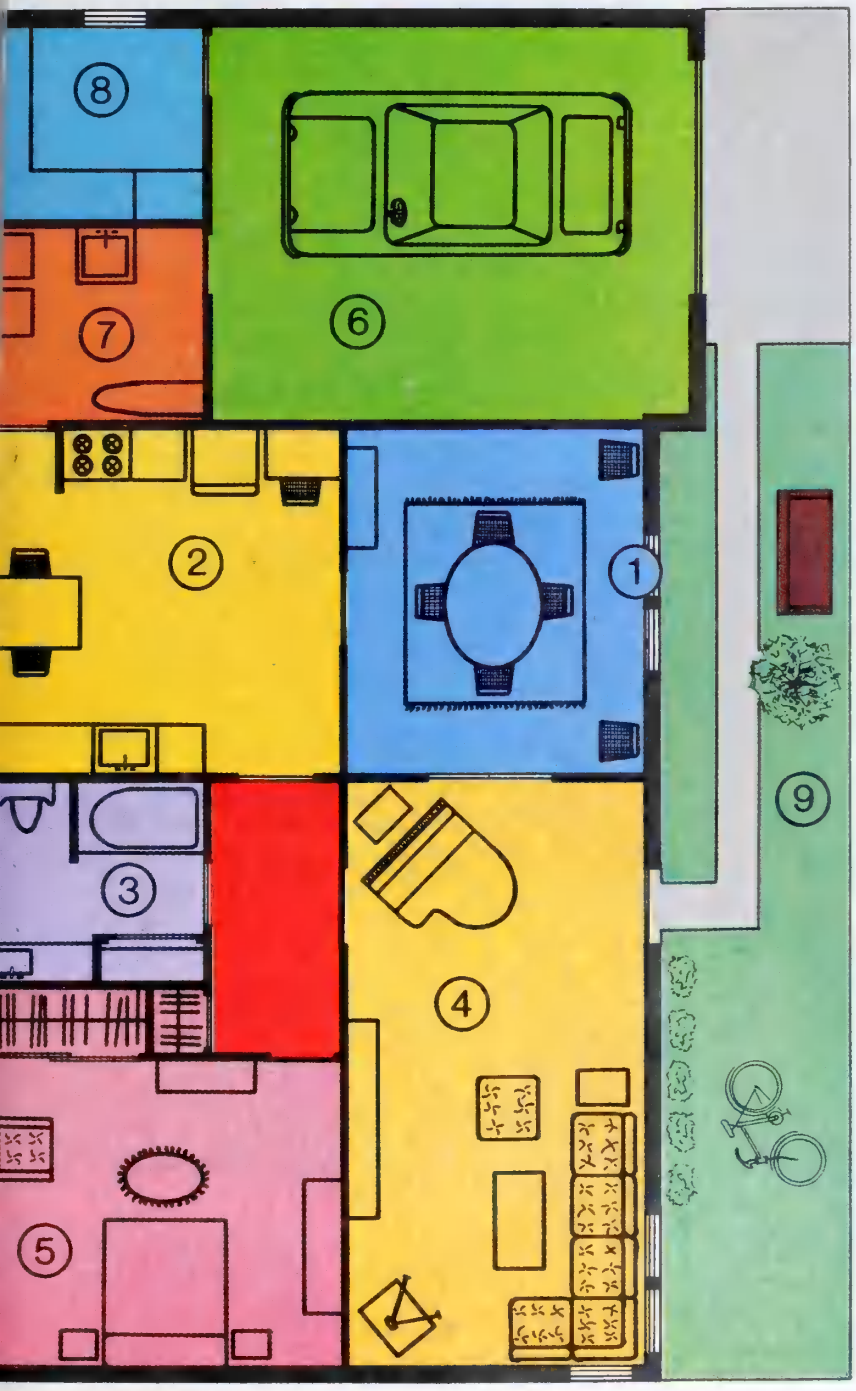
3. Surprise! Taking showers stead of baths uses only abo ½ as much hot water.
4. No one's watching . . . bet turn off the TV. And how abo switching to lower wattage lig bulbs wherever you can?
5. Is that air conditioner rea needed every time you use
6. Car pool and combine trips. And when you drive stay und 55 mph—you'll use 11% less g oline than driving at 65 mph.

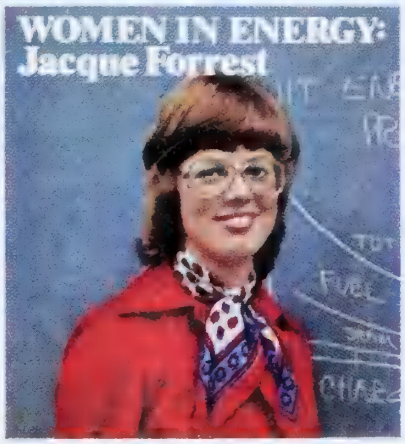
Regular tune-ups and proper ti pressure save fuel, too.

7. Be sure to wash and dry or full loads of clothes. Also, a you washing with cold water wh ever you can?
8. Are power tools needed, ev for that small job? Musc power might do it as well.
9. Use your own energy—sa the nation's. Bicycle!

Also make a habit of using ma transit. And encourage your frien to do the same thing, too.

nergy Course Topic #4.





As Energy Conservation Coordinator for Exxon's Baytown, Texas, Refinery, Jacque Forrest calculated how energy can be saved while converting crude oil into usable products. Says Jacque, "I set the goals. But it's the process operators—the people with their hands on the valves—who really influence savings." To train refinery workers, Jacque developed an audio-visual presentation called HELP! (Halt Energy Losses Please.) Exxon has distributed the HELP program to all of its U.S. refineries.

First in her chemical engineering class at the University of Texas at Austin, Jacque graduated *magna cum laude*. She is also a member of Tau Beta Pi, the national honorary engineering society.



Energy for a strong America.

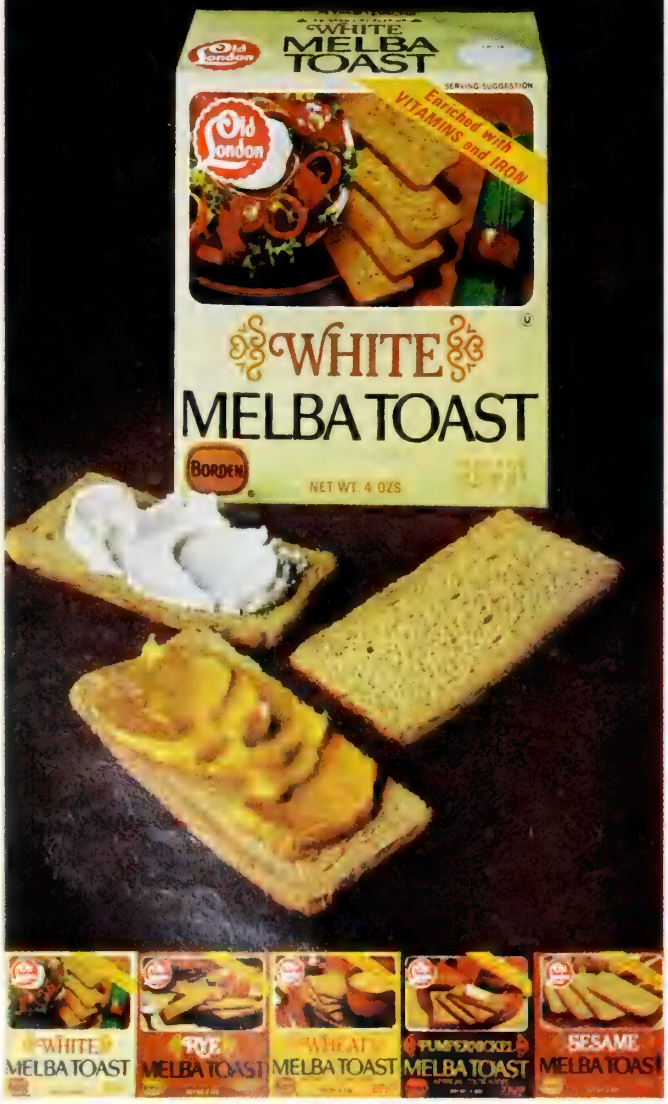
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Cicely Tyson

continued from page 41

When I arrived, the theater was dark and the only light on the stage dim and eerie. A few people sat in the front rows, while a lone man sat on a chair mid-stage. He had been talking when I entered. I walked down the aisle toward the stage, and the man looked up and abruptly shouted, "Who are you? Who are you? What do you want?" I told him my name, and if he relented his severity, I couldn't tell. "Well, come on down and meet the rest of the cast." In the front row I was introduced to a group of sophisticates who seemed to be as at ease in a theater as Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne would be. Except for Abby Lincoln, who was my closest friend, and Godfrey Cambridge, with whom I had worked, the rest—among them Cicely Tyson—were strangers.

We immediately began a course of work that was to strain nearly everyone to the breaking point. After a week of ten-hour daily rehearsals, the social graces began to disappear as if they had melted in the perspiration of hard work. Only Cicely seemed immune to the erosive power of repetitive rehearsal. She was the smallest member of the cast, as finely made as Venetian blown glass and more beautiful. Her composure never wavered; in fact, she became increasingly kinder, more tolerant, more gracious. Admittedly, there was a coolness about her, a distance that was neither hostile nor benevolent.

"I need the time. I need the moment. I must withdraw. I must discover what my soul has to tell me. What I must say to my soul. As long as I can remember, I have always needed to withdraw myself from company. I like people, but I also like being alone. Solitude is friendly to me. I need time to turn myself around. That's what I call it."

When I first read *The Blacks*, and even after hearing the dialogue in rehearsal, I believed that of all the characters Virtue (Cicely's role) was the most frivolous, the easiest to comprehend. Her lines did not puzzle me and I thought her motivation obvious. Gradually, however, the role began to change and grow. Gradually, Virtue became a clearly dominant character in a cast loaded with dominant characters. Cicely changed the woman from a flirtatious madcap into a determined vamp.

She could slither across the stage, as sinuous as Eden's serpent and with no less deadliness than Cleopatra's asp. By opening night, Virtue was not just sexy—she had become sex itself. Cicely won the prestigious Obie (Off-Broadway award) for her performance. I wondered how a little woman like that could project such sensuality.

Daddy's favorite

Cicely leaned back into the sofa, bouncing a California orange in her dark hand. "My mother was strict. I mean, my sister, who is two years older, could have company. She could always, really, do anything she wanted to do. But not I. Mother watched me like a hawk. Mother had left my father, who had a produce stall in Harlem, and she always said that I was Daddy's baby. She seemed to resent that and that I favored him so much and that I had been his favorite. So she made me pay for that for years. I was always the one who got the beatings, and I suppose I understand why. She knew if anything happened to me, I mean, if I 'went wrong,' my father would never forgive her and there would be hell to pay. So my mother watched me like a hawk."

"When I grew up in Harlem, every girl I knew had at least one boyfriend. Of course, I didn't expect boys would be very interested in me anyway. I was tall. Well, I was! I was taller than anyone else. And I was skinny. They called me string bean. I wasn't pretty, either. I sucked my thumb until I was twelve years old. That's why my teeth are like what they are today. Nothing my mother did could break *(continued)*

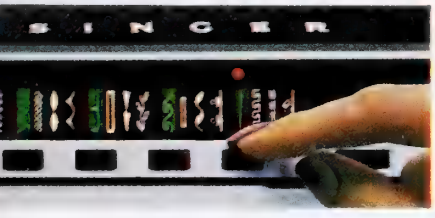
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Cicely Tyson

continued

me of that habit. And she tried everything. Taping it up, wrapping it, putting red pepper on it. I would just scrape whatever she had put on off and pop my thumb back in my mouth.

"Then one morning I woke up, put my thumb in my mouth and it didn't feel right. I took it out and looked at it. I turned my hand around as far as it would go, back around again, examining my thumb. It seemed the same, so I stuck it back in. It still didn't taste right, so I took it out and never, never sucked my thumb again. But years of the habit caused my teeth to protrude, so boys didn't notice me much. Then my breasts began to develop and develop and develop even more, until just naturally I hunched my shoulders to try to hide my bust. I was sixteen before I ever kissed a boy. Can you believe it? I can still remember his name. And the kiss. He was Joe and the kiss was delicious. That was my introduction to sex. A single kiss from Joe in a doorway on a summer afternoon."

After a few months, I left Cicely and the rest of the cast of *The Blacks* and joined my husband in Egypt. I went to work as a journalist and my life became concerned with political issues, news bulletins, keeping a marriage in balance and raising a son. After two years my son and I moved to Ghana, and I began to work at the University of Ghana as administrative assistant. The theater and its artists had receded from my consciousness as if they had never been. I had taken on the sober attitudes of a civil servant and the stiffness of a bureaucrat. Then one morning I received a telegram from New York.

> Maya Angelou: The original company of *The Blacks* has been invited to perform at Berlin's Folk Opera and at the Venice Bienale. Stop. Are you interested? Stop. Signed: Sidney Bernstein, Producer. Interested? Were the pyramids stone?

All changed except Cicely

In Berlin I found the cast older, even more sophisticated, more assured. When we met in the rehearsal hall, I noticed a few lines creasing the familiar faces. Voices seemed deeper, a little tired, a little blasé. Everyone seemed changed—except Cicely. She still had the little girl look, the pealing laughter as high and clear as chimes. We found adjoining rooms and talked late into the German nights. I told her about my life in Africa and asked how she could retain such youthful simplicity while playing a relentless siren for four years and being heralded as an extraordinarily talented actress. Years later, Tyson would astonish viewers of *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman* by playing a 20-year-old woman, the same woman at 40 and the same character 64 years later.

"Age is a concept. People think if you look sixteen you should play sixteen. If you look sixty, you should play sixty. I don't agree. I have never agreed with that. I believe you can be two years old if you want to. You can be it by being it. Being. Being two. I could play Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz*, if I chose. Because I believe age is a concept I agreed to play Jane Pittman. I visited old people. I sat and listened to them talk. I watched them walk. I studied their bodies, their hands, their eyes and when I got ready to play one hundred years old, I became one hundred years old. Many people wonder how old I actually am. Some even have the nerve to ask me. I never tell them because they are asking me not for myself, for who or what I am, but for the numbers I can tell them. Age is not numbers. Age is a concept of Being."

After my second stint with *The Blacks*, I returned to the U. S. The years passed. Cicely and I met in theater lobbies, at little intimate parties and sometimes in the street. She played in a television series with George C. Scott, becoming the first black woman on national television to sport an Afro. Then suddenly she dropped from the theatrical scene. One second, she was there, heralded as one of America's most promising actresses, and the next she seemed nowhere. Cicely had fallen in love. Miles Davis, the famous trumpet player, had taken her heart and for three years, from 1965 to 1968, she gave to him all the energy that she had formerly put into her profession. She appeared so ambitious before, so certain of where she was going and how she would arrive at her desired destination, that it seemed improbable that she would completely surrender her art, her intent, her profession. And yet, as she explains it, it all fits.

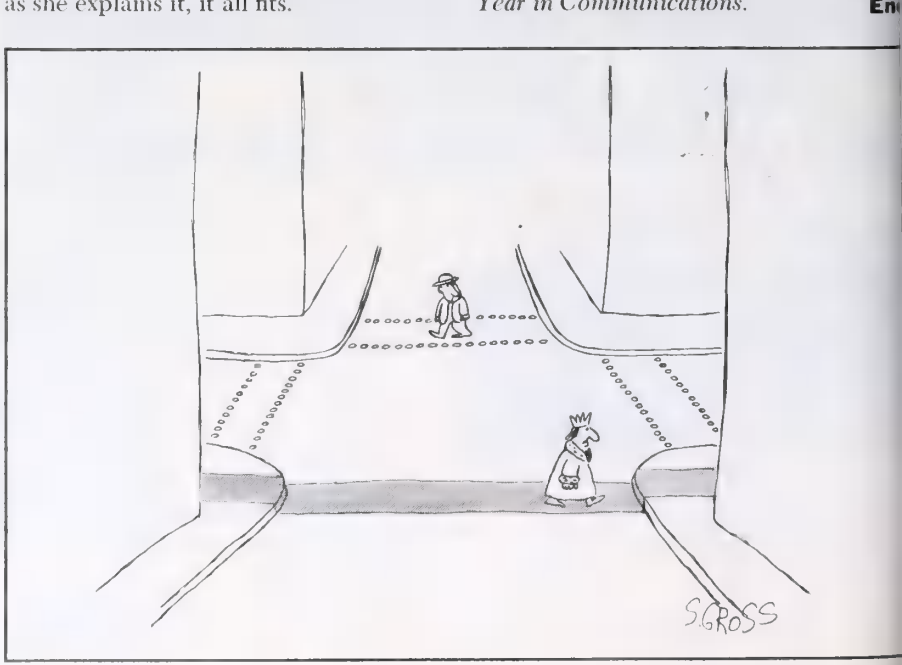
"I can only do one thing at a time loved Miles and he loved me. I want to be all things to him. His love, woman, his friend, his buddy. I could do otherwise. I was never really interested in formal marriage. I gave him I had to give and that satisfied me. I to all he had to give and thought myself very lucky woman. When we had more to give each other, our relationsh was over. I could no more act while I w with him than I could fly while swi ming. I am glad I did it. I would do again. I am richer for the experienc Now I am acting. Theater is my world don't mean I don't have friends, son companionship, some intimacy. But t great love? That all-in romance. N now. When I finish filming this picture shall withdraw again. I shall go alo somewhere to be close to myself. I sh find out what my soul is saying. I sh get recharged. I shall turn myself arou again. Solitude is friendly to me."

Now she lives alone in a beach hou in Southern California. "I need the sou of the sea, the waves, the breakers. Fu ny, huh? I was born in New York City the heart of Harlem, but when I hea the roar of the Pacific Ocean, I decide I had found my way home."

As she speaks her face relaxes, h hands become still. She has alread withdrawn from the interview.

> I turn to you . . .
> I see the flowering night
> Cameo condensed
> into the lone black rose
> of your face.
> —*Flowers of Darkness* by Frank M. Dav

Maya Angelou, journalist, actress, novelist and poet, is the author of I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, *and most recently of* Singin' and Swingin' and Gettin' Merry Like Christmas. *In 1976 she was named the* Journal's *Woman of the Year in Communications.* **En**




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EXERCISE SECRETS OF A HOLLYWOOD "BODY DOCTOR"

"Cher came to me slightly swaybacked. She also had a flat fanny. Now her rump is round."



"It's terrific to have a better shape," says Ali MacGraw, "but to feel better is twice as important."



"Candice Bergen, who suffered from lower back pain, had to build a lower girdle of strength."



"We slimmed Raquel Welch's hips, as we corrected a slight sag in her rear and around her armpits."





Exercise master Fletcher with clients Shirley Jones, Katharine Ross and Susan Blakely.

Photograph by Sherman Weisburd

What do Candice Bergen, Ali MacGraw, Cher and Raquel Welch have that you don't? Ron Fletcher! By Alan Ebert

Dyan Cannon can now boast of the "firmest fanny in the West." Candice Bergen says her body feels "longer, more stretched out and with an elasticity it previously lacked." Cher is happy because she is now "round in the rump, instead of flat." Ali MacGraw, besides having a prettier figure, says she is in communication with her entire body now, rather than with just a few of its parts.

Dyan, Candice, Cher and Ali owe their new selves to their work with Ron Fletcher, whose exercise studio reigns supreme among Beverly Hills "body shops." Fletcher, 54, a former choreographer and dancer, can currently claim responsibility for more bodies beautiful than anyone since the Creator. Raquel Welch, Katharine Ross, Barbra Streisand, Shirley Jones, Natalie Wood, Goldie Hawn and Sandy Duncan are all believers in, and beneficiaries of, Fletcher's "Body Contrology"—a discipline designed to realign and recondition the body.

Fletcher's theory is that *any* body, at any age, can be improved upon. "All it takes is work," he says. "Work!" laughs Dyan Cannon. "It's agony! But the results make it all worthwhile."

Discipline is the key to contrology. Fletcher's program demands total coordination of body, mind, spirit—and breath. "Only by bringing the four together through total concentration can control of the body be achieved," he explains. "The initial step is to find one's center, that place where one's balance is located. Once that is achieved, freedom to move the body at will comes. That allows the body to fill its life space with presence and authority."

This initial centering begins with building what Ron calls a "lower girdle of strength." To do this, he instructs the novice to lie face up on a floor mat. Then she must try to flatten her spine as she simultaneously pulls in the abdominus muscles to meet the spine. As they connect, she is "centered." To help her remember what this feels like, she is to imagine a bolt securing spine and belly together. Fletcher calls this "skewering." This puts the spine and, therefore the body, into proper alignment. Muscles of the body can then be exercised properly. "In contrology," Fletcher says, "the development of the lower girdle of strength makes all other body strength possible. Eventually, the feeling of being bolted down, or skewered, is replaced by muscular memory, which automatically tightens the belly and butt. That strength in the pelvic area gives total freedom to the rest of the body."

The next lesson concerns breathing. Exhalation and inhalation—emptying the lungs of stale air and filling them with fresh—are essential elements in contrology. Fletcher's technique employs "percussive breathing"—taking successive short breaths—to fill the lungs. Advanced students can take 18 short breaths, filling their lungs fully, before exhaling in 18 equally short breaths. "By bringing more oxygen into the system," he says, "the blood stream is activated, creating a greater flow of blood. This speeds circulation and the elimination of body wastes. All the extremities, including the brain, are activated by the increased usage of the lungs and the entire system feels rejuvenated."

Deep breathing, properly done, can also enlarge the thoracic muscle, which increases bust measurement. "Through proper breathing, the sternum (breastbone) is raised," explains Fletcher, "totally altering the posture. A woman's carriage becomes a statement." For example, Raquel Welch's body, which Fletcher calls the most showy and spectacular, definitely says something. But Ron helped her combat her tendency toward loose muscle tone. They worked on raising her sternum, which in turn raised her breasts. "By stretching Raquel upward, developing her lower girdle of strength, we slimmed her hips as we corrected a slight sag in her rear and around her armpits."

The third element of contrology, the one that really separates it from other exercise programs, is Fletcher's insistence on full mental participation. "This work cannot be done by rote," says Ali MacGraw, his most advanced student. "Your mind and spirit must work in *(continued)*



I can't seem to forget you.
Your Wind Song stays on my mind.



Wind Song Perfume by Prince Matchabelli

EXERCISE SECRETS

continued

harmony with both body and breath. That makes it, literally, a mind-blowing experience. By applying all of me to the exercises, by concentrating on understanding each part of the puzzle—and the body is a puzzle, at first—I am able to clear my head of all trivia and junk. The dozens of variations make boredom impossible. I leave feeling high. And the pieces of the puzzle now fit as one unit. I am aware of my body and its needs."

Dyan Cannon says she is now doing things with her body that she once thought only Russian women athletes could do. "Ron taught me that my little toe is not disconnected from my pinkie; that a healthy body works collectively. I feel three inches taller, five pounds lighter and ten years younger."

Cher exercises for two consecutive hours each time, "just to put my body, mind and soul all in the same place. Ron's is a feeling-good trip."

The "feeling-good" atmosphere that pervades the studio emanates from Ron himself. He is mild-mannered, both personally and professionally, encouraging his students rather than chastising them. He also treats them equally, star or non-star. There is one price for all—$12 per session—and all sessions meet in the same simple, blue-and-green-carpeted room. Clients such as Barbra Streisand and Nancy Reagan, who ask for private quarters, either become one of the girls or go elsewhere. Fletcher can understand the reticence a woman might feel about appearing before others nearly naked in her leotard. But he won't let anyone wallow in shyness. Instead, he believes in overcoming a student's hesitancy with reassurance, which comes both from Ron himself—and also, he emphasizes, from her peers.

Group spirit prevails

Ron's encouraging attitude is infectious. A strong, supportive group spirit thrives among his students. They are all competing against flab, not against each other. "There is no cattiness at Ron's," Cher says, "None of us ever wears make-up or a Pucci or Gucci to the club. We work out individually but together, and we have a blast."

Dyan Cannon seconds that opinion. "If anything, there is a rah-rah type of encouragement. The enemy is body-rot, not the chick with the sensational shape." Adds dancer Paula Kelly, "I've left other studios because of their put-down atmosphere. But Ron's attitude makes all the difference. Everyone just grooves with the joy of movement."

"Ron is the reason most of us are here," says Ali. "Yeah, him and our masochism," adds Cher. "He's merciless—but I adore him."

Despite their professional need to maintain beautiful bodies, Fletcher's devotees are more likely to speak of his program's therapeutic results than its cosmetic benefits. "The studio is not another trendy trip for a bunch of beautiful broads," says Ali. "Sure it's terrific to have a better shape, but it's twice as important to feel better."

Candice Bergen is one who feels decidedly better. She had been a lower-back sufferer for years. "There were days at a time when I was crippled with spasms—the whole mess," she says. Fletcher, after watching her walk and surveying her posture, realigned her spine. "Candice had to build a lower girdle of strength. When she did, her spine, which had been rigid, gained the flexibility it lacked, and her back pains have vanished." Actress Susan Blakely, a former exercise hater, now reports regularly to Fletcher. "His realignments accomplished in one month what my chiropractor couldn't in three years—removing the tension in my neck and shoulders." Mrs. Tony Curtis is so much stronger that she can now "lift both kids, and probably Tony too" despite two hernias. Katharine Ross, whose back was "like poured concrete" from years of horseback riding, is now loose and limber.

Cher not only corrected her slight swayback, but in the process removed the bulge from her thighs and put it where it belonged—in her fanny. "Even my dress designer, Bob Mackie, has commented on the change," she says. "My body was never as good as people thought. I was just thin and Bob had to design to cover my flaws. No more!"

The trim, muscular Fletcher is especially proud of the therapeutic benefits of his contrology. "Helping others to feel better about themselves physically and mentally means a lot to me," he explains. So four years ago, he opened the Ron Fletcher Studio at the same location it occupies today. He drummed up his first clients by mailing leaflets to names in the Beverly Hills phonebook. At first, his operation was so small that he had to hand-launder the dirty towels each night himself. His big break came when the socially prominent Brooke Hooper (daughter of Margaret Sullivan and Leland Hayward) brought in the equally prominent Candice Bergen and Paula Prentiss. Then came Nancy Reagan, who rushed into Ron's studio one morning after seeing a newspaper photograph of herself that revealed her sagging underarms. His name was made.

Today his small business has burgeoned. Now about 300 clients, many of them men, come to the studio at least twice a week. Three full-time assistants and four student teachers comprise his staff now. Ron's popularity continues to increase despite the comparative rigors of his program. He absolutely refuses to offer "spot fixing" for specific problem areas—flabby thighs, pot be whatever—but insists that every stu begin with the basics. After they l learned to build their "lower girdl strength," the work on problem a comes naturally.

Bodies need tuning

The one thing that Ron cannot c prehend is why people neglect t bodies. Most people take better car their possessions, he feels, than of t bodies. "Five minutes, twice a d that's all it takes," he says. "What r ly causes aging is not over-eating booze as much as neglect. Bodies are not tuned daily become decre

Even women with plenty of time money, celebrities who should know ter, could use help, Ron says. He w love to "raise" Jacqueline Onassis. veloping her girdle of strength w correct her slight swayback and 'saddle-bags.' That outer area along thighs where the extensor muscles are cated needs work." He would sente Britain's Queen Elizabeth to the rack stretching. "The Queen actually ha classic shape but it is blurred and lum Her rib cage as well as her royal 'hi ness' needs raising. Princess Grace Monaco is too round. She has great b ing, but she needs leaning down firming up."

Nor should exercise cease dur pregnancy, he maintains. "Natalie W was advised by her doctors to stop activity during her last pregnancy and eat whatever she wanted. When she turned to the studio, her normally te fic and tiny form was all muddled Her muscle tone was gone, replaced fat. She drooped and sagged. We had rebuild her lower girdle of strength. course, her diet helped, but it w mainly strengthening her abdomin muscles that brought her back to h usual great shape. But that she lost th shape at all was unnecessary. Controlo practiced during pregnancy strengthe a woman's internal organs, her back a stomach muscles. Because she holds h self higher, the baby is held more firm and higher, too. The body simply does get as distorted by the extra weight an upon delivery, snaps back within wee to its former tone."

These days, Fletcher sees only o drawback to his success. "I feel like need to be stretched," he says. "There just not enough of me to go around More people ask, "Where's Ron?" tha he can properly administer to. Candi Bergen explains, "People are drawn Ron. He is a nice man and a good ma People sense his realness and they wa a part of it." But now, getting a part his personalized service is impossibl unless Fletcher expands. This he refus to do. "I'm not out to build a monster he says. "Only lots of lovely, health bodies." **En**

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1,000 Fourth Prize Winners will receive a "Decorating Ideas Book" by Better Homes and Gardens.

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L

Psychiatrist's notebook

By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

In a new year, a new you is possible! Dr. Rubin talks about your amazing ability to change psychologically.

Can people really change? Each of us has a high personal stake in this question, unless we are unusually smug and self-satisfied. We'd like to change for the better—to be happier, to handle stress well, to give up destructive habits. And the question of human change is, of course, the bedrock issue of psychiatry. However, many of my professional colleagues would argue that people don't really change; they simply repeat childhood patterns over and over again, with minor variations. I disagree, emphatically.

I have seen people change dramatically. A young woman whose terror of airplanes was destroying her career now flies happily around the country on business trips. A man whose wife almost left him because of his inability to communicate now devotes much of his time learning to give and receive his family's love.

Those are dramatic changes, and though they are possible, they probably aren't as common as subtler changes in personality, behavior and attitudes. If you are out of your teens, you probably know from firsthand experience that in some barely perceptible ways you are a different person than you were at 16. Through the process of time and circumstances, you have learned to adapt your behavior. The changes may be difficult to see, and you probably don't give yourself much credit for them because they happened very gradually and didn't produce fireworks. "I used to cry at the drop of a hat," I heard a woman say, with the utmost casualness. "But it didn't do much good, and I never cry to get my way anymore." She didn't realize what a giant change in herself this represented.

As these examples imply, change can come about through the simple process of time, especially for people who recognize their true feelings and are strongly motivated to change. It is much harder for those who deny and hide from themselves their true wishes and fears. For these people, and for those who need help in identifying the sources of their difficulties, psychotherapy can help to bring about change.

But psychotherapy is no panacea; motivation is all-important. Every good therapist knows and accepts the fact that some people do not want to change, though they may say they do. Only the patient can supply motivation, and only the patient can decide to change. The therapist can aid, support, instruct, empathize and guide, but the work of change belongs to the patient. And it is hard, sometimes painful, work.

To change—even in a seemingly small way—means to give up some behavior or attitude that's been very important to you in the past. This is almost always frightening. Change means risk: "I *know* what will happen if I behave in the old way; but how will I—and other people—react if I am different?" Even if the old way is clearly self-destructive and painful, it served some purpose and has the tremendous advantage of being familiar. But every change means risk—the risk of losing an old, damaging habit for a new, unknown action. So motivation and desire must be joined by a willingness to take the risk; if you let your fear have the upper hand, you will not be able to change.

SUCCESS BREEDS SUCCESS

Once a person decides to change, the process is often relatively slow, even with the help of a therapist. This is natural and necessary, and you should not berate yourself because it takes so long to see progress. In these matters, most of us tend to be cautious, and to proceed in a two-steps-forward, one-step-backward fashion. We test out the water, we slip back into familiar patterns, we taste fear again—and then again. But this process can be a vital part of meaningful change; it gives us a chance to *feel* both the old way and the new, and to make a decision based on that unique, personal experience. This is true whether the desired change is to lose weight or to become more assertive. And while it is important not to give up, it's also important to have compassion, patience and tolerance for yourself for the time it takes.

Fortunately for all of us, the ability to make one change increases our capacity for further change by promoting emotional health. Success gives us hope, confidence and a belief in our own flexibility and willingness to take risks—and that is a fair definition of emotional health. When you are feeling hopeless and resigned to an unhappy status quo, remember this: Human beings are the most complicated, unpredictable, flexible and adaptable creatures on this planet. Your brain contains a psychoneurological structure and potential that is greater than all the computers of the world combined. This is why human beings have been able to invent and adapt to the bewildering variety of human cultures produced through the ages.

If we let it, life itself produces endless experiences that demand change. If you are motivated and willing to struggle, you can change and grow for as long as you live. This is the challenge, the pain—and the joy—of being human. **End**

Dr. Rubin is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of "Reflections In a Goldfish Tank" (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc.). If you have questions you would like Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.


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HOW TO FEEL MORE ALIVE AT 5:00



Some days I used to feel really dragged out by five o'clock.

You probably know the feeling because you've had it yourself. And usually just when you were planning something really nice for the evening.



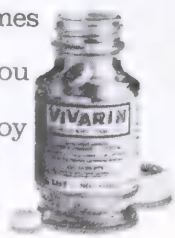
Then I found out about Vivarin.

Just one Vivarin tablet perks me up, makes me feel more alive.

You see Vivarin is a gentle pick-me-up. The active ingredient that makes Vivarin so effective is the caffeine of two cups of coffee squeezed into one easy to take tablet.

So for those times when five o'clock rolls around and you want to feel more lively, ready to enjoy the rest of the day, try Vivarin.

It really works.



Your family's health

By David R. Zimmerman

The latest on "spare parts" for arthritics. Zeroing in on "natural" birth control, etc.

SAFER PREGNANCY. Hypertension, or high blood pressure, in a pregnant woman is hazardous to her fetus and to her own health, too. Antihypertensive medication exists, but there have been few attempts to assess its safety and value in mothers-to-be. Recently, researchers in England and Ireland treated half a group of pregnant hypertensive women with the drug methyldopa, using the other half as a control. Nine untreated women lost their babies, compared to only one among the medicated group. No ill effects were found in the babies, so researchers conclude that methyldopa is safe and effective for pregnant women who have blood pressure above 170/110—provided they receive thorough prenatal care.

DEADLY BRIDGE TO SURVIVAL. Transplant specialists have worked for 20 years to overcome the problem of tissue rejection without great success. If the donor of the heart, kidney or other organ is not a blood relative, the recipient's immune defense system will not accommodate itself to the alien body tissue. Now immunologist Robert A. Good, M.D., Ph.D., director of New York's Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, suggests a risky, dramatic, but perhaps life-saving solution to transplant rejection. First, using X-rays, the recipient's own life-protecting immune defense system would be destroyed completely. Then a new system would be constructed by means of an auxiliary transplant of the donor's bone marrow and thymus tissues, the principal sources of the immune system. This way, Dr. Good says, the transplant recipient would have the *same* immunological makeup as the transplanted organ, and so could live harmoniously with it.

SPARE PARTS. Arthritis strikes mostly women. It cripples by destroying the joints in its victim's body. Bone surgeons and bio-engineers are trying to perfect replacement joints. Arthritis Foundation consultant Chitranjan Ranawat, M.D., of New York's Hospital for Special Surgery, reviews these new human spare parts:

Hip—Widely used now, this prosthesis dramatically relieves pain and restores joint function; Knee—This "hinge" is a complex joint, and so far no replacement is completely satisfactory; Shoulder—Only a few prosthetic shoulders have been used, but early results are encouraging; Elbow—Efforts to replace this complex joint have not been successful thus far; Wrist—A new total wrist implant gives limited motion, but its durability is not known; Hand—With 14 pain-prone joints, the hand is a prime replacement target, but technical problems still seem insurmountable.

OVULATION INDICATOR. Boston researchers are developing a device that could improve the accuracy of the natural method of birth control. The device, called the Ovutimer, enables a woman to determine the days of the month on which she can and cannot become pregnant. With a special probe, she withdraws mucus from her cervix, and analyzes it with the Ovutimer. The Ovutimer can differentiate between the more viscous mucus present during "safe" days, and the more fluid mucus present during ovulation, when pregnancy can occur. Now a woman assesses the fluidity of her cervical mucus by its feel alone. The Ovutimer may be available in a year or so. Cost: about $10. **End**

I know Tampax tampons are the most trusted tampons – but why?"



you take a good look at the ay a Tampax tampon is ıade, you will understand.

Start with the container-pplicator. Its slender shape and nooth, prelubricated surface ıakes insertion easy, even for be-nners. It glides the tampon into ıe correct position—neatly, quickly nd hygienically. Your fingers need ever touch the tampon. When the ampon is properly placed, you an't even feel it's there.

What's more, the Tampax tam-on applicator—like the tampon—is ushable and biodegradable. See ow the paper strips unwind when ou drop it in water. It's as simple to ispose of as a few sheets of facial ssue. That makes good sense eco-logically, too. You can't say this about plastic applicators.

"What makes the tampon itself so special?"

Remove the tampon from the container-applicator. Examine it. Feel the softly compressed, highly effective absorbent material. Next, open up the tampon and stretch it out. Note its flexibility and unique shape. In use, the Tampax tampon gently expands in all three directions—length, breadth and width—to conform closely to each individual user's vaginal contours. This is particularly important because it means less chance of bypass or leakage.

Finally, notice how the withdrawal cord is chain stitched the length of the tampon. Try pulling it off and prove to yourself just how securely it's been sewn. Upon removal, the Tampax tampon slims itself so that it is as easy and simple to withdraw as it is to insert.

"Is a deodorant necessary in a tampon?"

Not at all. When a tampon is in use, embarrassing odor does not form. So there is no need for a cover-up scent. And—since deodorants may irritate sensitive tissue or cause allergic reactions—they could be harmful.

"How can I be sure Tampax tampons are right for me?"

Tampax tampons come in three absorbency-sizes for different needs. Super, for a heavier-than-average flow. Regular, for an average flow. And a special Junior size, made only by Tampax Incorporated especially for beginners. Since Tampax tampons give you invisible internal protection, no one will ever know you're wearing them. There are no unsightly bulges. No bulkiness. And no chafing.

"How economical are Tampax tampons?"

In spite of all these advantages Tampax tampons are still more economical than most other tampons. They come in packages of 10 and 40. The 40's in particular make Tampax tampons a real economical buy.

Try them—you'll find many reasons to trust Tampax tampons. It will be easy to understand why more women use them than all other tampons combined.

TAMPAX® tampons

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The internal protection more women trust



Beauty Journal

Things practical—fine hair, mouth care—and things fun—exercises-for-two, zippy scents.

EXERCISE OF THE MONTH

Q. *My boyfriend and I want to start on a co-ed exercise program as an incentive for one another. Do you know one we can do together?*—F.B.P., Phoenix, Ariz.



A. The buddy-system *does* work to make exercising more fun. Try this one—it's good for legs, abdomen and balance. Link arms (his outside hers) while squatting back-to-back. Keep on your toes and rise, slowly and simultaneously, pressing hard against one another from upper back to the small of your back. Use your leg muscles to push yourself up to standing position. Slowly bend knees and go back down, arms still linked. Repeat as many times as possible (five is fairly good).

FANTASY FRAGRANCES

Valentine's Day lives on—and what could be more romantic (except a heart-shaped diamond) than a lush new scent? Here are three to fancy. • Inoui by Shiseido means "unprecedented," and it's that. Light enough for casual days, yet heady enough for party nights. Eau de Parfum, 2 fl. oz., $12. • Nothing subtle about Jovan's latest. It's called Sex Appeal. Frankly sensual and direct. Cologne Spray Mist, 2 oz., $7. • Coriandre is very special. Plus, it's an easy conversation-maker ("*What* are you wearing?"). By Jean Couturier, Eau de Toilette Atomizer, 2 oz., $11.

MOUTHWASHES CLEAN UP!

Indians have always chewed cloves. Cleopatra mixed water and honey. Even in bawdy Elizabethan times, Shakespeare warned, "Most, dear actors, eat no onions or garlic." But there's been nothing like the tidal wave of mouthwashes available today. Walk into any drug or grocery store and you'll find racks to choose from, all offering the promise of sweet-smelling or clean-tasting breath. One of the main distinctions in mouthwashes is between the "flavored" and "therapeutic" varieties. The flavored ones simply taste good and use mint or spices to disguise temporarily whatever doesn't taste pleasing. They usually contain some astringent quality that puckers your mouth (tightening tissues), to make your mouth feel refreshed.

The therapeutic kinds are supposed to attack the bacteria that cause bad breath via antiseptic agents. There's some disagreement over whether bacteria is indeed the culprit (and if so, how it's stopped). Whatever, all are invigorating and *do* help to flush food debris from the mouth. Besides the commercial kinds, there are two classic standbys. Regular table salt in water both cleans and refreshes. Or, for a mild antiseptic and germ-killer, use hydrogen peroxide in a 3 percent solution (in relation to water). Then, breathe freely!

BABY FINE HAIR

Fine/thin hair usually means problem hair. Bodyless. Fly-away. But, without sounding Pollyanna-ish, after delving into the problem, we came up with some pluses. First of all, if you have fine/thin hair, you're in plenty of good company. About 40 percent of the population have that kind of hair, according to estimates by David Salinger, Dir. of the Internat'l Assoc. of Trichologists. If you're not sure you fall into this category, stand in front of a mirror, lift up a lock of hair and look at your scalp. If roots are spaced with a real clearing between them, your hair is thin. Although f/t hair is not necessarily oily, soil does show up faster on this type of hair. But two good points compensate for the required frequent shampooing. One, f/t hair dries quickly—so that you're not stuck waiting around for hours after washing. Two, an aesthetic point. Clean hair shines like a piece of satin, a unique bonus that only this type of hair can boast. Here are some practical pointers for how to handle fine/thin hair more easily on a daily basis:

Cut: The thinner the hair, the shorter the cut is the general rule. At longest, fine/thin hair should stop at chin length. And be blunt-cut. If your hair is super-thin, a short cap-like cut with some layering looks best.

Color: Hair tints and dyes work well on f/t hair, by roughing up the outside of the hair shaft to make it look thicker. Ditto for streaking and highlighting.

Permanents: Curling fine/thin hair can be tricky because of the timing. It's difficult to find the right balance between too much or not enough. Better leave permanenting in the hands of a professional. Does add thickness.

After-shampooing: Most "cream" rinses make fine/thin hair even limper, more lifeless. Instead, try either a "protein" conditioner or a thickening-type product (hair-set lotions, etc.). In a pinch, beer is terrific (dilute with equal parts water).

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER



Q. *My hair is fairly thick and curly. Also, since it's quite oily, I have to wash it every few days. When I have time, I put it in rollers and sit under a dryer. Mostly, I just tie it back (which is simple but not too flattering). Do you have any other suggestions?*—L.McG., Boston, Mass.

A. With your naturally curly hair, we think you'd look great in a haircut that takes advantage of the curl. Also, a cut that's full and soft at the temples would be especially good with your high cheekbones. We suggest a side part instead of the more severe center one. It's important to ask your hair stylist for a cut with minimum upkeep—frequent shampooing isn't a problem if you don't need a "set." A word about make-up for your new cut: try an almond shape for your eyeshadow rather than the round look you now wear.



Good-bye, sad hair. Permanently.

That's what The Hair Fixer™ says to sad hair. Hair that's maged. Hair that's been bleached and colored again d again. Hair that's been permed or aightened to a frazzle.

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The Hair Fixer reinforces those broken links. Permanently. (Of course, when your hair grows out, The Hair Fixer grows out, too.) The more you use it, the more fixed your hair will be. The glossier, fuller and better it will look. You will feel as though you have more hair. You will feel as though that hair has more life. Hello, gorgeous hair! Permanently.

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Because you're worth it.®



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CHILDREN ARE SCARED OF THE DARK

Independence is a fine thing; but it isn't always what a nine-year-old boy needs most.
A short story by Barbara Holland.

"You're my party's first company," said Evan, and took Kitty by the hand and dragged her into the dining room. "Look. I did it all by myself," he said proudly.

The table was spread with sheets of drawing paper, decorated with crayoned, wavery red lines and yellow stars. Places had been set for seven, with the forks on the right, and the paper napkins were also crayoned red and yellow. Taped to the wall behind the table a row of balloons hung from strings. Several were beginning to wrinkle, and one dangled almost entirely deflated. Under them, a sheet of drawing paper announced, in red and yellow letters: HAPPY BURTHDAY EVAN L. MACREADY!

"It looks lovely," said Kitty, and winced at the phony *(continued)*

Illustration by Julia Noonan

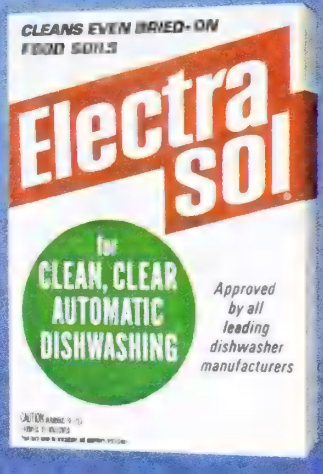


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Dry-hards are tough-to-clean dried-on foods... like spaghetti and sauce, meat loaf and gravy, scalloped potatoes and chocolate pudding... that dry and cake and stick. And stick.

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Electrasol, with its special formula, helps your automatic dishwasher give you clean, clear, bright dishes.



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DO YOU LOOK OLDER TO HIM?

Even if you do, perhaps he wouldn't even mention it. You've been with him long enough to know he's too kind and gentle to hurt your feelings. And, of course, there'll always be so many other important things between you. You'll go on liking the same music,



finishing each other's sentences and giggling spontaneously at jokes only you two understand. Still, if you looked younger, wouldn't that be one more pleasure for you to share?

It's time you joined the fortunate women from around the world who share the secret of a mysterious beauty fluid that can help a woman look younger. This remarkable, skin-cherishing liquid is known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.

Smooth Oil of Olay on your face and throat. Watch your skin virtually drink in the treasured liquid. An abundance of pure moisture, tropical oil and precious emollients penetrate your skin quickly to help ease away dryness . . . the dryness that can easily cause you to look older than you like. Older than he likes.

Within moments after applying Oil of Olay, your skin feels softer and smoother. Your face takes on a renewed lustre and glow, even without makeup. Did you expect to see that look again? And, beginning with the very first day, you'll notice that little wrinkle lines (which are accented by dryness) show less. The difference will be apparent to other people too; perhaps especially to him. Will he say anything? Maybe he'll just give you an extra-warm hug. Or bring you an unexpected bunch of flowers.

Don't wait another moment to let Oil of Olay help you look younger. Gentle on morning and night. Let the beauty fluid work with nature, in its mysterious way, to help maintain your skin's moisture balance for a softer, smoother complexion. Because Oil of Olay doesn't leave a greasy afterfeel or look, it's marvelous under makeup, day or night. At bedtime, the beauty fluid provides a moist climate for your skin into hours of silent sleep. Any time your skin feels dry (when you've been out in harsh weather or washed your face vigorously, for instance) is a good time for Oil of Olay to raise the moisture level of your skin.



Do you look older to him? Think about it for a moment. Then think about Oil of Olay.

Beauty Secrets

Being alone together, not even talking, can be the most intimate of times. The next evening he's listening to music and you're reading, pamper your face with an extra application of Oil of Olay. It's nice to know that because Oil of Olay doesn't leave a greasy look, he'll see only a lovely, dewy glow.

* * *

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* * *

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CHILDREN ARE SCARED OF THE DARK *continued*

sweetness in her voice. She never kn what to say to Bob's children. They ma her uncomfortable, as if it must wrong, somehow, to be the girlfriend somebody's father, no matter how fina divorced that father was.

Evan's little brother Garth appear behind them and said, "*I* think it loo stupid. You ought to have real stuff. real birthday tablecloth with pictures it, like Joey had."

"It's better if you do it yourself," sa Evan stoutly, "Dad always says. He ways says we should do things for ou selves and be independent." But didn't sound entirely sure, and fidget around the table straightening forks a trying to smooth the napkins.

"Anyway," he added, brightenin "the ice cream and cake's real. D brought them home last night. I w scared he was going to forget, but l didn't. Come and see. The cake sa 'Happy Birthday'."

Bob Macready came in from the ga den, hedge clippers in hand, wearin faded cut-offs and sneakers witho socks. His rumpled-looking face ligh ened when he saw Kitty. She turne away, not wanting her own face change like that. Not in front of the chi dren. He kissed her, and she pulled bac

Bob laughed. "Don't be old-fashione The kids don't mind. We each do ou own thing around here, and stay out each other's hair. Come on, Kit. We better get out of their way."

"I was showing Kitty the cake," sai Evan.

"If she's seen it, we will now retir discreetly," said Bob, "and leave you t your revels."

"Isn't Kitty staying for my party?"

"She'll be around. But now *I* want t see her, I haven't seen her in ages. Kit I've got some sandwiches and stuff fo us, out in the garden."

They started out, and behind then Evan said, "Dad? Aren't you going t . . . change and get dressed up?"

He turned, surprised. "Why, I could if you want me to, I guess. But why I wasn't even planning to make an ap pearance. Remember we talked about it We said you were nine now, and big enough to handle the whole thing your self, without grownup help. We agreed it would be more fun on your own."

Evan nodded and inspected his sneak ers as if they were suddenly new.

"I'll be glad to change if you really want me to," said Bob kindly. "But I don't see much sense in it. Do you?"

Evan shook his lowered head. Garth was running his fingers *(continued)*

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CHILDREN ARE SCARED OF THE DARK *continued*

through the fancy pink-and-green frosting on the far side of the cake, and Evan turned on him with sudden savagery and swept a roundhouse punch into his ribs that doubled him up, howling.

Bob hustled Kitty outside. "Best to keep clear of the whole rumpus," he said.

"How many kids are coming?"

"Lord, I don't know. Evan invited them himself. Kids from school, I guess. Oh, Kit, it's so nice to see you. It seems like years."

"Only a week." She took a sandwich from the tray on the grass and examined it. Peanut butter. "You said once a week. Remember?"

"I know. And it hurts, but I still think it's right. The way we were seeing each other every day, meeting for lunch, that's the way people get to leaning on each other too hard. All mixed up in each other's lives. They get so dependent they can't stand on their own, and each one's only half a person. That's what Janet said. That people have to learn to love, well, just for love. Without all this awful needing each other, *hanging* on each other all the time."

"So she went to Nebraska," said Kitty, rather coolly. She had an idea she mightn't have liked Janet.

"Teaching jobs aren't easy to come by these days. And she said she wan get clear away, right out of our li she could learn to live on her own Be free to find out who she is, by h She never had a chance, with us

Kitty nodded, and pried some p butter off the roof of her mouth wi tongue. She had heard it before. B peated it often, like a learned less like a good child trying to belie dreadful medicine would make hin

"I couldn't bear for us, you an to get like that," he said.

She nodded again. She always se to be agreeing with Bob, always s yes. Certainly, seeing him only o week left her free. Except that freedom mostly came to was long nings trapped in her apartment, wi television flickering, or long eve making talk in other people's ments, drinking too much coffe afterwards lying awake for hours lo at the dark. Listening for its creepy sounds. But she never argued with

"The garden looks marvelous," said. "Living in town, it's gloom having a garden. Just those ave plants withering away on the win sill. I miss grass."

"I'll give you some to take hom

"I'll grow it in a pot. Mow it wit nail scissors."

"You can have a dandelion to go it," he said, waving generously. "T make it look more real."

Evan stuck his head out the door. "Dad? Can I show Kitty my ca

"Card?" said Bob. "What card? Sure."

Evan loped across the grass to them, his sneaker-laces flopping, Kitty noticed that his shirt was butt crooked and hung down lopsided a bottom. "Look," he called as he c "I got a birthday card from my mot

"Isn't that nice." There was a pic of a rabbit in a tuxedo on the fi which she privately thought a babyish. Inside, hand-written, it "Dear Evan," and underneath that printed verse said:

All best wishes come your way
On this extra-special day,
Hoping that your birthday brings
Loads and loads of happy things!

And, hand-written under that, "L Janet."

Kitty frowned up at Bob. "'*Jan*

"Well, yes. She felt it was better, a the divorce, if they called her by her name. Not so personal. She though would make them feel, oh, more self liant. Grown up."

Kitty nodded, and far down under layers of acquiescence, she thought belliously: Yeah, and I bet it makes feel better, too. A person could al feel guilty, going off and leaving li boys that called you "Mom."

A five-dollar bill was *(continu*

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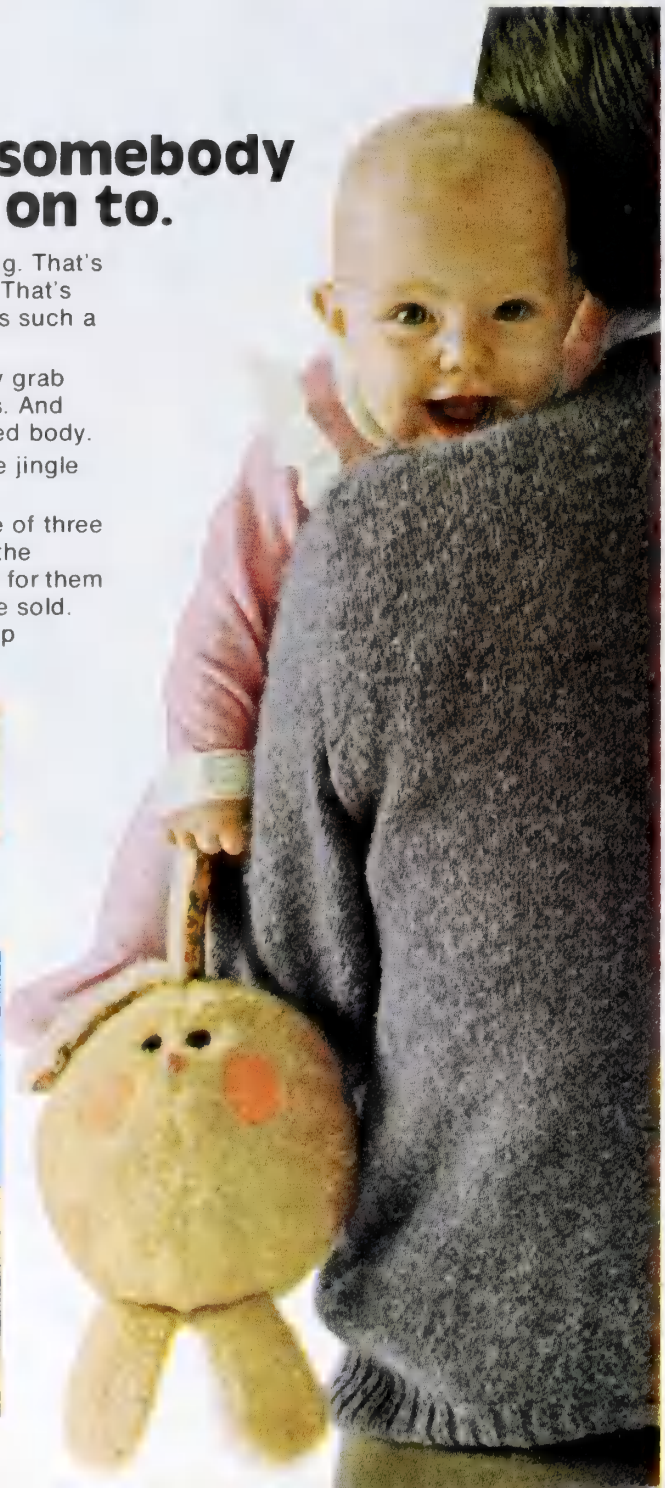
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CHILDREN ARE SCARED OF THE DARK *continued*

taped to the page facing the verse. "That's very nice," she said, handing it back to Evan.

"It's past two," said Bob. "Where's your party?"

"I was watching out the window for them," said Evan. "They're all late." And he hopped away, clumsily, among his sneaker-laces, clutching his card.

"What's this party going to consist of?" asked Kitty. "Pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey? Egg-and-spoon races?"

"I have no idea," said Bob. "I don't know that he's thought it out much beyond the ice cream and cake."

"Oh dear. I hope it's not a flop."

"I hope not, too. But he's on his own, and he has to learn, I guess. Come on, let's not hang around, it looks as if we're hovering. Let's us old folks tiptoe out and go eat some private ice cream. There's a new place just opened, down on Kennedy Street."

"Do you think we ought to? Leave them?"

"Sure. Janet said, the worst thing you can do is keep hovering over them, fussing. They grow up clinging to people. The way I used to. I hope this place has rum raisin, it's getting hard to find."

The leafy, suburban streets were green and quiet, with maple trees leaning benevolently over the sidewalk, and now and then Bob and Kitty lifted their linked hands and parted around an abandoned tricycle or stroller in the way. Kitty inhaled gratefully, breathing the sweetness of cut grass. The sun was shining, and leaf-shadows moved under their feet and passed over their heads and shoulders.

The ice cream place was done up in old-fashioned phony, with little wire tables and chairs and plenty of gingham, and seemed exactly perfect. They had rum raisin.

"I feel about fifteen," said Kitty.

"You look about twelve. Kitty, promise me something. Promise me you'll never get married."

"*What?*" She stared at him, spoon in the air. "Why? I mean, why not?"

"Oh, because. Because it's terrible, for a woman. It really is. Housework, and boredom, and kids tying you down. Some man hanging around waiting for you to wash his socks. Boring you with dumb stories about what he did today. Chances are the poor slob doesn't mean to. Doesn't even notice what he's doing to you. Doesn't realize." His face looked heavier, and he finished his ice cream quickly, as if it had lost its taste.

Kitty dropped her eyes, rattled by a gust of pity. How he sat there like a big obedient child. Sat there with his wound all tightly wrapped up in Janet's lessons, so that hardly any bloodstains showed at all. "I don't see how it can be all that awful," she said, tentatively.

"It is," he said, and stood up. "You stay free, Kit. I hate to think of it happening to you."

She nodded helplessly and pushed back her chair.

They walked back slowly, circling several extra blocks, until at length Bob said, "The party must be in full swing by now. It's madness to go back, but I guess we'd better. If we walk down Peach Street one more time they'll think we're burglars."

When they got to the house, however, Evan was sitting on the ground under the maple tree, cross-legged, alone, watching the street.

"Don't tell me they all went home already," said Bob.

Evan shook his head. Without taking his eyes off the street, he said, "Nobody's come yet."

"Fashionably late." Bob looked at his watch and raised his eyebrows. "To say the least."

Garth, who had been seeing how many somersaults he could turn at once, righted himself beside them, crimson-faced. "Maybe nobody's going to come."

"Oh, I'm sure they will," said Bob. "Everyone comes to a birthday party."

"Maybe I should go down to the corner and wait," said Evan. His bony little hands with their bitten nails were curled up tightly in his lap. "In case they come down Tenley Street instead. In case maybe they're lost."

Bob turned toward the house, but Kitty hesitated. "Evan, did you tell them how to get here? Did you write down the street number?"

He shook his head, squinting toward a car a block away. "Why should I write it down? It's easy. 971 West Farland Drive. Anyone can remember *that*." The car came closer, and his mouth opened for a greeting shout, then closed again slowly as the car passed.

"Did you talk to their mothers? Or just the kids?"

"The kids. At school. Billy and Bryant and Scott."

The sun shone down on the street, empty except for leaf-shadows.

"Was it a long time ago, maybe?"

"About a month ago, I guess. I wanted to ask in plenty of time. So they wouldn't be doing something else."

Bob said, over his shoulder, "Don't keep bugging him, Kit. It's his party, after all."

"Maybe they forgot," she said sadly. "Kids forget." She followed Bob up to the house, and behind her Evan sat completely still, concentrating on the street, as if by sheer force of hope cars would appear and disgorge little boys with birthday presents, their hair combed, and the party he had been seeing in his mind for a month would rise up out of disaster like a giant flower. Garth went back to his somersaults.

Inside, most of the balloons were hanging wrinkled now, and several more had collapsed completely. Apparently in an effort to bring on the party, Evan had served the ice cream, messily and generously; it sat in puddles of itself now, its surface slicked with melt.

Nobody had come to eat it. Nobody.

Kitty looked out the window. Evan seemed to sit without breathing, his back and shoulders stiff as wire.

Of course she didn't know anything about children, and Bob might be right about independence and all that, but surely mothers should have been spoken to. Invitations should have been sent, with the time and address. Invitations that could be pinned on a bulletin board or stuck to the refrigerator so no one could forget.

"Can't we *do* something?"

"I know how you feel. But it's best not to interfere."

"Interfere!" she cried, and something came loose inside her and started rolling downhill. "He's a *child!* He can't do it by himself!"

"Listen, Kit." He put his hands on her shoulders, but she shook them off. "Self-reliance is the most important thing you can teach a child. Evan's a big boy now."

"No, he *isn't*. Nobody's a big boy. Not that big."

"He's going to learn from this."

"You're damned right he will! He'll learn that he's helpless and can't do anything right and nobody's going to give him a hand! If you fall down and hurt yourself every time you try to stand up, you'd have to be nuts to keep trying. You

(continued on page 158)

KINDS OF QUIET

By Louise Welch

I can recall the gentle quietness of country hills,
The muzzy hush of Sunday cities half-subdued at dawn;
I've felt the stillness in a weekday church, and static hush
Of high September noons. And yet I think a startled faun
Is quieter than anything I know
Except the soundlessness of snow on snow.

I've felt a new moon quiet, scimitar-bright; the fright'ning hush
That stands between two persons like a wall; and soundless too
Are moments poised staccato-ly when music ends; a thin
Split-second quietness. And yet more silent than the blue
And star-illumined dark of shuttered skies
Is the incredible quiet in your eyes.



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TEEN SUICIDE

continued from page 68

of our lives." Slowly, however, parents began to remember that the best years of their lives had really been days of fear, loneliness and insecurity. Adolescent mental health became a problem. Adolescent psychiatry became an important specialty.

In order to understand the emotional state that leads a young person to self-destruction, it is important to look at what is considered a normal adolescence. Dr. Gerald Dabbs of New York's Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic feels that there are four factors that explain why it is a time of great depression:

1. It is a period of great bio-chemical changes, which create depressive states. These changes are only recently acknowledged as intrinsic to adolescent development.

2. Introspection becomes intensified. Young people view themselves supercritically, almost feeling a need to dislike and disapprove of what they see.

3. Sexuality reaches fever pitch. Experimentation with masturbation, homosexuality, sex play, intercourse, creates feelings of guilt that deepen depression.

4. A period of mourning takes place. The adolescent cuts parental ties—the source of his value system, his security, his approval. He turns to himself and his peers, where he struggles amid rejections and failures. His subconscious responds to the break as to a loss through death. "Adolescents feel so intensely," Dr. Dabbs says, "that they can't imagine everyone doesn't know how miserable they are."

Dr. Robert May of Amherst College's Counseling Center adds another factor to the list of those contributing to depression in adolescents. Young people, he says, are trying to "decide on a life's work that has meaning and gratification; this can provoke considerable anxiety and hopelessness." Unlike days past, when children worked on the farm or in the shop with their parents, the complexity of decision-making today creates tremendous confusion and pressure.

Dr. James Masterson, an adolescent psychiatrist, adds still another factor: "The conflicting values of what the adolescent believes and what he sees in the world around him create turmoil, hostility and disappointment." There is little wonder that, battered by such emotions, the average adolescent spends much of his time in varying degrees of depression.

What turns the normal adolescent misery into self-inflicted death? Communication. A suicide attempt is a way of communicating—it is the last effort in a long series of cries for help. "I tried everything, but nothing seemed to help," wrote a college student before putting a bullet through his head. "There is nothing I can say that would make you see what is happening to me."

The act of suicide stems from a final desperate moment of hope: "Maybe this time they will hear. Maybe now they will do something to ease my despair." It is rarely just a wish for death. Dr. E. S. Schneidman of the University of California says: "Until the very moment that the bullet or barbiturate finally snuffs out life's last breath, the suicidal person wants desperately to live. He is begging to be saved."

Although suicide always comes as a shock to those left behind, it is not an impulsive action. The young person, particularly, leaves behind echoes of pleas for help he has made over the years—gentle whispers at first, turning gradually into the thunderous scream of self-inflicted death. Tragically, it is only then that we hear the agonized cry of family and friends: "If we had just listened!"

To what might they have listened? Carol's parents could have heard hints in her sudden withdrawal from social contacts. A lively, outgoing girl throughout elementary school, popular with boys and girls, she was a class president and a Student Council representative. In tenth grade, though, things changed. Carol stopped going to parties, resigned from Student Council and gave up after-school rap sessions to come home alone. Day after day her mother tiptoed past her room as Carol lay on her bed listening to mournful records. But Carol's parents saw her only as a typical teenager. "If she wants to share her thoughts with us," her father said, "she'll tell us." Her mother agreed. "We mustn't pry." And in her loneliness, Carol spoke still louder: she took an overdose of sleeping pills and died. Then her parents heard.

Screamed rather than talked

Larry's parents could have heard, too. Larry started telling them during his junior year in high school, when his A average fell to a C. "You're not working," his father scolded in October. When Larry still was not working in January, his father made him give up his part in the school play. Larry studied less and less as the year passed. He cut class a few times, fought repeatedly with his high school principal and was caught shoplifting three weeks before graduation. He and his father screamed rather than talked, while his mother made peace, hoping they could get through the summer. Although Larry's first-term marks at college showed no improvement, at least distance helped family relations. He did not fight his father during vacation. He listened. His father talked—about the need to study and behave and find the right friends. Larry smiled, returned to college and hanged himself.

Dr. Seiden's California study of suicide attempts revealed two patterns of behavior—cries for help—students used as ways of coping with their misery before attempting suicide. One pattern, aggressive behavior, took the form of disobedience, sassiness, defiance and rebelliousness. The other, passive behavior, took the form of gloomine non-communication, withdrawal a running away from home. Sixty perce of the suicide attempters had tried of these techniques; less than 18 perce of the control group of non-suicide tempters had tried any of them.

Suicidal behavior is continuous; fa attempts simply mark its terminal pha psychiatrists feel. Dr. Dar Inamdar Bellevue Psychiatric Clinic speaks "chronic suicide." In this category places the "daredevil" child—the o who shinnies up the highest tree in t school yard or shouts, "Look, no hand as he rides his bicycle on the highwa the one who jumps from the roof in Superman cape. He also includes t teenage gangs who roam the streets their search for violence, often endi up warring among themselves. Above a Dr. Inamdar includes the hundreds thousands of young people who u drugs and alcohol. He sees them acti out a death wish. They swallow "dow ers" or shoot heroin to stop feeling; th take LSD or mescaline to escape on wa out trips. Or they drink, as their paren do, to forget.

There is another kind. Sarah w driving back to school after a holida She had always been accident pron She was always bruised and scrape from one thing or another. She was alone one sunny afternoon on a goo road that she had driven a hundre times, when suddenly, for no appare reason, she plunged down an emban ment. The coroner listed her death accidental. Those involved in ment health list it as one of the hidden st tistics of suicide. For this reason, the list suicide as the Number One—n Number Two—cause of death amon young people.

Newspaperman James A. Wechsle *In a Darkness*, a poignant account of h son's suicide, takes the reader throug ten painful years that led to his deat The first suicidal gesture he noticed w the day his son almost walked into a c as he crossed the street. From then o the death wish reverberated: when h had repeated accidents in his car, whe he drove his motor bike into a bus, whe he pushed his hand through a windo when he almost strangled on the strin of his guitar.

Some children articulate less destru tively the despair they feel. They d scribe their pain and cry with wor . . . but not to those who can hea Allison kept a diary: "I wish could tell Mother how torn I am—lik two people pulling me apart. Th Good One and the Bad One, an I'm going to die in the *(continue*

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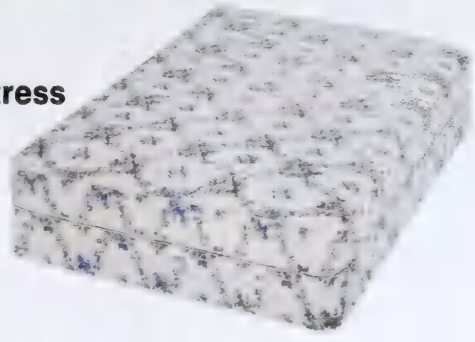


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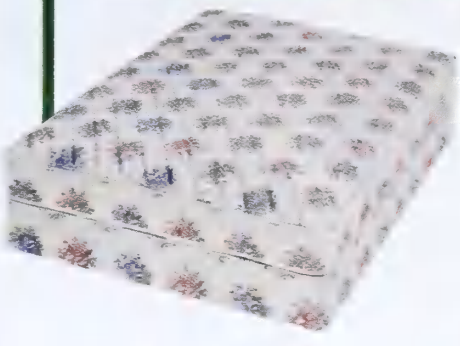
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TEEN SUICIDE

(continued)

prepared to face it. Frequently, suicid turns up as a possible answer.

A second factor in youthful suicide tension in the home. Today, when o out of three marriages ends in divorc tension is an ever-present reality in ma families. Divorce can be handled po tively when two mature adults face it a necessity, determined not to turn th children into innocent victims. M often, however, it ends in bitter enm where the children become weapons war. It is not surprising that in a rece study 71 percent of young suicide tempters came from broken homes. H many of them, in some vague way, f responsible for their parents' divorce? even higher percentage of the young s cide attempters came from "disturbe homes—homes in which families mov frequently, quarreled, had severe fina cial problems; where one parent w absent, alcoholic or institutionaliz where conflict arose with a step-pare

These situations create anger and sentment in young people. Some re by withdrawing or by running away. others may be so unable to handle th feeling of hostility that they turn against themselves—they commit suici

According to psychiatrist Masters an even greater factor than family sets, however, is exploitation—or parent's use of a child to fulfill his o ego needs. For example, one mother couraged her daughter's dates with boy with a beard and long hair beca it interfered with mom's image of daughter. She never considered daughter's self-image—and two ye later the girl attempted suicide af marrying another man. Another case a father whose wish for his son to "foll in his footsteps" allowed for no choice the son's part. The son shot himself w his father's hunting rifle.

Strings attached

One of the most frequent dream ages mentioned by suicidal adolesce is that of being a marionette. "I see self dancing on a stage," Margery s "only I have nothing to say about w steps I'm doing. My mother is up ab me holding that wooden thing with strings attached. I don't even want dance." Those are the strings from wh a young person can hang herself.

Home and school not only carry burden of responsibility for adolesc suicide, they also contain the hope its prevention. Parents and teachers in an excellent position to detect dan signs. The following, which are the m obvious, are too often overlooked.

1. Absence of a significant personal lationship.

(continued on page 1

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Mothering

The latest news, information and ideas for parents and children.
By Geraldine Carro



THE QUESTIONS YOU'D ASK—IF THE PEDIATRICIAN WEREN'T TOO BUSY

Our pediatrician is a very busy man. It's something I discovered after my first 50-minute stint in the waiting room. I've since learned to make a list so I can cram all my questions into the few minutes the doctor allots me before he thrusts the lollipop into my daughter's hand and disappears.

In my view, the lollipop always appears too soon. I remind myself that I'm paying for the doctor's time. But on the other hand, his phone is ringing and besides, maybe the kid in the next room has a temperature of 104°.

All of this explains to me why the telephones rang non-stop when 12 pediatricians volunteered to answer listeners' questions at a New York radio station. The occasion was station WMCA's "Ask a Pediatrician Day," and for four hours the doctors took turns manning five phones.

What did the advice-seekers want to know? Most had questions not about illness, but about children's behavior Most parents—like myself—can count on their own pediatricians for straightforward medical advice. But those fuzzier questions about what is normal behavior and what isn't don't seem to get answered satisfactorily—if they get asked at all.

One caller asked with embarrassment about her six-year-old who masturbated before falling asleep. "Is she a healthy, outgoing child?" the doctor asked. Since she was, the doctor assured the mother that her daughter's behavior was normal.

In fact, it soon became apparent that most of the worried callers had basically normal children.

As the doctors came off phone duty they began comparing notes. They found that most of the questions concerned such everyday matters as eating, sleeping and discipline. Soon the discussion blossomed into an exchange of views on some of those questions. Here are several and the comments they drew. (No names appear because the pediatricians participated anonymously.

Q. Why won't my baby eat more?

A. During the first half year, children usually eat well. As they approach age one, they don't need all that food.

A. After age two, the child's appetite starts picking up again—if mother hasn't made mealtime a battleground.

A. Mothers always tell me their child doesn't eat. Then I ask them to list everything the child eats for the day. When they do, they are reassured.

Q. Should my child sleep in my bed?

A. Usually it's a bad idea. It disrupts the parents' marital relationship.

A. The child also becomes too close to the mother. The longer he or she sleeps with mother, the harder it will be to cut the umbilical cord.

Q. I'm breast-feeding. How do I know if my milk is rich enough?

A. If you are healthy yourself, so is your milk.

Q. My baby has breath-holding spells. What should I do?

A. Breath-holding spells are a kind of temper tantrum. They are very effective because the child realizes that the tactic can scare the parent. When spells occur, put the baby alone in a nearby room. He will realize that his tantrums don't pay off.

Q. Is it okay for my 5-month-old to suck her thumb?

A. Thumb-sucking is a problem at five years, not five months.

A. Babies have a tremendous urge to suck. I say let them.

Eventually, the doctors' conversation turned to parent/pediatrician communications. One doctor pointed out that his patients seemed apologetic when asking questions. Perhaps they were embarrassed to admit their problems, he conjectured. "Or maybe they think I'm too busy."

Certainly the radio session proved that, with a little encouragement, parents *will* ask questions and that most of them can be easily answered. But since everyday is not "Ask Your Pediatrician Day," we parents will have to learn to ask our questions—with or without encouragement.

GROWING GAMES FOR PARENTS AND KIDS



When those long, winter afternoons begin to pall, what every cooped-up kid and parent needs is a project. Our suggestion is indoor gardening, an activity that everyone from toddlers to adults can enjoy. And for today's children who tend to think that vegetables grow in the supermarket, there are useful lessons to be learned from home gardening.

Below, we list some of the simplest ways to grow things indoors. Let your own interests and your child's attention span dictate your choice:

Leftover Garden—Slice carrots off a half inch from top. Place the small top sections in saucers with a little water, leaving the tops exposed. Soon greenery will begin to sprout from them. Eventually, these can be potted together. Another leftover, the avocado pit, will produce a pretty plant. Place four toothpicks around "waist" of pit. Suspend over a glass of water with rounded part of pit immersed in water. First roots and then top growth will appear. Pot when growth is well established.

- Making Plants From Plants—Many common houseplants, such as wandering Jew and ivy, can be easily propagated. Take a cutting with about five leaves on it from an existing houseplant. Place in a glass of water. Pot in soil after roots appear.
- Starting From Scratch—Devise your own planting kits with a packet of seeds, soil and an old cottage cheese container as a planter. (Put a little gravel on planter bottom for drainage.) As seeds sprout, thin seedlings. Good choices are herbs such as chives, thyme or sage. Kids enjoy growing them and you'll enjoy cooking with them.

COMING NEXT MONTH:
BOY OR GIRL? THE LATEST NEWS ON CHOOSING YOUR BABY'S SEX.

MAILBOX

Do you have ideas to share with other parents? What topics would you like us to cover in this column? Write Mothering, LHJ, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.



How does your mouth feel after ›rushing with Colgate, Geraldine Chaplin?

The answer's written all over Geraldine's face. Colgate's fresh, nty taste leaves her whole mouth feeling terrific. Fresh and ean and tingling all over. Even after she's brushed. And the fact that only your dentist can give teeth ›etter fluoride treatment would put a smile on ybody's face.
Colgate. You think it's just a great cavity-fighter. Geraldine ows what a sensation it is for your mouth.



Colgate puts the fresh in your mouth.

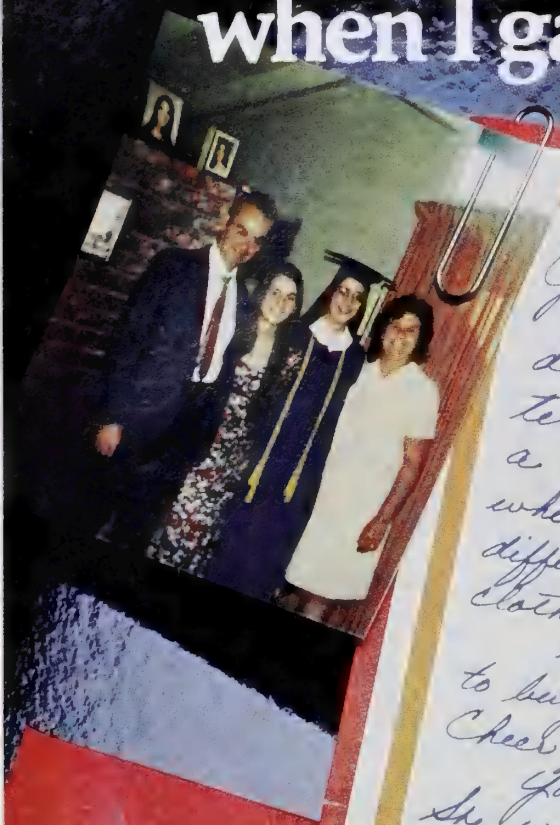
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UNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS
AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

"Colgate® with MFP® fluoride has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care." Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association.

SEE YOUR DENTIST. LIMIT SNACKS. BRUSH REGULARLY WITH COLGATE.

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"My daughter complained when I gave her two or three different detergents."



Gentlemen,

I never trusted any of the detergents you say work in any temperature. But my daughter, who is a college coed, always complained when I would give her two or three different detergents for washing her clothes at school.

So finally, I became tempted to buy a box of All Temperature Cheer for her.

Your Cheer was a big hit. She washes all of her clothes in it and is delighted with how clean they come out.

So because of her, I also tried your Cheer. I, too, was very happy with the outcome. The whites were so white and I couldn't believe how bright my colored prints were. Even my husband's work clothes came out truly clean.

You should be commended for making such a good product.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Jurich



All-Temperature Cheer. Three temperatures, one detergent.



IS DIVORCE CONTAGIOUS?

How to keep your marriage together when everybody else's is breaking up.

By Sally Wendkos Olds

In the Long Island suburb where I live, there is a winding street that looks much like many other streets in many other towns. The maple trees that were young and spindly ten years ago now shade the children careening down sidewalks on skateboards. The houses, surrounded by trim lawns, alternate among three styles of split-level construction, their identifying numbers spelled out in neat script over garage doors.

In other respects, too, this street is like many others around the country. Of the 15 couples who moved into the brand-new houses ten years ago, only nine are still married to each other. The other six marriages have broken up, one after another, like falling dominoes. People who still live on this street joke about the dangers of "catching it"—the divorce fever that seems to pick off marriages like some medieval plague. But underneath the banter is a chilling thought: If it happened to them, will it happen to us?

For it's happening to marriages in suburbs, in little towns, in big cities all over America. It's happening to marriages in every ethnic group, every economic stratum, every social level. Over the past 12 years, the number of divorces has doubled, reaching an all-time high of over a million in 1975. It is projected that half the marriages celebrated today will undergo a separation, and one out of three will end in divorce.

What is happening with divorce in our country? Is it contagious? Is a sociological chain reaction involved? Sociologist Dwight Dean of Iowa State University thinks so. He plotted the incidence of divorces in one Midwestern city and found what he calls a "measles pattern." Several blocks would have no divorces, then suddenly there would be three or four in one block.

Amazingly, no one else seems to have studied the ways by which the ripples from one divorce may spread out to lap at other marriages. If any research literature exists on this subject, it is unknown to authorities at the American Sociological Association, *(continued on page 151)*

Drawing by Barbara Nessim

Amy

Rosalynn Carter talks about her only daughter—with photos from the President's family album.





Amy Carter as an infant.

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW BY LYNDA JOHNSON ROBB

I first talked to Rosalynn Carter in a hotel room in the middle of the Democratic convention in New York. As might be expected, we shared a greal deal of common ground. And, as a presidential daughter who at the age of 19 was plunged into the White House atmosphere, I was most interested in how the Carter children were reacting. Especially Amy, age 9.

"Amy has this unassuming attitude about it all," said Mrs. Carter. "I hope she'll stay that way. She was two when Jimmy campaigned for governor. And she's always been in parades all of her life, and been with strangers who wanted to take her picture. Even with all the attention we get and people around her all the time, she's still gone to public school in Plains. She's had her friends over and she went to their houses to play. We didn't even think about putting her in private school. To me, there's so much more to learn in school than just subjects."

That was back in July. True to her parents' publicly made promises, Amy Carter has been enrolled in the fourth grade of the Thaddeus Stevens School, a public school six blocks away from the White House. I'm sure Amy will achieve some sort of normalcy in her school life at Stevens—once the fanfare is over.

Rosalynn Carter, at our first meeting—and in a second interview after the election—seemed to have very definite ideas about involving all the Carter children in the new administration.

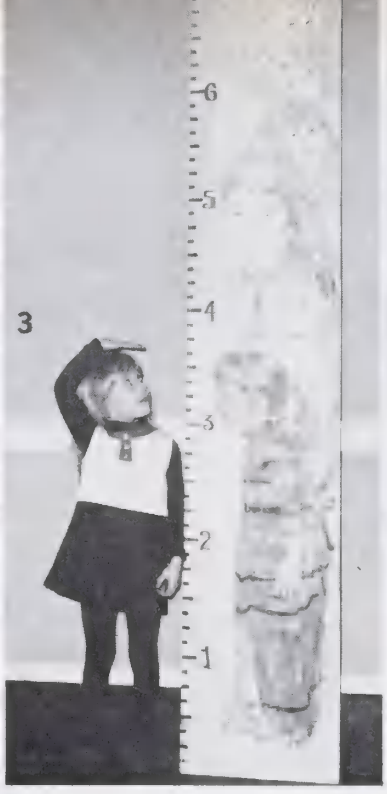
"I would love to have all the children there in the White House," she told me. "I think mothers want their children close by. And I think they can help to keep Jimmy close to the people. They might be the President's eyes and ears at factory gates as well as in foreign countries. I think we have neglected our friends in foreign countries."

Mrs. Carter's wish will be fulfilled. She has announced that sons Jeffrey and Chip Carter, plus their wives, will live on the third floor in the White House temporarily, while they complete studies locally and assist their parents. And Amy, who already has a secretary answering her fan mail, will have a comfortable room of her own on the second floor.

But Rosalynn Carter is not the kind of mother who will give up her daily contact with Amy, the girl child she bore at the age of 40 because, as Jimmy's mother, *(continued on page 162)*











1. *Amy at 3, with equine friend.*
2. *At 5, with the real Lassie.*
3. *At 4, sizing herself up against personalized "measuring mural."*
4. *. . . and at 9 (camera angle distorts her real growth).*
5. *Amy the campaigner. She cried when Daddy won.*
6. *Hail to the Chief (he gives a good piggyback ride).*
7. *Amy today, going to church in Plains, Ga.*





How to "stop the clock" on wrinkles

By Maureen Lynch, Health and Beauty Editor

Furrows of time, creases of character. But years alone are not the exclusive cause of wrinkles. Some other little-line-makers are the elements, stress and neglect. So although you can't *completely* "stop the clock," on the next page are some easy ways to slow things down.

February is full of skin enemies. It's a month when, if the wind and cold don't blast the moisture off your skin outdoors, the indoor heat will bake it out. It's also a month when your own water works slow down, producing less moisture than usual. Expecting your skin to survive these frontal assaults without any help is asking too much. The counterplan: to get and keep extra moisture in your skin, thereby halting dryness and stopping unnecessary wrinkling. Turn the page for the best ways we know to save face!



Photographs by Joel Baldwin

Heuer stopwatch.
Makeup by Arthur Scott;
Super Lustrous Creme Nail Enamel
by Revlon in Sandalwood Beige.


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PILLOW TALK

A catnap (any time you can catch one) is the perfect pause that refreshes — to perk up your skin tone, add a glow to your looks. The first site lack of sleep shows is around the eyes. Get your beauty rest!



SHAPE UP YOUR FACE

Exercising your face can help firm sagging muscles — but the amount of success depends on your skin's resiliency. One of the first places to show deep grooves is from nose to corners of the mouth. Marjorie Craig (Elizabeth Arden's exercise expert) offers this to raise the furrows, in her book, *Face-Saving Exercises:* Smile with lips together, turning mouth upwards. Open mouth, covering teeth with lips, increasing tension until you feel a tingling above your "canine" teeth. Now, slowly form mouth into an O.



DRINK THE GOOD DROPLETS

H_2O is very beneficial to your health — and diet plan. According to Georgette Klinger, skin care expert, "drinking water is good for the skin because it keeps it from drying out and rids it of impurities." Treat your face like a fern — mist water under your moisturizer to keep blessings in.



Humidifier from Hammacher Schlemmer

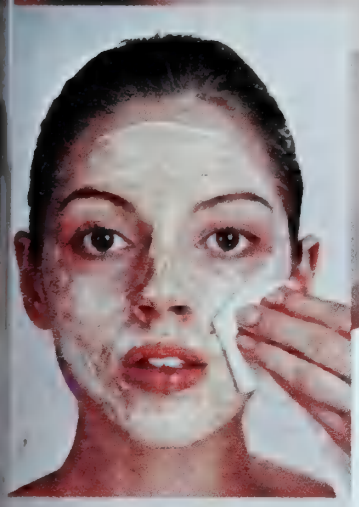
HOW HUMIDIFIERS HELP

A humidifier is the most important face-saver next to moisturizers. It works by drawing dry air in and recycling it back into the room — plumped with humidity. The highly moisturized air literally waters your skin. Or, as Dr. Norman Orentreich, Assoc. Clinical Prof. of Dermatology at N.Y.U. Medical Center, states, "In winter, the air inside acts like a gigantic sponge, taking moisture from your skin at a super rate. You need to add humidity."



SLIPPERY EYES

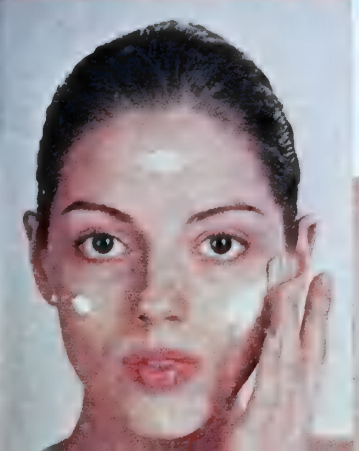
Eyes are #1 target for early wrinkles. Reason? That skin is fragile and has few oil ducts to keep it supple. What's needed are special eye creams for lubrication. Made mostly fragrance-free (eyes are highly sensitive, may react to scent). And made especially slippery (not to drag across delicate tissues). Here, Cover Girl Moisturizing Wrinkle Stick, by Noxzema.



ONE SYSTEM

For some, skin care means soap, water and stop. That's fine until early teens. Beyond that, skin needs more basic attention. There are designated products called "skin treatment systems," which in plain talk means a group of products geared to a particular skin type (dry, oily, mixed). Medically, a system isn't a must, but practically, it gives you some assurance of continuity. Reliable companies make a range of products that complement each other. Most systems include a cleanser (lotion, cream or non-soap), a follow-up astringent and a moisturizer. That's the bare bones. Night creams, sun products, etc. are also slipped in. Here, from top to bottom, in the Moon Drops collection from Revlon, Moisture Enriched Cream Cleanser, Skin Freshener and Under Makeup Moisture Cream.





A MATTER OF MASKS

Whether your skin is dry or oily, try a mask for super cleansing, to skim the dead cells off the surface. Gently. Oily-skinned people, with skin less prone to early wrinkles, have a slight edge. But, with anyone, every bit of care improves. As Dr. Jack Mausner, Vice-President of Research and Development at Helena Rubinstein, puts it, "For the entire time the mask is on, your skin can't lose any moisture." That's why they're a boon for dry skin, as well. Here, Helena Rubinstein's Brush-On Peel-Off Mask, Extra Moisturizing Formula.

Who says you can't go home again? Of course you can. The question is whether you really want to. For Dorothy, the answer to that question could save or destroy her marriage.
By Melisand March

Today Is Not a Rehearsal

Seated at the head of the dinner table, Dorothy tried to position her head just right so as not to miss the sunset—or what passed for sunset here in the hills of Southern California. Sun-*drop* would be a more accurate description. A quick trip to the kitchen, or even the distraction of reaching for the salt and she might miss the precipitous descent of the flaming red sphere that was even now starting to fall between her husband and Walter Cronkite—the guest of honor.

In honor of the guest of honor the centerpiece no longer contained flowers and the candlesticks had no candles. Flowers and candles cut off Greg's view of the TV set—which was, of course, where Walter Cronkite was. Not that she had anything against the newsman. At least he talked *at* her if not *to* her, which was more than could be said of her husband, who was totally preoccupied with his work. Greg sold syndicated TV shows. A promotion almost a year ago had resulted in their being transferred west.

Illustration by Roy Andersen

If Greg wasn't involved in keeping up with the "tube trends" then he was busy fixing up the house. A "fixer upper" the real estate lady had called it. *Rebuilder* would have been closer to the truth. But Greg loved to build things, his strong hands touching the wood lovingly, as though it were malleable. As though it were alive.

"It'll take time, but it's going to be a dream house," he'd said, the deepest brown eyes glowing as he looked, not at her but into the future. Into the dream. Dot had smiled back at him, trying with everything in her to match what she saw in his face, knowing how he was feeling. It was the way she had felt about their house in Connecticut. (Always it would be *their* house, even though, now, it was possessed by strangers whom, thank God, she had never seen.)

"In Spain tonight King Juan Carlos announced . . ."

"Tell me about Spain, Walter." Dorothy said, addressing the TV set, deciding to have *(continued on page 163)*







The Loving Looks of Spring

Isn't it romantic? Just in time for Valentine's Day… the most sentimental fashions we've seen in years. Harking back to a poetic era, these fresh cotton-y looks have puff-sleeved blouses, billowing skirts and cinched-in waists (a nice change from tailored sportswear). The charming fantasies here are designer versions of what you'll soon be wearing from now through summer. By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor.

Winsome lavender, above. A gingham voile blouse and long dirndl skirt, puffed over crinolines and sweetened with an eyelet apron-skirt. By Kasper for Joan Leslie, $250.



Tender sprays of flower bouquets bloom over a peasant blouse, low-yoked skirt and matching shawl, love-knotted over the hips. By Oscar de la Renta Collectibles, $95.

Old-fashioned sentiments — white and blue baby flowers on seersucker pretty up a peplum blouse worn over a small-waisted, full skirt. By Bill Haire for Friedricks, $145.

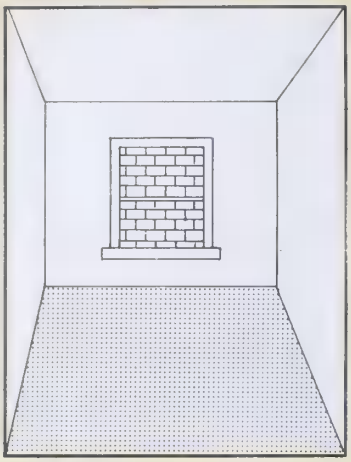




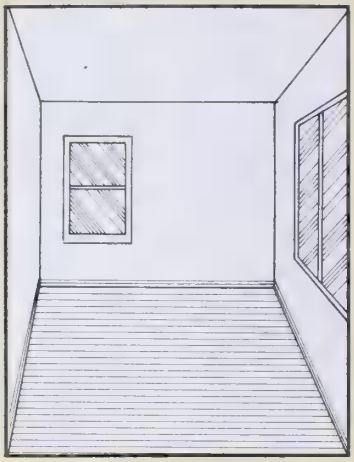
Innocence in a schoolgirl dress with low-scooped back. Navy and white pinstripes with crisscross ties and trim of navy and cranberry braid. By Gil Aimbez for Genre, $98.

Photographs by Eugenia Louis.
Hair and makeup by David Frank Ray;
all shoes, Capezio Ballet Makers;
silver scrimshaw jewelry (above) by Tierra;
all other jewelry from Sideshow, N.Y.C.

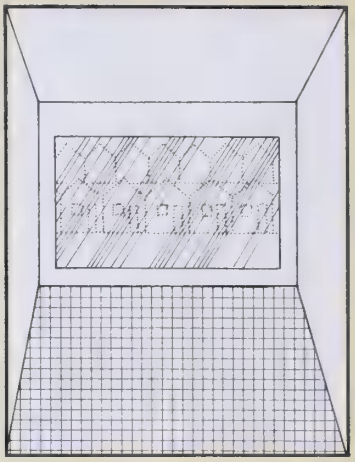
Shopping information page 143.
All prices approximate.



The apartment window that faces a depressing outlook.



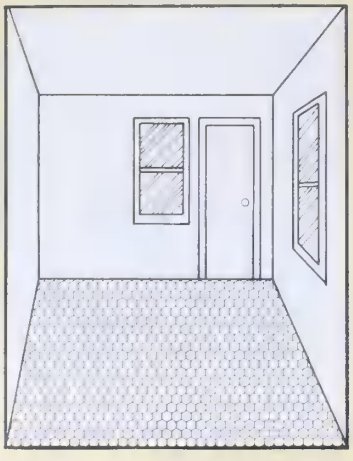
The off-center eyesore that throws room decor off balance.



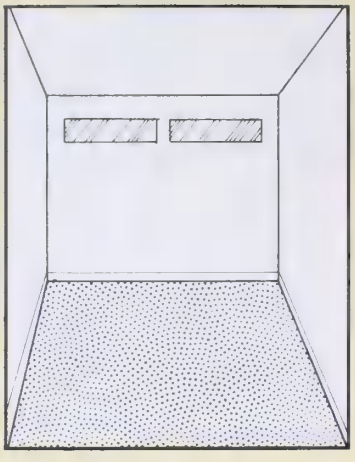
The picture window that displays an unappealing vista.

Windows with something to hide

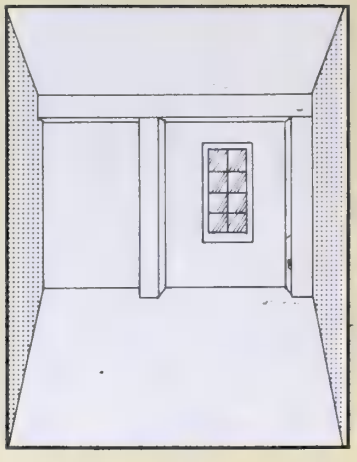
The door-window that lets in winter chill and summer heat.



The too-high, too-narrow slits that let in little light, no view.



The haphazard architectural detail as carelessly placed beams.



All windows were not created equal. The best get to face the splendors of the great outdoors. Others, less fortunate (shown above) only serve to expose your eyes to dim views or unsightly scenes. Some windows were never planned out architecturally and break up a wall with disturbing asymmetry. Frequently, the most pleasing solution is a cover-up (we offer three pretty ones) – turning your window's shame into a very attractive secret. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

Photographs by Charles Gold. Shopping information on page 143.



Country borders and bows

A charming setting changes an unwanted window (or empty wall) into a snug dining alcove. Wallpapered screens of flower stripes frame the area giving an illusion of coziness, yet height. A valance adds to the windowed effect. Inside, solid curtains provide contrast. The round table and chairs lend a provincial feeling with their gingham coverings. Even the tiled floor has the rustic look of painted bricks. Pure enchantment: the touch of grosgrain bows.

Brunschwig & Fils wallpaper and fabrics, GAF floorcovering.



Shades of a summer's day

Lightness and airiness abound in the mood of a tropical heat wave. This window dressing's sunny look is gained by decor rather than by direct rays. Yellow dominates, filtering from a rose-strewn valance, shirred curtain and gentle plaid wallpaper. The same colors are picked up by a sprawl of fat pillows. Fan-backed wicker chairs, a rattan chest, frilly bird cage and greenery add to the summery nostalgia. For whimsy: a habitat of ceramic wildlife.

Woodson wallpaper and fabrics; Armstrong floorcovering; Mayhew furniture and accessories.



A den of bright splendor

What was once a lost windowed wall is now a den of antiquity, dramatized by radiant colors. Splashes of stripes are stretched on poles — the center strip runs in narrow paths; the side panels, angled forward, look like solid blocks of color. Bamboo chairs, handsome porcelains and a butterfly chest add an Oriental influence — while the exotic brass fixture, plump floor cushions and inlaid table could be part of a sultan's treasure.

Stanley Looms fabrics; Congoleum flourcovering. Shopping information on page 143



Photograph by Michael O'Neill



Sweet Hearts

Hearts-from-your-heart . . . the sweetest melodies. Be unabashedly sentimental this Valentine's Day, pledging your affections with delicious confections. Zing your heart strings via love-shaped cake pans and winsome cutters. Opposite: True-love cake, a rococo fantasy whipped up from a mix. Two-heart mints of confectioners' sugar, oil of peppermint. Above: Send-a-message sugar cookies. P.S.: When you give your heart, it needn't be sugar-y. Recipes for hearts made of ham mousse, almond bread, rosé wine gelatin, plus others are on page 130

Chinese New Year A Sumptuous Feast

According to ancient Chinese calculations, this is the year 4675 and the animal to be venerated (zodiac-wise) is the snake. To celebrate the start of a new year (astrologically promising "energy and intelligence"), plan an elegant Chinese feast to dazzle your guests—by the unique tastes as well as the variety of the food. Despite the number of dishes for this dinner for eight, it is surprisingly easy to do, and most of it, incredibly, is do-ahead. Another part of the festivities (besides the glorious spread) are hosts of toasts that are traditional to make throughout the meal. This New Year's Eve, Oriental-style, provides pure fun and high interest, a perfect dinner party plan for now or anytime of the year.

Photograph by Nick Samardge





How America Entertains

Chinese cooking is one of the most sophisticated cuisines in the world. Yet all ingredients for this banquet (except one or two) can be found in your local market. No special equipment is needed either; a skillet can replace a wok. And we've found easy shortcuts for the classic preparations. For instance, the steamed buns here are made from refrigerator biscuits. But best news for the hostess is that there's a minimum of last-minute cooking. Recipes, shopping list, timetable, page 128.

CHINESE NEW YEAR PARTY MENU

Serves 8

Shrimp Toast Tea Eggs
Chicken Wingsticks Fish Ball Soup
Chicken with Almonds
Shrimp in Pink Sauce
Beef with Broccoli Rice
Steamed Buns Cucumber Salad
White Wine
Oranges Oriental Tea



A good cook simply can't cook without onions. But that's no reason to take them for granted. As is often the case, the simplest things turn out to be the most versatile. Here we show some ways to transform the common onion into an array of imaginative dishes. On these pages, a ring-around-bread, crammed with fragrant onions and poppy



seeds. • Provençal onion tart called a 'pissaladière," that's garnished with anchovies, pimiento and olives. • Fat circles of onion rings dipped in flavored batters. And there's more. A rich, zesty onion soup . . . cheesy onion cornbread. Onward with onions! Recipes, page 102. By Sue B. Huffman, Food and Equipment Editor. Photograph by Irwin Horowitz.

ONIONS

continued

FRENCH FRIED ONION RINGS
pictured on page 100

Onion ring fans should strain the oil after each batch. Keep covered and use over and over again.

2 large mild-flavored onions (such as Bermuda)
2¼ cups all-purpose flour
1¼ teaspoons double-acting baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1¼ cups buttermilk
4½ teaspoons salad oil
2 eggs, separated
2 quarts salad oil for deep-fat frying

Cut onions into ½-inch slices. Separate into rings. Place 1 cup flour in bag. Add onions and shake until onions are coated; set aside.

In medium bowl, combine remaining flour, baking powder and salt. In 2-cup measure, combine buttermilk, 4½ teaspoons oil and egg yolks; stir until mixed. Add liquid to dry ingredients and stir until smooth. Beat egg whites until soft peaks form; fold into batter.

Meanwhile, heat salad oil in deep fat fryer to 375°F. (Or, heat oil in large saucepan over medium heat to 375°F. on a deep fat thermometer.) Dip onions in batter. Fry a few at a time until golden. Remove with slotted spoon; drain on paper towels. Continue cooking remaining onions. Makes 6 servings. About 385 calories per serving.

Variations:

Parmesan: Stir ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese into batter. Cook as directed.

Herb: Stir 2 teaspoons oregano *or* marjoram into batter. Cook as directed.

ONION POPPY SEED BREAD
pictured on page 100

Bread bakers will flip over this recipe and so will the eaters.

Bread
1 package active dry yeast
¼ cup warm water
4½ to 5 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
½ cup butter or margarine, melted
1 cup warm milk
¼ cup sugar
1¾ teaspoons salt
1 egg
Filling
1 cup chopped onion
¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
3 tablespoons poppy seeds
¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg

In large mixer bowl, dissolve yeast in warm water. Add 2 cups flour, melted butter, milk, sugar, salt and 1 egg. Beat at medium speed for 2 minutes, scraping sides of bowl occasionally. With wooden spoon, stir in enough additional flour to make a stiff dough, about 2 cups. Spoon onto lightly floured surface and knead until smooth and elastic, about 8 to 10 minutes. Place in a greased bowl, turn to grease top. Cover and let rise in warm place, free from draft, until double in bulk, about 1 hour.

Meanwhile, prepare filling: In small bowl, combine onion, melted butter or margarine, poppy seeds and ¼ teaspoon salt; set aside.

Punch dough down. On lightly floured surface, roll dough into a 20x8-inch rectangle. Cut in half from 8-inch side, forming two 20x4-inch rectangles. Spread onion fillling onto each to within ½ inch of edges. Fold 20-inch sides together. Pinch seams to seal forming a long rope. Repeat with remaining dough. Twist the ropes together. On lightly greased baking sheet, form dough into a ring. Cover and let rise, in warm place, free from draft, until double in bulk, about 1 hour.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Brush dough ring with the remaining egg. Sprinkle with additional poppy seeds and chopped onion, if desired. Bake for 40 minutes or until bread sounds hollow when tapped with fingers. Cool slightly on wire rack. Makes 1 loaf, about 28 1-inch slices. About 150 calories per slice.

PISSALADIERE
(Onion Tart)
pictured on page 100

A splendid appetizer that originated in the south of France. Serve it with drinks.

Pastry Crust
1½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or margarine
3 tablespoons cold water
Filling
3 tablespoons olive or salad oil
2 pounds onions, sliced ¼ inch thick
1 can (2 oz.) anchovy fillets, drained
Pitted ripe olives for garnish
Canned pimiento, for garnish

For pastry: In medium bowl, combine flour and salt. Add butter and cut in with pastry blender until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Sprinkle with water and stir with a fork until mixture holds together. With hands, shape into smooth ball. Cover and refrigerate for at least one hour or until firm.

For filling: Meanwhile, in large skillet, heat oil. Add onions and sauté over low heat for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. (Onions should not brown.) Cover and continue cooking for 15 more minutes. Remove from heat and cool.

To assemble: Preheat oven to 425°F. Cut off ¼ of pastry and reserve. Roll out remaining pastry between 2 sheets of waxed paper.

Fit pastry into an 8-inch pie or tart pan. With fork, prick bottom and sides of pastry to prevent bubbles. Bake for 15 minutes or until light brown.

Meanwhile, for lattice, roll out remaining pastry into narrow 9-inch rectangle. Cut into ½-inch strips; set aside. Remove pie from oven. Reduce oven temperature to 400°F. Place all but 3 anchovy fillets on partially baked crust. Spoon onions into crust. Using pastry strips, form lattice design over onions. Cut remaining anchovy into pieces. Garnish squares with anchovy, olives and pimiento. Bake for 30 minutes or until golden and bubbly. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Wrap and freeze up to 3 months. Thaw at room temperature.)* Serve cool. Cut into wedges. Makes 8 servings. About 285 calories per serving.



ONION AND GREEN BEAN SALAD
pictured below

A flavorful departure from your run-of-the-mill green salad.

2 mild-flavored onions, sliced (such as Bermuda)
1 tablespoon sugar
2 packages (10 oz. each) frozen green beans
5 slices bacon
⅓ cup olive or salad oil
2 tablespoons white distilled vinegar
¼ teaspoon basil, crushed
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash cayenne pepper

Separate onion slices into rings. Place in medium bowl; sprinkle with sugar. Cook beans as label directs; drain. Cool; toss with onion rings. Chill for at least 1 hour, stirring occasionally. Cook bacon; crumble and reserve.

At serving time, in small bowl, combine salad oil and remaining ingredients; stir until well mixed. Pour oil mixture over salad and add bacon; toss gently. Makes 6 servings. About 180 calories per serving. *(continued on page 116)*



From upper left, clockwise: Onion and Green Bean Salad, Onions à la Monegasque, Liver and Onions, Onion Soup, Onion Cornbread.

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The secret of their great taste is the Campbell's Soups you start them with.

YANKEE DOODLE BEEF
MAIN-DISH SOUP

1 pound ground beef
¼ teaspoon onion salt
2 tablespoons shortening
1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Tomato Soup
1 can Campbell's Old Fashioned Vegetable Soup
1½ soup cans water
2 cups cooked spiral-shaped macaroni
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
¼ teaspoon oregano leaves, crushed
Grated Parmesan cheese

Mix *thoroughly* beef and onion salt, shape into 24 meatballs. In large saucepan, brown meatballs in shortening; pour off fat. Add remaining ingredients except cheese. Bring to boil; reduce heat. Simmer 10 minutes or until done; stir occasionally. Serve with cheese. Makes about 6 cups.

CHICKEN NOODLE SUPREME
MAIN-DISH SOUP

2 cans Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup
1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup
2 soup cans water
4 hard-cooked eggs, coarsely chopped
1 can (16 ounces) cream style corn
½ teaspoon rubbed sage
⅛ teaspoon pepper

In large saucepan, combine soups; gradually stir in water. Add remaining ingredients. Heat; stir occasionally. Makes about 8 cups.

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PORTFOLIO OF CULINARY ART

This month the Journal visits Denver, Colo., and the Volunteers of the city's Art Museum to sample recipes from their cookbook with an international flavor.

Any guidebook to the city of Denver will certainly steer you to the Denver Art Museum (if it doesn't, it should). The striking contemporary building takes its place, along with the state capitol and city hall, at the center of town and houses a remarkably eclectic collection, including one of the world's most comprehensive North (and South) American Indian collections of costumes, pottery, masks, jewelry and weaving. And totem poles, and on and on. Ask anyone, including the museum director himself, what keeps the museum fully functioning as a popular attraction to a loyal and eager public, and the answer will be the 600 women known simply as Volunteers of the Denver Art Museum. Active in all aspects of the museum's operation, the Volunteers have also published a magnificent cookbook, *Portfolio of Culinary Art*, as their principal fund-raising effort.

Visiting the Volunteers and presenting a sampling from the book is the subject of this latest installment in our food-in-America Community Cookbook series.

Portfolio is a collection of international recipes, reflecting the wide scope of the museum's interests. Of particular interest are the native and Latin American foods, as well as the African and Southeast Asian. A so-called European section is the largest, and the book concludes with a potpourri titled "Collector's Choice." Four hundred recipes in all on 192 pages, the whole broken between chapters with color plates of art works from museum collections. It's one of the handsomest books we've featured in this series.

Many organizations do not know how to produce a group cookbook, and the efforts of the Denver group were so successful, we asked the *Portfolio* chairperson to tell us how it worked. First, of course, a committee met to determine the outline and purpose of the book and then to call in recipes, which came from Volunteers and museum VIP's. *(continued)*



In the pre-Columbian gallery of the Denver Art Museum, Volunteers and a menu of bean sprout salad, African chicken, fruit soup, a spicy pea casserole, honey chocolate pie. Below: a Mexican dinner of stuffed flank steak, onions in hot sauce, baked black beans, escabeche, margarita soufflé.



Photographs by Ken Regan/Camera 5



ELEANOR NURISSO
DALY CITY, CALIFORNIA

"WITH CHICKEN, MY HUSBAND WOULD PREFER POTATOES. HE LOVES POTATOES."

GUESS AGAIN

"WITH CHICKEN... STUFFING. I LOVE STUFFING."

EMILE NURISSO

Boy, was Eleanor Nurisso surprised! Like other wives, it never occurred to her that her husband would actually prefer stuffing to potatoes. But when you think about it, isn't delicious, perfectly seasoned stuffing a natural choice with chicken? No wonder Emile prefers it. Bet your husband would, too!



STOVE TOP® STUFFING OR POTATOES? ASK YOUR HUSBAND.

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Après-ski supper with members of the Denver Volunteers includes After-Ski Rummy drinks, Hungarian pork goulash with caraway seeds and sauerkraut, a tart green salad and a date-chocolate chip-nut tube cake.

After eliminating some obvious clinkers, all recipes were tested by the whole group in a great series of gourmet dinners and buffets—the hostess furnished the home and refreshments, guests the various recipes. After the meal guests rated each dish on a printed evaluation sheet as to taste, texture, color. At this point the original cookbook committee was enlarged to include several members who were known to be excellent cooks. Recipes that had passed the initial testing were then reviewed and collated as to menu category and country of origin. Duplications and unsuitable recipes (to the new, more knowing eyes) were eliminated. And then another round of testing. Final choices were all written to the same recipe style and then organized by countries, so as to correspond to the way the museum collections are organized—Native American, African, European and so on.

We'd planned on taking our first photograph in the museum itself—showing a menu of foods from various chapters as well as members of the Volunteers. Scouting the building for a suitable spot turned up many possibilities. Food Editor Sue Huffman opted for a corner in the area devoted to Spanish-Peruvian religious art. Photographer Ken Regan leaned toward a two-story gallery of totem poles. I held out for the Indian rug room. Compromise led to still a fourth possibility, an area devoted to pre-Columbian art. A few surreptitious adjustments of spotlights away from the replica of the temple at Uxmal and we were in business.

The other two pictures were taken, as is more often our custom, in group members' homes. One, a Mexican dinner, in a home looking out in the far distance to a horizon spread end to end with the Rockies. And another, this time an après-ski supper, with members dressed appropriately, and conversation turning naturally to the sport itself, which in Denver is a principal family pastime. We from the East were admonished to return in season and sample the pleasures, an invitation we'll find hard to resist.

Throughout our visit with the Volunteers, we were continually impressed with the dedication and hard work expected, and given, by everyone in support of the museum. The group is broken into seven councils and includes such areas as art education (working with schools and research), information (museum staffing and tours) and running of the museum gift shop. And of course the cookbook, a project two years in the making, and now just over two years old. An unusually successful book by a group of unusually dedicated women. Sample the recipes that start on page 108 and check the coupon to order your complete copy.—John Stevens.


This is pineapple in its own juice.
And this is pineapple in its own juice.
Dole
chunk pineapple
IN UNSWEETENED PINEAPPLE JUICE
ITS OWN JUICE
no sugar added
And that makes tantalizing sweet and sour chicken.
At Dole, sweetness comes naturally.

PORTFOLIO OF CULINARY ART

continued

AFRICAN CHICKEN
pictured on page 104

Sweet potatoes and bananas enhance this unusual dish.

1 broiler-fryer chicken, cut into serving pieces (about 2½-3 lbs.)
2½ teaspoons monosodium glutamate, optional
½ cup salad oil
1 medium onion, chopped
1 garlic clove, chopped
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup white wine
¾ cup water
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 bay leaf
2 fresh tomatoes, sliced
3 medium sweet potatoes, peeled and cubed
5 firm medium bananas, peeled and sliced lengthwise

Sprinkle chicken with monosodium glutamate. In 12-inch frying pan, heat ¼ cup oil over medium heat. Add chicken, onion and garlic; sauté until crisp, turning chicken and stirring often. Sprinkle with flour and add next 6 ingredients; mix well. Cover and cook over low heat 30 minutes. Add sweet potatoes and continue cooking, covered, for 30 minutes until potatoes and chicken are tender.

About 5 minutes before chicken is done, heat remaining oil over medium heat in another skillet; add bananas and sauté until golden. Arrange chicken and potatoes on serving platter. Place sautéed bananas around chicken. Pour any remaining pan liquid into a bowl to serve as gravy. Makes 6 servings. About 540 calories per serving.

PEAS PILAU
pictured on page 104

This was one of our test kitchen staff's favorite recipes from the cookbook.

¼ cup salad oil
½ cup sliced onions
¼ cup raw cashew nuts
¼ cup seedless raisins
1 cup long-grain rice
2½ cups water
1½ teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon ground ginger
1 teaspoon powdered cumin
½ teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 cinnamon stick
3 whole cloves
2 cardamom seeds, crushed
1 package (10 oz.) frozen peas, cooked and drained

In 10-inch skillet, heat oil. Add onions; sauté until brown, stirring occasionally. Remove with slotted spoon and set aside. In same skillet, fry cashews until brown, remove with slotted spoon and drain. In same skillet add raisins and cook until puffy; remove and drain. To skillet add rice and sauté until golden brown. Add water and next 7 ingredients. Heat t boiling. Reduce heat; cover and cook 2 minutes or until liquid is absorbed. Sti in peas. Arrange rice mixture on platte Top with onions, cashews and raisins Makes 6 servings. About 290 calorie per serving.

FRUIT SOUP
pictured on page 104

This versatile soup may be served hot c cold—as a first course or dessert.

2 quarts water
1 stick cinnamon
4 cups mixed fresh or dried fruits, diced and raisins
1½ tablespoons cornstarch
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup tapioca
¼ cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Plain yogurt, if desired

In large saucepan, combine water, cin namon and fruit. Heat to boiling, bo 5 minutes. Mix cornstarch with the col water until smooth; stir with tapioc into fruit mixture. Cook 20 minutes, sti ring occasionally. Stir in sugar and coo 3 minutes longer or until clear. Remov from heat; add lemon juice. Serve h as a first course. Or, cover with plast wrap and refrigerate to serve cold as dessert. Top with a spoonful of plain vanilla yogurt, if desired. Makes 8 cu or 8 servings. About 270 calories per cup serving.



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KOREAN BEAN SPROUT SALAD
pictured on page 104

his salad is much better if you can find esh bean sprouts.

cup salad oil
tablespoons vinegar
tablespoons soy sauce
teaspoon salt
teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
tablespoons sesame seeds
garlic clove, crushed
cups fresh bean sprouts (or one 16 oz. can, drained)
cup finely chopped green onions
cup pimientos, cut in strips

ombine first 7 ingredients in blender ntainer. Purée until sesame seeds are opped. Rinse bean sprouts in cold wa- r and drain. In small bowl, combine an sprouts, onions and pimientos. Toss htly in dressing. Chill 1 hour. Makes servings. About 195 calories each.

HONEY CHOCOLATE PIE
pictured on page 104

treat for chocolate lovers.

cup slivered almonds
unbaked 9-inch pie shell
package (6 oz.) semisweet chocolate pieces
eggs, separated
cup sour cream
teaspoon salt
cup honey

eheat oven to 425°F. Gently press vered almonds into bottom of unbaked pie shell. Prick well. Bake 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Remove pie shell to wire rack to cool. In top of double boiler, melt chocolate over hot, not boiling, water. Add 2 egg yolks and stir until mixture forms a smooth ball. Remove from heat and blend in sour cream, beating until smooth. In small bowl, beat egg whites and salt until stiff but not dry. Gradually add honey and continue beating until stiff peaks form. Fold in chocolate mixture. Spoon into cooled shell. Refrigerate 2 or 3 hours before serving. Makes 8 servings. About 345 calories each.

PANAMANIAN ESCABECHE
pictured on page 104

The lime juice "cooks" the raw fish.

1 pound uncooked halibut or sole fillets, thinly sliced
Juice of 6 limes
1 hot green or yellow pepper, diced
½ green pepper, diced
1 onion, minced
1 garlic clove, crushed
Large sprig parsley, chopped
Salt and pepper
2 or 3 drops bottled red pepper sauce

Place fish in large bowl. Pour lime juice over fish. Mix all other ingredients and spread over fish. Cover and marinate in refrigerator at least 4 hours. To serve, drain slightly. Serve as an hors d'oeuvre on crackers or dark bread. About 10 servings. About 60 calories per serving.

MATAMBRE WITH CHILI SAUCE
pictured on page 104

A Mexican steak dish.

Matambre
2 beef flank steaks, butterflied (about 2 lb. each)
1 cup frozen mixed vegetables, thawed
½ cup finely chopped onion
¼ cup finely chopped green pepper
¼ cup finely chopped pimiento
2 teaspoons finely minced chili pepper
2 garlic cloves
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup beef broth or bouillon
1 celery rib, sliced
1 carrot, sliced
1 onion, sliced

Chili Sauce
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 onion, finely chopped
1 green pepper, finely chopped
1 garlic clove, minced
2 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon chili powder
1 teaspoon salt
Freshly ground pepper
1 cup beef broth
1 cup tomato juice

Matambre: Preheat oven to 350°F. Pound steaks until very thin. Trim each steak to a 12-inch square and lay them side by side, overlapping edges so they can be rolled together as one large piece of meat. Combine mixed vegetables, onion, green pepper, pimiento, chili pepper, 1 garlic clove, crushed, and salt. Spread over steaks, covering entire surface. Starting at narrow end, roll steaks

(continued on page 113)



an after can after can.

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4 HOWS:

2. The Blender Method
Instead of cold water, add crushed ice to dissolved gelatin in blender for a quick self-layering dessert.



1. The Ice Cube Method
Instead of cold water, add ice cubes to dissolved gelatin. Starts to thicken in 3 minutes.

3. The Frozen Fruit Method
Instead of cold water, add 1 package of frozen fruit to dissolved gelatin. Begins to thicken as fruit thaws.

4. The Ice Cream Meth
Instead of cold water, ice cream to dissolved gelatin to speed the thickening.

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ow in half an hour.

WOWS:

Fruity Marshmallow Dessert
vide 1 large banana, sliced, and
up miniature marshmallows
ong 6 dessert glasses. Dissolve
ackage (3 oz.) JELL-O® Gelatin,
awberry flavor, in 1 cup boiling
ter. Add 2 cups ice cubes; stir
il gelatin begins to thicken, 3 to
inutes. Remove any unmelted
. Pour into the glasses. Chill
il set, about 30 minutes. Makes
out 3 cups.

2. Ambrosia Delight
Combine 1 package (3 oz.) JELL-O® Gelatin, orange flavor, and ¾ cup boiling water in electric blender container. Cover and blend at low speed until gelatin is dissolved, about 1 minute. Add 1½ cups crushed ice and blend at high speed until ice is melted, about 30 seconds. Add 1 can (11 oz.) mandarin orange sections, drained, and ¼ cup BAKER'S® ANGEL FLAKE® Coconut. Pour into 6 dessert glasses; chill until set, about 30 minutes. Garnish with additional coconut, if desired. Makes 4 cups.

4. Peachy Cream Parfait
Drain 1 can (16 oz.) sliced peaches, reserving syrup. Add water to syrup to make 1 cup; bring to a boil. Set aside 6 peach slices for garnish; dice remaining peaches. Dissolve 1 package (3 oz.) JELL-O® Gelatin, peach flavor, in measured liquid. Add 2 cups (1 pint) vanilla ice cream by spoonfuls; stir until melted. Add diced peaches and pour into 6 dessert glasses. Chill until set, about 30 minutes. Garnish with reserved peaches. Makes 3½ cups.



3. Elegant Fruited Gelatin
Dissolve 1 package (3 oz.) JELL-O® Gelatin, lemon flavor, in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 package (10 oz.) BIRDS EYE® Quick Thaw Mixed Fruit; stir until fruit separates and gelatin begins to thicken. Measure ¼ cup gelatin and blend in ½ cup sour cream. Pour fruit mixture into 6 dessert glasses; top with sour cream mixture. Chill until set, about 30 minutes. Makes about 3 cups.



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How easy they are to make just might. All you do is add water and bake.

And you've got three dozen oatmeal cookies that'll put a Quaker smile on a lot of faces.

PORTFOLIO OF CULINARY ART

continued from page 109

tightly as possible. Tie securely every inches with string. Place in shallow casrole and add beef broth, celery, carrot, ion and 1 chopped garlic clove. Cover d roast in oven for 2 hours, basting veral times with pan juices. Remove m casserole and let rest on platter 15 inutes before serving to firm meat for se in carving. Cut into serving porns, remove string and serve with hili Sauce. Makes 6 servings. About 5 calories per serving without Sauce.

hili Sauce: Sauté in butter: onion, een pepper and garlic until vegetables e tender. Blend in flour, chili powder, lt and pepper. Stir over low heat 2 inutes. Add beef broth and tomato ice. Cook over medium heat until ghtly thickened, stirring constantly. rve hot. Makes about 2½ cups. About 0 calories total, or 30 calories per ¼ p.

ONIONS IN HOT SAUCE
pictured on page 104

reat with the Matambre.

arge Bermuda (or mild flavored) onion
iling water
tablespoons olive or salad oil
tablespoons red wine vinegar
tablespoons bottled red pepper sauce
teaspoon salt

el onion and slice very thin. Cover ith boiling water, drain and rinse with ld water. Mix together oil, vinegar, pper sauce and salt. Add onions and arinate at room temperature at least hours. Makes 6 servings. About 85 lories per serving.

BAKED BLACK BEANS
pictured on page 104

south-of-the-border favorite.

ound dried black beans
pound salt pork, cut in 4 pieces
celery ribs with leaves, chopped
carrot, chopped
onion stuck with 2 whole cloves
garlic cloves, halved
dried chili pepper
bay leaf
cup white wine
teaspoon thyme, crushed
teaspoon salt
teaspoon freshly ground pepper
tablespoons chopped parsley
cup sour cream

ash beans, cover with cold water and ak overnight in a large pot.

To cook, add salt pork and enough tra water to reach 1 inch above the ans. Tie celery, carrot, onion, garlic, ili pepper and bay leaf in cheesecloth d add to pot. Heat to boiling; reduce at, cover and simmer 3 hours or until ans are barely tender, adding hot wa- as necessary to maintain water level while cooking. Discard salt pork and spice bag.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Drain beans, reserving cooking liquid. Place beans in a 2-quart casserole. Add 1 cup of bean liquid, wine, thyme, salt and pepper. Cover and bake for 2 hours or until beans are tender but not mushy. Stir 2 or 3 times during cooking, adding more bean liquid if necessary. Stir in parsley just before serving. Pass sour cream to spoon over beans. Makes 8 servings. About 400 calories per serving.

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MARGARITA SOUFFLÉ
pictured on page 104

Tastes just like the drink. Olé!

10 eggs, separated
1 cup sugar
1 cup lime juice
Grated peel of 4 limes (about 2 tablespoons)
1 teaspoon salt
2 envelopes (2 tablespoons) unflavored gelatin
½ cup tequila
½ cup triple sec
2 cups heavy cream, whipped

In large mixer bowl, with electric mixer on high, beat egg yolks until light and fluffy. Gradually add sugar and beat until smooth and light yellow in color. Mix in lime juice, peel and salt. Cook in top of double boiler over boiling water until mixture thickens, about 10 to 15 minutes, stirring constantly.

In small saucepan, sprinkle gelatin over tequila and triple sec. Cook over low heat until gelatin is *(continued)*

PORTFOLIO OF CULINARY ART

continued

dissolved, stirring constantly. Gradually pour into hot custard and stir until well combined. Chill.

Meanwhile, butter a 1½ or 2-quart soufflé dish. Make a "collar" by cutting a strip of waxed paper long enough to overlap the perimeter about 3 inches. Fold in half lengthwise. Wrap paper around the top of the dish so that it extends 3 inches above the rim. Secure with tape.

In large bowl, beat egg whites until stiff peaks form. Fold into custard with whipped cream. Pour into dish; refrigerate until set, at least 3 hours. The soufflé improves in flavor if made a day ahead and refrigerated. It also freezes well. Remove paper collar before serving. Makes 12 servings. About 335 calories per serving.

AFTER SKIING RUMMY
pictured on page 106

Better than any hot buttered rum we at LHJ have ever tasted.

1 teaspoon maple syrup
1 teaspoon dark brown sugar
Pinch of nutmeg
1 pat (2 teaspoons) butter
1½ ounces (3 tablespoons) dark rum
⅙ of a lemon
½ slice of orange
2 to 3 whole cloves
¾ cup hot apple cider
1 cinnamon stick

Into large mug, put maple syrup, brown sugar, nutmeg, butter and rum. Squeeze juice of lemon into mug and then add lemon. Stud orange slice with cloves and add to mug. Fill with piping hot apple cider and stir with cinnamon stick. Makes 1 serving; about 300 calories.

FRESH GREEN BEAN SALAD
pictured on page 106

Don't overcook the green beans; you want them crisp and crunchy.

½ cup tarragon vinegar
¼ cup olive or salad oil
Juice of ½ lemon
1 garlic clove, crushed
1 tablespoon fresh dill (or 1 teaspoon dried)
½ teaspoon salt
2 pounds fresh green beans, snipped
10 cherry tomatoes
½ cup chopped green onions
½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
Lettuce leaves

In a jar with tight-fitting lid, combine vinegar, olive oil, lemon juice, garlic, dill and salt. Cook beans in salted water until tender but still crisp; drain. Plunge into ice water to chill. Place in large bowl. Add tomatoes, onions, pepper and well-shaken dressing from jar. Marinate 1 to 2 hours, stirring occasionally. To serve, arrange on lettuce leaves. Makes 8 servings. About 95 calories each.

SZEGEDIN GOULASH
pictured on page 106

A hearty pork casserole perfect for after ski—or for any chilly evening.

3 pounds lean pork, cut in 2 inch cubes
½ cup flour
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup shortening
3 large onions, finely chopped
3 green peppers, finely chopped
2 teaspoons paprika
2 bay leaves
1 teaspoon caraway seeds
2 to 3 cups sauerkraut, drained
2 cups beef broth or bouillon
½ cup sour cream

Shake pork cubes in a bag with flour, salt and pepper until well coated. Melt shortening in a Dutch oven or large skillet. Add meat and brown well on all sides. Remove with slotted spoon; set aside. To drippings in Dutch oven, add onions and sauté until soft, about 5 to 8 minutes. Return meat to pan and add green peppers, paprika, bay leaves and caraway seeds. Cover and cook 15 minutes. Rinse sauerkraut several times in cold water. After meat is partially cooked, add sauerkraut and *(continued)*



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gether, the no-boil rice that's ect everytime and the all-natural of Blue Diamond Sliced Natural onds give your family a mid- treat. And it's as easy on your get as it's easy to prepare.

Beef Kebabs

oine ½ cup red wine, 2 tablespoons oil, all onion, grated, ¼ cup chopped parsley, aspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon basil and ⅛ oon pepper in a large glass bowl. Add 1½ ds beef, cut into 1½ inch cubes (about 18); nate overnight in refrigerator. Drain, reserv- arinade. Blanch 2 medium green peppers, nto 12 pieces. Parboil 12 small white onions. medium tomatoes into 12 wedges. Place and vegetables alternately on 6 long ers. Broil in preheated broiler or over glowing for 4 to 5 minutes on each side, brushing ently with reserved marinade.



Rice Pilaf

1 large onion, chopped
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 cups MINUTE® Rice
2 cups beef bouillon*
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup seedless raisins (optional)
¾ cup BLUE DIAMOND® Sliced Natural Almonds, toasted
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

*Or use 2 beef bouillon cubes, dissolved in hot water.

Sauté onion in butter in a large skillet until tender but not brown, about 5 minutes. Add rice and sauté for 3 minutes. Add bouillon, salt and raisins. Bring to a boil; remove from heat, cover and let stand 5 minutes. Stir in almonds and parsley, and fluff with a fork. Serve with Beef Kebabs. Makes about 5 cups or 6 servings.

PORTFOLIO OF CULINARY ART

continued

1 cup broth (using remaining broth only as needed). Heat to boiling. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 1½ to 2 hours or until meat is fork tender, stirring occasionally. *(May be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 2 days. Heat over medium heat until warmed through, about 30 minutes, stirring occasionally.)*

To serve, stir in the sour cream and heat again but do not boil. Serve with galuska (homemade noodles) or medium egg noodles. Makes 10 servings. About 495 calories per serving.

WESTHAVEN CAKE
pictured on page 106

An easy, delectable cake that needs no icing.

1 package (7 or 8 oz.) pitted dates
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 cup hot water
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1⅓ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
2 tablespoons cocoa
1 package (6 oz.) semisweet chocolate pieces
½ cup chopped walnuts

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease and flour 9-inch tube pan or 13x9-inch cake pan.

Cut up dates and place in small bowl. Sprinkle on soda and pour on hot water; set aside. In large mixer bowl, with mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine and sugar, scraping bowl occasionally. Beat in eggs and vanilla. Combine flour and cocoa and add to butter mixture. Stir date mixture and pour into flour mixture; continue beating just until mixed. Fold in half of the chocolate pieces and nuts; reserve rest for top. Pour into prepared pan; sprinkle on remaining nuts and chocolate. Bake 55 minutes for tube pan; 45 minutes for 13x9-inch pan. Cool completely in pan on wire rack. Makes 12 servings. About 350 calories per serving. **End**

TO ORDER YOUR COOKBOOK

Portfolio: Culinary Art from Denver Art Museum contains 400 recipes on 194 pages. The spiral-bound book features a wide range of ethnic and international foods, and is handsomely illustrated with color plates. To order your copy send $9.95 (plus 50¢ for postage and handling) to:

Cookbook
Denver Art Museum
100 West 14th Avenue Parkway,
Dept. LHJ
Denver, Colo. 80204

Make checks payable to the Denver Art Museum.

ONIONS

continued from page 102

LIVER AND ONIONS
pictured on page 102

A zesty onion butter accents the traditional liver, bacon and onions.

2 pounds beef liver, sliced ¼-inch thick
8 slices bacon
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 large onion, sliced

Cut liver into serving pieces. In large skillet, cook bacon over medium-low heat. Remove and drain on paper towels. Drain off all but 1 tablespoon drippings. To drippings in skillet, add butter or margarine and heat just until melted. Add onion and cook until tender, stirring occasionally. Remove from pan and keep warm. Add liver to skillet and cook for 6 minutes, turning once. Serve immediately with bacon and onions. Top with Onion Butter (recipe follows), if desired. Makes 6 servings. About 305 calories per serving with 1 tablespoon Onion Butter.

ONION BUTTER

½ cup grated onion
½ cup chopped parsley
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon salt

In small bowl, mix all ingredients until well combined. Serve with liver and onions or as an accompaniment for meat, fish or breads. Makes 1 cup. About 55 calories per tablespoon.

ONIONS À LA MONÉGASQUE
(Onions, Monaco Style)
pictured on page 102

Serve chilled as an hors d'oeuvre or as a main dish accompaniment.

2 cups water
⅓ cup wine vinegar
⅓ cup dry white wine
¼ cup olive or salad oil
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon oregano
½ teaspoon freshly grated black pepper
1 bay leaf
2 garlic cloves, halved
Dash bottled red pepper sauce
Pinch saffron threads (optional)
4 dozen small whole white onions, peeled (about 2 pounds)
¼ cup tomato paste
½ cup seedless raisins
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

In large saucepan or skillet, over medium heat, combine all but last 4 ingredients. Add onions and heat to boiling, over medium heat. Reduce heat to low and simmer until onions are crisp-tender. Stir in tomato paste and raisins. Cook until raisins are puffed and onions barely tender, but still crunchy, about 5 minutes. Cool in liquid. Refrigerate. Serve chilled. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Makes 6 cups. About 145 calories per cup.

ONION SOUP
pictured on page 102

Add a salad, French bread and wine fo a delightful lunch or supper.

¼ cup butter or margarine
1½ pounds onions, thinly sliced
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon sugar
7 cups beef broth
½ cup dry white wine
8 slices French bread, toasted
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
½ pound Swiss, Gruyere or Muenster cheese, sliced

In Dutch oven or large saucepan, me butter or margarine. Add onions an sauté over low heat until onions are we coated, stirring occasionally. Cover an continue cooking for 15 minutes unt onions are limp. Uncover and sprink with salt and sugar and continue coo ing until onions are golden. Pour in be broth and wine; cover and simmer 20 25 minutes until onions are very tende *(May be prepared in advance to th point. Ladle into containers and refri erate up to 2 days or freeze up to months. To serve, thaw soup if froze Cook over medium heat until heate through, then procced with instructio below.)*

Preheat oven to 375°F. Ladle sou into 8 ovenproof soup bowls. To ea bowl, add slice of bread, then sprink with 1 tablespoon Parmesan cheese an top with cheese slice. Place soup bow in oven and bake until cheese is melte and bubbly, about 10 minutes. Makes 1-cup servings. About 300 calories p serving.

ONION CORNBREAD
pictured on page 102

Reminiscent of Southern spoon brea this rich, cheesy concoction makes a d licious accompaniment to meat.

¼ cup butter or margarine
1½ cups chopped onions (about 2 medium)
1 cup sour cream
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup (4 oz.) shredded sharp Cheddar cheese, divided
1 package (10 or 12 oz.) corn muffin mi
1 egg, beaten
½ cup milk
1 can (8½ oz.) cream-style corn
2 drops bottled red pepper sauce

Preheat oven to 425°F. Grease 8-in square pan; set aside.

In medium skillet over medium hea melt butter or margarine. Add onio and sauté until tender, about 10 mi utes. Cool slightly. Add sour cream, s and ½ cup Cheddar cheese to onions; s aside. In medium bowl, combine co muffin mix, egg, milk, corn and hot pe per sauce; stir until smooth.

Spread batter in prepared pan. Spo onion mixture evenly and gently atop t batter. Sprinkle on remaining chee bake for 30 to 35 minutes or until toot pick inserted in center comes out clea Cut into 9 pieces. Serve warm. Abo 360 calories per piece. **E**



auliflower with Cheese Sauce



▲ French Green Beans with Toasted Almonds



reamed Spinach ▼ Mixed Vegetables with Onion Sauce



▲ Green Peas and Potatoes with Cream Sauce ▼ Broccoli with Hollandaise Sauce





Birds Eye® Combinations will do almost anything to get your husband's attention.

s your husband think your vegetables are all alike as peas in a ? Even when you're not serving peas? Then you should be serving Birds Eye® Combinations.

Birds Eye® Combinations are mixed vegetables, glazed vegetables, etables in a cream sauce, vegetables with almonds—interesting, rful, exciting vegetables. They're even broccoli and cauliflower in a at-tasting cheese sauce.

In short, they're vegetables that your husband can't ignore. That's ause Birds Eye® Combinations will catch his passing fancy... kind that makes him keep on asking you to pass the vegetables to him.



Birds Eye® Combinations.
The first vegetables your husband might even notice.

photographs are approx. 2 times actual size.

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Q. Does Speed Queen pack a coupon fo Tide in every new automatic washer

A. Do kids run outside in their socks



This Speed Queen washer is also good to have around when kids play outside. Its multi-cycle timer has settings for normal, permanent press/knits, even pre-wash soaking. And the exclusive, large capacity, stainless steel tub means no chips, no snags, no rust.

Tide has agreed with washer makers to supply Tide coupons packed by them and to feature their washers in Tide advertising.

The makers of 17 washers pack Tide coupons in every top-loading automatic.

No question about it—when kids run outside in the socks, the dirt gets ground i with every step they take. And to help you get out that dirt, Speed Queen packs a 40-cents-off coupon for Tide every one of their new washers. Now 40-cents-off i good reason to try Tide. But we think you'll keep using Tide because of the way it cleans.

Tide was made to work best on the kind of dirt you see most in your wash—the terrible black dirt kids have way of grinding into their knees and elbows and heel and toes...not to mention t day-in, day-out fruit juice ar jam, chocolate drinks and i cream. Tide can handle it al and handle it beautifully!

The dirt you see the mo is the dirt Tide cleans the best.



SPECIAL TEAR-OUT BONUS

HE NEW WEIGHT WATCHERS DIET

NEW FOODS

on the cob, cheeseburgers, hot chocolate, frankfurter-on-roll, catsup, yogurt, "sweet tooth" foods

NEW CUSTOM-DIETING ATTITUDE

Choose how much food to eat (within a certain range) and lose weight

NEW "PERSONAL ACTION" PLAN

w can you diet and lose weight, eat what your non-dieting nds eat? Dieters would love to w. Among the self-help diet s, Weight Watchers—probably most successful of them all, n an enrollment of some 9 ion dieters since it started in , 1963—is giving dieters some kable answers. The answers, risingly, involve a new way of nting calories, a new *method* of ng, and foods that traditionally e been taboo for dieters.

Originally based on the balanced, -calorie Prudent Diet, the ght Watchers diet has gone ugh minor modifications: In 1, it added potatoes, pasta, poly- aturated fats. In 1972, it allowed nbers modest *alternate* choices me foods. The Weight chers diet, revised in 1971 to into account new nutrition , is based on the National earch Council's Recommended y Allowances, with the calories ed down to 1,200 for women 1,600 for men—to enable n to lose the AMA-recom- nded 2 to 2½ pounds a week, maintain a nutritionally sound, nced diet. Weight Watchers ers are well-motivated; they t in groups of approximately o 100, weigh in, exchange ds of encouragement and n about dieting from a trained rer. But the strict diet had many wearying do's and don'ts—and a long list of "illegal" foods.

> *"Instead of adapting your lifestyle to the diet, you can now adapt the diet to your lifestyle."*
> —Dr. Reva Frankle
> Director of Nutrition for Weight Watchers

Now, however, for the first time, Weight Watchers has made major modifications in its diet, taking much of the rigid compulsion out of it. Some fresh elements:

New freedoms, flexibility and foods for dieters on the Basic program (Basic is the aspect of Weight Watchers on which you actually lose weight). Ethnic foods that satisfy emotional needs of Americans of various cultural backgrounds are included—pita bread, bagels, tortillas, English muffins, pumpernickel and others. Dieters on the Basic diet are still not allowed to count calories except for one new, small group of low-calorie sweets; they still must weigh, measure or go by count, as they learn to recognize what a proper-sized portion looks like.

The big calorie change is in the Maintenance plan (this follows Basic, when you've reached your weight goal). Calorie counting is now allowed for the first time in the history of Weight Watchers. The calorie count and nutrition of ethnic prepared dishes like *paella* and *moussaka* have been analyzed and included. Regional American dishes, favorites that people typically eat in the U.S., have also been analyzed and included.

A further startling change is an ingenious, simple system of counting by 50-calorie units, once you're on the Maintenance plan. The system puts *you* in charge of controlling your weight by adjusting your "units."

The "unit" innovation is the result of Weight Watchers collating approximately five million hours of classroom experience and finding that men and women are more independent and can handle considerably more responsibility than previously supposed. The new Weight Watchers diet recognizes that there is now a much more sophisticated group of dieters out there—dieters who are more knowledgeable about nutrition and calories.

The *Journal* is bringing you this special tear-out diet section not only because the new Weight Watchers diet is news, but because—whether you join Weight Watchers or not—if you have the will-power and motivation you can use this as a guide to losing weight without sticking to the traditional "diet" foods and methods.

Here, now, are the new Weight Watchers highlights—plus a week of Weight Watchers meals and recipes.

WEIGHT WATCHERS NEW BASIC PROGRAM 7-DAY MENU PLANNER

This constitutes one week of Basic program meals, not the Weight Watchers Maintenance plan.

Monday

Morning Meal
Grapefruit sections, 1 serving (½ cup)
¾ ounce uncooked cereal, prepared with ¼ ounce wheat germ
Skim milk, ½ serving
Coffee or Tea

Midday Meal
Steamed Sea Bass, 3-4 ounces
Beets in Mustard Sauce*
Pumpernickel bread, 1 serving
Margarine, 1 serving
Applesauce, 1 serving (½ cup)
Coffee or Tea

Snack
Skim milk, ¾ serving

Evening Meal
Tomato juice, ½ serving
Chicken Livers en Brochette*
Bulgur Pilaf*
Green Beans, 1 serving
Salad, tossed with 1 serving mayonnaise and ½ serving (1 teaspoon) chili sauce
Melon, ½ serving (¼ medium)
Coffee or Tea

Snack
Strawberries, ½ serving (½ cup)
Buttermilk, ½ serving

Tuesday

Morning Meal
Pineapple Bread Pudding*
Skim milk, ½ serving
Coffee or Tea

Midday Meal
Chicken Soup Printanier*
2 ounces Brie cheese
Roll, 1 serving
Apple, quartered, 1 serving (1 medium)
Coffee or Tea

Snack
Plain yogurt, ¾ serving

Evening Meal
Veal Picatta*
Artichokes Provençal*
Bibb lettuce and endive salad with 2 servings vinaigrette dressing*
Oranges Maroccaine*
Coffee or Tea

Snack
Skim milk, ½ serving

Wednesday

Morning Meal
Baked Prunes*
⅓ cup cottage cheese with 1 serving caraway seeds on 1 serving rye toast
Skim milk, ½ serving
Coffee or Tea

Midday Meal
3-4 ounces sardines with lem juice on 1 serving pumpernickel
Lettuce and Green Pepper Salad with Yogurt-Cucumb Dressing*
Grapefruit, 1 serving (½ mediu
Coffee or Tea

Snack
Carrot and celery sticks

Evening Meal
"Cream" of Zucchini Soup*
4-6 ounces sliced roast beef
3 ounces peas
Cauliflower, 1 serving
Boston lettuce salad with 2 servings vegetable oil and vinegar
Hot Gingered Fruit Supreme
Coffee or Tea

Snack
Skim milk, ¾ serving

Thursday

Morning Meal
Papaya, 1 serving (½ medium)
1 ounce ready-to-eat cereal (bran)
Skim milk, ½ serving
Coffee or Tea

Midday Meal
Mixed vegetable juice, ½ serving
Chicken Salad*
Corn Fritters*
Coffee or Tea

Snack
Plain yogurt, 1 serving

Evening Meal
Chicken Broth*
Curried Shrimp*
Tossed green salad with lemon juice
Baked Banana*
Coffee or Tea

Snack
Skim milk, ½ serving

Friday

Morning Meal
Blueberry Pancakes*
Skim milk, ½ serving
Coffee or Tea

Midday Meal
Broiled filet of sole, 3-4 ounces
Spinach, 1 serving
Cracked wheat bread, 1 serving
Margarine, 1½ servings
Kiwi fruit, 1 serving (1 medium)
Coffee or Tea

Snack
Clam and tomato juice, ½ serving

Evening Meal
Spicy Lamb Stew*
Broccoli, 1 serving
Mixed Green Salad with Mild Tomato Dressing*
Cherry Yogurt Pops*
Coffee or Tea

Snack
Buttermilk, 1 serving

Saturday

Morning Meal
Grapefruit juice, 1 serving (½ cup)
1 ounce ready-to-eat cereal
Skim milk, ½ serving
Coffee or Tea

Midday Meal
Pastitsio*
2 ounces sliced turkey, ½ medium cucumber, sliced on lettuce with 1¼ servings mayonnaise on 1 serving rye bread
Fruit cocktail, 1 serving (½ cup)
Coffee or Tea

Snack
Buttermilk, 1 serving

Evening Meal
Baked Salmon with Caper Sauce*
Asparagus, 1 serving
4 ounces parsnips
Plums, 1 serving
Skim milk, ¼ serving
Coffee or Tea

Snack
Tomato juice, 1 serving

Sunday

Morning Meal
Orange juice, 1 serving (½ cu
1 ounce smoked salmon
1¼ ounces cottage cheese
Bagel
Coffee or Tea

Midday Meal
Mixed vegetable juice, 1 servi
Swiss cheese omelet with toasted sesame seeds (1 e 1 ounce Swiss cheese, 1 te spoon toasted sesame see
Celery and carrot sticks
Fresh pineapple, 1 serving (¼ medium)
Skim milk, ½ serving
Coffee or Tea

Snack
Skim milk, ½ serving

Evening Meal
Fennel Roast Pork*
Red cabbage, 1 serving
4 ounces Chinese pea pods
Romaine Salad with 3 servin French Dressing*
Brandied Peach*
Coffee or Tea

Snack
Plain yogurt, 1 serving

*Recipes on pag

ON THE REVAMPED BASIC DIET— NEW FREEDOMS, NEW FOODS, NEW ASPECTS



y fish that swims!
more "no's" about fish. The new ic Program includes sardines, rings, some anchovies, raw fish, ned fish in mustard or tomato ce. Includes all smoked fish—even oked oysters. Also all shellfish. of all kinds as often as you like.

tting the bird
ple in inland states can substitute itionally equivalent foods, such as ltry, when certain fish is not ilable.

at in the morning
t or poultry (1 oz.) at your morning l, if you wish.

teau Plan
nock-off-stubborn-fat menu plan is 200 calories less (but nutrition- sound).



eese
ni-soft cheeses are all now legal. mples: Brie, Camembert, blue. semi-soft cheeses were previously l.)

nge of meat, fish, poultry
ust the quantity you want to eat ording to your personal preference, in this range: At noon: 3-4 ounces. nings: 4-6 ounces for women and ng people; 6-8 ounces for men.

oking Procedure
can combine raw ground meat with and other additional ingredients *u bake it on a rack.* Food studies w the fat will not be absorbed, but drip off. This is not true, however, en quick-broiling foods.



Bonus
As a bonus, you can have a cup of tomato/clam juice every day. Or add a half-cup of tomato sauce (without sugar) to a food.



Meats, meats, meats!
You can have smoked meats, smoked poultry, all kinds of bologna, most kinds of frankfurters, fresh and smoked tongue.

Cereals
Wheat germ, all bran and bran buds are in.

Specialty "sweet tooth" foods
A new category. Low-calorie jams, jellies, preserves, salad dressings, syrups or toppings, flavored gelatin, non-carbonated drinks or dry mix. *No more than 15 calories a day, please.*

Milk
Yogurt (plain), store-bought or home-made, a half-cup. A swap: You can now also have—once daily—a flavored low-calorie milk pudding or flavored milk beverage as a substitute for a milk serving.

Vegetarians
Lacto-ovo vegetarians (vegetarians who use milk and eggs) and other Weight Watchers members are now allowed Tofu, the compressed cake of soy bean curd, three times a week, in addition to fish.



Fruits
Figs, fruit cocktail, kumquats, mangoes, fruit salad, prunes (and prune juice), persimmon, watermelon, canned fruits in water or blended juice, or artificially sweetened.



Vegetables
Any vegetable is now legal, and in any reasonable amount (except for a small group of 4-ounces-only vegetables).



Breads, rolls, buns!
The works: Sprouted rye, whole grain, oatmeal, pumpernickel. Once a week: Buns, bagel, English muffin, pita, 2 tortillas, a hamburger roll, a hard roll.

Instead-of-bread choices
Barley, buckwheat groats (kasha), corn (on-the-cob, cream style or kernel), wild rice, cracked wheat (Bulgur). Switch no more than three times a week.

Something Extra
A new category. If you want, have up to 3 servings daily of these newly "legal" foods: catsup or chili sauce (2 teaspoons each serving); flour, arrowroot, cornstarch, cocoa, concentrated yeast extract, caraway seeds, poppy, sesame (all one teaspoon each serving).

Switching meals around
If you wish, have your evening meal at midday...and your midday meal in the evening.

THE REVISED WEIGHT WATCHERS

MAINTENANCE PLAN

The new, guilt-free "unit system" that now lets you custom-tailor your diet by adding or subtracting food "units" to control your weight.

Delicatessen, supermarket, restaurant and cookbook recipe dishes—in units.

Wine and alcohol after the first week.

A once-a-month dinner at your favorite restaurant.

For people who want to stay at a desired weight, the most important innovation in the new Maintenance plan is the unit system. The plan has eight food groups. The foods within each group have approximately the same caloric values based on 50-calorie units. Foods in the first group are one-unit foods; they contain 50 calories. Foods in the second group are two-unit foods, containing 100 calories. Third group foods are three-unit foods, 150 calories; and so on up through Group 8, eight-unit foods, which are 400-calorie foods. Some examples: A serving of ravioli with sauce is a five-unit food because nutrition analysis has shown it to be 250 calories. A serving of egg foo yong (350 calories) is a seven-unit food.

When a Weight Watchers member (or anyone who can count by 50) has reached her goal weight, the problem is to discover how much additional food she can take and still maintain a stable weight. So the first week on maintenance, you are allowed to add, daily, any one of the one-unit foods. The second week, you can have a two-unit food per day...and so on up to an eight-unit day in the eighth week.

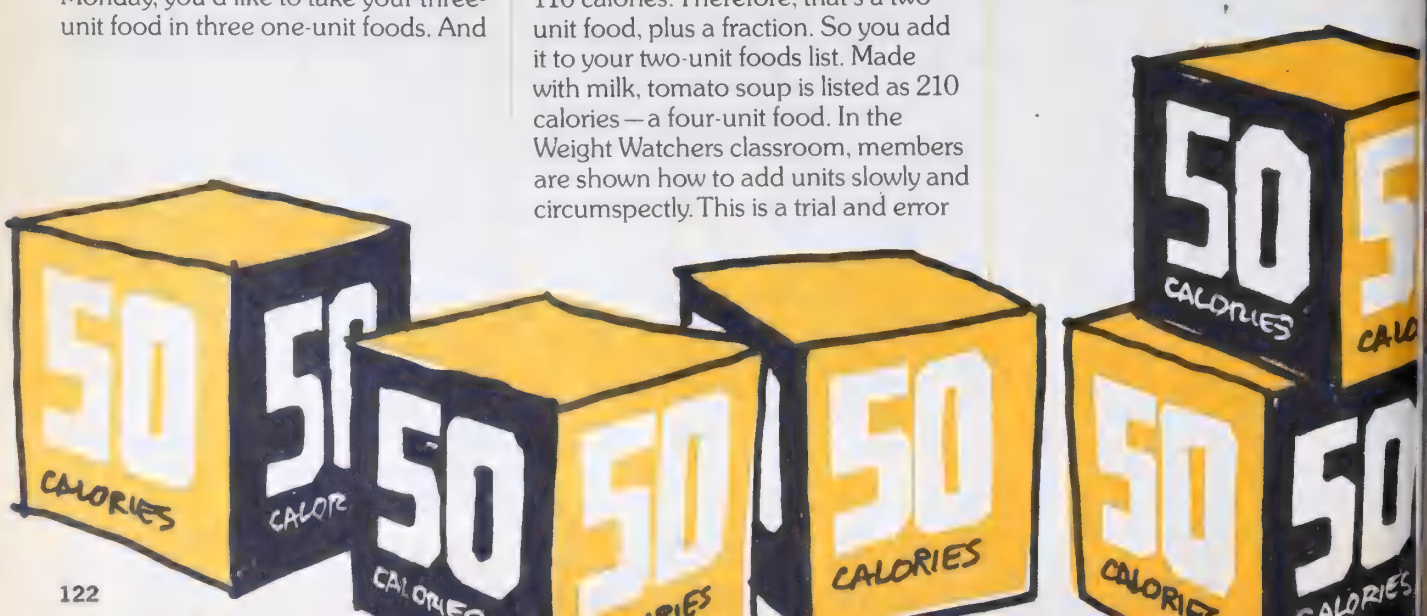
The units are interchangeable. For example, in the third week, perhaps on Monday, you'd like to take your three-unit food in three one-unit foods. And on Tuesday you want a one-unit food and a two-unit food. You may juggle your units to your heart's content. If you want to take your six units in a six-unit chocolate eclair every day of the week, you may, although it is not recommended. You can adjust units by day, week or however else suits you.

If you begin to gain weight, you simply drop off units. A small-boned, short woman may find she can't handle eight units a day without beginning to gain weight, but she's successful with six, or possibly seven. Another person may find five units a day right for her, but she can still include eight units on a weekend.

Guilt-free, jot-it-in units are possible. The freedom of choice attitude makes practically all foods "legal": If you can't find a food you want on your unit chart, you are allowed to make your *own* additions to the list, writing it in. You can refer to a calorie book. Or, in a grocery store, when nutritional information is provided on the package, it includes the serving size, the servings per package and the calories per serving. You simply remember that each Weight Watchers unit represents 50 calories. For example, the label on a can of tomato soup might list the serving size, prepared with water, at 110 calories. Therefore, that's a two-unit food, plus a fraction. So you add it to your two-unit foods list. Made with milk, tomato soup is listed as 210 calories—a four-unit food. In the Weight Watchers classroom, members are shown how to add units slowly and circumspectly. This is a trial and error period; you are stabilizing your weigh It is suggested that you add your own unit foods as little as possible until your weight has remained stable for eight weeks. At the same time, the pu pose is to learn how to handle addition foods without fear, how to recognize how many units you're eating when you're visiting someone for dinner, hc to adjust your units to cover the meal

An added-in food doesn't necessarily have to be nutritional. You wan (yuck!) chocolate-covered ants? Go ahead. The basic menu plan keeps yc covered nutritionally—it is nutritional balanced and consistent with the recommended dietary allowances of the Food and Nutrition Board of the U.S. National Research Council.

Personal choices are now so emph sized that members are "cautioned" that a number of high-calorie foods are concentrated sources of fat and refined sugar with little nutrient content...among them bacon, butter, cream cheese, heavy cream, fudge, caramel candy. Alcohol represents a striking relaxation: Formerly, a dieter had to wait until the eighth week of maintenance for her first drink; now, after one week, you can have champagne, certain wines, whiskey and ot alcoholic drinks. The idea is to allow



ople to live more normally, and to minate their feeling of guilt because ey've given in to a temptation. A rson who knows she has a three-it allowance for a 12-ounce glass of er she wants with a corned beef ndwich (eight units) has no guilt. er is not "illegal"; she merely ad-ts her units to cover the situation if e has exceeded her unit limit.

The once-a-month meal at your favorite restaurant after you've successfully maintained a stable weight on eight weeks of Maintenance, is yours to choose for eight units. It's a bonus, a splurge. How *much* you eat at the restaurant doesn't matter. A normal portion of spareribs is 6 to 8, but if the restaurant serves more, go ahead. The restaurant splurge has already been allowed for.

Lifetime Plan. Once your weight is stabilized, you're automatically on the Lifetime Plan. You are now more confidently, relaxedly, eating *your* way; *you* are in charge, tailoring your food choices to your lifestyle. Yet you do not gain weight. At this transition point, Weight Watchers stresses continued personal vigilance.

NEW FOODS ON THE MAINTENANCE PLAN

Some Maintenance foods, all now in units. Asterisked items are new to the program.

nit foods:
proximately 50 calories)
sins; *2 tablespoons*
eback, *2*
ping, whipped, non-dairy; *three tablespoons*
ır cream; *2 tablespoons*
am cheese; *1 tablespoon*
ad dressing, any type; *2 teaspoons*
chovies, fillets; *4*
iar; *1 tablespoon*
ring, pickled; *1 ounce*
kle, sweet; *1 large*
nberry sauce; *2 tablespoons*
ter sauce; *2 teaspoons*
ocorn; *one cup*
ney; *2 teaspoons*
colate syrup; *one tablespoon*
acamole dip *(¼ cup)*
epared blue cheese dip; *2 teaspoons*
am dip; *2 teaspoons*
nion dip; *2 teaspoons*

nit foods:
proximately 100 calories)
cado; *¼ medium*
te nut bread; *1 slice*
pover; *1*
t roll; *1*
con; *2 slices*
oked egg; *1*
opped liver; *½ cup*
operoni; *¾ ounce*
apple; *1 ounce*
ampagne; *4 fluid ounces*
, rum, vodka, whiskey, brandy
or cognac; *1 fluid ounce*
le wine (chablis, claret, rhine wine, sauterne); *3½ fluid ounces*
ownie; *1 (1¾" x 1¾" x 1")*
acaroon; *1*
llandaise sauce; *2 tablespoons*
ghetti sauce; *½ cup*
ite sauce; *¼ cup*
azpacho, *one cup*
ancakes; *2 (4" diam.)*
eamed clams; *12*
herrystone clams; *6*
orscht; *a cup*
pinach-bacon-mushroom salad; *a cup*
eef jerky, *one ounce*

3-unit foods:
(approximately 150 calories)
apple or grape juice; *1 cup*
apricot nectar; *1 cup*
bagel; *1*
garlic bread; *2 slices (3" x 1½")*
muffin, any type (blueberry, bran, corn); *1 medium*
cinnamon toast; *1 slice*
refried beans; *½ cup*
mashed potatoes; *one cup*
Spanish rice; *½ cup*
succotash; *¾ cup*
potato chips; *12*
beer or ale; *12 fluid ounces*
highball; *6 fluid ounces*
martini; *3 fluid ounces*
Italian vermouth; *3 fluid ounces*
chocolate creams; *3*
chocolate mints; *2*
marshmallows; *5 large*
*corn chips; *one ounce*
*halvah; *one ounce*
*melon and prosciutto; *one serving*
*frozen yogurt; *4 ounces*

4-unit foods:
(approximately 200 calories)
baking powder biscuits, *2; (2" diameter)*
baked clams; *4*
hot cocoa; *6 fluid ounces*
baked apple; *1*
beef pot roast; *3 ounces*
chicken or turkey, baked or roasted, meat and skin; *4 ounces*
beef enchilada; *1*
French toast; *1 slice*
herring in cream sauce; *4 ounces*
beef taco; *1*
almonds; *22*
peanut butter; *2 tablespoons*
creamed soup; *1 cup*
*Charlotte Russe; *one*
*creamed chipped beef; *½ cup*
*cheese puffs; *3*
*macadamia nuts; *10 nuts*
*trifle; *4 ounces*
*knish; *1 (3½" diameter)*

5-unit foods:
(approximately 250 calories)
zucchini, French fried; *4 ounces*
filled doughnut; *1*
ice cream soda, any flavor; *1*
strudel; *1 piece (3 ounces)*
lasagna; *1 serving (6 ounces)*
lobster Newburg; *5 ounces*
chicken salad sandwich
Swiss steak; *7 ounces*
fried shrimp; *4 ounces*
oyster stew; *one cup*
*chicken cacciatore; *8 ounces*
*bouillabaise; *2 cups*
*ravioli with sauce; *7 pieces*
*eggplant, French fried; *4 ounces*
*fettucini Alfredo; *4 ounces*
*beef goulash; *one cup*
*Swedish meatballs; *3*
*onion rings, French fried; *4 ounces*
*spinach soufflé; *6 ounces*
*stuffed shells; *3 (4½ ounces)*

6-unit foods:
(approximately 300 calories)
plantain; *1 medium*
baked beans with tomato sauce; *1 cup*
fried rice; *1 cup*
candied sweet potato; *6 ounces*
cream puff; *1 medium*
stuffed baked potato; *6 ounces*
Welsh rarebit on toast; *½ cup*
stuffed pepper; *1*
fruit turnover; *1*
eclair; *1 medium*
*coq au vin; *8 ounces*
*eggnog; *8 fluid ounces*
*chocolate mousse; *½ cup*
*cheese soufflé; *5 ounces*
*tamales with sauce, *2; six ounces*

7-unit foods:
(approximately 350 calories)
milk shake, any flavor; *8 fluid ounces*
cheese cake (with or without fruit topping); *⅛ of a 10" cake*
chili con carne; *1 cup*
duck, baked or roasted, meat and skin; *4 ounces*
omelet, any kind
peanut butter or cream cheese and jelly sandwich
spaghetti with meatballs; *1 cup*
chef's salad with dressing; *2 cups*
*Bagel, lox and cream cheese
*eggplant Parmigiana; *6 ounces*
*hamburger on roll with lettuce and catsup

8-unit foods:
(approximately 400 calories)
chicken a la king; *1 cup*
baked stuffed fish; *6 ounces*
macaroni and cheese; *1 cup*
turkey tetrazzini; *8 ounces*
frosted cake, any flavor; *1 piece, 3" x 3" x 2"*
ice cream sundae; *2 scoops*
pie, any type; *⅛ of a 9" pie*
strawberry shortcake with whipped topping; *1 serving, 1½" cube.*
deviled crab; *1 cup*
pot pie; *1 small one*
fried chicken; *1 large breast or 1 leg and thigh*
*baklava; *1 (2" x 2")*
*barbecued beef on bun; *1*
*cannelloni with cheese sauce; *2 (6")*
*coquille St. Jacques; *1 shell*
*duck with orange sauce; *half a duck*
*hamburger, bacon and cheese on a bun
*quiche Lorraine; *⅛ of a 9" pie*
*spareribs, barbecued; *(6-8 ribs)*
*scampi; *6 shrimp*
*Reuben sandwich
*pastrami sandwich
*corned beef sandwich
*grilled cheese and bacon sandwich

Editor's Note: Each of the following new Weight Watchers recipes serves four, unless otherwise noted. Each serving, in turn, h

RECIPES

Beets in Mustard Sauce

10 ounces (1½ cups) canned, sliced beets, drained
2 ounces red onions, (⅓ cup) thinly sliced
½ cup plain yogurt
1 tablespoon prepared mustard (Dijon or Düsseldorf)
2 teaspoons white vinegar
4 whole cloves
Salt and white pepper to taste

In a bowl, combine beets and onions. In separate bowl, combine remaining ingredients; pour over beets and onions. Toss to blend; chill. Remove cloves. Divide evenly and serve. Makes 4 servings. About 50 calories per serving.

Each serving is equivalent to:
3 ounces limited vegetables (beets and onions)
¼ serving milk (⅛ cup yogurt)

Chicken Livers en Brochette

2 pounds chicken livers
½ cup water
¼ cup catsup
¼ cup tomato purée
2 tablespoons soy sauce
1 teaspoon steak sauce
1 teaspoon cider vinegar
1 garlic clove, minced
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
⅛ teaspoon freshly minced ginger root
16 cherry tomatoes
Bulgur Pilaf (see recipe)

Cut livers in half; discard connective membrane. In large bowl, combine next 9 ingredients. Add livers. Cover and marinate at least 1 hour or up to 24 hours. Remove livers from marinade. Reserve marinade. Dividing evenly, skewer livers onto four 12-inch skewers. Skewer tomatoes onto two other 12-inch skewers. Place livers on rack and broil 4 inches from source of heat, about 5 to 7 minutes on each side or until livers are firm, brushing with marinade frequently. During last 2 minutes of broiling, add tomatoes and cook. Serve with Bulgur Pilaf. Divide evenly. Makes 4 servings. About 350 calories per serving without Bulgur Pilaf.

Each serving is equivalent to:
1½ servings something extra (1 tablespoon catsup)
⅛ serving bonus (1 tablespoon tomato purée)
6 ounces liver
Pilaf (see recipe)

Bulgur Pilaf

1½ cups chicken stock, divided (see recipe)
4 ounces onions, diced (¾ cup)
4 ounces cracked wheat (bulgur)
1 garlic clove, minced
¼ teaspoon marjoram
Salt and pepper to taste
4 teaspoons margarine

Preheat oven to 350°F. In medium saucepan, heat ¼ cup stock and onions to boiling. Cook, stirring occasionally until onions are tender. Add cracked wheat, garlic, marjoram, salt and pepper and remaining stock. Remove from heat. Pour into small shallow baking dish. Add margarine. Bake 30 minutes or until all liquid is absorbed. Serve hot. Divide evenly. Serve with Chicken Liver en Brochette. Makes 4 servings. About 120 calories per serving of bulgur.

Each serving is equivalent to:
½ serving something extra (6 tablespoons stock)
1 ounce limited vegetable (onion)
1 serving choice group (1 ounce cracked wheat)
1 serving fat (1 teaspoon margarine)

Pineapple Bread Pudding

4 slices raisin bread, diced
4 medium eggs
2 cups crushed pineapple (1 20 oz.-can crushed pineapple in own juice)
1 cup skim milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg

Preheat oven to 375°F. In bowl combine all ingredients, except one cup pineapple. Divide mixture evenly into four 10-ounce custard cups. Set in baking pan filled with 1 inch of hot water. Bake, uncovered, for 45 minutes or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Serve remaining pineapple, evenly divided, over each portion. Makes 4 servings. About 240 calories per serving.

Each serving is equivalent to:
1 serving bread
1 egg
1 serving fruit
¼ serving milk

Chicken Soup Printanier

1 cup diced celery
2 canned or fresh medium tomatoes, chopped
½ cup diced carrots
4 ounces onion, diced (¾ cup)
1-2 teaspoons fresh basil (or ½-1 teaspoon dried)
3 cups chicken stock (see recipe)
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste

Combine celery, tomatoes, carrots, onion and basil in a medium sauce pan and cook about 5 minutes. Add stock and simmer until vegetables are tender. Season to taste. Divide evenly. Makes 4 servings. About 40 calories per serving.

Each serving is equivalent to:
1 ounce limited vegetable (onion)
1 serving something extra (¾ cup stock)

Chicken Stock (Broth)

2 chicken carcasses
2 quarts water
1 rib celery with leaves, sliced
1 medium carrot, sliced
6 peppercorns
3 parsley springs
1 garlic clove, crushed
1 bay leaf
¼ teaspoon thyme
Salt to taste

In large saucepot combine all ingredients. Heat to boiling. Cover and reduce heat. Simmer for 1½ hours. Strain to remove solids. Place liquid in refrigerator until fat congeals on top; skim off fat and discard. Divide broth into ¾ cup portions.

¾ cup is equivalent to:
1 serving something extra (chicken broth)

Veal Picatta

2 pounds sliced veal, pounded thin
Salt and white pepper to taste
2 tablespoons plus 2 teaspoons margarine
1 garlic clove, pressed
¼ fresh lemon
2 tablespoons freshly chopped parsley
1 lemon, peeled and sliced for garnish

Season veal on both sides with salt and pepper. Cut into 2-inch wide strips. Brown in non-stick skillet for 6 to 7 minutes or to desired degree of doneness, stirring occasionally. Keep war and set aside. In small saucepa melt margarine until bubbly. Add garlic. Squeeze juice of lemon into margarine. Add 1 tablespoon parsley, salt and pepper. Heat until bubbly. Remove from heat. Stir sauce int veal. Divide evenly into 4 portions. Garnish with lemon slices and remaining parsley. Makes 4 servings. About 410 calories per serving.

Each serving is equivalent to:
6 ounces veal
1 serving fat (1 teaspoon margarine)

Artichokes Provençal

4 canned or fresh mediun tomatoes, chopped
2 tablespoons tomato pas
2 tablespoons water
2 garlic cloves, finely minc
1 teaspoon freshly chopp basil or ½ teaspoon drie
Salt and pepper to taste
1 teaspoon chopped pars
½ pound artichoke botton

Preheat oven to 375°F. In a small skillet combine tomatoe tomato paste, water, garlic an basil. Simmer about 5 minute Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add parsley. Place art choke bottoms in baking dish and top each with sauce. Hea thoroughly in oven for about 10 minutes. Divide evenly int 4 servings. About 50 calories per serving.

Each serving is equivalent to:
⅛ serving bonus (1½ teaspoons tomato pas
2 ounces limited vegetable (artichoke bottoms)

Vinaigrette Dressing

1 tablespoon plus 1 teaspoon vegetable o
1 tablespoon cider vinega
2 teaspoons water
1 teaspoon freshly chopp chives
1 teaspoon capers
¼ teaspoon paprika
⅛ teaspoon dry mustard

Combine all ingredients in sm jar with tight-fitting lid. Cover and shake to blend. Divide evenly. Makes 4 servings. Abo 45 calories per serving.

Each serving is equivalent to:
1 serving fat (1 teaspoon oil)

for number of calories. For readers familiar with the Weight Watchers system, servings have also been given "equivalencies."

anges Maroccaine
mall seedless oranges, eeled
› 3 teaspoons orange lossom or rose-flavored ater
ificial sweetener to qual 4 teaspoons sugar namon to taste
er a bowl, cut each orange 3 equal slices and arrange ne layer in a serving dish. inkle with remaining ingredi- s and toss. Cover with plastic p. Marinate at least 2 hours efrigerator prior to serving. de evenly. Makes 4 servings. ut 70 calories per serving.
h serving is equivalent to:
rving fruit

ed Prunes
nedium pitted prunes ip water
emon, thinly sliced
heat oven to 350°F. Place ngredients in 2-cup oven- of dish and cover. Bake for our or until prunes are very ler. Divide prunes and syrup ly. (This is a good dish to e at the same time a roast is e oven.) Or, in small sauce- heat prunes, water and on to boiling. Cover and ce heat to low. Cook 20 to minutes until prunes are ler. Makes 4 servings. About alories per serving.
h serving is equivalent to:
rving fuit

tuce and Green Pepper ad with Yogurt-cumber Dressing
ead iceberg lettuce
edium green pepper, ut into bite-sized pieces
ssing
cup plain yogurt
large garlic clove, crushed
teaspoon salt
teaspoon freshly chopped mint, or ½ teaspoon dried, or to taste
teaspoon white pepper or to taste
medium cucumber, peeled, seeded and finely chopped
off a small amount of ice- g lettuce and finely chop to al ½ cup. Tear remaining ce into bite-size pieces. In lad bowl, combine torn ce and green pepper. n a medium bowl, stir yogurt il smooth. Combine garlic and salt to make a paste. Mix well with 2 tablespoons yogurt, then combine with remaining yogurt. Season with mint and pepper. And cucumber and chopped lettuce. Pour dressing over lettuce and pepper, toss until well coated. Divide evenly. Makes 4 servings. About 60 calories per serving.
Each serving is equivalent to:
½ serving milk (¼ cup yogurt)

"Cream" of Zucchini Soup
4 cups diced zucchini
2 cups chicken stock (see recipe) or 3 packets instant chicken broth and seasoning mix, dissolved in 2 cups water
¼ cup diced celery
4 ounces onion (¾ cup)
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup evaporated skimmed milk
In saucepan, combine all ingredients except milk. Heat to boiling. Reduce heat and cover; simmer 10 minutes or until zucchini is very tender. Cool slightly. Place half the mixture in blender container; purée until smooth. Repeat with remaining mixture. Return to saucepan; stir in milk. Keep hot. Divide evenly. Makes 4 servings. About 85 calories per serving.
Each serving is equivalent to:
1 serving something extra (stock)
½ ounce limited vegetable (onion)
¼ serving milk

Hot Gingered Fruit Supreme
4 canned apricot halves with 2 tablespoons juice
1 cup canned pineapple chunks with juice
½ cup canned sliced peaches with juice
4 teaspoons margarine, melted
⅛ teaspoon fresh ginger root, finely minced
Preheat oven to 325°F. Combine all ingredients in a small baking dish. Bake for 30 minutes. Cool slightly and stir to combine before serving. Divide evenly. Makes 4 servings. About 120 calories per serving.
Each serving is equivalent to:
1 serving fruit
1 serving fat (1 teaspoon margarine)

Chicken Salad
8 ounces cooked, diced chicken
¼ cup diced celery
2 tablespoons plus 2 teaspoons mayonnaise
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Salt and white pepper to taste
4 lettuce leaves
In a medium bowl, combine all ingredients, except lettuce. Divide evenly and serve on lettuce. Makes 4 servings. About 165 calories per serving.
Each serving is equivalent to:
2 ounces chicken
2 servings fat (2 teaspoons mayonnaise)

Corn Fritters
4 slices enriched white bread, diced
4 medium eggs
1 ounce onion, minced (about 3 tablespoons)
¾ teaspoon baking powder
2 cups whole kernel corn
Salt and white pepper to taste
Combine bread, eggs, onion and baking powder in blender container and purée until smooth. Pour into bowl with corn. Stir to combine and season to taste. Drop by tablespoonful into hot non-stick skillet. Cook, turning once, until brown on each side. Divide evenly. Makes 4 servings, about 5 or 6 fritters each. About 210 calories per serving.
Each serving is equivalent to:
1 serving bread
1 egg
¼ ounce limited vegetable (onion)
1 serving choice group (½ cup corn)

Curried Shrimp
4 cups peeled, diced eggplant (about 1 medium)
1 cup tomato purée
8 ounces diced onion (1½ cups)
1 medium green pepper, diced
1 tablespoon curry powder, or to taste
1 tablespoon cider vinegar
1 garlic clove, minced
Sliced fresh ginger root, to taste (about 2 teaspoons)
¾ teaspoon ground coriander
¾ teaspoon turmeric
3 medium apples, peeled, cored and diced
3 cups chicken stock (see recipe)
6 whole cloves
¼ cinnamon stick
Salt and pepper to taste
2 pounds peeled and deveined shrimp
In a large saucepan combine eggplant, tomato puree, onion, pepper, curry powder, vinegar, garlic, ginger, coriander and turmeric. Cook 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add remaining ingredients, except shrimp. Simmer 30 to 40 minutes or until thickened. Add water, if necessary. Add shrimp, simmer 10-12 minutes or until shrimp are fork tender. Divide evenly. Makes 4 servings. About 420 calories each.
Each serving is equivalent to:
½ serving bonus (¼ cup tomato puree)
2 ounces limited vegetable (onion)
¾ serving fruit
1 serving something extra (¾ cup stock)
6 ounces shrimp

Baked Bananas
½ cup orange juice
2 teaspoons cornstarch, dissolved in 2 tablespoons freshly squeezed lemon juice
4 teaspoons margarine
2 medium bananas, peeled and sliced
Dash nutmeg
Preheat oven to 375°F. Heat orange juice to boiling. Add cornstarch mixture. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Remove from heat. Stir in margarine and bananas. Place in shallow baking dish. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake 20 minutes or until bananas are tender. Divide evenly. Serve immediately. About 105 calories per serving.
Each serving is equivalent to:
1¼ servings fruit
½ serving something extra (½ teaspoon cornstarch)
1 serving fat (1 teaspoon margarine)

Blueberry Pancakes
4 medium eggs
4 slices enriched white bread, diced
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
¼ teaspoon cinnamon

(continued)

2 cups blueberries
2 tablespoons plus 2 teaspoons low-calorie preserves

In blender container, combine eggs, bread, vanilla and cinnamon. Purée until smooth. Pour into bowl; add 1 cup blueberries and stir to combine. Drop by tablespoonfuls into a hot nonstick skillet. Cook until bubbles appear; turn; cook other side. Combine remaining 1 cup blueberries with preserves. Divide pancakes and blueberry mixture evenly into 4 serving. Top pancakes with blueberry-preserve mixture. Makes 4 servings. About 175 calories per serving.

Each serving is equivalent to:
1 egg
1 serving bread
1 serving fruit
2 teaspoons specialty foods (preserves)

Spicy Lamb Stew

8 ounces onions, sliced (about 2 medium or 1½ cups)
2 canned or fresh medium tomatoes, cut up
½ cup tomato puree
2 garlic cloves, minced
1½ pounds lean cooked lamb, cut into 1-inch cubes, (about 4½ cups)
8 medium pitted prunes, chopped
¼ cup freshly chopped parsley
1 bay leaf
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ to ¼ teaspoon freshly grated fresh ginger root
⅛ teaspoon ground coriander
⅛ teaspoon turmeric
Freshly ground pepper to taste
1½ cups chicken stock (see recipe)

In a large saucepot with nonstick finish, combine onions, tomatoes, tomato purée and garlic and simmer 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add lamb and remaining ingredients. Simmer about 50 minutes or until lamb is tender. Divide evenly. Makes 4 servings. About 405 calories per serving.

Each serving is equivalent to:
6 ounces lamb
2 ounces limited vegetable (onion)
¼ serving bonus (2 tablespoons tomato purée)
½ serving fruit
½ serving something extra (6 tablespoons stock)

Mild Tomato Dressing

1 cup tomato juice
1 small garlic clove, minced
2 tablespoons vegetable oil
1 tablespoon red wine vinegar
½ teaspoon basil, crushed
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Combine ingredients in blender container and blend. Divide evenly. Serve over greens. Makes 4 servings. About 75 calories per serving.

Each serving is equivalent to:
¼ serving bonus (¼ cup tomato juice)
1½ servings fat (1½ teaspoons oil)

Cherry Yogurt Pops

1 cup plain yogurt
20 large or 30 small frozen pitted cherries
1 teaspoon fresh lemon juice
Artificial sweetener to equal 6 teaspoons sugar

In blender container, combine all ingredients. Purée until smooth. Divide evenly into 4 plastic freezer containers. Freeze until crystals form. Insert wooden skewer in center of each. Freeze until firm. Remove from containers. Makes 4 pops. About 65 calories each.

Each serving is equivalent to:
½ serving milk (¼ cup yogurt)
½ serving fruit

Pastitsio

1 cup Thin White Sauce (see recipe)
3 ounces Cheddar cheese, shredded (¾ cup)
1 ounce grated Parmesan cheese (¼ cup)
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Salt and white pepper to taste
Dash hot sauce
2⅔ cups cooked enriched ziti or elbow macaroni
Paprika

Preheat oven to 350°F. In a 1½-quart baking dish, combine all ingredients except paprika. Stir to combine. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake 30 minutes or until piping hot and bubbly. Divide evenly. Makes 4 servings. About 300 calories per serving.

Each serving is equivalent to:
White Sauce (see below), plus
1 ounce hard cheese
1 serving choice group (⅔ cup macaroni)

Thin White Sauce

1 tablespoon margarine
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup skim milk
Salt and freshly ground white pepper to taste

In small saucepan over low heat, melt margarine. Add flour to margarine and stir until smooth. Slowly add milk and stir with wire whisk until smooth. Season with salt and pepper. Cook until mixture thickens. Makes 1 cup or 4 servings. About 215 calories per cup.

Each serving is equivalent to:
¾ serving fat (¾ teaspoon margarine)
¾ serving something extra (¾ teaspoon flour)
¼ serving milk

Baked Salmon with Caper Sauce

Salmon

4 (10 oz.) salmon steaks
4 medium fresh tomatoes, peeled and chopped
2 tablespoons freshly chopped chives
Salt and pepper to taste
Dash freshly grated nutmeg

Caper Sauce

4 teaspoons margarine, melted
1 teaspoon capers, drained and chopped
½ teaspoon freshly chopped parsley
¼ teaspoon lemon juice
Dash salt

Preheat oven to 350°F. Place steaks in baking dish. Top with tomatoes. Sprinkle with chives, salt, pepper and nutmeg. Bake 20 to 30 minutes, basting fish several times with liquid or until fish flakes easily when tested with a fork. Serve with Caper Sauce.

In a small bowl combine all ingredients for sauce and mix well. Divide evenly.

Makes 4 servings. About 425 calories per serving with Caper Sauce.

Each serving is equivalent to:
6 ounces fish.
1 serving fat (1 teaspoon margarine)

Fennel Roast Pork

2 pounds trimmed pork loin
2 garlic cloves, cut in slivers
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
1½ teaspoons fennel seed, crushed*

Preheat oven to 325°F. Make several slits, ½ inch deep, all around roast and insert each with a garlic sliver. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, rub with crushed fennel. Place on a rack in shallow roasting pan. Insert meat thermometer into meat. Roast about 1½ hours or until thermometer registers 170°F. Slice and divide evenly. Serve hot or cold. Makes 4 servings. About 460 calories per serving.

An easy way to crush fennel seeds is to place them in the blender and blend until crushed.

Each serving is equivalent to:
6 ounces pork

French Dressing

1 tablespoon plus 1 teaspoon vegetable oil
1 tablespoon cider vinegar
2 teaspoons water
¼ teaspoon paprika
⅛ teaspoon dry mustard
Salt and white pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients in small jar with tight-fitting lid. Cover and shake to blend. Divide evenly. Makes 4 servings. About 40 calories per serving.

Each serving is equivalent to:
1 serving fat (1 teaspoon oil)

Brandied Peaches

8 canned peach halves with ½ cup juice
Brown sugar substitute to equal ¼ cup brown sugar
8 to 10 whole cloves
1 cinnamon stick
½ teaspoon brandy extract

In medium saucepot combine all ingredients, except extract. Cover; simmer 4 to 6 minutes. Remove from heat; add extract. Serve warm or chilled. Divide evenly. Makes 4 servings. About 40 calories each.

Each serving is equivalent to:
1 serving fruit

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Text written by Harriet La Barre

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Cherry Cheese Pie

(Makes 1 pie)

- 1 (3-oz.) pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 (14-oz.) can Eagle® Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 1/3 cup ReaLemon® Reconstituted Lemon Juice
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1 Johnston's® graham cracker Ready-Crust® pie crust
- 1 (21-oz.) can cherry pie filling, chilled





In medium bowl, beat cream cheese until light and fluffy. Gradually beat in sweetened condensed milk. Stir in lemon juice and vanilla. Pour into pie crust. Chill 2 hours. Top with cherry pie filling before serving. Refrigerate leftovers.

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BORDEN®

Chinese New Year

continued from page 99

FOOD CHECKLIST

- ¾ pound flounder fillets
- 2 pounds raw, shelled and deveined shrimp
- 1 pound flank steak
- 16 chicken wings
- 2 pounds chicken breasts (4 whole)
- 6 cups chicken broth
- 1 package (8 or 10 oz.) refrigerated biscuits
- 1 can (8 oz.) whole water chestnuts
- 1 quart salad oil
- 1 bottle (10 oz.) soy sauce
- ½ cup honey
- 3½ teaspoons Chinese sesame oil*
- 3 tablespoons dry sherry
- 8 eggs
- ¼ cup beef broth, optional
- ¼ cup orange-flavored liqueu
- ½ cup whole almonds
- 2 cups long-grain rice
- 1 bunch broccoli
- 8 navel oranges
- 3 cucumbers
- 2 onions
- 2 ribs celery
- 2 bunches green onions
- 6 garlic cloves
- 1 piece fresh ging root, about 2-in piece**
- Anise extract, optional
- Parsley for garnis
- Radishes for garn

Staples to have on hand:

- Sugar
- Salt
- White vinegar
- Cayenne pepper
- Catsup
- Garlic powder
- Tea
- Bottled red pepp sauce
- Cornstarch
- 8 slices white bre (day-old)
- Butter or margari

**May be purchased in Oriental mark This is Chinese sesame oil, do not use health food variety. Omit if unavaila*
***Available in some supermarkets or Oriental markets.*

SCHEDULE FOR CHINESE NE YEAR PARTY MENU

One Month Before:

1. Invite guests.
2. Inventory supplies.
3. Plan decorations.

Up to Two to Four Weeks Before:

1. Purchase ingredients for shrimp to steamed buns.
2. Make shrimp toast and buns; freez

One Week Before:

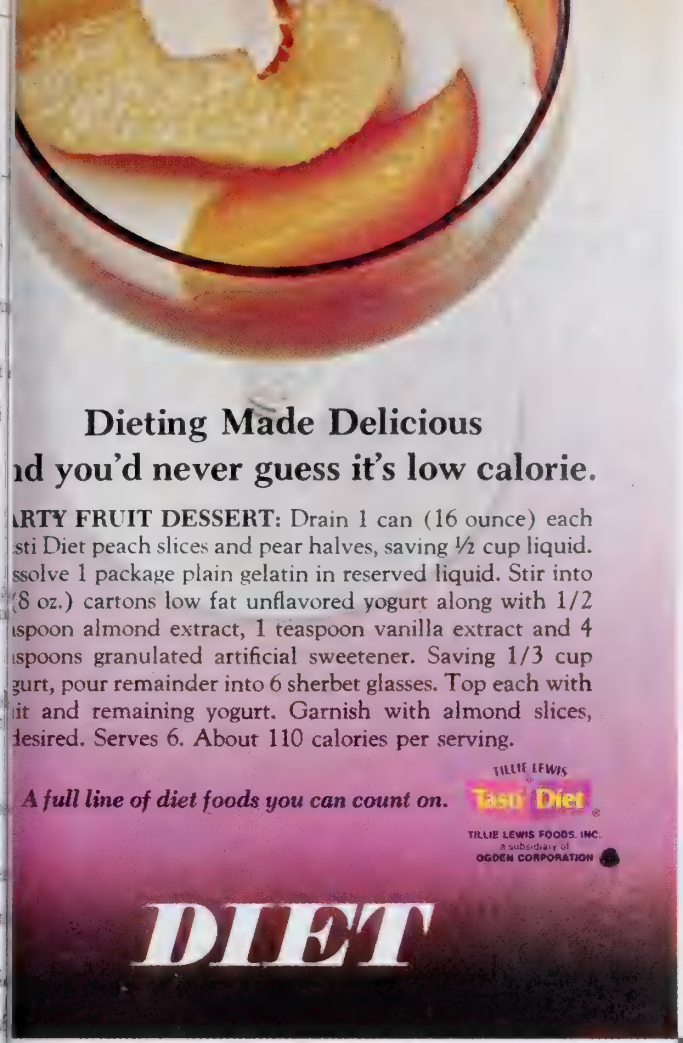
1. Purchase non-perishable ingredie
2. Select serving dishes.
3. Check liquor inventory.
4. Purchase 3 bottles white wine.

Three Days Before:

1. Purchase perishable ingredients fish ball soup, oranges Oriental chicken wings.
2. Prepare fishballs for soup; refriger
3. Prepare oranges; cover; refrigerat
4. Prepare chicken wings and marin

One Day Before:

1. Purchase remaining perishable gredients.
2. Bake chicken wings. Cover and frigerate.
3. Prepare tea eggs; shell. Cover w water; refrigerate.
4. Make cucumber salad. Wrap w refrigerate.
5. Chill wine.



Dieting Made Delicious
ıd you'd never guess it's low calorie.

ARTY FRUIT DESSERT: Drain 1 can (16 ounce) each sti Diet peach slices and pear halves, saving ½ cup liquid. ssolve 1 package plain gelatin in reserved liquid. Stir into (8 oz.) cartons low fat unflavored yogurt along with 1/2 ıspoon almond extract, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract and 4 ıspoons granulated artificial sweetener. Saving 1/3 cup gurt, pour remainder into 6 sherbet glasses. Top each with it and remaining yogurt. Garnish with almond slices, desired. Serves 6. About 110 calories per serving.

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DIET

2. Serve soup.
3. Stir-fry steak with broccoli.
4. Serve steak, shrimp, chicken, rice, cucumbers, steamed buns.
5. Brew tea.
6. Serve oranges and tea.

All recipes pictured on pages 98 and 99

SHRIMP TOAST

You can make these ahead and freeze.

½ pound shelled and deveined shrimp
2 eggs
2 green onions, cut in ½-inch lengths
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon sugar
4 water chestnuts, chopped
8 slices day-old white bread
Oil for deep frying (about 3 cups)

Place the first 7 ingredients into blender container. Cover and blend until well mixed and paste is formed. Remove to a bowl and stir in the water chestnuts.

Trim the crusts from the bread. (If it is very soft, dry in warm oven until firm.) Spread shrimp mixture generously on bread. Cut each slice diagonally into quarters forming 4 triangles.

In Dutch oven or medium skillet, heat one inch oil to 400°F. on deep-fat thermometer. Cook 4 to 6 pieces bread, shrimp side down, in hot oil until golden brown. Turn and fry until the other side is brown. Remove with a slotted spoon and drain on paper towels. Repeat with remaining shrimp toasts.

(May be prepared in advance to this point. Freeze up to 8 weeks. To reheat, place frozen on cookie sheet in a 325°F. oven for 15 to 20 minutes.) Serve hot. Makes 32 shrimp toasts. About 50 calories each. *(continued)*

y of Party, Morning:
Set table.
Set up bar.
rly Afternoon, Day of Party:
Cube chicken and mix with soy sauce and cornstarch; er and refrigerate. Cut up onions, garlic and ginger; cover l refrigerate. In small bowl, mix sauce mixture; cover, label l set aside.
Cut up broccoli and blanch. Slice flank steak; toss with sauce mixture. Cover and refrigerate. Prepare garlic, ger and onions and cornstarch mixture; cover, label and aside.
Clean shrimp; cover and refrigerate. Prepare shrimp ıce; cover, label.
Defrost buns.
e and One Half Hours Before Guests Arrive:
Place all ingredients for soup in saucepan; do not heat.
Cook chicken and almonds. Spoon into top of double ler or oven-proof dish. Wrap lightly or cover; set aside.
Cook shrimp. Cool in skillet and cover or spoon into top double boiler; cover and set aside.
Place chicken wings on serving platter. Garnish.
Place tea eggs on serving platter. Cover with plastic wrap. ng to room temperature.
Put cucumber salad in serving bowl; refrigerate.
enty Minutes Before Guests Arrive:
Place frozen shrimp toast in oven to heat.
Cook rice. Keep covered and warm.
Guests Arrive:
Serve cocktails.
Pass shrimp toast, chicken wings and tea eggs.
teen Minutes Before Serving Dinner:
Heat soup, chicken, shrimp and buns.
rving Timetable:
Pour wine.

SURPRISES

The Friar's Taco

A delicious ripe olive delight for calorie counters.

Combine 1 cup California pitted ripe olives (sliced) with 1 cup shredded iceberg lettuce, 1 diced tomato, 4 tablespoons sliced green onion and 2 ounces shredded Mozzarella cheese. Spoon 1 cup mixture into each of 4 ready-to-eat taco shells. Mix 6 tablespoons tomato sauce with 4 teaspoons Tasti-Diet Italian dressing, 1/4 teaspoon cumin and 1/4 teaspoon tabasco sauce. Spoon over filling in taco. Makes 4 servings. 192 calories each.

For 389 New Ways (to use olives) write
California Ripe Olives
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Chinese New Year

CHICKEN WINGSTICKS

A tasty hors d'oeuvre for any occasion.

16 chicken wings (about 2½ lbs.)
⅓ cup honey
¼ cup soy sauce
1 tablespoon white vinegar
1 slice fresh ginger root (optional)

Place wings on a board with pointed tip facing left. Cut off section on the right with sharp knife. This (the "drumstick" section) is the piece you will use. Save remainder and cook for another use such as chicken broth (for Fish Ball Soup).

With a sharp paring knife, cut the tendons that attach the meat to the bone at the knotty base of each "drumstick." Scrape meat to other end of bone, pulling it over itself and forming a ball at one end and leaving a bony handle for holding the wing. (You're actually turning it inside out.) Place in shallow dish.

In a bowl, combine remaining ingredients and pour over wings. Cover and marinate in refrigerator at least 6 hours or up to 2 days, basting occasionally.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Place chicken and marinade in baking dish and bake for 30 minutes, until deep brown, turning and basting occasionally. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cool; cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours.)* To serve, remove to serving platter. Serves 8 people. About 95 calories per ser

TEA EGGS

These eggs have the look of alab

4 eggs
Water
3 tea bags
¼ cup soy sauce
¼ teaspoon anise extract (optional)
Salt

In small saucepan, cover eggs with water. Heat to boiling over medium Cover; remove pan from heat an stand for 15 minutes. Cool eggs oughly in cold water. Tap eggs gent over to crack the shell. (Do not pe shell.)

Heat 3 cups water to boiling; ad soy sauce and anise extract. Add eg mixture; reduce heat, cover and sin for 1 hour. Remove from heat an stand at room temperature 3 hou refrigerate overnight. Shell. C shelled eggs with cold water until r to serve. *(May be prepared in advan this point. Keep covered in refrige in water up to 2 days.)* Drain. Serve salt. For Chinese menu, double the ipe. Makes 4 whole eggs. About 9 ories each.

FISH BALL SOUP

A light, delicate flavor to start off banquet.

Fish Balls
¾ pound flounder fillets, fresh or frozen and thawed
2 egg whites
⅓ cup cold water
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1 tablespoon salad oil

Broth
6 cups chicken broth
1 tablespoon soy sauce
⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
Salt and pepper to taste
2 tablespoons chopped parsley, fo garnish

Pat fish dry with paper towels. Cu into 1 inch pieces. Place in blender tainer with egg whites, water, sa tablespoon cornstarch and oil. Blen til very smooth, stopping blender sionally and scraping down sides of tainer. Remove to mixing bowl an in remaining cornstarch.

Fill a large saucepan with cold w set aside. Using a wet teaspoon measure, drop a spoonful of the fish ture into your other hand (wet hand first so the mixture won't st Gently roll into 1-inch ball in palm your hands. (The mixture will be soft.) Drop each fish ball into cold ter. Heat water just to boiling. Rem pan from heat. (Discard white scum forms.) With a slotted spoon remov balls, 1 or 2 at a time, and rinse u cold running water. Remove fish ba bowl; add enough cold water to c *(May be prepared in advance to point. Cover and refrigerate up to 3 Drain before using.)* *(contin*



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Chinese New Year

continued

To serve: Drain water from fish balls. In 2-quart saucepan, add chicken broth, soy sauce, garlic powder and fish balls. Heat to boiling; reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes. Season to taste. Garnish with chopped parsley. About 8 servings, with 3 fish balls per serving. About 80 calories per serving.

CHICKEN WITH ALMONDS

More cayenne for a truly fiery dish.

4 whole chicken breasts (about 2 lbs.) skinned, boned and cut into ½-inch cubes (about 4 cups)
5 tablespoons soy sauce
2 tablespoons cornstarch
4 green onions, cut into ½-inch slices
1½ teaspoons fresh ginger root, finely chopped or grated
2 garlic cloves, finely chopped
1 tablespoon dry sherry
3 tablespoons vinegar
2 teaspoons sugar
1½ teaspoons Chinese sesame oil
¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
4 tablespoons salad oil
½ cup whole almonds, blanched and toasted

In large bowl, combine chicken, 2 tablespoons soy sauce and 1 tablespoon cornstarch; toss until well mixed. Set aside. On small plate, combine green onions, ginger and garlic. Set aside.

In a small bowl, mix the remaining 3 tablespoons soy sauce, sherry, vinegar, sugar, sesame oil and pepper. Set aside.

Heat 3 tablespoons oil in a heavy skillet or wok until hot but not smoking. Add the chicken and cook, stirring quickly and frequently (stir-fry) over high heat 3 minutes. Remove chicken with slotted spoon. Add remaining oil to pan and heat. Add onions, ginger and garlic and stir-fry for about 30 seconds. Return chicken to pan, stir-fry 2 more minutes. Pour soy sauce mixture over chicken and cook 1 more minute until slightly thickened. Add almonds, mix well. Serve hot. *(May be made up to 1½ hours ahead, but do not add almonds; add just before serving. Reheat in preheated 325°F. oven, partially covered, in oven-to-table serving dish for 25 minutes. Or, in top of double boiler, over hot water for 20 minutes, stirring occasionally.)* Serves 8 along with other Chinese entrees. About 290 calories for each of 8 servings.

SHRIMP IN PINK SAUCE

Cook the shrimp just until pink.

2 green onions, cut in ½-inch sections
2 garlic cloves, crushed
1½ teaspoons fresh ginger root, minced
½ teaspoon salt

YOUR

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3 tablespoons catsup
2 tablespoons dry sherry
6 tablespoons water
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 teaspoon sugar
Dash cayenne pepper
3 tablespoons salad oil
1½ pounds shelled and deveined shrimp
6 water chestnuts, cut into thirds horizontally

Place green onions, garlic, ginger and salt on a plate; set aside. In a small bowl, mix together the catsup, sherry and 3 tablespoons water; set aside. In another small bowl, mix together the remaining 3 tablespoons water, cornstarch, sugar and pepper; set aside.

Heat 2 tablespoons oil until very hot but not smoking, in a heavy skillet or wok. Add shrimp and cook over high heat, stirring frequently and quickly (stir-fry) until they turn pink, about 3 minutes. Remove from pan. Add remaining tablespoon oil to skillet and heat. Add green onion-garlic mixture; stir-fry until garlic browns. Add catsup mixture; return shrimp to pan and stir to coat well. Add cornstarch mixture and water chestnuts; continue stir-frying until mixture thickens. *(Can be prepared 1 to 2 hours ahead. Reheat in same skillet over low heat, stirring occasionally. Or, spoon into top of double boiler; cover. Heat over hot water 15 minutes or until hot.)* Serves 8 along with other Chinese entrees. About 145 calories for each of 8 servings.

BEEF WITH BROCCOLI

It is best to cook the ingredients just before serving.

1 bunch broccoli
1 pound beef flank steak, partially frozen for easier slicing
3 tablespoons soy sauce
1 tablespoon dry sherry (optional)
2 teaspoons cornstarch
½ teaspoon sugar
2 medium onions
3 tablespoons salad oil
2 garlic cloves, chopped
2 teaspoons fresh ginger root, peeled, finely chopped
¼ cup beef broth or water
1 tablespoon cornstarch
¼ teaspoon salt
3 drops bottled red pepper sauce

Cut broccoli flowerets and 2 inches of stalk. (Reserve remaining stalk for another use.) Then cut into ½-inch-wide pieces. Heat a large pot of water to boiling. Add flowerets and cook 3 minutes. Remove from heat; drain. Rinse under cold running water to chill. Drain well; set aside.

Cut flank steak into thirds lengthwise. Cut meat crosswise into thin diagonal slices. In a bowl, mix beef, soy sauce, sherry, 2 teaspoons cornstarch and sugar; toss to coat beef well; set aside. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 6 hours.)* *(continued)*

CHOICE



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Chinese New Year

continued

Slice onions in half lengthwise. Then slice into long thin strips. In a small bowl, mix broth or water, cornstarch and pepper sauce. Heat a large, heavy skillet or wok. Add 3 tablespoons oil and heat until very hot but not smoking. Add beef and stir-fry until it loses its pink color. Remove from pan. Add onions, ginger and garlic to pan. Stir-fry over high heat for 30 seconds. Add broccoli and return beef to pan. Stir to reheat. Stir cornstarch mixture and add to skillet. Stir until sauce thickens. Serve immediately. Serves 8 along with other Chinese entrees. About 320 calories for each of 8 servings.

RICE

2 cups long-grain rice

In large saucepan, cook rice as package label directs. Makes 8 servings. About 80 calories per ½ cup.

To make ahead: Prepare rice as package label directs. Keep covered over warm heat up to 1 hour. Or make day ahead. Spoon into glass dish; cover. Reheat in microwave oven, covered, for 4 minutes, turning dish once. Or spoon rice into large colander. Place over pan of boiling water. Cover and steam until heated through, about 10 minutes.

STEAMED BUNS

Clever idea—these are made with packaged refrigerated biscuits.

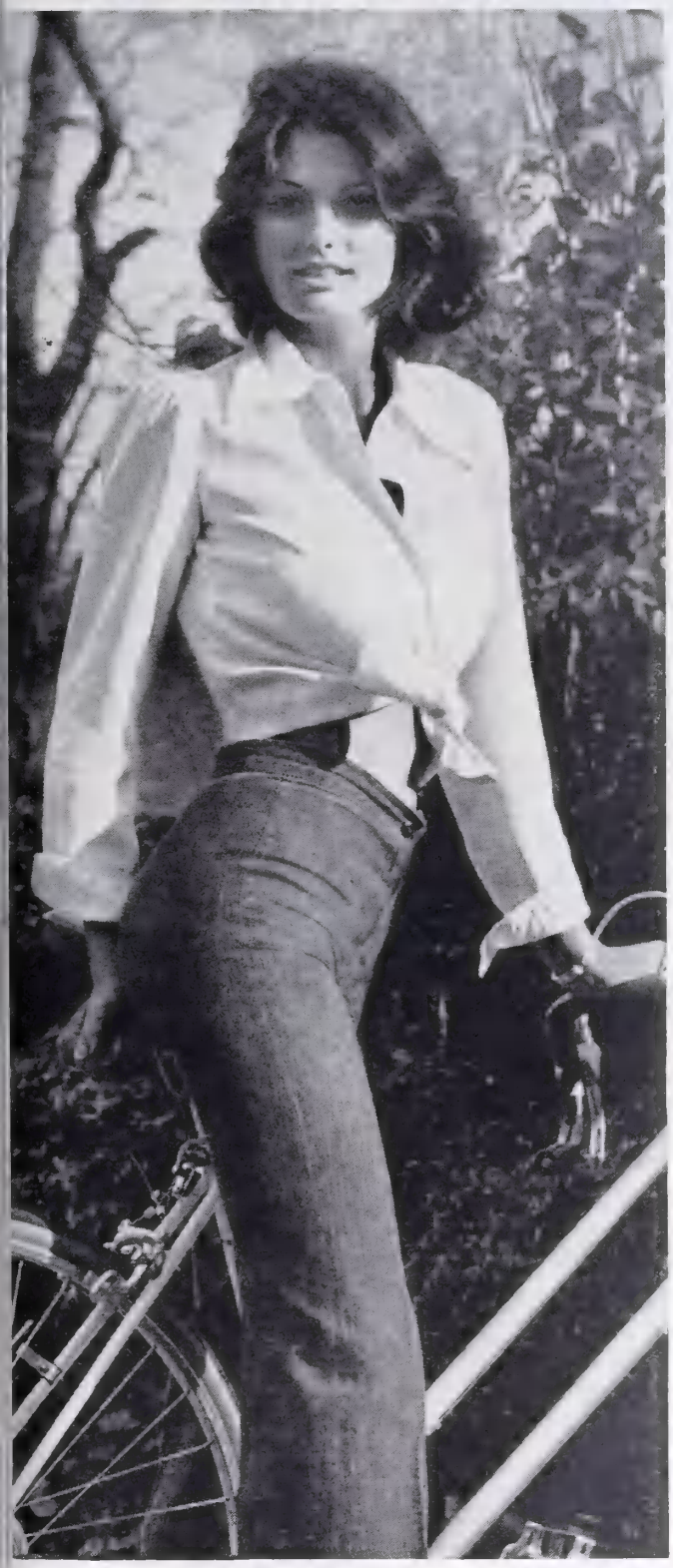
⅓ cup chopped celery
⅓ cup chopped green onion
2 tablespoons soy sauce
5 whole water chestnuts, cut in half horizontally
1 package (8 or 10 oz.) refrigerated buttermilk biscuits

Grease large square of aluminum foil and cut into ten 3-inch squares. In small bowl, combine celery, green onion and 1 tablespoon soy sauce for filling. In another small bowl, combine water chestnuts and remaining soy sauce; set aside.

On lightly floured surface, flatten each biscuit with your hand into 3-inch circle. Spoon a generous teaspoonful of filling in center of each. Bring up edges over filling and pinch together to form a ball; seal. Place, seam side down, on foil. Press water chestnut half into top.

To make a steamer: place 1 inch of water into a large saucepot or roaster with lid. Invert 3 custard cups (or 1 empty 6-ounce size can with ends removed) into saucepot. Place wire rack (or pie plate on bowls. Heat water to boiling. Place buns, about 5 at a time, still on greased foil squares, on rack. Cover and reduce heat so water simmers. Cook 7 minutes. Remove lid and push water chestnut down into center of bun. Replace lid; continue steaming 7 more *(continued)*

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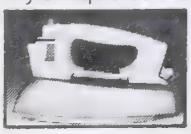
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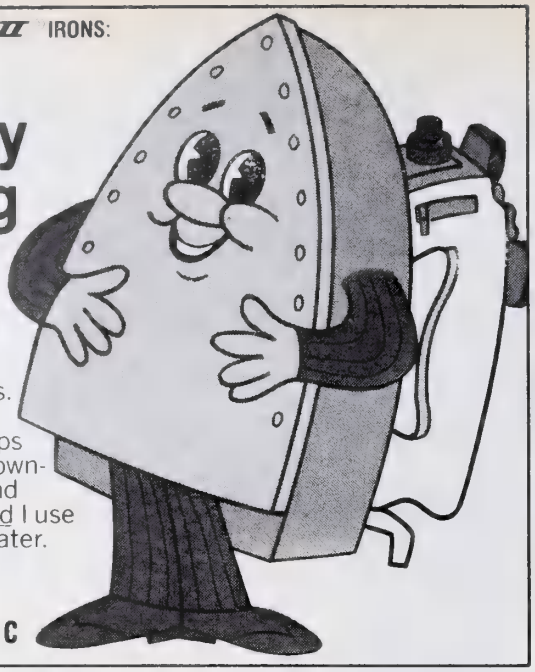
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Chinese New Year

continued

minutes. Remove buns from steamer. Cool. Remove foil. Repeat with remaining buns. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Wrap in single layer in large sheet of foil; freeze. Place frozen, covered, in preheated 325°F. oven for 25 minutes.)* Makes 10 buns. About 65 calories each.

CUCUMBER SALAD

Crunchy and refreshing.

3 medium cucumbers
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons soy sauce
1 teaspoon sugar
1 tablespoon white vinegar
2 teaspoons Chinese sesame oil
½ teaspoon salt

Peel cucumbers. Cut in half lengthwise. Remove seeds with a teaspoon. Sprinkle cut sides with salt. Place cut side down on paper towels and drain 1 hour. Blot dry. Cut into ¼-inch slices.

In medium bowl, mix remaining ingredients and pour over cucumber slices; cover and refrigerate, tossing occasionally. *(May be prepared up to 24 hours in advance.)* Serve cold. Makes 8 servings. About 20 calories per serving.

ORANGES ORIENTAL

A delightful finale to your meal.

8 navel oranges
1 cup water
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons honey
¼ cup orange-flavored liqueur

With a vegetable peeler or sharp knife, using a sawing motion, remove peel from 4 oranges. (Cut any white membrane off peel.) Cut peel into thin strips. Place peel in small saucepan, cover with water, simmer 10 minutes. Drain, rinse under cold running water. Set aside.

In another saucepan heat water, sugar and honey to boiling; boil 5 minutes. Set aside; stir in peel. Let stand in syrup at least 30 minutes. Stir in liqueur.

With a sharp knife, cut off remainder of the peel and membrane from all oranges. Section the oranges by cutting between the membranes to get clear orange segments. Place oranges in serving dish. Spoon syrup over the oranges and top with the peel, stirring occasionally. Chill well before serving. *(May be made in advance. Cover, refrigerate up to 1 week.)* Makes 8 servings. About 15 calories per serving. **En**

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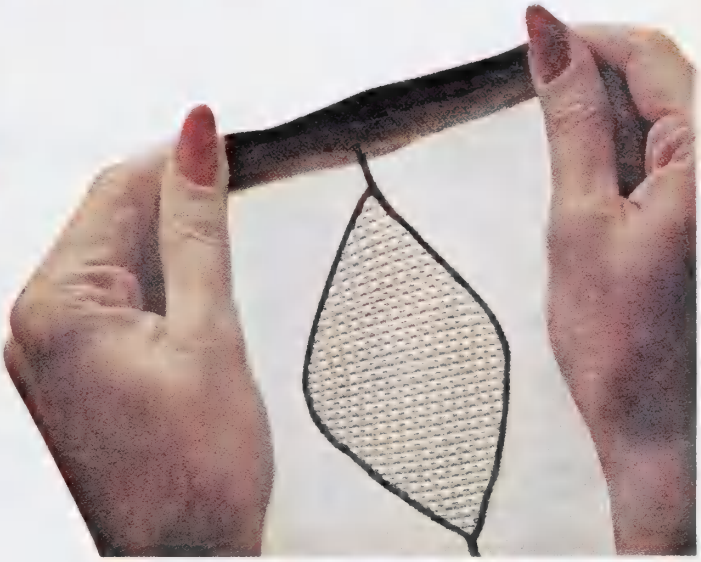
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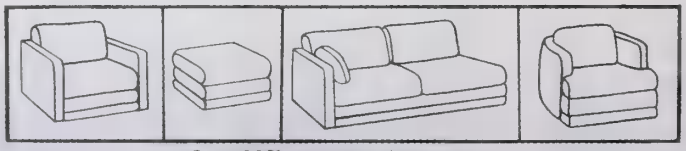
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*Prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.



Sale
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Sweet Hearts

continued from page 97

TWO-HEART MINTS
pictured on page 96

ey melt in your mouth.

nts
2 tablespoons butter or margarine, softened
2 tablespoons shortening
6 tablespoons warm water
5 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
½ teaspoon oil of peppermint (available at drug stores)
ng
1 egg white
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar
1⅓ cups confectioners' sugar
Red food coloring

large mixer bowl, cream butter, short-ing, 3 tablespoons warm water and 2 ps confectioners' sugar; mix thorough-Add remaining 3 cups sugar, 3 table-ons water and oil of peppermint; at well. Spoon onto clean surface. ead until mixture is smooth. Divide xture in half. Working with one half a time (keep other half covered), roll ugh between 2 sheets of waxed paper ⅛-inch thickness. Cut out with 1½-inch art-shaped cookie cutter. Place on xed paper-lined cookie sheet. Reroll aps, moisten with water if mixture es. Repeat with remaining half.

Meanwhile prepare icing. In a small wl, with mixer at high speed, beat egg ite with cream of tartar until frothy. adually add sugar; continue beating til thick and smooth. Add red food oring until desired shade of pink is ched. Using small paper cone, pipe out ¼ teaspoon icing in heart shape on ch mint.

Let dry on cookie sheets for 1 hour fore storing in covered container. kes 10 dozen mints. About 25 calories r mint.

TRUE-LOVE CAKE
pictured on page 96

ange liqueur-flavored whipped cream s this dessert. Easy-to-make, too—with ckaged cake and frosting mixes.

ke
1 package white cake mix for 2-layer cake
1 tablespoon grated orange peel
ling
1 envelope (1 tablespoon) unflavored gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
1 cup heavy or whipping cream
½ cup confectioners' sugar
2 tablespoons orange-flavored liqueur
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
osting
2 packages (14.3 or 15.4 oz. each) creamy vanilla frosting mix
1 tablespoon orange-flavored liqueur
Red food coloring

r Cake: Preheat oven to 350°F. ease three 9-inch heart-shaped pans r use three 9-inch round cake pans). Prepare cake mix as directed on pack-e but fold in grated orange peel. Spoon batter evenly into pans. Bake 25 to 30 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. (If you only have 1 heart-shaped pan, bake the layers individually; the batter can stand.) Remove from oven. Cool cakes in pans on wire racks for 10 minutes; remove layers from pans and let cool completely on wire racks.

For Filling: Sprinkle gelatin over cold water in a small bowl or custard cup. Set in pan of boiling water and heat, stirring until gelatin is completely dissolved and liquid is clear. Cool to room temperature. In small bowl, whip cream until soft peaks form. Pour cooled gelatin mixture into whipped cream all at once; beat well. Gradually add sugar, liqueur and vanilla extract; continue beating until stiff peaks form. Place first cake layer, top side down, on cake plate. Spread with half of cream filling. Place next layer, top side down; spread with remaining filling. Top with third cake layer, top side down. Refrigerate until filling is set, about 30 minutes.

For Frosting: Prepare 1 package of frosting as package label directs but substitute liqueur for 1 tablespoon of the liquid. Frost sides and top of cake. Prepare remaining package of frosting as label directs adding enough red food coloring to tint pink. Fill pastry bag with frosting; pipe design on cake using a #4 or #5 star tip. Makes 16 servings. About 430 calories per serving.

SEND-A-MESSAGE VALENTINE COOKIES
pictured on page 97

Sweetest way to say "Be My Valentine."

Cookies
1 cup sugar
¾ cup butter or margarine, softened
½ cup almond paste
1 tablespoon milk
1 teaspoon almond extract
2 cups unsifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
Decorative Icing
¼ cup plus 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, softened
1 egg white
Pinch of salt
1 package (16 oz.) confectioners' sugar
Milk
Red food coloring

Cookies: In a large mixer bowl with mixer at medium speed, cream sugar, butter or margarine, almond paste, milk and extract until light and fluffy, scraping bowl occasionally. Add flour and salt and beat just until mixed. Preheat oven to 350°F. Divide dough in half. Roll out half the dough at a time between 2 sheets of waxed paper to ⅛-inch thickness. Remove top sheet of waxed paper. Cut out dough using 4-inch heart-shaped cookie cutter. Cut bottom sheet of waxed paper apart between cookies. Bake 8 to 10 minutes until golden brown, on waxed paper. Cool on cookie sheet; peel off waxed paper. Frost with Decorative Icing. Makes 14 cookies. About 250 calories per cookie, un-iced.

Decorative Icing: In a small mixer bowl with electric mixer at low speed, beat butter or margarine, egg white, salt and 1 cup confectioners' sugar until well mixed. Add remaining sugar, slowly, mixing well. Thin, if necessary, with a few drops of milk. Remove 1 cup icing and reserve for decorating cookies; cover with plastic wrap. Add red food coloring to remaining icing for desired color. Spread about 1½ tablespoons of tinted icing on each cookie. Let dry completely. Spoon reserved icing into decorating tube with writing tip or waxed paper cone; decorate as desired. Makes about 2 cups icing. About 75 calories per tablespoon.

SWEETHEART ALMOND BREAD
pictured below

A treat for Valentine's Day breakfast.

1 cup milk
⅔ cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup butter or margarine
½ cup warm water (105-115°F)
2 packages active dry yeast
1 egg
4½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 cup chopped slivered almonds
1 egg, separated (optional)
Red food coloring

In medium saucepan, heat milk until tiny bubbles form around the edge. In large mixer bowl, combine sugar, salt and butter or margarine; stir in milk and cool to lukewarm. In 1-cup measure, sprinkle yeast over water and stir to dissolve. Add to milk mixture with 1 egg and 3 cups flour. Beat at medium speed for 2 minutes, scraping *(continued)*



Left: Sweetheart Almond Bread; right: Ham Mousse



Bottom left, clockwise: Petit Fours, Rosé Heart Mold, Coeur à la Crème

bowl occasionally. With wooden spoon, stir in remaining flour. Cover and let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour.

Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease two 4-cup heart-shaped molds (or use two 8- or 9-inch round cake pans) set aside. Stir batter down. Add almonds and stir until well mixed. Spoon evenly into prepared pans. Brush top with beaten egg white. Bake for 40 to 45 minutes or until bread sounds hollow when tapped. Remove from pans; cool on wire rack. To decorate: To egg yolk add red food coloring to create a bright red. With small clean brush, paint hearts around side of bread with "paint." Let dry. Wrap well. Makes 2 loaves; about 16 one-inch slices per loaf. About 135 calories per slice.

ROSÉ HEART MOLD
pictured on page 139

Rosé wine enhances this gelatin mold.

3 packages (3 oz. each) strawberry flavored gelatin
2 cups boiling water
1½ cups rosé wine
1½ cups chilled club soda
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup dark pitted cherries, drained
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
½ cup sour cream

In large bowl combine gelatin and boiling water; stir until gelatin is completely dissolved. Stir in wine, club soda and lemon juice. Pour ⅔ cup gelatin mixture into a small, flat bottom pan; refrigerate until set. (This will be used for decorating top of heart.)

In 8-cup heart-shaped mold pour 1½ cups gelatin mixture (keep remaining gelatin mixture at room temperature); refrigerate until partially set, about 2 hours. Place cherries around outside edge of mold. Return mold to refrigerator and chill until sticky to the touch, but not set. Add remaining gelatin to mold and chill until set. *(May be prepared up to 24 hours in advance at this point.)*

Unmold gelatin onto serving platter. In small bowl, combine whipped cream and sour cream. Spread cream mixture on top of heart mold. Using a 1¼-inch heart-shaped cookie cutter, cut out gelatin in small pan, making 3 hearts. Place hearts on top of cream mixture. Refrigerate until serving time. Makes 8 to 10 servings. About 240 calories for each of 8 servings and 195 calories for each of 10.

HAM MOUSSE
pictured on page 139

Serve this as a very festive first course or offer it with miniature rye bread as an hors d'oeuvre.

Mousse
2 cups milk
1 envelope (1 tablespoon) unflavored gelatin
3 cups (1 lb.) ground cooked ham
½ cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon garlic powder
2 tablespoons grated onion
2 tablespoons Dijon mustard
2 tablespoons prepared horseradish
6 to 8 drops bottled red pepper sauce
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
Salt and white pepper to taste

Garnish
1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese, at room temperature
2 tablespoons prepared horseradish
2 tablespoons milk

Lightly oil a 6-cup heart-shaped mol set aside. In small saucepan, place o cup milk; sprinkle on gelatin. Cook ov ow heat; stir constantly until gelatin dissolved. In large mixer bowl, combi gelatin mixture, remaining 1 cup mi and next 7 ingredients. With electr mixer at medium speed, beat until w combined. Fold whipped cream in ham mixture. Season to taste with s and white pepper. Pour into mold a refrigerate until set.

To serve, unmold mousse onto ser ing plate. Beat cream cheese, hors radish and milk together until fluff Spoon into a pastry bag and use a #4 #5 star tip to pipe on border. Mak about 12 first-course servings. Or ser with sliced party rye or crackers. Abo 320 calories per first-course serving.



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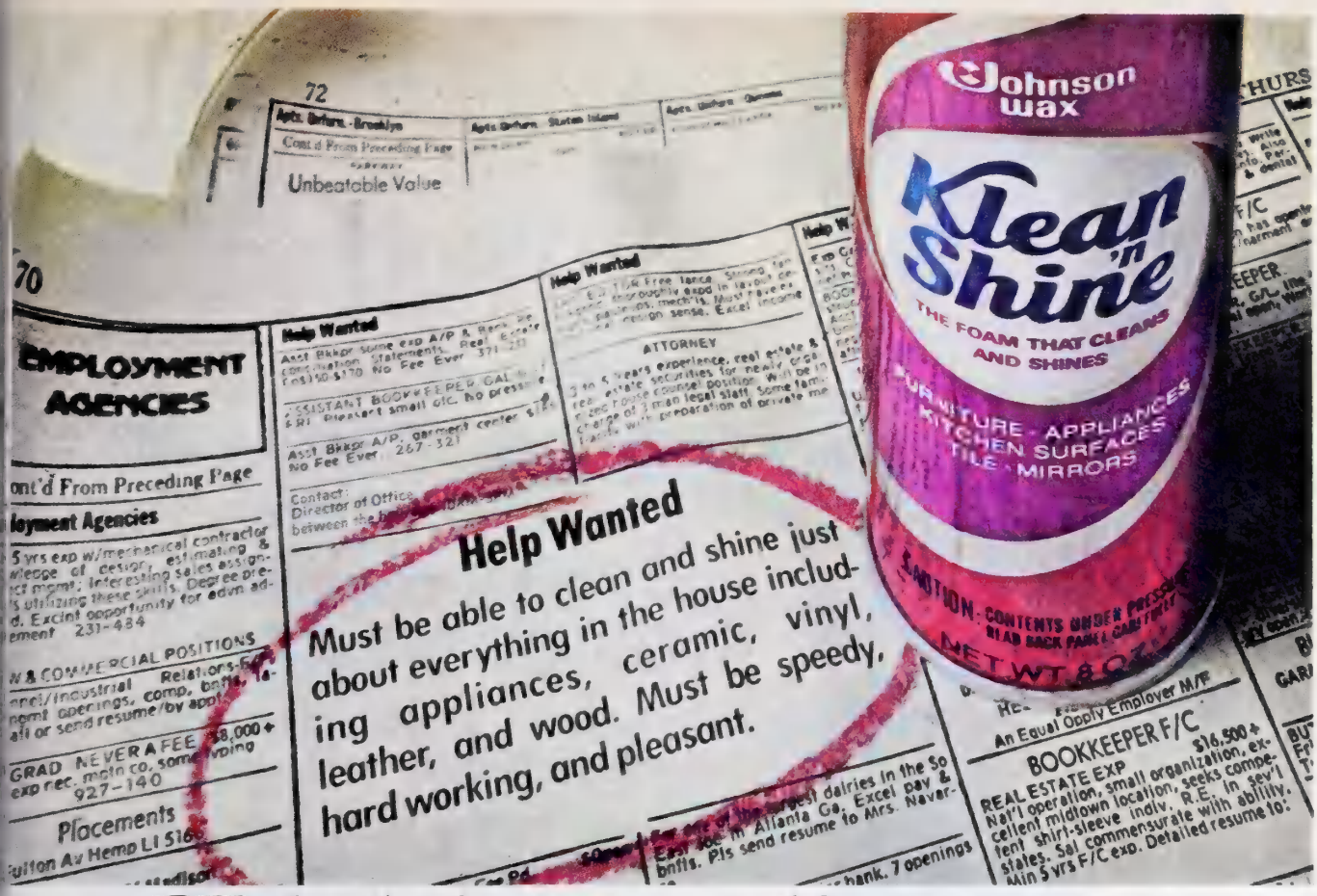


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COEUR À LA CRÈME
pictured on page 139

st served with fresh strawberries or ur other favorite fruit.

ackages (8 oz. each) cream cheese, softened
ablespoons sugar
easpoon vanilla extract
sh of salt
up sour cream
up heavy cream, whipped
awberry jelly, optional

small mixer bowl with electric mixer medium speed, beat cream cheese, gar, vanilla and salt until light and ffy. Fold in sour cream and whipped eam. Line 4-cup heart-shaped basket porcelain mold with a moistened piece cheesecloth. Fill with cheese mixture, ess gently and fold edges of cheese- th over top of mold. Place on tray. frigerate at least 24 hours. Unmold d unwrap coeur à la crème onto serving plate. Decorate with strawberry jelly (about 2 tablespoons) that has been heated and cooled slightly. Makes 12 to 16 servings. About 255 calories per 12 servings and 190 calories per 16 servings.

PETIT FOURS
pictured on page 139

Definitely a production but worth it if you have a super sweet tooth.

Buttercream
2 egg yolks
3 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
½ cup unsalted butter, softened
¼ cup unsalted butter, firm
¼ teaspoon grated lemon peel
2 tablespoons ground almonds

Sponge Cake
½ cup butter (to equal ¼ cup clarified butter)
6 large eggs
1 cup sugar
1 cup sifted cake flour
1½ teaspoons vanilla extract
1 cup seedless red raspberry jam

Glaze
1 package (16 oz.) confectioners' sugar, sifted
¼ cup light corn syrup
¼ cup water
¼ cup seedless raspberry jam

Decorative Icing
1 egg white
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar
1⅓ cups confectioners' sugar

To prepare Buttercream: In blender container, combine egg yolks, sugar and vanilla. Blend at medium speed. Gradually add softened butter, a small amount at a time, blending well after each addition. Then add firm butter, a small amount at a time, blend until smooth. Add lemon peel and almonds, blend just until well mixed. Spoon mixture into small bowl, cover and refrigerate for at least 1 hour or until firm.

To prepare Sponge Cake: Butter a 15½x10½-inch jelly roll pan. Line bottom with waxed paper; grease *(continued)*



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Sweet Hearts
continued

paper with butter. Set aside. Preheat oven to 350°F.

To clarify butter: In small saucepan, melt butter over low heat. Skim off foam as it rises to surface (reserve for use on cooked vegetables). Pour clear golden liquid into 1-cup measure to equal ¼ cup, leaving any sediment in pan; set aside.

In large mixer bowl, with electric mixer at medium speed, beat eggs until foamy. Gradually add sugar and beat at high speed until mixture has doubled in volume, about 8 to 10 minutes. Scrape sides of bowl frequently. With mixer at low speed, gradually add flour and beat just until mixed. Pour in clarified butter and vanilla and continue beating just until well mixed. Pour batter into prepared pan. Bake for 25 minutes or until cake springs back when lightly touched with finger. Remove cake from pan immediately onto a large wire rack. Peel off paper; discard. Cool cake completely. Remove cake to cutting board. With 2¼-inch heart-shaped cutter, cut out hearts. Split each heart in half, horizontally.

In small saucepan, heat 1 cup jam until melted. Brush horizontal surface with jam. Then spread bottom half of hearts with about 1 tablespoon Butter-Cream. Top with remaining heart half, jam side down, and place 1-inch apart on large wire rack over waxed paper-lined jelly roll pan. Brush edges with jam. (Reheat jam if necessary.) Let dry on rack in refrigerator for at least 1 hour.

To prepare Glaze: Place all ingredients for glaze in top of double boiler over simmering water and heat, stirring, until sugar dissolves and mixture is smooth. Do not allow water to boil or glaze will not be glossy. Keep glaze warm.

Drizzle half the glaze over half the cakes (9), allowing excess glaze to run into pan. Scrape up runover glaze, return to double boiler, re-warm until pouring consistency. To remaining glaze, stir in ¼ cup raspberry jam. Spoon "tinted" glaze over remaining cakes, scraping and reheating excess, if necessary.

To prepare Decorative Icing: In small bowl with mixer at high speed, beat egg white with cream of tartar until frothy. Gradually add sugar. Continue beating until thick and smooth. Spoon icing into decorating bag with small writing tip. When glaze is dry, decorate cakes as desired. Store cakes in refrigerator. Makes about 18. About 405 calories each. **End**

Journal Shopping Center

Fashion: "THE LOVING LOOKS OF SPRING"

PAGE 90: KASPER for JOAN LESLIE lavender gingham gown with eyelet apron-skirt, available at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores.

PAGE 91: Top left: OSCAR DE LA RENTA COLLECTIBLES peach floral print peasant blouse, skirt and matching shawl. For store information write: Nancy Stone, Oscar De La Renta Collectibles, c/o Ship 'n Shore, 1411 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10018. Bottom left: Pinstriped schoolgirl dress by GIL AIMBEZ for GENRE, at: Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.; Gazelle, Boston; Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman Marcus, all stores; Clothes Line, Los Angeles; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Right: BILL HAIRE for FRIEDRICKS seersucker print full skirt and peplum blouse, available at: B. Altman, N.Y.; Hecht Co., Washington D.C.; Denver Dry Goods, Denver; I. Magnin, all stores.

Decorating: WINDOWS WITH SOMETHING TO HIDE

PAGE 93: Window valance and folding screens covered in Brigitte Border, #10315, which can be hung as a wallpaper or cut to use as a border as we did, with the matching chintz (Brigitte Border, #77145, 45" wide cotton) to band the square Albi chintz (#6569-711) tablecloth; curtains of Albi chintz, #6569-363, 49" wide cotton. Table skirt, chair seat and back pads of Jennifer's gingham cotton print, #76674, 52" wide; pillows of Mary Anna cotton print, #72444, 48" wide. Broiderie d'Anjou cotton chintz, 46¼" wide (plus a 3½" border on each side), and Tortoise cotton print, #73154, 52" wide, all from Brunschwig & Fils.* 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C. 10022. The floor covering is Glastonbury Brick, #37003 deluxe vinyl, 12' wide, by GAF.

PAGE 94: (left) Walls are covered in Kattan vinyl wallcovering, #2123-10; puffed valance and pillow covers of Poiret, #POR-3033, and curtains and pillow covers of Stria, #ST-2112, both 52" wide cottons; all are from Woodson Wallpapers, Inc.* 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C. 10022. The floor is covered with Romford Brick, #57020, Craftlon Excelon 9" x 9" vinyl asbestos tiles, by Armstrong. White wicker Peacock swivel chairs, $295 each; white wire birdcage with stand, $495; Con Amore white wicker chests, large (on step), $195, and small (behind frog planter), $145; green and yellow ceramic parrot, $395; large and small green ceramic frogs, $69.95 and $22.95, and large green ceramic frog planter, $98.50, all from Mayhew, 509 Park Ave., N.Y.C. 10022. Flower pots, 5½" and 7¼", and "The Big Pot," 13⅝" dia., of heavy gauge plastic (come with matching saucers and in russet, yellow, green, amber and clear), are by Plexite Industries, Inc., 1110 Nasa-One, Houston, Texas 77058; write Dept. AK for a list of stores in your area. (right): Shirred panels (two widths of fabric seamed together with the border design at the outer edges of the panels) of #622 X Cloth in yellow, red and pink, set at an angle leading to a wall covered in a shirred curtain of #611 Voile, a stripe combining the same colors; chair seat pads are of the same stripe in a heavier weight, #611 X Cloth, and floor pillows are of solid color X Cloth in Skandia red, Maritime yellow and India pink; all are 44" wide cotton dress fabrics by Stanley Looms. The floor is covered in Pavillion, New Dimension cushioned vinyl, 12' wide, in #7550 terra cotta by Congoleum.

* through decorators

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CORNELIA WALLACE

continued from page 34

problems escalated. "I think George is jealous now; normal in his situation," said a mutual friend. "If she cross-eyed at someone he assumes something is happe

George and his staff have always been annoyed publicity Cornelia has received. She in turn wishes he be supportive and thinks he should be proud of her. In she was picked to be on the Democratic National St Committee. "George should have been proud. Instea was furious," she says.

She is hurt that George allows people like Mickey to speak ill of her. She feels a wife having a career "ca work if you have a husband behind you, supporting never got that." And so she builds herself up instead. " him a good image. When we married, his image was n great. Why, I was on a network show and I talked about motivates George Wallace. I thought the press had som distorted him and I said he was motivated by the n help others. They used it in a campaign newsletter. just a classic piece." But George never thanked her or mented on it.

After Wallace was shot, reporters asked them the intimate details about their life. In her autobiography nelia confirmed stories that Wallace was given to spells and deep depression. In that book and in some views, she also went to some lengths to suggest that th ernor's paralysis had not left him sexually impotent.

In her book, she records their first private meeting he was shot—at a motel near his hospital—and said t the governor was wheeled back to the hospital, "his chair had a new wiggle in its roll and I had a new bou my walk."

When she talked with me last May, she emphatica butted doctors' opinions that he could not possibly ha "That's just not necessarily so." She added that they helped in their private life by information from a Cali rehabilitation center dealing with spinal injury patie don't want to go into all the nitty gritty details," she sa

"I honestly think she was taping him in part to se still had his girlfriends," said one friend. "George w exactly a saint, you know."

Their marriage was based on companionship and " understanding. We knew each other all our lives," sai nelia. "If our marriage was built around the bedroom, it ably wouldn't have survived."

The question now is their future. The possibilities like lines from *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*. "Will run for the Senate? Will Cornelia run for governor? Wi get a divorce? Can they find happiness after the ma

Cornelia says she has never sought the governorshi she has also never said she would refuse it. Few in gomery think she has enough of a power base to run f office. Whatever chance she had was sealed by the disc of the tapes. If her detractors did indeed leak the ta discredit her, they have done a good job.

Will try for Senate

At this point, it is taken for granted that George W will run for the Senate in 1978, whether or not Sen Sparkman, now 76, decides to retire.

The Senate is nothing Wallace ever wanted, but now admits, he has no other place to go. His lust ha for power, not money, and he has not saved any. He g pension from Alabama for his years as governor. "I d save any money," he said in May. "If I'd a known I'd this condition, I would have thought of that."

There is a depression and a sense of defeat about W today. A friend once said, "He ain't got but one seri petite—and that's votes." *(cont*

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Read label for directions.

CORNELIA WALLACE

continued

The Senate, once looked on with distaste, has greater appeal now. "It's just the next challenge up," says his wife.

Wallace has had the trappings of power for a long time; the sycophants and the chauffeur-driven car. He needs them more than ever as an invalid. The Senate provides less of all this, but it beats being a retired, has-been politician.

Curiously, Cornelia sometimes thinks such a retirement might be their personal salvation. "I would like to have a husband out of politics, to see what change that would make. If he were not governor, if people weren't around him grasping for power, if there weren't so many reasons for him to be away." . . .

Her voice trails off as reality takes over. "The thing is whether he'd be happy. To have to live with a person who would just be lost. . . . He doesn't have any hobbies. Too bad he doesn't. Men who could go fishing or something could retire easily. George can't sit and talk about anything. A friend once listened to us and said, 'Y'all talk on parallel lines.' We've never been able to have a real give and take discussion."

Still, Cornelia seems terrified to try life on her own. George knows how afraid she is of divorce and has therefore often threatened her with it—even as he has threatened to send her to jail over the tapes. While the taping may be technically illegal, no lawyers think Wallace would ever expose himself to the sensationalism involved in taking his wife to court. Alabama is a quickie, no-fault divorce state, but the few times Cornelia has stood up to his threats about divorce, Wallace has backed down.

The question is why, after all the rancor and bitterness, she would want to keep the marriage together. There is a sense of desperation about what she could do on her own. She reiterates that she "cherishes" the concept of a home and marriage.

"It is in part Southern," says one friend. "We were raised that you have a marriage and a family." Cornelia adds, "That's the only thing that matters. A career or a job would just be a side dish. If George could have supported me in a career, would have liked to see me grow, it might have been different. Then I might have tried to accomplish something else around my marriage."

Not that kind of marriage

She has obviously faced the fact that she "might have to support myself at some time, but I had not thought about right now." She had a vague Hollywood dream that "he could go to the Senate and I could go to Congress and I would work and he would work, but it wa never that kind of marriage."

The Mickey Griffins say, "I thin George would just hate Washington as senator, but *she* would just love that. Her friends say, "she would be a terrifi senator's wife." If the marriage holds she may have that chance.

"People talk about my ambition. Bu what is ambition? There is a questio about my own welfare. I do have a crippled husband and I do not want t be a burden to anyone," she said.

Now she does not have any idea how she would support herself. "I had a grea deal more confidence when I went int this marriage than I have now," she said with a nervous little laugh.

A friend said, "She's allowed them to beat her down. But you know, in their own way, I think there is a love bond there. When he's out of office, how many of those s.o.b. cronies are going to be at his side? He needs her and I think he knows it. And for whatever reason, she needs him."

The troubled marriage, the invalid husband—perhaps these are the ultimate dirty tricks played on Cornelia Wallace, who had sought stardom, fame and marriage, and for a while looked as if she had put it all together. "When she got married, it looked like she had it all," said one friend. "Now I just feel sorry for her. I feel sorry for them both." **End**



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Birth control for dogs and cats

By Roger Caras

A "desexed" pet is healthier, happier and more responsive. Here, an expert answers your questions on animal contraception.



Contraception for animals makes some people uneasy—perhaps because they tend to project personal values onto their pets. But animal lovers realize that the population explosion of cats and dogs is a serious problem for both the animals and the humans who feed them (and, sometimes, abandon or destroy them).

What are the advantages of neutralizing a pet sexually?

1. The Female Dog: A female dog that has been spayed (the ovaries surgically removed) cannot have a surprise litter of puppies. She will not come into heat twice a year and produce an unwanted discharge. She will not attract males to your yard or to your side when you attempt to walk her. Because she does not experience estrus ("heat"), she will not invite false pregnancies and cancer of her breasts and reproductive organs. She will, in fact, be a quieter, happier pet.

2. The Male Dog: The male is attracted by the scent of the female in heat, often at some distance, and that probably is the largest single reason why dogs run away. The altered (surgically castrated) male will not be as likely to wander. He will not be as likely to fight with other males, although aggressive dogs generally do not change.

3. The Female Cat: A female cat can be a highly motivated animal, driven to fulfill a goal—procreation. An unspayed female is likely to be noisy, to wander and, almost certainly to become pregnant. So many kittens now struggle to survive that the prevention of even one litter is reason enough to resort to surgery.

4. The Male Cat: An unaltered male is likely to spray urine, perhaps in the house, creating an intolerable, ongoing nuisance. It is almost impossible to keep a male that has not been neutered from wandering once he gets out the front door. He will spend much of his time hunting females. He will fight with other males, often inflicting and receiving dangerous wounds.

Do spaying and altering change a pet's character?

Only for the better. If you do not alter your animal but still keep it from answering what is the most natural of all calls, you are laying the groundwork for frustration. One way or another, animals, like people, work out their frustrations on the world around them.

Spaying and altering do *not* make animals lethargic. Lack of exercise does. These surgical procedures do *not* make animals fat. Overfeeding does that.

Is there danger in alterative surgery?

Spaying or altering are performed under a general anesthesia and there is always a measure of risk when an animal—or a person—is made unconscious. Surgery also carries some risk of postoperative hemorrhage and infection. But the risks are very slight. Veterinary surgeons perform these operations thousands of times and rarely lose a patient.

What does this surgery cost?

The charge for surgery varies from $20 to $60 for cats and $30 to $125 for dogs. Generally, surgery on cats costs less than on dogs, and male dogs and cats cost less to "fix" than females. When spaying a dog, many veterinarians charge according to the size of the animal.

Are altering and spaying reversible?

No.

Is it wise or necessary to allow a female pet to have at least one litter before spaying?

No. It is a common misconception that one litter should be borne, but this belief is baseless.

If the owner can find good homes for the puppies and kittens, why not allow a litter—or even litters—to be produced?

Every time a puppy or kitten is placed in a home, a puppy or kitten in a shelter or pound is killed. Millions of surplus animals are born every year, and when one available home is used up, another animal has to die.

Are there alternatives to surgery?

Yes, but veterinarians do not agree on how good they are. An intravaginal device exists for dogs, but the canine will still come into heat, attract males and be a candidate for cancer. Vasectomies can be performed on males, but no change occurs in the animal's desire to reproduce, just in its ability. Wandering, fighting and the other unpleasant aspects of unaltered male animal behavior will still occur.

Some veterinarians are prescribing an oral contraceptive for dogs. Developed in England, its greatest single advantage over surgery is that it is reversible, and thus practical for pet owners who plan to breed their animals in the future. The advantages and disadvantages from a medical point of view should be discussed with a veterinarian, your only source for the drug. However, remember that an oral contraceptive is an ongoing expense, but surgery is an early, permanent solution.

End

Photograph by Walter Chandoha



Another canned food user found guilty of resuming his dog wouldn't like Gaines·burgers.®

DOG FOOD

©General Foods Corporation. 1976

"Pardon us, sergeant," we asked. "What nd of dog food does your dog eat?"

"Pearl here is the pride of the precinct," e replied. "She gets nothing but the best— nned dog food." And there was general greement among the other "experts" in the ation house.

"Why canned food?" we asked.

"You gotta understand dogs," the sergeant plained. "Dogs like food that's moist id meaty." And there was ore general agreement nong the "experts" in the ation house.

"Well, Gaines·burgers e moist and meaty,"

we pointed out. "And they taste terrific."

"Really? Show her you won't eat 'em, Pearl," the sergeant replied.

At which point Pearl began gobbling up the Gaines·burgers. And there was general amazement around the station house:

"Wow, Pearl really likes 'em," one patrolman said.

"Look at Pearl eat!" another said.

"Hey, Pearl likes those Gaines·burgers," another said.

"Don't you guys have anything better to do?" the sergeant asked his patrolmen, who then vanished, as did Pearl's Gaines·burgers.



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DIVORCE

continued from page 81

Association, the American Psychological Association, the National Council on Family Relations or the United States Census Bureau.

Yet all the experts I spoke to concede that the more people travel in circles where divorce is common, the more likely they are to sunder their own marriages.

Ben, 40, says, "Two years ago, when my wife went back to school for her master's degree, she told me that one-third of her class was divorced. I said, 'Hey, is divorce a course requirement, or something you catch in graduate school?' We used to joke about it. But ever since she kicked me out of the house so she could find herself, it's not so funny any more."

Sociologist Marvin Sussman has conducted extensive studies of people in the process of separation and divorce. "My gut feeling," says Dr. Sussman, chairman of the department of medical social science and marital health of the Bowman-Gray School of Medicine in North Carolina, "is that people don't break up intimate relationships just on the ground that 'Gee whiz, Mary's doing it—why don't I?' Nevertheless, a kind of group principle *is* in operation. For example, studies of working mothers have shown that their problems vary depending on where they live. When the working mother is an accepted part of the community lifestyle, she has group support, feels less guilty and does very well with her kids."

He suspects the same principle may apply to divorce. If people don't get snubbed, or fired from their jobs when they divorce, there's less pressure against it. Says Dr. Sussman: "Where divorce is a sizable minority phenomenon, and you can find other people you can share your problems with, the contagious principle may be operating to make divorce a more possible option."

And there is less pressure against divorce today in almost all sectors of society. True, the romantic, idealized version of marriage still exists; we are essentially a religious, marriage-centered, happy-ending-loving country. But increasingly, we consider it sensible and proper to get out of an intolerable union. Even in "Can This Marriage Be Saved?", this magazine's most popular feature, separation is sometimes seen as the best solution.

In the news, divorce is commonplace. Betty Ford and Nelson Rockefeller, both divorced, brought the issue to the threshold of the nation's highest office. The pediatrician of us all—Dr. Benjamin Spock—dissolved his marriage of 48 years in search of a more rewarding one. Advice columnist Ann Landers shocked her millions of newspaper readers when she announced that her 36-year marriage had joined the divorce statistics she once had only written about.

"Hard to resist"

In certain circles divorce has even become chic. Cathy, 35, whose marriage broke up after 11 years, says, "It's almost as if you have to keep up with what everyone else is doing. First you feel you should have multiple orgasms because everybody else is having them. Then you need a couple of affairs. Then a part-time job, then a full-time career. And then, to be up to date, you have to have a divorce. You feel maybe you're missing something, some special experience that all these other people have gone through. And you keep telling yourself, 'I shouldn't be influenced by this. This isn't the way I want to live my life.' But it's all around you—and it's sometimes hard to resist."

The arguments for divorce are part of our current rhetoric, and there is surely truth in those arguments for many people: To attempt to establish interminable peace is to move towards deadness. Children are often better off with one reasonably satisfied parent than in a home filled with discord. Self-actualization for both sexes is a legitimate goal.

As further encouragement, all sorts of *(continued)*



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DIVORCE

continued

societal supports are springing up for the formerly married. No suburban adult education brochure is complete without its course on "Going It Alone." Of nine parent counseling workshops offered by one suburban child guidance association, five deal with divorce. A writer forms The National Association of Divorced Women. Divorced Catholics form their own group. Books on divorce abound. A therapist produces a cassette series to comfort distraught people in the throes of separation.

Even some professional counselors encourage change. A few years ago, Diane and Ed went into therapy separately. "Since both our therapists had been divorced," Diane says now, "I wonder whether they may have been subtly leading us in the direction of splitting rather than staying together. I also think that seeing that these two psychologists could leave their marriages and come through okay made us feel we could do it, too."

Seeing that people could leave their marriages and come through okay . . . The women's movement has been criticized for just this "role-model" element of divorce contagion. "Those women are sitting around in their groups selling discontent and divorce to each other," charges one separated man. Counters Elizabeth Spalding, former coordinator of the marriage and divorce task force of the National Organization for Women, "The women's movement didn't create bad marriages. What it may have done is help a woman define what had already troubled her in marriage and gave her the support to get out of it."

Social set role

Whether or not the women's movement bears a major responsibility for the divorce statistics, some believe that divorce is especially communicable when people have a strong tie to the group, when their fundamental loyalty is not to the spouse but to the social set. As New York psychiatrist Stephen L. Zaslow explains, some people seem to get married because all their friends are getting married and stay together because everyone in the group is doing the same thing at the same time in life. When one marriage in this kind of close group cracks, the fissure spreads and you hear of cases such as that of three friends who graduated from school together, got married within months of each other, wheeled their babies around together and are now using the same divorce lawyer.

The heady excitement that seems to surround the newly separated person can be seductive. Divorce, we think—overlooking the anguish we know is there—is being on one's own after years of having to consider another person's preferences, moods, idiosyncrasies. Divorce is getting to know new sexual partners after years of getting to know every curve and wrinkle and mole on one person's body. Divorce is showing the world how independent you are, that you are the kind of person who can take risks and make it on your own.

This need to "make it on your own" is another important divorce catalyst. According to psychiatrist Zaslow, there is an intense interest today in the development of the individual. This is sometimes called the "New Narcissism" or the "Me Decade." Many of the new therapies, says Zaslow, "are intent on developing the self, and their concept of self often does not include another person in intimate and enduring give-and-take."

When one is intent on self-realization, it is often hard to remember that the person on the other side of the bed has a self, too. When the needs of that other person interfere with the pure white flame of one's own search for personal growth, that interference is often seen as a crushing burden weighing down the seeker. Or as Dr. Ray Fowler, executive director of the American Association of Marriage and Family Counselors, puts it: "We rarely ask ourselves, 'Am I a self-fulfilling person?' Instead we ask, 'Hey, is this jerk I married fulfilling me?' Instead of looking into ourselves to find the source of our unhappiness, we're more likely to shuck our partner and look for fulfillment with someone else."

Divorce is like surgery. It cleaves a marriage the way a scalpel parts the flesh. As operations save lives and improve health, divorces also can save spirits and improve well-being. But just as critics charge that our medical system is too knife-happy, resulting in needless operations, it sometimes seems as i couple rushes into divorce when drastic therapy could heal the schism tween them. These are the parti which are later regretted and that l not to a new life script for both partn but right back into a repeat show of same series, with a different cast.

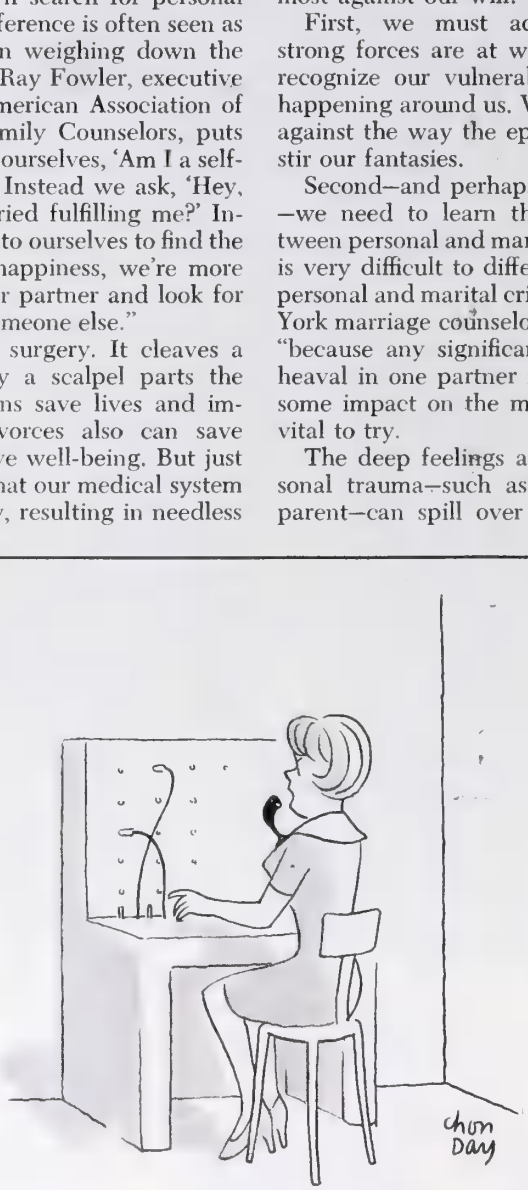
Of course, no one who is not a pa to a marriage can ever know just whe troubled bond becomes so painful t it chokes the life out of one or both p ners. There are marriages that seem c and untroubled even to the spou closest friends, but which damage b and spirit every day. The wrenching cision facing those in pain is whet they need the operation they see many others getting—or whether t can restore life to their aching marria

How then can we know when a m riage is salvageable? How can we p vent a needless divorce? How can avoid having something happen to us most against our will?

First, we must acknowledge t strong forces are at work. We need recognize our vulnerability to wha happening around us. We need to gu against the way the epidemic itself stir our fantasies.

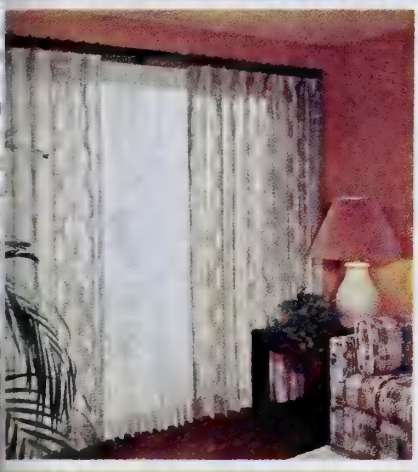
Second—and perhaps most import —we need to learn the difference tween personal and marital problems. is very difficult to differentiate betw personal and marital crises," admits N York marriage counselor Tilla Vahan "because any significant emotional heaval in one partner is bound to h some impact on the marriage." But vital to try.

The deep feelings aroused by a p sonal trauma—such as the death c parent—can spill over and *(continu*

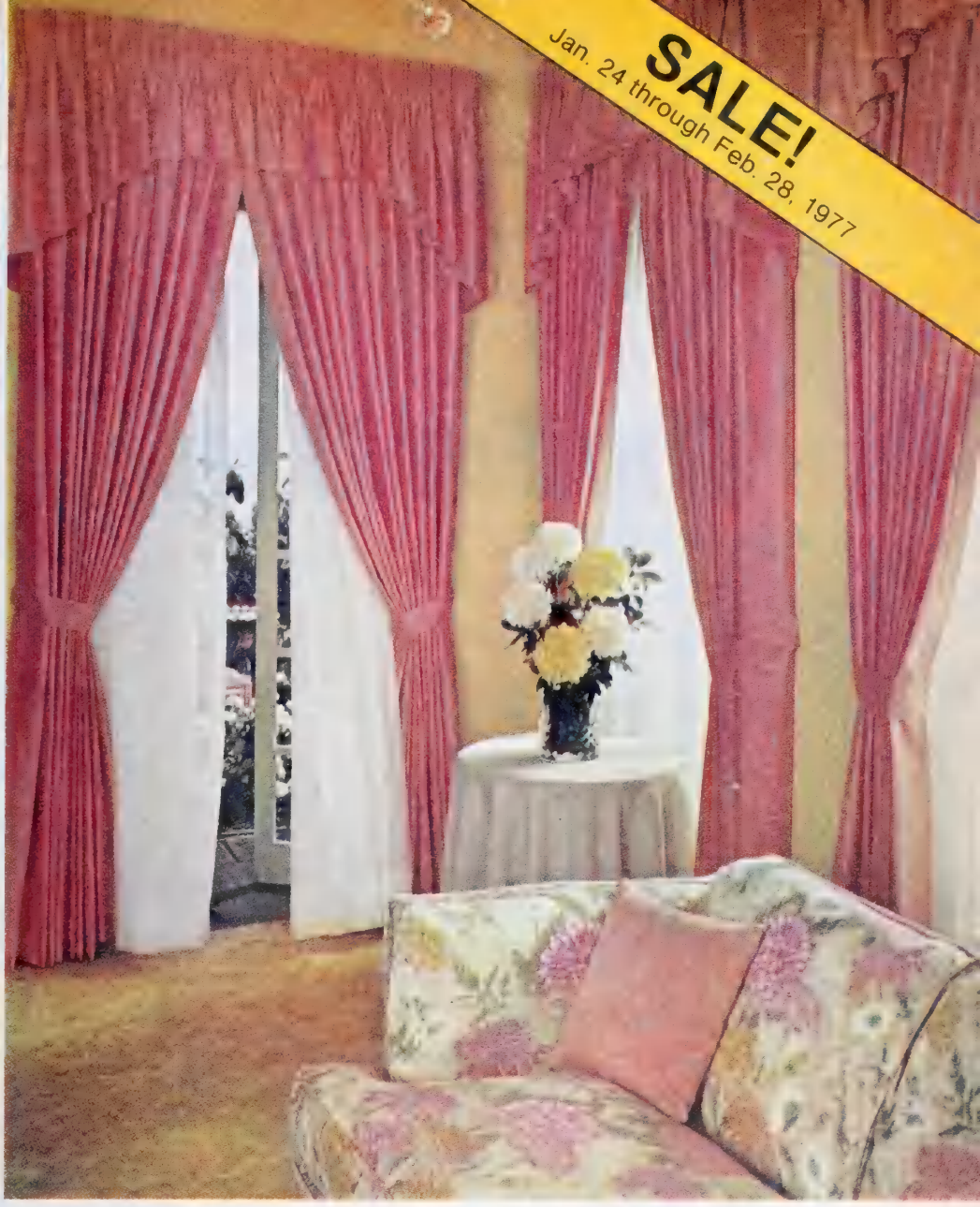


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DIVORCE

continued

profoundly affect the couple relationship. Marital tension may also spring from a woman's turmoil over her changing life goals or a man's depression over growing older. Instead of jumping to the conclusion that a spouse's unhappiness must mean there is something wrong with the marital relationship, people need to ask, "What is *really* wrong here?"

Adults experience certain common life patterns, says Gail Sheehy in her book *Passages*, and the patterns of husband and wife often do not coincide. "No two people can possibly coordinate all their developmental crises," Sheehy writes. "Each one has an inner life structure with its own idiosyncrasies." Couples who recognize the seesawing of their individual needs can balance them out, according to Sheehy, "if they come to recognize that each of them will have periods of inner turmoil, and that it is not evidence of one partner's badness nor the fault of the other."

Certain periods in a marriage are especially perilous. The famous "seven-year-itch"—when husband and wife grow restless, a time that typically coincides with Sheehy's passage to the thirties—is a statistical reality, a peak year for divorce. Then there is the crisis of middle age, when men and women are apt to be heading in different directions. The wife is likely to be newly interested in t career she postponed to raise a family precisely at a time when her husba wants to spend more time at home aft having devoted years to his work. Add this the presence of teenage childr who are stirring their parents' lon buried adolescent fantasies, and the r sult is a strain on any marriage.

When something seems to be wro with a marriage, don't panic, says L Vahanian. "Panic pushes people in negative thinking, hasty conclusions a rash activity. A marriage must be e pected—and allowed—to have some u and downs."

Early communication is the ke Sometimes people are so frighten about what is troubling them that th do not share their worries with th spouses. But isolation is risky. Wh people hold back their feelings, ea partner may be seized with awf thoughts that are wildly incorrect inte pretations of what is going on.

Says Ellen, divorced at 38, "It hu me that I couldn't get Ralph to wo through a critical time in our marriag I think he was finding a lot of thin wrong in our relationship when th really had more to do with his own fe ings about himself and his life. I ca help feeling that we could have work it out if both of us had been willing give the time to do it."

Solve problems together

Troubled couples need to share the problems without blaming each oth for them. A man or a woman needs say, "This is what's happening with *m* I don't know where the trouble is. Le look for a solution together." It does always work, but with every disagre ment a couple confronts and truly r solves, new strength can surge into t relationship. If we let too much go b then the job of dealing with every iss may seem so overwhelming that we tempted to start all over with someo new.

Couples in turmoil need to look clos ly at themselves, at each other, and the bond between them. Can they resc their connection? Is there a solid ba beneath the tempest? What of the lov Can it inspire them to work things ou Are they flexible enough to change—ar to accept change in each other? Can th seek professional help to guide them an to work through the angers and fea that have buffeted them?

There is no foolproof vaccinati against divorce. But there may be pr ventive medicine. If husbands and wiv recognize that they are vulnerable, they can learn from their friends' trial if they can steadfastly face up to th conflicts between them, perhaps mar more of us can infuse our marriag with the strength to combat the ep demic raging around us. **En**

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La Côte Basque's Brochette d'Agneau

MAKES 4 SERVINGS

1 cup Planters® Oil
1 green pepper, cut in 1-inch pieces
1 large onion, cut in 1-inch pieces
8 mushroom caps
½ teaspoon thyme leaves
½ teaspoon coriander, crushed
10 peppercorns, crushed
8 bay leaves
1½ pounds loin or leg of lamb, cut in 1-inch cubes
Salt

Sauté pepper, onion, and mushroom caps in oil until mushrooms are lightly browned. Remove from heat. Stir in spices. Cool.

Sprinkle lamb with salt. Marinate in vegetable mixture at least 12 hours; stir occasionally.

Beginning and ending with a mushroom cap, skewer lamb, pepper, onion, and bay leaves onto 4 metal skewers. Reserve marinade.

Broil about 3 inches from heat about 10 minutes or to desired doneness. Turn and baste often with marinade. Serve with Confetti Rice and Mushroom Sauce.

Confetti Rice: Cook 1 cup rice according to package directions adding ¼ cup diced green pepper, ½ cup thawed frozen peas, and 2 tablespoons diced pimiento for the last 5 minutes of cooking.

Mushroom Sauce: Sauté ¼ pound thinly sliced mushrooms in 2 tablespoons Planters Oil until lightly browned. Blend together 1 cup beef bouillon and 1 tablespoon cornstarch; add to mushrooms. Bring mixture to a boil. Stir in 2 tablespoons diced pimiento. Serve hot over brochette.

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the lip specialist

CHILDREN ARE SCARED OF THE DARK *continued from page 66*

just lie still. That's what he's going to learn. Kids *aren't* independent, and free, and grownup, and all that stupid junk. Kids are *kids*. They need *help*." Quick, furious tears leaped into her eyes and ran down; and she let them. "Kids need somebody to come when they holler. They get nightmares, skin their knees and they're scared of the dark. They *need* somebody."

She had never shouted at him before, never even contradicted him, and he stood and stared at her as if he had been shot and stuffed.

Whatever it was that was rolling downhill gathered speed, and crashed through. "So do I! *I'm* scared of the dark. I bet you are too. *Everybody* is. Janet's an idiot. You're *supposed* to cling to people, that's what people are for."

"Kitty," said Bob. "Hey. Kitty. Take it easy."

"Oh, there's no use talking. You're brainwashed," she said rudely, and ran outside, stumbling, still crying, and across the lawn to where Evan was waiting and watching.

"Evan," she said urgently. He looked up and away, embarrassed by her tears. Probably he was ashamed to ever cry himself. She wiped them off. "Listen. Give me the names of the kids you invited, and I'll call them, in case they forgot, okay?"

"Call them? Would you? Could you . . . do that?" The white blaze of gratitude on his face made her heart sink. Suppose she couldn't?

Back in the house she fumbled anxiously with the phone book. Billy Johnson. Johnson; oh dear. Evan knew he lived somewhere near the school, but not which street, or his father's name. Even if he was a junior, there were eight William Johnsons in the book. She couldn't call them all. It was late. Scott. Scott Hendrix, and Evan said he lived on Waverly Road. There he was. She dialed clumsily. The phone rang. And rang and rang. She waited 30 rings, her knuckles gripped around the receiver.

"We could take them out for hamburgers instead," said Bob. "I do that a lot. They like that."

She gave him such a ferocious glare that he shrugged and turned away. Last chance: Bryant Howe. There were four Howes, but one of them had the same exchange as the Macreadys, and she dialed that. It rang three times, and a voice answered.

Kitty let out her held breath in a gasp. "Mrs. Howe?" she squeaked. "Are you Bryant Howe's mother?"

"Oh, 'ear. What's he done now?"

She lang' d shakily an ! explained.

"Of course," said Mrs. Howe briskly. "I think Bry did mention it, but it was weeks ago and we just forgot. He's out playing catch, I'll go grab him. Did you find anyone else? One isn't much of a party. Look, Bryant has a little brother, he's a bit of a pest but he's a warm body, and I can wash him up and bring him along too. We'll find something for a present. I've got some wrapping paper, and it doesn't much matter what it is as long as it's wrapped."

"Oh, thank you," sighed Kitty. What a blessing to talk to someone who knew. Someone without a bunch of ideas. "It's 971 West Farland."

"Right. And there's another little monster across the street, Stu Miller. Evan must know him, they're in the same class. I can see him right now from the window. I think he's burying his sister's doll in the lawn. I can bring him, too. His mother'll be delighted. That makes three. Is three enough? It's all I've got."

"I don't know how I can possibly thank you."

"Don't be silly," said Mrs. Howe. "Imagine giving a party, and nobody coming. God! Poor kid. We'll be there in twenty minutes." And she hung up.

Kitty looked at Bob. "Independence," she said bitterly. "Freedom. Hah. What are you, the Fourth of July?"

In the dining room, Evan was fingering the withered balloons, his shoulders no longer stiff but drooping limply. Garth was eating melted ice cream.

"Okay," said Kitty, "let's get busy. They'll be right here. Garth, get out of that stuff and go dump it in the sink. Evan, button your shirt straight and take this money, run down to the ice cream place and get some more. Get lots." She filled a pan with water and put it on the stove. "Bob, are there any eggs? I need five."

"Eggs?" said Garth. "For a party? Ugh."

"For the egg-and-spoon race."

Evan took the money and gave her a violent, bony, embarrassed hug and raced out the door, his shirt flapping like something with wings.

"Hey, Kitty," said Garth, scraping pools of chocolate and vanilla into the sink. "My birthday's in October. Will you fix my party for me?"

"You bet I will," she said grimly. "With invitations. And you'll blow the balloons up and I'll tie 'em. I'm good at tying balloons so they don't leak."

"Kitty," said Bob.

"I'm busy," she said, rinsing plates. "Why don't you go change your clothes?"

"About you being scared of the dark. And kids skinning their knees. And, uh . . . me. And my socks, my dumb stories and so on. There's something important I have to talk to you about."

"Later," said Kitty firmly, rummaging for spoons the right size. **En**


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MARLO & DANNY THOMAS

continued from page 38

Listen, the day will come when your company won't be able to afford me." And she stormed out, slamming the door behind her.

For once, neither of them apologized. "I remember it vividly," says Danny. "I was about to follow her and take her in my arms and say, 'Look, baby, what I meant was . . .' But I didn't. I gave her every chance to think about it—and, by God, at dinner that night she didn't say a word, nothing. The next thing I knew, she was on her way to New York."

Ultimately, of course, he tried to help her. ("I'm a helluva trainer," he reasoned with himself, "and I can say I bred this filly. I prepared her for the race of life. She's running it well, the way she wants to run. What am I going to do—start changing her gait?") So he called some influential friends and asked them to help Marlo get started. Before long, Marlo asked him to please stop. "I had a tremendous desire to make it on my own, to really *own* my life and my career," she explains. "I didn't want his help, professionally."

An invisible barrier had been crossed, of course. Marlo now had a completely new feeling about herself and her father. "When I was growing up, everything Daddy said mattered a great deal, even when I fought him on it. But it just didn't matter to me that he didn't want me to be an actress. He had been so supportive of me all my life that I no longer needed to see him as the man who had all the answers. I had the answer for myself." It was her own quest from then on and, though it took years, eventually the day *did* come when Marlo Thomas was a name to be reckoned with. (Her latest starring vehicle, the movie *Thieves,* will be released this month.)

Today, the struggles of childhood and adolescence over, Marlo and Danny are equals. They still have fights ("good ones," says Danny), but they seem genuinely respectful, loving and giving with each other—like the best of friends, accepting each other's weaknesses, loving each other's strengths. They give each other professional guidance even now. When Marlo heard, for example, that NBC didn't think her father was right for the part of crotchety-but-kindly Dr. Bedford in their planned series, *The Practice*, she secretly arranged for him to do a screen test that would convince the studio chiefs. ("I knew if he thought he could do it, he could do it," she explains.)

Marlo got her good friend Chuck Gr[o]din to direct a script, arranged for wardrobe, sets and production facilities, the[n] convinced Danny to fly to New Yor[k] where she and Grodin were working o[n] the Broadway production of *Thieves,* t[o] make a screen test. ("Don't forget," sh[e] told him, "Marlon Brando tested for *Th[e] Godfather.*") When NBC saw the tes[t] they were convinced.

Aren't there any problems with th[e] father-daughter team? Any shortcom[i]ngs? Danny can only think of one. H[e] spoke to Marlo, not the interviewe[r]. "My *only* discomfort about your life, [is] that I've always prayed and hoped th[at] a strong man would be at your side, [to] protect you and keep you company, hel[p] you raise your children. A lifelong ma[n] to hold your hand. That person you ca[n] turn your back on and know you won['t] get kicked, who loves your neck an[d] your back and your feet, who feeds yo[u] chicken soup. . . ."

Marriage a thing to aim for

Marlo's given it plenty of thought he[r]self. "I used to think that marriage w[as] some kind of huge, energy-draining m[a]chine," she says, "and that once you g[et] married, all of your energies went into[o] big pot marked His Dreams. But I don[']t feel that way anymore. Marriage, a rel[a]tionship with one person, is a love[ly] thing to aim for, and it's less frightenin[g] to me now that I no longer think it mea[ns] folding all your aspirations into a cak[e] recipe.

"I understand my father's wishing [I] would get married and have childre[n]. A family is a source of great strength, [a] safe place with a person you can cou[nt] on, who is your best friend and shar[es] your hopes and dreams. I would wa[nt] that for anybody, including myself. An[d] I do want to have a child. Because m[y] experience as a daughter was such [a] good one, I can't imagine not expe[ri]encing the next kind of love, com[-]pleting the inevitable cycle. But [I] haven't been *driven* to marry and ha[ve] children, maybe partly because my ow[n] childhood was such a safe place."

Danny listens intently and sympa[-]thetically. An observer can almost fe[el] how much he loves this spirited daug[h]ter—who got that way, in large part, b[e]cause he knew how to encourage he[r] support her, and, most of all, love her f[or] being herself. Then, suddenly, he realiz[es] it's time to leave for Sunday's 5:15 Ma[ss]. The interview is over. While the ta[pe] recorder is still on, Marlo asks, "An[y] thing else you want to say, Big Amos?" Danny bends down to kiss her on t[he] forehead, straightens up dramatically and raises a finger skyward: "Nothin[g] except that *I will be obeyed at all time[s].*"

Always the comedian, he leaves h[er] laughing. **E[nd]**



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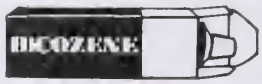
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Amy

continued from page 83

Miss Lillian, has been quoted, "Jimmy begged her and pleaded and pleaded. He always wanted a girl."

Amy is obviously the apple of both their sets of eyes.

"I do think it's going to work," Rosalynn Carter told me. "When Jimmy was governor it worked so well—even with the traveling we did then. I tried to be home every morning and eat breakfast with Amy before she went to school. And at four o'clock in the afternoon, when she was younger, I always gave her a bath and got her pajamas on before we left. Of course, when she got older, I didn't do that. But I always told her goodnight before we left home so that the mansion would seem like a home to her."

I was curious about how Amy received the news of her father's election.

"She stayed up until about 10:30," said Rosalynn Carter. "Her close friend Laura was with her. She's Amy's age. They were playing in the next room, and Laura came in and said she wanted to go to her room, and there was Amy sound asleep in the bed. We woke her up at 3:30 or whenever it was we were sure, and we told her Jimmy had won. And she said she knew it. She got choked up and cried, and I said, 'Amy, you didn't want Daddy to lose, did you?' She said, 'No, but I don't want to move to Washington. I want to stay in Plains.' When we got on the airplane going home, she was sleepy, and I looked over at her, and she started to cry again. I said, 'What's the matter?' And she said, 'Little Joe won't be with me any more.' Little Joe, a former trooper, was private security for Amy. Suddenly, she had realized she would now have Secret Service protection."

We talked more about making the switch to White House life.

"I think Amy's going to be fine," said Rosalynn. "She makes friends easily, and she already has a couple of girls in Washington she knows. She likes to read; she reads all the time. Yesterday, she was reading a book on sharks, because science is her favorite subject.

"She's really good. The campaign has helped her to grow up, and she's come through all the attention well. You see, Jimmy and I were married twenty-one years when she was born. The youngest of our three sons was at school, and to have a little girl was unbelievable. Everyone spoiled her, I guess. But I don't think I've ever spanked her—oh, I might have given her one little spank."

In an earlier conversation with Rosalynn Carter, I had talked about Amy's participation in the primaries. Because I had been told so often of my own campaign performances at Amy's age, standing on tables and singing a vote-for-LBJ song, I asked if Amy had a set number.

"She did clog-dance in at least one state," smiled Rosalynn. "She took clog-dancing lessons in Atlanta, and a couple of times at fairs and things she'd get up and perform by herself."

I also asked Rosalynn Carter about the rest of the family and dancing.

"I enjoy dancing," she said. "Jimmy always has. We just haven't done it recently because we've been so busy."

And alcohol?

Not opposed to whiskey

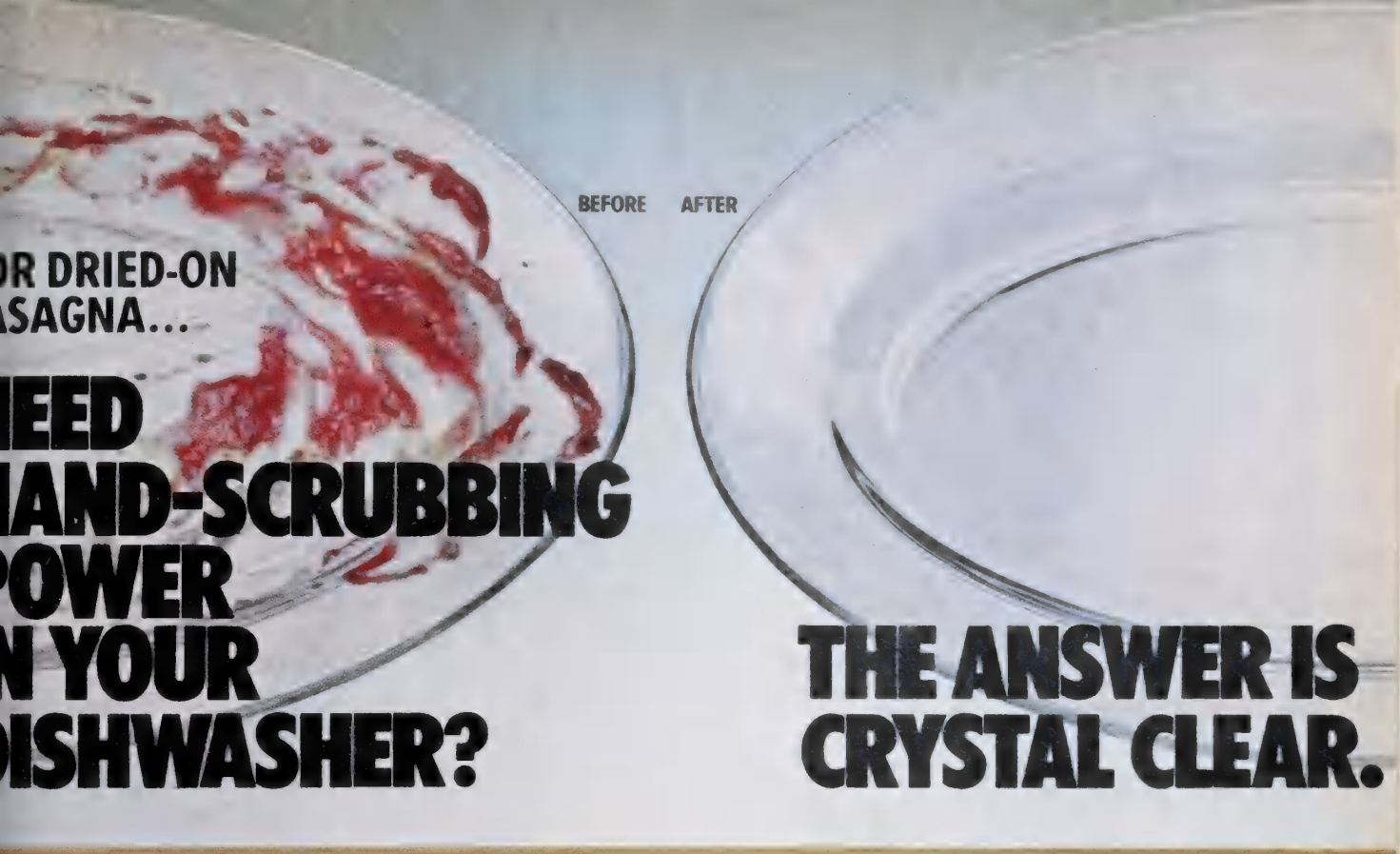
"Jimmy decided he wasn't going to drink during the campaign, but he never did drink much anyway. My daddy died when I was thirteen, and we never had whiskey in our house. We never bothered to think about it; we just never drank. Then Jimmy became governor, and we'd serve wine with dinners. But we did not serve whiskey, which saved money, too—on bartenders and things. But I'm not opposed to whiskey. I don't care who drinks, and I like a glass of wine occasionally. I just don't like whiskey very much. Of course, part of it is being a Baptist; a lot of Baptists think alcohol is wrong. But I'm also sure I know Baptists who drink."

We talked about marijuana, too. Rosalynn Carter told me how the whole family sat around the table, talking and debating the issues.

"We differ on a lot of things, such as marijuana, gay liberation and things like that. But Jimmy always listens, and always encourages the children to have their own opinions. For example, Jack is for total amnesty [for Vietnam war resisters] and Jimmy is for pardon—and they've argued about that. I think possibly—I'm not sure—that my children would be for legalizing marijuana, but I'm not. I'm for decriminalizing it. I have a friend whose 16-year-old son is in jail because he was found with a small amount of marijuana; he will have a criminal record all his life. I think that's bad, but I'm not for legalization. We've had long arguments with the boys about whether or not pot is good for you. They insist that it's no worse than alcohol. In other words, I think we have the same arguments every family with teenagers has.

As I started to leave Blair House—the Carters were meeting with President and Mrs. Ford that day—I realized that it had been my first visit there since my own father died. I could not help but bring up the memory of still another First Lady, the one Rosalynn Carter is said to be most interested in emulating. "Yes," she said, her eyes shining, "I've just been reading about Eleanor Roosevelt. She was doing something every minute."

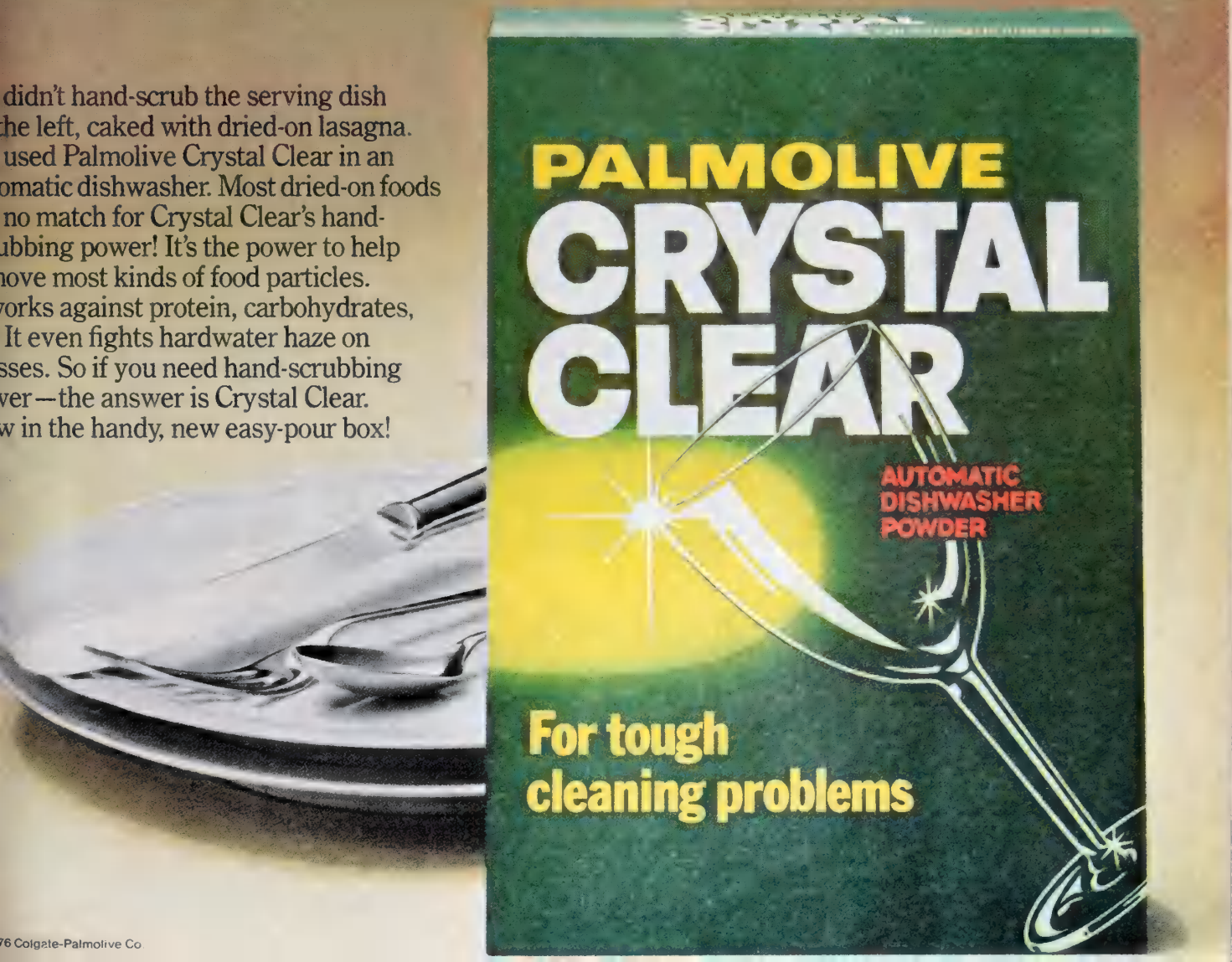
There were many things I wanted to say to Rosalynn Carter that day, and one of them was how much the White House experience had meant to me. Silently, I wished this new First Family all the best: the best experiences . . . the best memories . . . the best chance to know the people of America . . . the best opportunity to be involved, to serve, to make a dent on history. **End**



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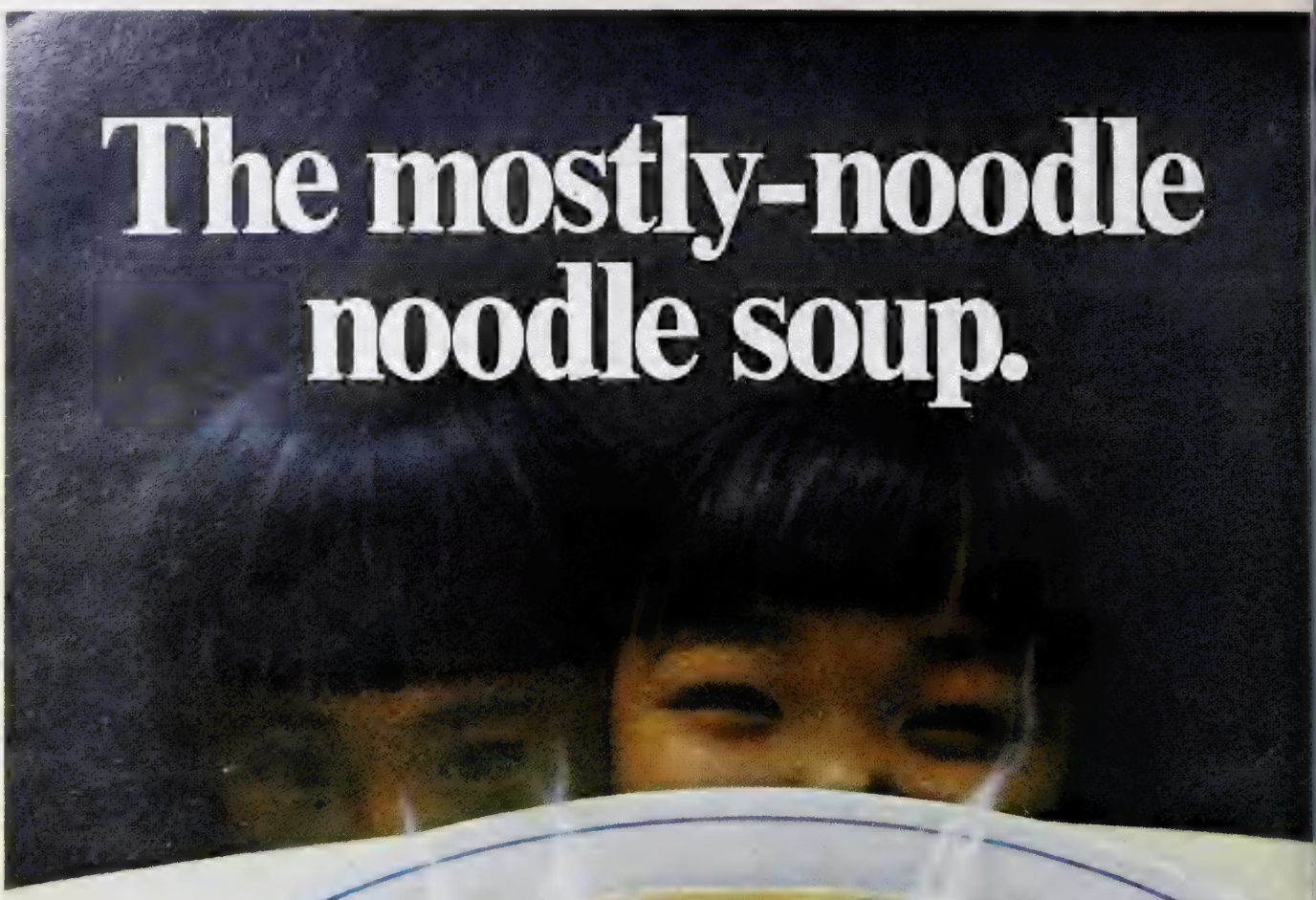
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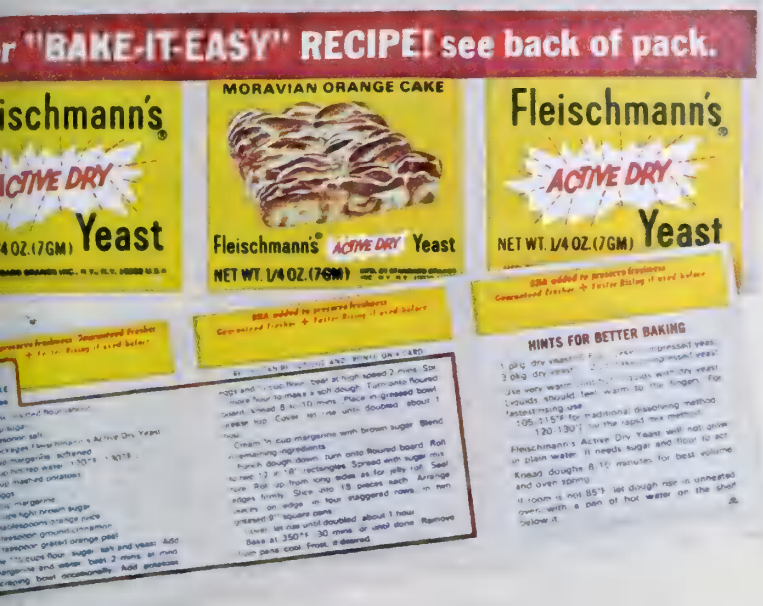
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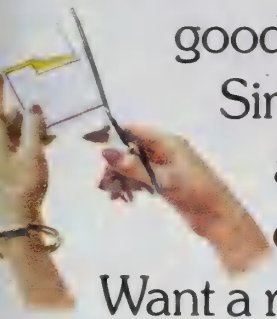
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Today Is Not a Rehearsal

continued from page 89

two-way conversation at least with *nebody.* "Does the rain fall gently on plain?"

"That's just the usual fog we've been ving," Greg said, his eyes glued to the ture. "The rainy season doesn't start e for another month."

Dorothy stared at her husband. Sudnly she found herself thinking about elyn and Jim, their neighbors. Jim s a top executive with one of the airft- companies. "As soon as we sit wn to dinner," Evelyn had told her, e turn on the TV set *so we don't have talk.*"

Evelyn and Jim were 20 years their nior. When she and Greg were in their ies, would the space between them ve grown so huge that she would be npelled to fill it with electronic noises? Dorothy touched her husband's arm gently, pleadingly. "The weekend's ming up. Let's drive north. We've ver seen Carmel."

"Not now. There'll be plenty of time trips."

"Sure," Dot said sarcastically. "Torrow. Tomorrow and tomorrow." Sarsm roughened into bitterness as her ice rose. "But what about *today, Greg? day is not a rehearsal!*"

"What rehearsal?" he said vaguely. thought I told you—they don't start ooting the new series until the end of vember."

Saturday morning. The weekends re the worst time. If Greg was away a sales trip the two days were squared and empty, like an empty box. If he s home, then it was worse—because the frustration. Because then the uared off package contained someng of infinite beauty and she couldn't t to it.

Stop it, she told herself. Be grateful *the* house. (*The* house meant *this* use.) Be grateful for the pool. Take a im, even if it does mean swimming one.

If I'm going to be alone, I'd rather be myself.

The line, surfacing from her subconous, shocked her. She remembered as having been spoken by Marilyn onroe in an old movie.

The water was mottled with leaves opped by the enormous eucalyptus ee. Right now, back East, the flying onymous would be flame-colored. magine. My own flame-colored leaves," e had said, the day they had tramped er the property that had once been eded to George Washington.

Fall in New England. If it had been ining, the black macadam of Ridge oad—their daily route to the commuter train—would be carpeted with gold. She glared resentfully at the eucalyptus. With its drooping, tear-shaped leaves it loomed depressing as a giant and colorless elephant.

After dutifully swimming eight lengths, Dorothy stretched out on the chaise, bravely set down among the weeds and cracked cement. (Fixing up the pool area was, understandably, not very high on the priority list.)

Deliberately she switched her thoughts from *their* house to *the* house, *this* house. She could paper the bathroom. No she couldn't. Greg, a perfectionist, had banned her from such activities. "Shoemaker, stick to your typewriter," he had told her, laughing. She'd never been very good at working with her hands. But had been better than good at writing advertising copy.

And yet there had been those rare and treasured times back East when she had worked with her husband. Perhaps the most treasured of all had been the fall before their house was built. Helping to clear the property of brush and dead wood, she had flung huge limbs onto the fire, magnifying the scent of autumn, the scent of burnished gold.

Burnished. Nothing here was burnished. The October hills in Southern California were a singed brown. Dead. Burned out. Not glowing with the special promise of inner life reflected in the color that was burnished gold.

Speaking of gold, she thought impatiently, what she really ought to do was start looking for a job in an ad agency out here. That was the best way she could help. With all the work that needed doing to put the house in shape, the money would come in handy.

Purposefully, decisively she rose from the chair and headed for the wine cellar where her work scrapbooks were stored along with their luggage. Greg's air force uniforms and cartons of books awaiting the proper shelves.

Switching on the light, she pulled down her most recent scrapbook. She turned to leave when, looking down, she saw pointing at her from the corner like the rusty prow of a ship, the plough that she had insisted on bringing with them from Connecticut. They had found it the day the men had started digging the well. Born and brought up in New York City, she hadn't known what it was. "Haven't you ever seen a plough?" Greg had asked, his voice incredulous. "It's a hand plough," he explained as she touched its rusted, sloping sides reverently, wondering what hand had touched it last almost 200 years ago. "We'll have it fixed up," she'd said. "I'll take it to the iron monger."

With California fresh out of iron mongers, as she was certain must be the case, she would have to take it to some expensive craftsman used by *(continued)*

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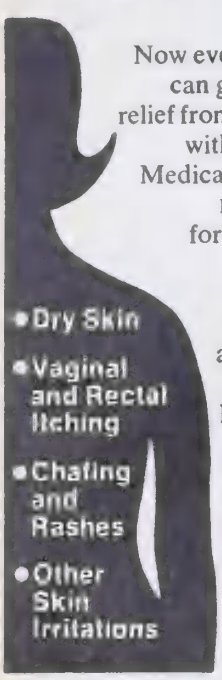
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Today Is Not a Rehearsal

continued

decorators. It was fashionable to make use of such things now. She would put it at the fireplace she thought, knowing she would not—could not. There were memories enough without this painful reminder staring her in the face.

Face it, she said to herself, as suddenly standing there in the shadows she knew what she must do. She had to go back and actually face their house in Connecticut. It would be not only to exorcise the past—but to save the future.

She gasped, facing the full and frightening truth.

As the big jet rose, the city below receded with the same inevitability, Dorothy thought miserably, as the distance that daily, hourly, separated her from Greg. Even as she watched, Los Angeles had assumed the perspective of a picture in an atlas, its surrounding mountains nothing more than tiny squiggly lines.

Perspective. That was what she was hoping this trip would give her. Greg had offered no objection, only a warning. "You can't go home again." Behind the sad reminder she'd heard the unspoken question, as though he knew—had sensed, perhaps even better than she did, what was at stake.

"I know that. But sometimes you have to go back to find out you can't." Evelyn had had to do it when she and Jim were transferred out here. And several other women. They had all told her the same thing.

And had told her that other thing. Get busy. Find a job. Have your own interests. But she didn't really want to find a job right now. She wanted to find Greg. Or, more accurately, she wanted Greg to find her. A job wouldn't bring them any closer. She would be working to keep herself busy. So that she wouldn't be alone.

If I'm going to be alone, I'd rather be by myself. She saw the poignant, now legendary face of Marilyn Monroe as the actress paused on the steps of the court house. Divorce court.

Divorce.

Although she tried to dismiss the word from her mind she could no longer deny the fact that the idea had not only crossed her mind but had evidently lodged itself there. Otherwise why would she have taken the scrapbook with her—just in case? She had taken it to find out what her chances would be—just in case. In the suspended reality of the plane she could follow through every one of her thoughts, knowing she could leave them when the plane landed without claiming them as hers.

Remember, this isn't fall, she t herself when she picked up the ren car. If you expect to see changing lea in late November you might as well sa yourself the trip.

It was at the second toll station, j before her turnoff, that she realized didn't remember the name of the peo who had bought their house.

Well then, she'd simply ring the b If no one was home, so much the bett She would be spared the pain of see the strange furniture arranged on blue-gray carpeting, completing room in a way that was different th they had planned—a dream for wh there had never been money nor time

But the rugged, natural landscap they could not change. She found h self praying they would be out so t she would be free—without the hover presence of strangers—to return to favorite places. The old stone wall wh she had planted forsythia and viol The spot outside the guest room wh the birch trees clustered and where had seen the three deer in the sno And the hill outside their bedroom w dow. She remembered the night she awakened and had seen, for the first ti in her life, snow under a full moon—s the curious blue color that wasn't b but moon colored, the color of star-lig ed space.

How long had it been after that year, two years—that she had found h self standing in the same room in wh only the carpeting remained? And telephone; abandoned in the corner. T sight of it had stabbed her with the sa finality of loss as coming across phone number of someone now dead

She turned into Fox Hollow R and stopped at the mailbox. Harris Of course, Harrison. How could she h forgotten? She got out of the car. T pine trees and rock formations scree their house from the road.

She began walking up the drive wondering, terrified of how she wo feel when it came into view. Gradu it appeared before her, the familiar u brick and redwood chosen carefully, ingly, so that the house would becom part of the hollow it straddled.

She rang the bell. There was no swer. She rang again and waited. T weren't there. Thank God.

She moved to her right and be climbing the short hill that would t her to the main level of the house an the large screened porch. Reaching corner of the porch she stopped. Gea for the bleak November scene (no fl ing leaves, no dogwood), she was prepared for the beauty of the b branches. The infinitely intricate t ings were like brushstrokes of a Japan hand. She hadn't remembered branches. She stood staring at them if seeing them for the first time.

She made her way down the hollow ehind the house and up the other side o the birch trees. This was where, look- ng through the window of the guest oom (not yet furnished for guests) she ad seen the three deer motionless, as nough they sensed her watching. From ne clump of birch the ground sloped own to their bedroom window where, nat moonlit night, she had seen the now, shadowed with blue—moon-white.

That's what she missed most in Cali- rnia. And that's what she loved most Connecticut (if compelled to choose). now. Loved the blizzard that had aused them to be snowed in one week- nd. Shipwrecked on a snow island.

Standing in the gray November, her ind darted like a dog seeking a trail s she sought other remembered snow enes. Gradually she quieted into a ind of frozen immobility. *She couldn't emember any!* They had lived in their ouse three years. Surely in the three ears it had snowed more than three mes. But that was all she remembered.

Her glance traveled to the gray stone all. Exactly how many times, she asked erself, had she seen the forsythia grac- g it with gold? Four times. Through- ut the long springs, four memories to easure, to cherish.

And the violets—carpeting the path at ne back of the property where once, no oubt, the plough had traveled. Once. he remembered seeing them once—*be- ause she had only looked once*. There adn't been time. Because there were so any things to be done.

It hit her then with the force of an iron all swung from a wrecking machine, emolishing old structures, old walls— d ideas. For her, yesterday had been a ehearsal, just as today was for Greg. ow could she condemn him when she erself had been guilty of the same ing—of living in the future just as she as guilty now of the same tragic error reverse? Now she was living in the ast. Everything that was beautiful had appened yesterday.

She had thought him lost to her when ne truth was they had both been lost.

Gradually she became aware of some- ody or something watching her.

The house.

The house was watching as though it ere not merely a structure of brick and edwood and glass, but a presence trans- itting neither the old joy nor the recent ain. What she was feeling, she realized, as a sense of peace. And it was coming om the house, as though the house it- lf was finally at peace—released as a eparting friend might feel released who ad succeeded in delivering a message f desperate urgency.

Her plane landed at Los Angeles In- rnational Airport in the late afternoon. reg met her and they stopped for din- er at a restaurant on top of one of the ller buildings in Westwood. He talked eagerly—too eagerly, she thought, sens- ing in his rapid account of what he'd been doing at the house, what had been developing at the office, a kind of bul- wark against what she herself might have to tell him.

Listening, she allowed her gaze to drift over the Freeway where the rush hour traffic strung out in a continuous chain of moving lights—producing a beautiful ribboned movement.

"You haven't heard a word," Greg said suddenly. "Isn't our future im- portant to you?"

"Very," she said firmly, "and I *was* listening. But I was looking, too." His eyes followed hers. She saw the slow smile starting at the corners of his mouth as though he had received an answer to an unasked question.

"What d'you know?" he said softly. Freeways can be beautiful."

Back at the house, unpacking her suitcase, she felt the familiar tightness starting in her stomach as she heard the crackling of gunfire coming from the den. Greg was watching a western.

She went outside, to get away from the sounds and to enjoy the full moon and the warm November evening.

She walked toward the pool, stum- bling over the cracked cement, the weeds scratching at her ankles.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Greg said, com- ing up beside her. Just in time she real- ized there had been no trace of sarcasm in his words. Now it was Dorothy who followed Greg's glance. He was peering into the water where the full moon floated, captured.

"I heard on the news," he said, "that it's snowing back East. The way you used to carry on over the snow in moon- light. Remember . . .?"

"Greg," she breathed, her thoughts busy with the floating reflection, "it's like catching something. . . . It's like having a tiny particle of infinite space in our very own pool."

He drew her closer. Above them the big eucalyptus stirred a whispered in- trusion. Suddenly aware, Dorothy found herself thinking of its early morning look —how the textured bark, touched by the rising sun, reflected a rough and burn- ished beauty—*burnished gold!*

She heard her own joyous laugh. Everything good was with her in one way or another—including the past, which was now more hers since she was willing to let go of it. She could even have the plough fixed up, put into the house and bring a joyful memory of yesterday into a joyful present.

In the morning she would visit a nursery. Roses grew in California as effortlessly, almost, as dandelions back East. And there were camellias and poin- settias. Imagine poinsettias growing against the wall of their own house.

Their house. . . .

End

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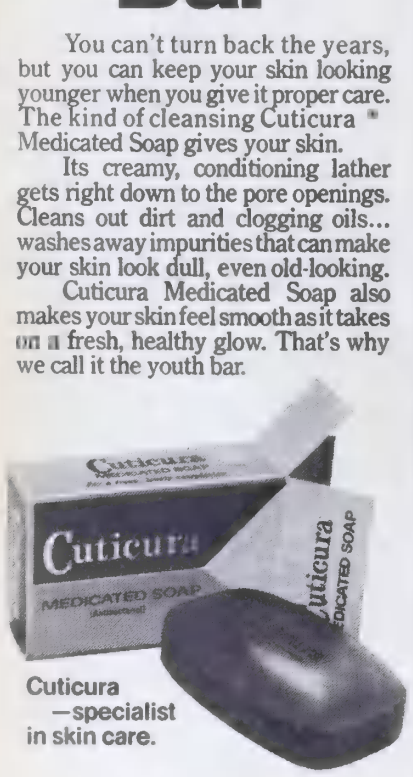
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Can this marriage be saved?

continued from page 18

I'm at fault for the problems of my marriage, because of my wicked temper and my physical impotence, which I can neither anticipate nor control. Both Ida and I are aware of where the blame should lie."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"Ida and Garson were eventually pried loose from their jointly-held, entirely false notion that Gar alone was the bad guy in the marriage," the counselor said. "In my long experience, I have yet to observe a marriage in which either a husband or a wife is entirely at fault. Ida was far from being the angel she fancied herself.

"Indeed, in our psychological testing, Ida discovered that her personality came out as coldly critical rather than warm and sympathetic. This unattractive, off-putting quality was clearly evidenced in her hostile voice, the ugly grimace that so often twisted her face just before she delivered a nasty swipe at Gar.

"In childhood, Ida was caught smack in the middle of six brothers, three younger, three older. This family position aroused fierce competitiveness in Ida. Only by making it to the top scholastically did she believe she would win her parents' love and attention. In her college days she was a so-called grind and in spite of a pretty face and fine figure, was passed over by the boys until Gar appeared on her horizon.

"The two shared an almost total ignorance of sex, intimacy or communication. Worse, Ida's verbal and emotional criticism served to reinforce Gar's extremely low opinion of himself. It didn't cross his mind to dispute any of Ida's destructive judgments. Why argue when, inwardly, Gar himself agreed he was a worthless worm?

"It is hardly surprising that Gar was impotent on his wedding night or that Ida was bitterly angry at the 'sexual insult.' Nor is it surprising that Gar's impotence frequently recurred if he was subjected to the strain and stress of his wife's scorn and disapproval. The surprising thing is that Ida and Gar got along as well as they did for nineteen years!

"Very early in our counseling, I referred Ida and Gar to a couples group. There Ida learned she was, in fact, negative in her reactions. When she asked how to handle the negativism, I replied, 'By being aware of your positive feelings and expressing them to Gar with praise, approval, affection.'

"This was difficult advice for Ida to follow, but gradually she became less critical and more constructive. And, as a positive side effect, her dead voice livened, her facial expressions grew more agreeable.

"Obviously, Ida's openly expressed approval was helpful to Gar but his self-esteem was so low, that hearing praise from his wife was just not enough. Gar told me that in junior high school he had reached the remarkable conclusion that since one's feelings could not be measured scientifically, human feelings were useless and unimportant and he would squelch his own.

"Guided by this ruinous adolescent resolve, Gar did his best to deaden all his feelings, to live strictly by reason, to orient himself toward duty and grim responsibility. He fought against the natural urge to seek fun and pleasure; he alienated prospective friends and walled himself off from affection, tenderness, love. In group counseling, Gar slowly began to listen to, and trust, the good things others said about him, to tune in on the concept of personal joy.

"The feelings Gar had so long denied accounted, of course, for his frightening explosions of temper. At my express direction, Gar allotted thirty minutes a day to something pleasurable. When he changed his philosophy of life and truly relaxed, his temper explosions gradually diminished. Occasionally, he still suffers from periodic bouts of tension, accompanied by impotence, but they are rare and he finds it easier to work on his self-esteem now that Ida is learning to curb her critical comments.

"One final pleasant postscript. For Jane's eighteenth birthday, Ida and Gar presented her with the price of six counseling sessions. She was delighted by the gift and her thorny personality continues to improve as her parents' problems diminish." **End**

THE LOST CHILDREN

By Harriet Gray Blackwell

Where are the children that I knew—
Little Lord Fauntleroy, Sara Crewe,
Anne of Green Gables, The Little Colonel—
To me they still live, imbued with eternal
Youth. Sometimes I dream of Little Nell,
And Emily with David Copperfield
Listening to the sea's great swell;
I think of Jo March with the back of her
dress
Scorched while she talked with eagerness
And then I sit in the Secret Garden
With Colin and smiling red-haired
Dickon—
Where are these children, I'd like to know
They have vanished completely as summer
snow.

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ch *you* want to lose . . . these
ngs are all taken into account
en *you* select *your* Plan! The
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lkshakes, creamed vegetables,
li con carne, chow mein, beef
oganoff, and fried chicken!

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llows" these diet breaks—they
tually include the special, deli-
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Fifth—It's inexpensive! You get everything you need to know and everything you need to take to lose weight quickly—and safely. Tablets that supplement food and safeguard your health, but play no role in weight loss, are included at no extra cost. And the cost is about a dime a day!

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"Your diet plan is wonderful. Have lost 13 pounds in 3 weeks."

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'You don't get hungry!'
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"My mother took them for 6 months and is down to 138 pounds. She weighed 175. I would like to order."

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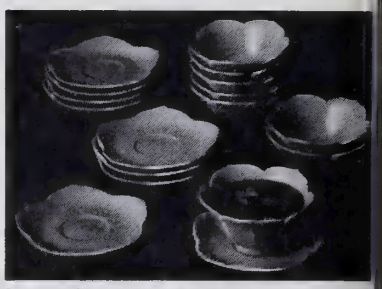
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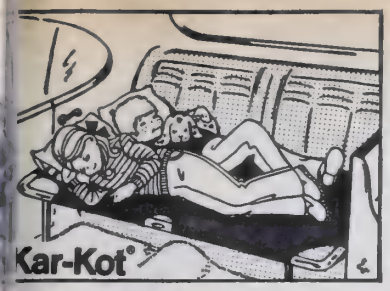
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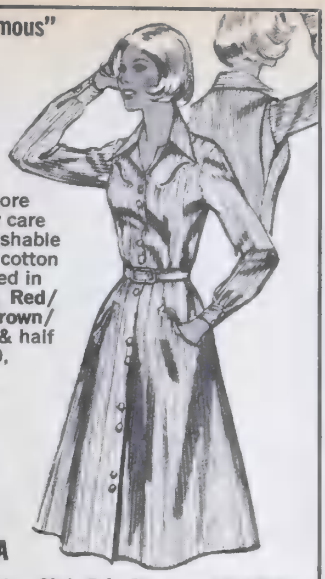


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TEEN SUICIDE

continued from page 76

Author Grollman says, "It is the death of love that evokes the love of death." A young person with no "significant other" in his life is susceptible to suicidal thoughts; adults are wise to watch the effects of a broken love affair, death of a parent, or the emptiness of that inevitable loner in school.

2. Use of drugs or alcohol.

Over half of the adolescents who commit suicide are involved in drug abuse or heavy drinking shortly before their deaths. The figure is closer to 85 percent in the case of adolescents who attempt suicide unsuccessfully. This does not mean that every youngster experimenting with drugs will try to kill himself. It does mean, however, that he has turned to drugs as a means of coping with a situation which, if unresolved, might head him toward self-destruction. When one technique fails, he may try a more drastic one. When one cry goes unheard, he utters a louder one.

3. Communications problems at home.

A study of youthful suicides revealed that nearly two-thirds of them had been on poor terms with their families and that nearly 90 percent felt that their families "did not understand" them. The American Association of Suicidology writes, "Not being appreciated or understood by his family seems to be the most common factor in the . . . chaos and unhappiness of a youth's life." Parents tend to believe that relationships at home are "pretty good" or "average", but it is important for them to remember that their child's emotional state stems from *his* perception of reality, not from *theirs*. To shrug off a child's alienation with, "That's ridiculous," merely intensifies it.

4. A sudden personality change.

Shortly before a suicide attempt, an adolescent may be unable to sleep at night—or may sleep practically around the clock. He may show a sudden lack of interest in the opposite sex or he may become totally promiscuous. Frequently, he will develop a series of imagined illnesses, feel depressed or unable to concentrate. The lassitude pervading a pre-suicide's personality most often disappears after he makes his final decision. With death in sight, a calm settles in—a sense of peace. In the opening case histories, both sets of parents commented on "the way they smiled when we last saw them."

5. Behavioral changes.

Parents, teachers and friends can readily detect the following changes in the way a pre-suicidal teenager behaves: loss of appetite, loss of weight, neglect of school work, lack of interest in personal appearance, long periods of solitude, outbursts of anger, truancy, talk and threats of suicide. The most telling danger sign is the young person's efforts to get his affairs in order. He may turn his prized stamp collection over to his little brother or give a schoolmate his class notes. He is in effect making his will.

These are clues to be alert to. They are not necessarily evidence that a young person is suicidal since, in fact, most children show one or more of these signs during their adolescent years. If parents panic at each one, they and their children will be in a constant state of trauma. *Most of these signs can be considered part of normal growth unless . . .*

1. They persist for a long time.
2. Several are evidenced at once.

Under these conditions, it is time to act. But how?

First, it is imperative to get the young person to talk. The adult's job is to listen and probe gently. A good way to begin is with a question such as, "You don't seem to be yourself lately," or "You seem to be kind of down. Is something bothering you?" With continued supportive questioning, the young person may open up—sometimes with the out-rushing of a broken dike. The problem may be solved over a period of time with talks of this kind. The most important thing to remember is that the adult in this communication must *not* be judgmental. He must not moralize or label as "good" or "bad" the thoughts or actions the troubled young person is expressing. And he must never minimize their importance, no matter how trivial they seem to him. His role is to be accepting, open and concerned. Any other approach will only reinforce the young person's sense of worthlessness and make him pull away from the offered help.

Parents finding it difficult to reach a troubled child need not despair. Help is available. In 1906, a Baptist minister named Harry Warren set up the first suicide prevention center in America. Today there are over 200 such centers—from New York's Save-a-Life League to Los Angeles' Suicide Prevention Center. You can dial 649-8206 in Miami or the Samaritans in Boston or the C Clinic in Seattle. You can write the Public Health Service in Washing D.C. for a "Bibliography on Suicide Suicide Prevention"—3,300 entrie you can contact the adolescent clin almost any big-city hospital.

A suicide prevention center can a child only if he is willing to talk or phone or in the office, where volunt sit waiting round the clock. Miss Kay Van, a Save-a-Life volunteer, says "talks to the teenager like a big sis and then sends him to the nearest psy atric clinic. "I give him the reception name, so he won't have to go in c Other volunteers contact the child's ents or guidance counselor at sch And still others may help him find a or get him involved in local church tivities or "just talk to him on the ph every day."

Most centers have part-time psyc trists on call who can counsel the yo person. They may see him once or ov period of time or they may feel it is perative to get him into a hospital im diately as the only means of preven suicide. Alternatively, they may r him to an outside therapist for treatm When family and friends are unabl alleviate the suffering of the young p son in their life, through love and p fered help, then they must turn to professionalism of the outsider. So pressures of fear and shame must hold them back.

If there is no suicide center availa parents should seek professional help their own. A local mental health clini Family Service Society are good pla to begin, and they can recommend a vate psychiatrist or psychologist who evaluate and treat the troubled ch The family physician's recommendat is also a sound one to follow. Pare should be aware that such treatm tends to be lengthy and costly; yet lik college education, it is a priceless inv ment in the future—not only for y child's lifetime, but for his very life. E



"Is there someplace near here we can get a bite to eat while we're waiting?"

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LADIES' HOME

Journal

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Going gray scares me. But peroxide scares me more. Help!

Recently, while shopping with a friend, I caught a glimpse of "me" in a mirror. EEEK! I realized those few straggly strands of gray were making me look a little bedraggled. And a lot older than I am!

Oh No! "None of my friends are gray! Why me?"

I'm too young to be gray. But what's the solution? How can I use a hair coloring? I'm a scaredy-cat when it comes to putting some other color on my chestnut brown hair. And the whole idea of peroxide makes me cringe.

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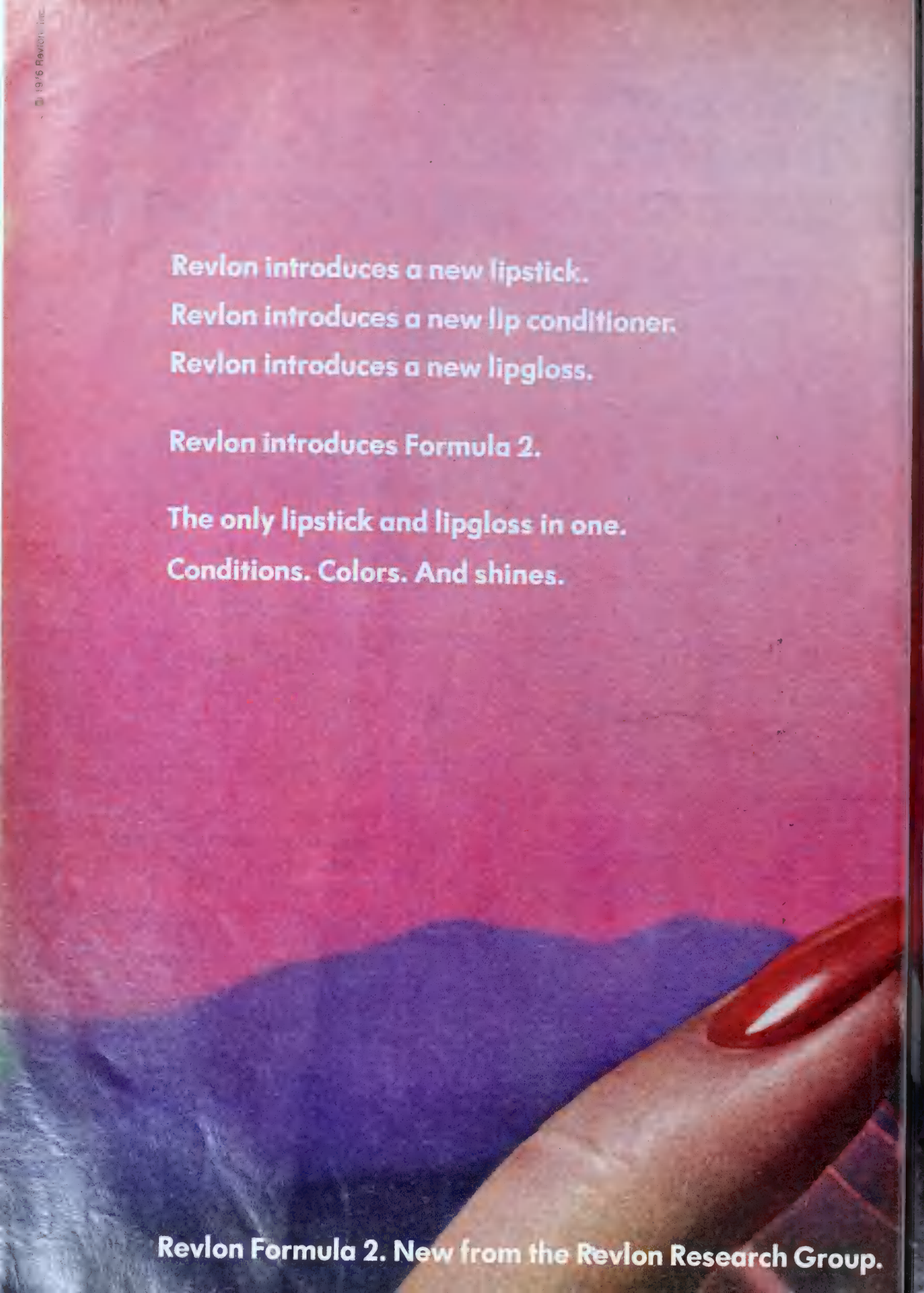
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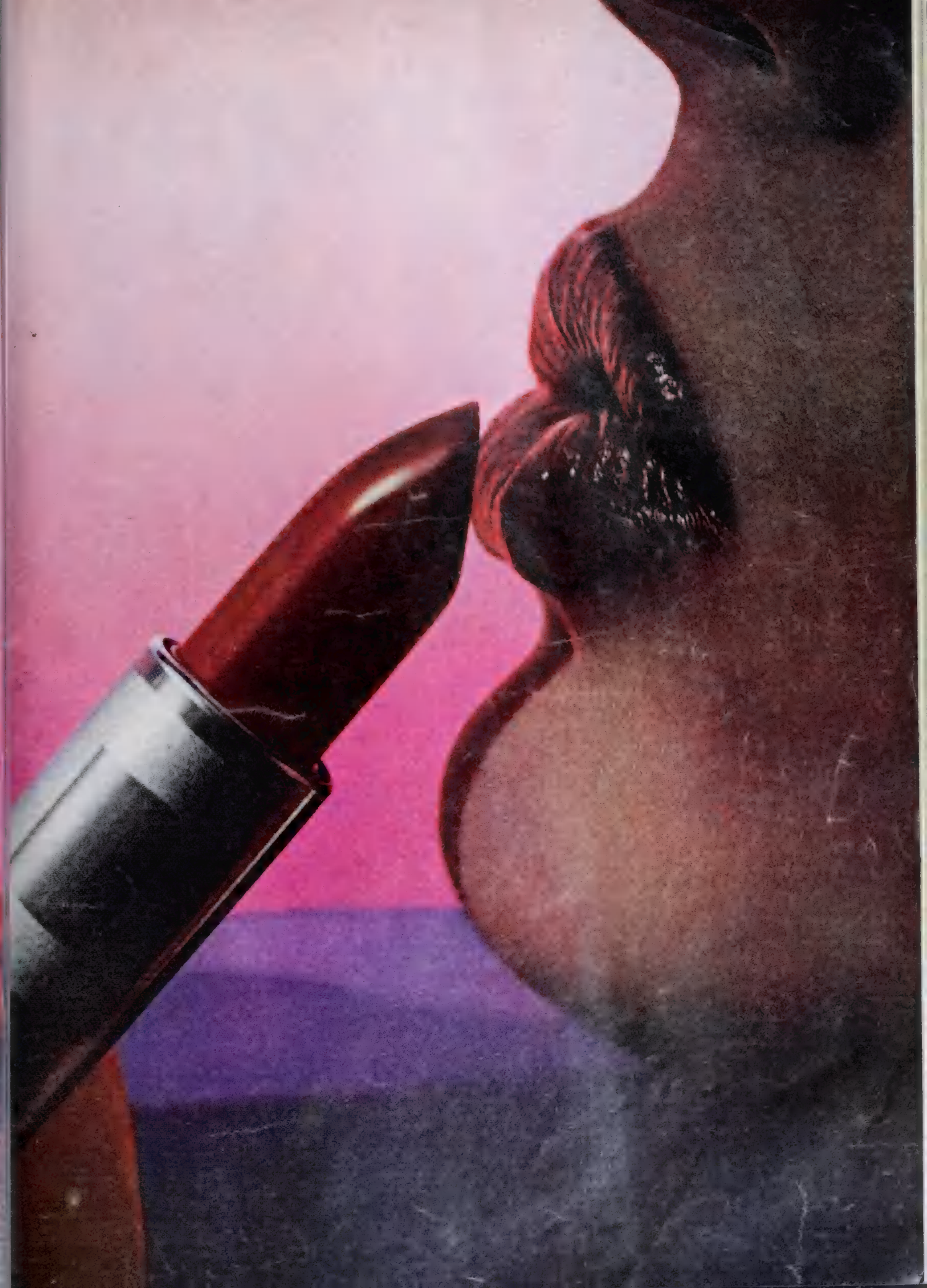
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VOL. XCIV, NO. 3
MARCH 1977

LADIES' HOME **Journal**®

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Cover photograph of Mary Tyler Moore by Douglas Kirkland; hair by Joel Israel; makeup by Joyce Virtue. Page 50: photograph of Katharine Hepburn by Susie Tracy; Paul Michael Glaser and David Soul by Steve Shapiro/Transworld. Page 52: Marie Osmond, courtesy ABC-TV; Henry Winkler, courtesy Paramount Television.

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3/4 lb. ground beef
1/2 cup chopped onion
1 can (6 oz) tomato paste
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. ground cinnamon
1/2 cup HELLMANN'S Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup flour
2 cups milk
2 eggs
1/3 cup grated Parmesan cheese
1/4 tsp. ground nutmeg
8 oz. elbow macaroni, cooked, drained

Brown beef and onion. Drain fat. Stir in next 3 ingredients. Set aside. Combine next 2 ingredients. Gradually stir in milk. Cook and stir over medium heat until thick (do not boil). Beat next 3 ingredients. Gradually stir in sauce. Add macaroni. Spoon half macaroni mixture into 2-qt oblong baking dish. Cover with meat mixture. Top with remaining macaroni. Bake in 325° F oven 45 min. or until set. Serves 4.



TUNA-TATER PIE

1 cup HELLMANN'S Real Mayonnaise
1 Tbsp. grated onion
2 tsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. prepared mustard
2 cans (7 oz each) tuna, drained
1 pkg. (10 oz) frozen mixed vegetables, thawed
1/2 cup sliced celery
2 cups mashed potatoes

Mix 3/4 cup Real Mayonnaise with next 5 ingredients. Stir in next 3 ingredients. Turn into 9" pie plate. Bake in 350° F oven 15 to 20 min. or until bubbly. Remove. Stir together potatoes and 1/4 cup Real Mayonnaise. Pipe or spoon around edge of pie. Broil 4" from heat source 8 to 10 min. or until lightly browned. Serves 4.

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Editor's diary

By Lenore Hershey



VIOLENT CRIME: OUR PROBLEM

According to a recent survey, most of our readers seem to be worrying about what they call "the quality of life." Much of this, we suspect, has to do with the pervading threat of violent crime that now taints our nation. NBC's fine three-hour program on the subject (see cut, left) told us that the United States today has the highest crime rate of any advanced Western nation; criminals are younger and more vicious; and the price of protection now amounts to $150 per citizen. There are no pat answers to the problems of crime. Poverty, injustice and the breakdown of family life has as much to do with crime as the escalation of violence in our media, and nobody, however well-intentioned, can wave a magic wand, nightstick or gun and make it all better. But we can and must focus our attention on the current wave of violent crime, and the *Journal* has taken a first step with the section that starts on page 65. Please do read it—and if so moved, let us have your name and address on the coupon provided. At the right time, we'll make a presentation to President Carter and/or his designated representative to see if we can't take the leadership in a whole new program of citizenship involvement.

LOVE STORY 2—OLIVER'S STORY



Seven years ago, in the February 1970 issue of the *Journal,* we introduced a new novel by an unknown young author, Erich Segal, called *Love Story.* It was, as you know, destined to be one of the great best-selling books and movies of our time. Millions of copies of the book were sold. *Love Story* was also put out in 26 different countries, and, "Love means not ever having to say you're sorry" became an international catch phrase. Well, here it is, the long-awaited sequel, called *Oliver's Story,* starting on page 88 and concluding next month. Erich Segal's now 39, married for a year and a half to Karen James, an Englishwoman who edits children's books. He still teaches classics at a New England college, is a long-distance runner, and was an ABC-TV commentator on the network's coverage of the 1976 Olympics. Segal took two years to write this sequel to *Love Story,* which is more than twice the length of the original, and we're delighted, naturally, to be the magazine in which Oliver moves on to a whole new set of involvements.

WE LOVE YOU AND WE'RE SORRY

As with many other magazines, bad weather's affected our paper supply at the printing plant. Thus, if your *Journal* reaches you late this month, we hope you'll be understanding. (Remember the night dinner was late because the car got stuck in the snow? We're in a similar fix, but we sincerely hope to be on schedule next month.)

Poster courtesy of NBC-TV. Photograph of Erich Segal by Edouard Boubat.



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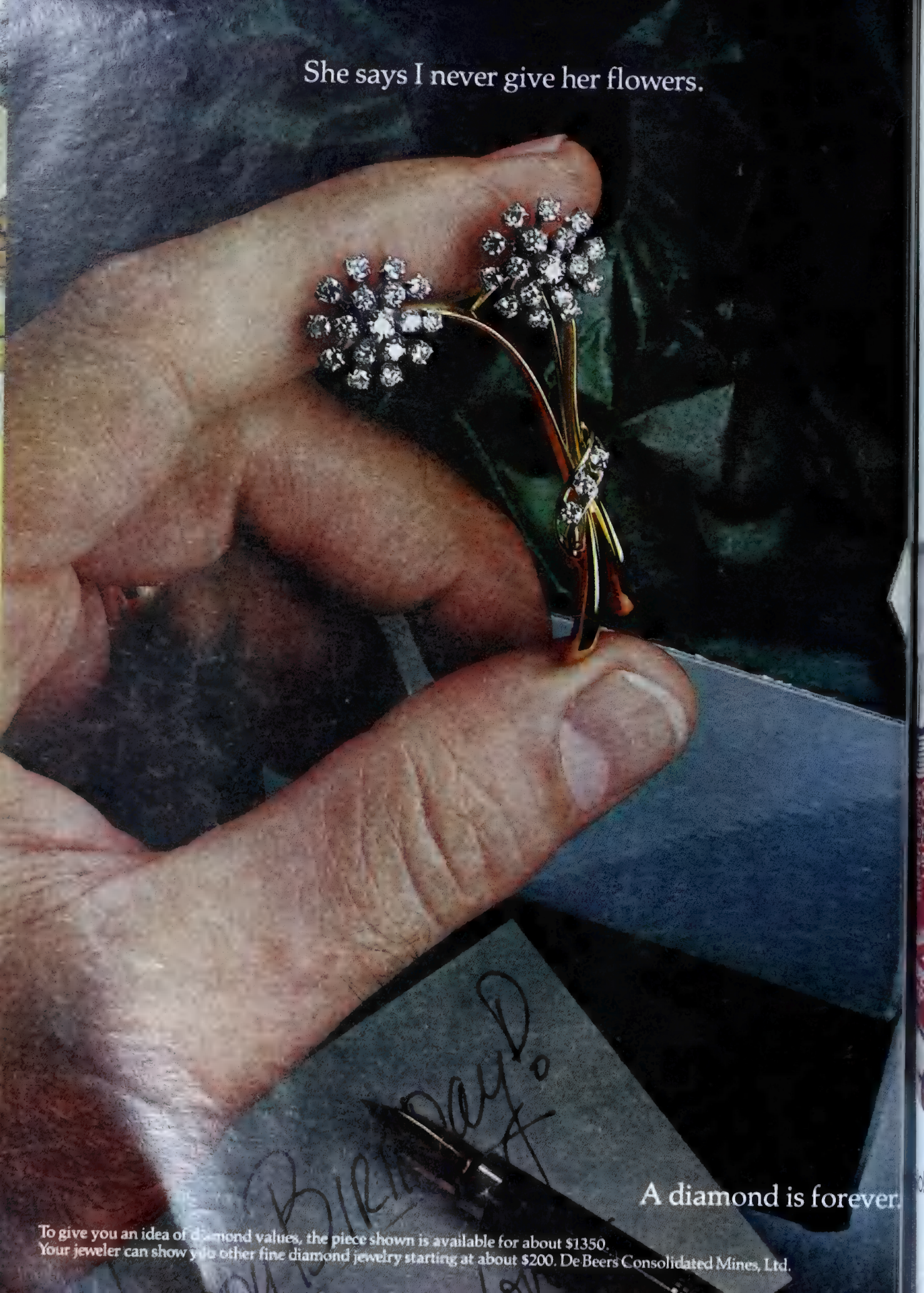
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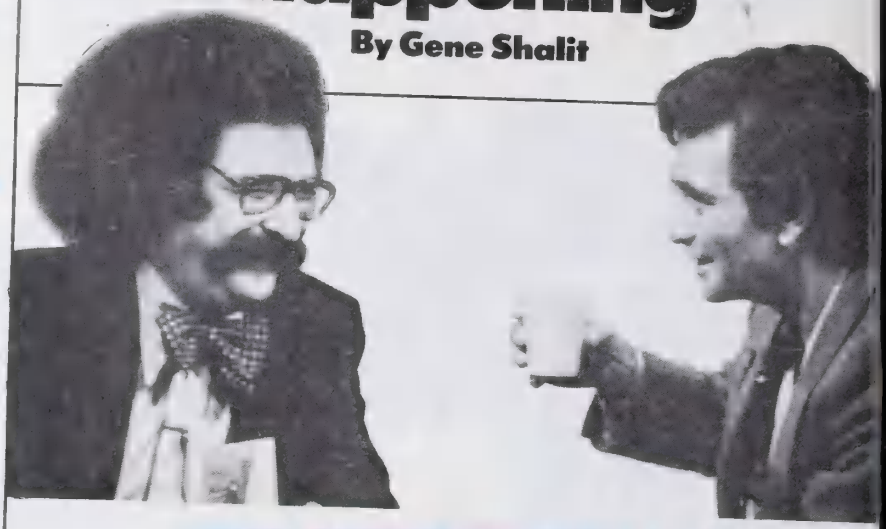
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What's happening

By Gene Shalit



INSTANT INTERVIEW WITH PETER FALK

One of the best of the current films is *Mikey and Nicky*. Peter Falk and John Cassavetes are the stars, Elaine May wrote and directed the film, and not enough people have seen it. This story of two small-time hoods on the run is not an easy movie. You can't sit back and let it wash over you. It takes some effort, but it's worth it, because it is *so* powerful, so intelligent, so daring!

Falk—best known to most Americans for his portrayal of Columbo on television—dropped by for a chat. And guess what, we didn't talk about the movie (although I *did* tell him his performance was brilliant). Peter had coffee (see visual evidence; he's drinking a toast to my barber), and Peter said: "Where do you think the telephone is in a hotel room?"

"Next to the bed."

"Right! Now, where is the phone in my room at the Plaza?"

"I give up."

"Across the room. Why?"

"I give up."

"I asked an assistant executive and he said that when guests get wake-up calls in the morning they reach out and mumble into the phone and go back to sleep and then they get mad at the hotel because they missed their appointments. So at the Plaza they have to get out of bed to answer the phone and by the time they get there they're up and they don't go back to bed."

"Sounds logical," I said.

"Not to me. So I went to the top and got a straight answer: People always sleep on the side of the bed where the phone is, and all of those expensive Plaza matresses were being worn out on just one side, so they had to throw them all away. By moving the phone they save millions."

"I give up," I said.

OSCAR CHEERS & TEARS

March is movie month, and the Academy Awards are marching in place. Who's going to win? What film? What stars? What assistant key grip gaffer for the best cartoon documentary in sepia on a moribund subject? Oscar's envelopes envelope the nation as Hollywood goes on a tear, so let's take a peek at some pictures we've liked and the fizzle-flicks that will fade from your screen on March 28th.

When the Academy Awards are fanfared this month, something like (and don't-like) 100 nominees will lose. That's why lots of people think Oscar is a trophy that should atrophy. But he will go on. And on and on. More than a score of nominees will score, while millions keep score in TV homes across the country. Last year some 68 million viewers stayed up to the small hours to watch the haul. "Ours!" Fears, cheers, tears!

Don't get the blues for the losers. Those written off often go right on. After all, history shows that big losers achieve heroic immortality. I mean, isn't Napoleon more famous than the Duke of Wellington? And I'm *still* rooting for Hannibal. Many of whom Oscar has by-passed have passed the winners. Did you know that Clark *(continued on page 17)*

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	tar mg. / cigarette	nicotine mg. / cigarette
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Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg. / cigarette	nicotine mg. / cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	***2**	***0.2**
Carlton Menthol	***1**	***0.1**
Carlton 70	***1**	***0.1**

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*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

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What's happening

continued

Gable and Charles Laughton both lost with *Mutiny on the Bounty* in 1935?

Just about everyone now admires Humphrey Bogart's performance in *Casablanca*, but he lost in 1943.

Dustin Hoffman did not win an Oscar for *The Graduate* or for his finest performance in *Midnight Cowboy*.

And how about your favorite movies—movies that you *still* happily look at but which were overlooked at the time: *The Wizard of Oz* lost, *Citizen Kane* lost, *High Noon*, among others.

Some of America's finest film-makers—actors and directors whose names you would recognize in an instant if I could think of them—are scornful of Academy Awards. And I share their boo mood. There should be a statuette of limitations on entertainment awards. (Which is why I write about the Oscars every year.) But my hypocrisy has limits: I've established a few awards for a year that was more banal than banner.

☛ **The "You Call That a Tip, Fella?" Award** goes to Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*, a film that proved that all fares are not in love but at war. Robert De Niro saw Cybill Shepherd and was dying to meter. This movie did for cabriding what *Jaws* did for swimming.

☛ **The "You Can Go Holmes Again" Award** to *The Seven-Per-cent Solution*, a film that showed why *freud* means "joy" in German. It's set in Vienna where it waltzes off with the happiness prize because of the fashionably clever plot and a splendid cast. A shot in the arm for entertainment.

☛ **The All Dressed Up and No Place to Go Vacuum Plaque** is awarded without hesitation to *Barry Lyndon*, in which Stanley Kubrick proves that more *is* less, by way of an exquisitely beautiful 18th-century nap.

☛ **The "Best Argument for Station Breaks" Award** goes to the tell-it-like-it-isn't movie, *Network*. This proved that even with the handicap of a very heavy hand, Hollywood can whittle wooden characters, carve up dialogue—and then miss America's easiest target.

☛ **The "Money Makes the World Go Around" Award** to *A Star Is Born*, in which Barbra Streisand turns to rock. For this muddy remake of a remake, Miss Streisand wins six months room and bored at the Hollywood Home for Unwed Executive Producers, where she will be required to write 300 times, "I am not a rock singer, I am not a rock singer. . . ." *(continued)*

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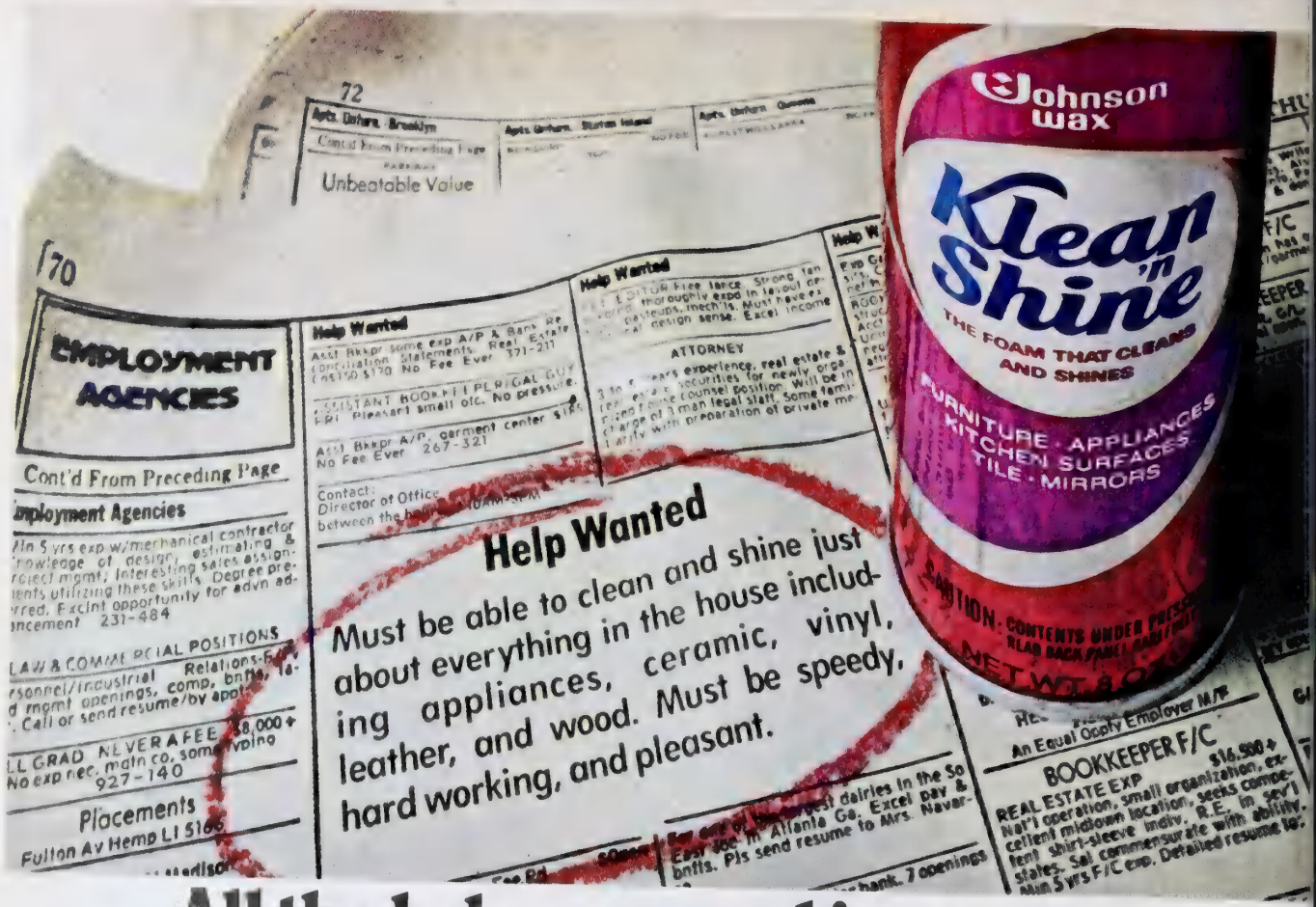
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What's happening

continued

INSTANT INTERVIEW WITH MARIA SCHELL

That thrilling actress Maria Schell is one of the most cheerful women I've ever met. She first achieved stardom in Europe, then came to Hollywood, where she appeared with Gary Cooper in *The Hanging Tree*, then to live television drama in New York (most memorably as Maria in Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*). *This* year she triumphed on Broadway in *Poor Murderer*, appeared in a TV *Kojak* episode and is now on movie screens across the country in *Voyage of the Damned*.

I don't know anybody more radiantly beautiful. People of every sort stare when she walks into a room. This is all the more remarkable because she is not young by starlet standards. She is about to embrace 50, and it doesn't bother her one bit. I asked her about America's obsession with youth. *Is* it only in America?

"I think it is a world-wide obsession," she said, "and I think it comes from the great fear of death. We think youth is the furthest away from death. But what *is* age? I have met young people who in their soul and heart are much older. Yet, think of Artur Rubinstein in his 90's who is so wonderful and alive. I find it a tremendous privilege to grow older. One day it came upon me that growing older is actually the most *beautiful* gift we get, *if* we feel that every day gives us tremendous capital of moments in which we can expand our thinking, our experience, our lives.

Everyday we can meet somebody who becomes important to us. We can really make our own selves grow every day. So I think aging is *so* wonderful and important. We look at it from a wrong side. Fear. We fear what will happen when our skin is not flat and clean any more and we get little wrinkles, but think the only wrinkles we must not get are on the brain.

GS: Are you frightened of death?

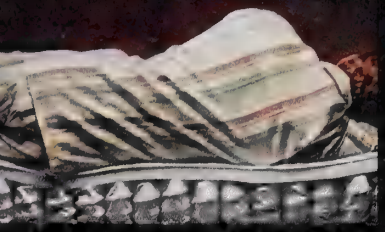
MARIA: When I was very young I came to the understanding that death is not an experience like thirst or hate or love or cold or heat. We can have the experience of *losing* someone but we do *not* have the experience of death. I think if we really come to understand all of this then we shouldn't be afraid. Again and again I think one of the great, great problems of life is this: The arch enemy is *fear*. Fear in growing old, fear in love, fear in profession, fear in education, fear for survival . . . everywhere fear sets in. I think it is the only real enemy."

(Continued on page 132)



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Ed Vannelli, training director for a large insurance company, has worn soft contact lenses for nearly five years. He tried hard lenses first, but they felt scratchy and popped out a lot. Now Ed works and plays tennis, too, wearing his soft contact lenses.

Kathy Morelli, who works for Ed as editor of the insurance agents' publication, is a hard lens dropout, too. "They really felt rough," she says. Thanks to Ed, Kathy wears SOFLENS Contact Lenses for work, for her special hobby, macrame, and for her favorite sport, bowling.

Al Plueddemann, division manager of the insurance company, wore glasses for years, but they "fogged up" and bothered his golf game. Two years ago, he asked his doctor for soft contact lenses, planning to use them for sports and the glasses for work. To Al's surprise, soft contact lenses proved so easy to wear, he uses them for both.

Sandra Nourse is a fire insurance underwriter and spends hours scrutinizing photos and applications. She hated wearing glasses in the office, and hard contact lenses made her eyes feel "itchy." Then, like Ed, Kathy and Al, Sandy switched to soft contact lenses. Now she's happy with the "natural look" at work and in her social life.

Find out if you can wear SOFLENS Contact Lenses, too. Have your eyes examined and ask your eye doctor. He will decide, based on the health of your eyes, the vision correction they need and the way you work and relax.

Contact lenses, for example, should not be worn while swimming, sleeping or in the presence of irritating vapors. Avoid exposing lenses to cosmetics, lotions, soaps, creams or hair sprays. Your eye doctor will see that you enjoy the full benefit of soft contact lenses by giving you simple instructions for lens wear and care.

Everyone should have a professional eye examination regularly to protect the priceless miracle of sight. Should you ever have any problems with your eyes, consult your eye doctor immediately.

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Can this marriage be saved?

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

Elsa treasured her hard-earned independence. But her possessive husband Cary wanted her to stay home and take care of the kids.

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit, educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was Winifred A. Gahn.

Paul Popenoe, Sc.D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board
American Institute of
Family Relations

ELSA'S STORY

"Cary is terribly spoiled and self-centered, though he won't admit it," said blond, thin, 32-year-old Elsa. "He wants—indeed, he demands—his own way in every aspect of our lives. Right now he is kidding himself that he dragged us out here to California, away from our families and friends, for my benefit.

"The truth is Cary was determined to pry me loose from my Iowa job, a job that is awfully hard work and pays little, but which I found tremendously rewarding. I was an assistant in operating a small old people's nursing home. I liked the owners and I liked everybody on the staff. And most of the old people were so appreciative that I felt it was a privilege to be around them.

"Unfortunately, Cary is a born male chauvinist, and he couldn't stand for me to work at a job outside the home. Yet from the beginning of our marriage we always needed money. Cary and I married straight out of high school. I was just seventeen and he was eighteen—and we had three babies in three years.

"For several years I was stuck at home. But even as a stay-home wife I earned money by providing day-care for other babies. Counting our own three, I looked after eight or nine pre-schoolers at a time. The sterilizer was always jammed to the brim with milk bottles, the washing machine was going full blast and drying diapers were flapping everywhere.

"I couldn't really blame Cary for steering clear of the house whenever possible, but I envied his freedom. Cary wasn't the least bit helpful or considerate. He used to come home in the middle of the night, flop down in bed and wake me from exhausted sleep, clamoring for sex.

"Sex was the last thing I wanted but I usually tried to oblige to keep him from sulking. He would tell me he was late because of a rush job at the garage where he worked as a mechanic. But I could always smell the beer on his breath, and I knew darned well he and the guys had been living it up at the local bar. A lot of those nights when he smelled of beer and wanted sex, I almost hated him, even while making love.

"During this period, when I was already unhappy, my morale hit bottom because of a series of illnesses. First I had a miscarriage, followed six months later by a tubal pregnancy plus peritonitis. I was then forced to have an operation that meant I couldn't have more children.

"Since Cary and I already had three children, I was satisfied with the size of our family—intellectually. But when I woke up in the recovery room after the operation and realized that my childbearing days were ended forever, I wanted to die. It seemed like my reason for existence was gone. I cried for days.

"Cary thought I was silly and said so. He was so cool and unsympathetic that I didn't even try to explain how I felt. I was still deeply depressed two years ago when the nursing home opened and my cousin, who is an R.N., was hired as a supervisor. She offered me a job. I was delighted to accept and escape the house. I hired an after-school baby sitter for our children, and chose to work the 3-to-11 P.M. shift, the hours my cousin was on duty. I enjoyed her company, the company of other women my age and adult conversation for a change. At work I finally received the appreciation and companionship Cary had long denied me.

"When Cousin Alice and I went off duty at 11 P.M., we were usually too keyed up to sleep. So several of us began to drop in at the tavern to relax. Cary heard about it, as did my in-laws and my parents. Everybody in our town talks too much.

"Perhaps my new-found freedom went to my head a little. Anyhow, I acted foolishly on several occasions. Once or twice I drank too much, which caused gossip. It was also rumored that I had picked up a man. But nothing of the sort ever happened. To tell the truth, I was sick and tired of men—most especially Cary—and I wanted no part of them. What I wanted was freedom, the opportunity to be myself.

"Naturally, Cary was furious at the change in my behavior, but for the first time since I was seventeen I didn't give a hoot how he felt. I had lost my love for him, I think. In fact, I wondered—and I still wonder today—if I ever did love Cary.

"I doubt I would have married Cary—although at seventeen I was certain I was in love—if he and I hadn't slept together the night of the senior prom. I was brought up by devout parents *(continued)*

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Can this marriage be saved?

continued

ith high moral standards. They trusted e to be a virgin until marriage—and I anted to meet their expectations.

"When I failed, I was sick with guilt, ut I didn't dare confess. I was afraid y father would order me out of the ouse and the shock would kill my other. So I consulted our pastor, who as kind and forgiving. He told me to strain myself with Cary in the future, at sexual standards were the responsiility of the girl, and not to let it happen gain. But it did happen again.

"After that second time, Cary and I reed that the temptation was too great r us and that we ought to get married fore I became pregnant. Five months ter our wedding, I did get pregnant. that point, I was already beginning think Cary was extremely immature. seemed to me that he was too possesve, bossy and self-centered for me—or y woman—to love. I didn't talk about but that's how I felt.

"At any rate, after he began to comain endlessly about my working and out my lack of interest in sex, I deded that I wanted a divorce, and I gan proceedings. But Cary convinced e we might make a go of marriage if e moved out here to California—which th I and the children hate. Personally, hink we would be better off apart."

ARY'S SIDE

"Elsa's divorce action hit me like a dgehammer," said 33-year-old Cary, powerfully built, broad-shouldered an with large feet and hands.

"I was dazed. I couldn't believe my rs. That morning at 7 A.M., before go- to see the lawyer, Elsa had fixed eakfast for me as usual. Everything as the same as it always had been. Oh, aybe I did drop a hint that she looked e she had a lulu of a hangover.

"Elsa said nothing. So I said it seemed e she had gotten home awfully late the ght before. I told her I didn't think it as right for a wife and mother to work actically all night on a lousy job that id her the minimum rate—$2.65 an ur—knocking herself out feeding, thing and washing for strangers. She ght to be home feeding and working r her husband and kids. I told her she as ruining her health.

"At that, she snapped that she was rfectly healthy. I said she was as thin a bed slat, and that my mother and r mother were twice her size with nice omanly curves. She ought to stop diet- g, eat a few square meals with me and e kids and put on a few pounds.

"Elsa didn't say anything. So then I ld her I knew she had come home at 30 in the morning and that she had finished her shift at the nursing home at 11 P.M. I asked where she had been, although I already knew.

"She shrugged and said she, her cousin and two other girls had stopped in the tavern to relax over a glass of beer. I told Elsa that everybody in town was talking about the way she was acting. Some people were saying she and her cousin were hanging around the tavern so they could pick up men.

"Elsa got up and went into the bedroom. Although she said nothing, I knew I had made her angry. I wanted to go in, take her in my arms and kiss her. Above anything else, I wanted us to make love, but Elsa and I had lived in 'No Sexville' for such a long time—it was her idea—that I could hardly figure out where and how to begin.

"I was still standing at the bedroom door, afraid to open it or knock, when all three of our kids ran in sleepy-eyed, wanting breakfast before the school bus honked outside. In the bedlam they created, my chance was lost. Elsa and I parted on a rather sour note that morning. Still, I sure didn't expect that she would rush off to a lawyer the minute the kids and I left the house.

"My parents were broken-hearted; they tried to get Elsa on the phone, but she refused to talk to them or to me. Her parents were equally concerned, but she refused to talk to them, either.

"I was cheered and also surprised by the way both families took up my side. I've never been as smart or financially successful as any of my seven brothers or three brothers-in-law. All of my brothers are very prosperous farmers, except my brother Alvin, who is a prominent lawyer, here in L.A.

"Yet my parents and my in-laws seemed to think I'd been a good husband to Elsa and a good father to my kids. That evening the men in both families discussed the situation. The consensus was that Elsa's job at the nursing home—a menial job, whatever she says—was at the bottom of our problems.

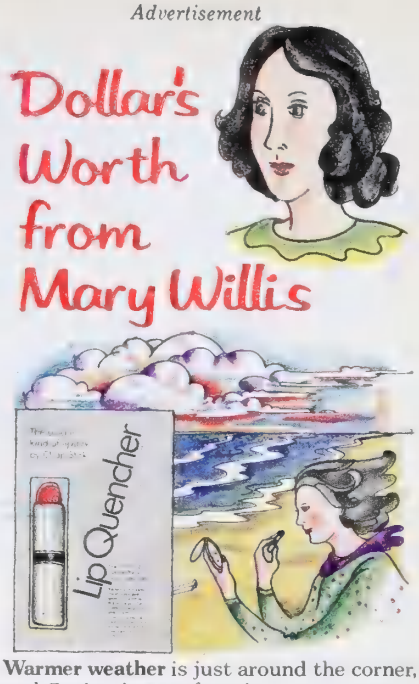
"That job of hers made it look like, and made me feel like, I wasn't able to support my own family. Very probably, according to my dad, her job also cost me Elsa's respect. Women are funny; no matter what they say, they expect their husbands to be the breadwinner.

"There is no dignity and status to mopping floors and scrubbing toilets in an old folks' home for $2.65 an hour. Elsa's ambition was to be a nurse, but she married too young to get the training. Maybe if she were an R.N., like her cousin, her working might make some sense. It would sure pay a better wage.

"That same night my father, my father-in-law, my brothers and I decided that a change of scenery might be the solution. Dad thought Elsa and the kids might enjoy California. He called my brother Alvin long *(continued)*

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Dollar's Worth from Mary Willis



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Can this marriage be saved?

continued

distance and Alvin found me a job at a big garage in downtown Los Angeles. So we moved there, and rented a house.

"I now have to drive three hours a day, through heavy traffic, to get to and from my job. It pays fairly well, but I don't feel comfortable with my boss. I hardly ever see my kids anymore, but I know they heartily dislike California. I suspect Elsa is as homesick as the kids, but she doesn't complain like they do. She never was talkative, and now she acts as though her words were too precious to expend on the likes of me.

"Lately, she hasn't said a thing about divorce—she dismissed her lawyer when we came to California—but I suspect that the idea is still in her head. The other day I asked her straight out what was wrong with our marriage. She said being married to me was like being smothered underneath a feather mattress, pinned flat to the floor, unable to move or make a sound.

"I hid my bitter hurt at her nasty remark and asked her what she wanted of life. She said she wanted to be free and independent and to be her own person, whatever that means.

"Elsa is everything I ever wanted in a wife—quiet, soft-spoken, sweet and caring. If she will tell me exactly what it is she wants of me, I will try to understand and give it to her—even if it means she wants to work at a menial job and wants us to go on without sex forever. That is a tough promise to make, but I love Elsa enough to keep it."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"The basic difficulty between Elsa and Cary was simple to diagnose, but tough to cure," the counselor said. "Their philosophies were radically different. Elsa felt and welcomed the winds of change. Cary, supported by the men in both families, fiercely resented Elsa's natural wish for a measure of independence.

"In short, Elsa needed to grow and Cary needed to learn how not to interfere in her maturing process. He also needed to understand that what he called love, Elsa saw as smothering possessiveness and incessant demands.

"As the youngest in a large family, Cary had been indulged but never challenged. The result was that he grew to manhood with deep feelings of fear and insecurity. He thought himself greatly inferior to his father, his brothers, his male in-laws.

"It is not surprising that Cary was

(continued on page 35)

Congoleum

Seamless flooring: elegant, wall-to-wall beauty; a durable no-wax, seamless surface that's easier to keep clean. And seamless installations are easier to do yourself. Only Congoleum offers this, in widths that range from 6 to 15 feet. High quality, high fashion, seamless flooring—in a spectacular variety of no-wax colors and patterns.

From the company who's been setting flooring trends for over 90 years. Look at Congoleum first: for colorful, *seamless* beauty.

A no-wax floor stays fresher looking longer, usually with just sponge mopping. In time a reduction in gloss will occur in areas of heavier use. We recommend Congoleum Vinyl Dressing to provide a higher shine, if preferred. (Complete maintenance and warranty information available through your local Congoleum retailer, in the Yellow Pages under "Floor Materials", or by writing Congoleum Consumer Affairs, 195 Belgrove Drive, Kearny, N.J. 07032.)

Only Congoleum® gives you seamless flooring in rooms as wide as 15 feet. Seamless flooring that looks prettier, cleaner, newer longer.



Pattern shown #45000, available in 6' & 12' widths

If you didn't have any Pyrex® ware what would you make for dinner tomorrow night?

PYREX is a registered trademark of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N.Y. 14



Not meatloaf.

Why risk burnt meatloaf? A meatloaf baked in Pyrex ware browns nicely. Top, bottom and sides. And if a little glaze drips onto the pan, it's easy to soak off. (Free gourmet hint: add ½ lb. of sausage meat and ½ cup of dark beer — yes, beer — to any 2 lb. meatloaf recipe.)



Not lasagna.

What's lasagna without tomato sauce? Unfortunately, the acid in tomato sauce leaves some cookware pitted. And if it sits around in the wrong pan too long, its flavor will turn. But Pyrex ware lets you cook, serve and store lasagna that's truly "bellisima."



Not a shrimp casserole.

If you cook your casserole in just any old pot, you'll have to dish it out into something presentable before you bring it to the table. But when you cook in Pyrex ware, you serve in Pyrex ware. So the casserole comes to the table prettier. And hotter.



Not a cherry pie.

Would you risk a pie crust in anything but a Pyrex ware pie plate? Not if you want to make sure it's brown and crisp. Not if you want to be able to lift up neat, attractive slices. And certainly not if you want to pop your pie plate into the dishwasher when the pie's all gone.

Pyrex ware. We make a better dish so you can.

CORNING

Ralph Nader reports

Interested in the latest consumer news about food, cars, utility rates, airline travel, etc.? Here's where and how to write for it.

Consumers want specific information that will help them advance the value of their dollars and resolve their grievances justly. With that in mind, here is a useful collection of consumer information sources on subjects of recurrent interest. Most of this information has been developed by non-profit citizen groups so please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

FOOD AS A SOCIAL FORCE. There is a growing interest in food, since we now realize that it relates not only to our health but to the economy of the country and, beyond that, to world stability. One group that tries to cover this interrelationship is the Center for Science in the Public Interest. Of the wealth of food information available from this group, that of greatest current interest would be the materials on Food Day (April 21). The address of this unique group of young scientists is 1757 S St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

CAR CONSUMERISM. One area that seems to concern all consumers is the automobile. How do you enforce a warranty? How do you report what you think may be a defect in your auto or find out if your make of car has ever been recalled? How can you give your car the maintenance you would like? The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration maintains a free hot-line, 800 424-9393, for reporting defects and learning about recalls. The Center for Auto Safety (DuPont Circle Building, Washington, D.C. 20036) has a limited number of copies of *What To Do With Your Bad Car: An Action Manual for Lemon Owners* ($1.95). For car repair problems, some relief can be obtained from the advice that Margaret B. Carlson and Ronald G. Shafer give in their book, *How To Get Your Car Repaired Without Getting Gypped*. The Federal Trade Commission (Washington, D.C. 20580) will send you information on the new warranty law.

FOCUS ON HEALTH. Many people now ask about the safety of X-rays, about cancer-causing chemicals in our places of work, about how to choose a doctor, dentist or mental health therapist. The publication list issued by Public Citizen's Health Research Group (2000 "P" St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036) can provide a wide variety of information on health topics.

UTILITY RATES. Information outlining a new way for consumers to have a voice in utility issues is available from RUCAG, P.O. Box 19312, Washington, D.C. 20036. For readable paperbacks on understanding your electric utility and your rights, write to the Environmental Action Foundation, 1346 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

NEIGHBORHOOD ISSUES. Property tax increases are reaching crisis proportions while public services deteriorate. Neighborhood or block associations are springing up in cities throughout the country to do something about these problems. In the process, the participants are re-learning what it means to be part of a neighborhood. The Alliance for Neighborhood Government (1901 "Q" St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009) will send you information on this civic resurgence. The Tax Reform Research Group (P.O. Box 14198, Washington, D.C. 20044) will send advice on analyzing and reforming property taxes.

AIRLINE TRAVEL. How can you deal with an airline if your baggage is lost, your flight is cancelled or overbooked, or you couldn't get a seat in the non-smoking section? The Aviation Consumer Action Project (P.O. Box 19029, Washington, D.C. 20036) will send you a pamphlet on your rights.

HUMAN RIGHTS AND THE ELDERLY. "The only real aging is the erosion of one's ideals," a sage once said. That is exactly the philosophy of the Gray Panthers (3700 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19104), a spreading movement of Americans who believe that an active civic involvement can follow retirement. They'll send you news about what they are doing to improve consumer services.

LOCAL SERVICES. How often I hear people ask: how can I find the best auto repair shop, bank interest rates, plumber, etc.? Robert Krughoff decided to answer these questions for Washington, D.C. area consumers. He publishes *Checkbook*, which evaluates local services and helps consumers reward the honest, competent businesses, thereby raising the quality of competition generally. He'll send you information if you're interested in seeing a similar service established in your area.

ZEROING IN ON ENERGY. All sides to the energy question seem to agree on only one thing—that this country doesn't have an energy policy. If you believe that consumers need to shape this energy policy, Energy Action is your pen pal. Write this new citizens group at 1523 "L" St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

DO-IT-YOURSELF CONSUMER PROJECT GRABBAG. Out in Albuquerque, N.M., Katherine and Peter Montague put out *The Workbook*, a monthly magazine that reports on consumer activities around the country and gives the addresses of these groups. The Montagues will be happy to send you a sample copy. Another resource for consumers who ask how they can go about working for consumer rights in their local community is an action manual paperback we put together. Write to Consumer Information, P.O. Box 19404, Washington, D.C. 20036. (Please include 50¢ for postage and handling.)

YOUR CONSUMER PROBLEMS. A useful manual for helping you avoid or rectify many consumer problems is the *Help Almanac*. The cost is $4.95. Order it from Consumer News, 813 National Press Building, Washington, D.C. 20045. **End**

Make Up With Your Best Friend.

Why not invite her to a Merle Norman Studio? One of the few places where you can get a truly individualized beauty care program. If each of you makes a $6 Merle Norman cosmetic purchase, each of you is entitled to buy five of our most tempting beauty enhancers, (Milky Freshener, Liquid Makeup, Liquid Cleanser, Sheer Emollient, Eye and Neck Creme) for just $2.

So use this little coupon and turn a friendship into something beautiful.

MERLE NORMAN COSMETICS



Offer good from February 18 through April 30 1977,or while supplies last at participating studios. Redeemable only at time of purchase. See the white pages for Merle Norman Studios. For information on how you can be a Studio Owner in the U.S., Canada or overseas, write Merle Norman Cosmetics, Dept. 008, 9130 Bellanca Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90045.

Spending your money

By Sylvia Porter

For the first time, non-salaried housewives may set up tax-deferred retirement funds that can amount to $250,000—even $500,000. Here's how this revolutionary new system works.

If you are the non-jobholding wife of an employee or a self-employed person not covered by a qualified retirement plan, tax-sheltered annuity or government plan, this year, for the first time ever, you can start to share with your husband in a tax-deferred retirement plan for yourself as well as for him.

Over the years, this pension fund that he will be creating for you—and for him—can grow into a magnificent nestegg—and yours will be all yours, whether or not you remain married. If you are now in your 20s or 30s, it is entirely conceivable that by the time you reach your 60s, you will have a pension ranging from a quarter-million to a half-million dollars—or even more!

Your husband well may be unaware of the revolutionary provision in the 1976 Tax Reform Act which, beginning in 1977, opened the Individual Retirement Account (IRA) to a non-working spouse. The clause has not been widely publicized and the entire IRA program is still so young that it is blurred by mystery and misunderstanding.

It's even more probable that you know nothing about the great new tax break that the 1976 Congress handed to America's millions of married couples, in which the wife performs valuable (but unsalaried) household services as a homemaker.

So here's the whole story, to help you understand how you and your husband can benefit from this brand-new opportunity.

When the famous Pension Reform Law (better known as ERISA) was enacted in 1974, it created a new kind of tax-sheltered retirement plan for use by employees and self-employed persons who weren't otherwise covered by qualified corporate pension plans, Keogh plans, government retirement plans, etc. This new plan is called an Individual Retirement Account (IRA) and it can be set up separately by each qualified individual. Each such person can contribute annually to his own plan and deduct up to 15 percent of his or her wages or earned income from self-employment —but not more than $1,500 a year.

This means that to qualify for the maximum permissible annual contribution and deduction, the individual has to earn $10,000 or more during the year. Should both the husband and wife work, each can set up his and her own IRA—if they are otherwise qualified and each can contribute and deduct up to the permissible annual amount.

For instance, if each of you earned $10,000 a year, and are not otherwise covered by a qualified retirement plan, each of you could contribute up to $1,500 to your own plan—and the two of you could deduct up to a total of $3,000 on your joint income tax return.

Congress felt that this wasn't fair to wives who contribute vital household services for the family instead of holding an outside job. While a homemaker's services may be just as valuable as those performed by a jobholder wife, you earn no compensation for your household services and therefore you are unable to contribute and deduct any amount for your own IRA plan.

To remedy this, at least in part, the 1976 Tax Reform Act now makes it possible for the husband of the non-jobholding housewife to make his contribution, based on his earnings, into two separate IRA's or into one IRA with two separate subaccounts—one for himself and one for his non-jobholding wife.

If your husband does this, his annual contribution and tax deduction limit becomes the smallest of:

(1) 15 percent of his wages or self-employment earnings, or

(2) $1,750, or

(3) twice the amount of the lower account (where he doesn't divide his annual contribution equally between the accounts for himself and you, his wife).

This new rule achieves two important things for your family, if you are a non-jobholding wife:

- It enables your husband to divide the IRA retirement benefits between you and him without losing any IRA tax benefits. Before 1977, he couldn't do this.
- It also raises his maximum annual deduction from $1,500 to $1,750, which can be a significant additional tax break for a qualified husband with annual earnings of $11,667 or more. He can contribute and deduct $250 more each year than the general $1,500 limit if he divides the $1,750 into two equal parts of $875 for his own and your own separate accounts.

This $250 increase may not sound impressive, but it was only budgetary limitations that kept Congress from enacting an originally proposed $500 increase. As Leon Gold, tax consultant to the Research Institute of America, told me, "the foot in the door will be much deeper into the room when the Federal budget can stand it."

After pointing out to your husband that the law now allows him to split his IRA contributions into separate IRAs for you and him, and raises his permissible maximum contribution and deduction if he does split with you, both of you should give full weight to these other benefits of an IRA.

The contributions your husband makes each year are tax-deductible from the *gross* income you report on your joint income *(continued on page 36)*

On April 6, 1976, the official publication of the American Chemical Society listed the great discoveries of the last 100 years.

We're proud to be one of them.

The following is a chronology of the important chemical and related events since 1876 as listed by Chemical & Engineering News.

1876–78 Publication of "On the Equilibrium of Heterogeneous Substances."
1877 Use of aluminum chloride to condense aromatic hydrocarbons and alkyl halides.
1879 Journal of the American Chemical Society founded.
Discovery of saccharin.
1880 "Handbuch" published.
1884 The Solvay process for making soda ash—first used in Belgium in 1865—is transplanted to the U.S.
1886 Aluminum prepared electrolytically.
Fluorine prepared.
First synthesis of alkaloid, D-coniine.
1887 Ionic dissociation theory proposed.
1888 Effect of temperature and pressure on equilibrium studied.
Influence of temperature on reaction rates investigated.
1891 Silicon carbide (Carborundum) produced.
1892 Invention of electric arc furnace.
Thermos flask introduced.
Chlorine produced electrolytically in U.S.
1893 First potentiometric titration.
Theory of coordination chemistry announced.
1895 Discovery of x-rays.
1897 Catalytic hydrogenation of unsaturated organic compounds is accomplished.
Discovery of electron.
Synthetic indigo is produced commercially in Germany.
1898 Discovery of radioactivity.
Process of making calcium cyanamide from calcium carbide and nitrogen patented.
Discovery of polonium and radium.
1899–1900 Discovery of use of magnesium-organic halides in organic synthesis.
1900 Free radical prepared.
First U.S. contact process for sulfuric acid developed.
Quantum theory introduced.
1901 Sulfur recovery by Frasch process in Louisiana.
1903 Hypnotic properties of Veronal (barbital) observed.
1906 Third law of thermodynamics stated.
Use of "chromatographic method" to separate plant pigments.
Congress passes Federal Food & Drug Act.
Discovery of aniline accelerator for rubber.
1908 Chlorination of water at Jersey City, N.J.
1909 Presentation of pH concept.
1910 Production of Bakelite phenolic resins begins.
Ammonia produced by Haber process in Ludwigshafen, Germany.
Plant built in U.S. for making rayon, first produced commercially in France in 1891.
1911 Theory of atomic nucleus proposed.
1912 Work at Diamond Rubber Co. shows that carbon black reinforces rubber.
Suggestion made that crystals can diffract x-rays.
1913 Thermal cracking of petroleum initiated.
"Solar system" model of atom proposed.
Name of "isotope" given to elements appearing to occupy same place in periodic table.
1914 Thyroxin isolated.
1915 Toxic gases used in war during the second battle of Ypres.
Pyrex glass marketed by Corning Glass Works.
1916 Electrolysis of brines used by Dow Chemical to produce magnesium.
Presentation of bonding theories.
Development of power diffraction methods.
1917 Installation of first full-size plant in U.S. to produce nitric acid from the oxidation of ammonia.
1918 Acetone produced by fermentation for British at Terre Haute, Ind.
1918–19 Mass spectrometers built.
1919 Observation of transmutation.
1920 Production of isopropyl alcohol, the first commercial petrochemical.
1922 Tetraethyllead used as antiknock for gasoline.
1923 Theory of solutions presented.
Acid-base theories presented.
Publication of "Thermodynamics and the Free Energies of Chemical Substances."
1924 Cell for producing sodium and chlorine from molten sodium chloride patented.
1925 Rubber antioxidants gain use.
Development of Polarograph.
1926 Synthetic methanol production begins in U.S.
First isolation of enzyme (urease) in pure crystalline form.
1928 Raman effect reported.
Vanadium catalysts used to produce H_2SO_4.

1929 Observation of penicillin.
Production of alkyd resins.
1930 Thiokol synthetic rubber enters market.
Dichlorodifluoromethane prepared as refrigerant.
1931 Discovery of deuterium.
Electron microscope developed.
Cyclotron developed.
Du Pont produces neoprene synthetic rubber.
1932 Discovery of neutron.
1933 Discovery of polyethylene.
Glass fibers produced commercially.
Rayon tire cord fabrics introduced by Du Pont.
1934 Vitamin C produced commercially.
Extraction of bromine from seawater.
1935 Discovery of nylon.
Preparation of synthetic organic ion exchange resin.
1936 Methyl methacrylate plastics marketed.
Interest in sulfonamide drugs grows.
1937 Polystyrene offered commercially in U.S. by Dow.
1938 Production of nitroparaffins.
Saran (polyvinylidene chloride) films introduced by Dow Chemical.
1939 Discovery of nuclear fission.
1940 Catalytic reforming comes into use.
Melmac melamine plastics introduced.
1941 Styrene-butadiene rubber first produced in U.S.
Dow produces magnesium from seawater.
1942 First fluid catalyst cracking plant built.
1944 Discovery of streptomycin.
Successful field trials using 2,4-D as a herbicide reported.
1945 U.S. explodes atomic bombs.
1946 Resonance absorptions for protons in water and solid paraffins measured.
Fluorine becomes commercially available.
Polyester fiber developed.
1947 Development of carbon-14 dating.
Fischer-Tropsch process used to produce hydrocarbons from synthesis gas.
Rohm & Haas makes oxo process chemicals.
Petroleum is source of almost all toluene.
1948 Cold process synthetic rubber produced.
1949 Radiocobalt treatment of cancer increases.
Pharmaceutical interest in cortisone and ACTH (adrenocorticotropin) grows.
Introduction of platinum for catalytic reforming of petroleum.
1950 Benzene produced from petroleum.
1950–53 Base pairing in deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) explained.
1951 Discovery of ferrocene.
Fusion bomb tested.
National Science Foundation begins operating.
1952 Isoniazid reported to have antitubercular properties.
Gas chromatographic experiment reported.
Marketing of photoelectric spectropolarimeter spurs interest in optical rotatory dispersion studies.
1953 First synthesis of a polypeptide hormone called oxytocin.
Double helix model for DNA proposed.
The amino acid sequence of insulin determined.
1954 PCU [illegible] and boron gain use [illegible] additives.
1955 A stannous fluoride toothpaste (Crest) developed by Procter & Gamble.
[illegible] developed.
Demonstration of antiproton.
Use of psychochemicals for treating mental illness increases.
Low-pressure, low-temperature Ziegler process for producing harder, more rigid polyethylenes developed.
Elements 99 and 100 produced.
Complete photosynthetic cycle determined.
1957 Enovid and Norlutin are approved by Food & Drug Administration as menstrual control agents.
Penicillin V synthesized.
1959 Computer control of chemical processes gains acceptance.
1960 Completion of crystal structure of hemoglobin.
Chlorophyll synthesized.
First working laser is reported.
1961 Carbon-12 adopted as basis for atomic weights by IUPAC.
1962 Preparation of $XePtF_6$.
Publication of "Silent Spring" spurs environmental movement.
1965 Rules proposed for explaining and predicting the stereochemistry of certain reactions.
1966 Dihydro-PGE_2, a naturally occurring prostaglandin metabolite, synthesized.
Preparation of molecule containing cyclobutadiene moiety.
1967 Synthesis of polypeptides automated.
1968 First synthesis of an enzyme, RNA-ase.
1969 First polyatomic molecule, formaldehyde, observed in intersteller space.
Use of DDT curtailed.
1970 RNA-dependent DNA polymerase activity reported.
First gene synthesized.
X-ray diffraction studies reveal three-dimensional structure of insulin.
Human pituitary growth hormone synthesized.
1972 Synthesis of vitamin B_{12} announced.
1974 Eleven molecular biologists call for temporary ban on certain genetic engineering experiments.
Presentation of ozone depletion theory.

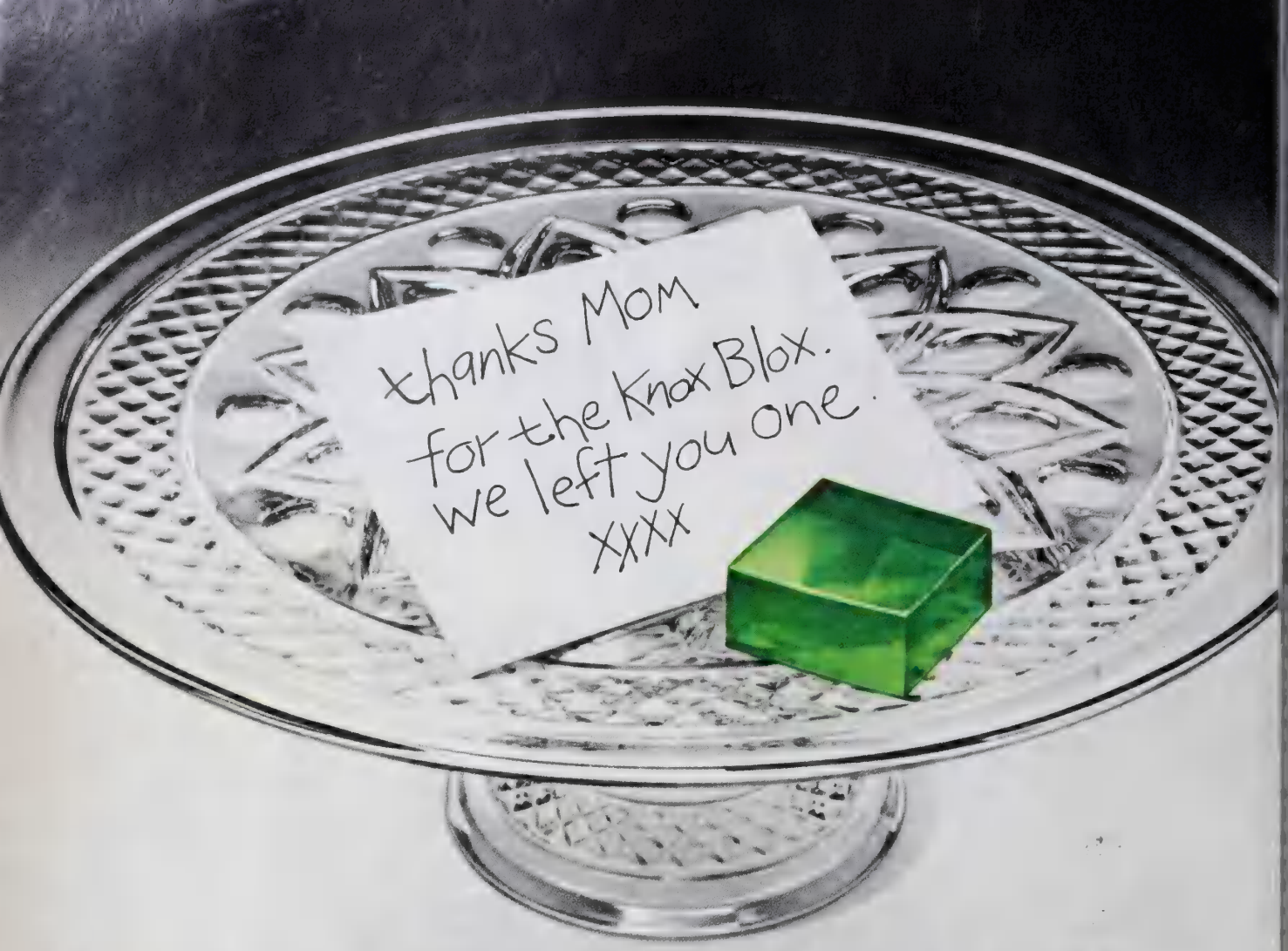


We're working to make cavities a thing of the past.

Accepted Council on Dental Therapeutics American Dental Association

Crest has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care. Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association.

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Making Knox Blox® Gelatine Snacks is easy
The hard part is making them last.

If you can heat water, you can make Knox Blox. They're the new easy-to-fix, neat-to-eat gelatine snacks that are all firmed up, and stay firm even without refrigeration. It's a good thing they're so easy to make, because kids clamor for them and they go fast. Start right in with this basic recipe.



KNOX BLOX.
A DIFFERENT
KIND OF SNACK.

4 envelopes Knox Unflavored Gelatine®
3 packages (3 oz. ea.) flavored gelatine
4 cups boiling water

In large bowl, combi Knox Unflavored Gelati and flavored gelatine; a boiling water and stir u gelatine dissolves. Po into large shallow baki pan (for example, 13"x and chill until firm. C into squares to ser Makes about 100 one in squares.

For prize-winning reci variations, write to:

Best of the Blox KB-1
800 Sylvan Avenue
Englewood Cliffs,
New Jersey 07632

Can this marriage be saved?

continued from page 26

stinctively attracted to Elsa. Without ing aware of his underlying motiva- on and desires, he wanted a wife who ould look after and care for him. He pected her total emotional support, in turn for his financial support. His de- es were hopelessly unrealistic. Natur- y, Elsa couldn't deliver. As she silently it surely evaded his excessive emotion- demands, Cary became even more ssessive and jealous—an almost certain off of insecurity.

"By disposition and upbringing, Elsa is a caring, non-contentious person. ie was used to sacrificing to younger ters and brothers. But Cary pushed r too far. One of the things Elsa had sented most through the years were ary's strenuous attempts to force, tease persuade her to eat unwanted food in der to gain weight. It was Elsa's eory, which she had never mentioned Cary, that he actually wanted her to fat so she would be unattractive to her people. Possibly this was Cary's bconscious motivation.

"However, Elsa overlooked a highly portant aspect of her predicament: r own unprotesting silence. She had ld back her complaints for so many ars that they finally spilled out in the rm of drastic action—her divorce pro- edings. I doubt that Elsa ever truly anted to divorce Cary.

"With the help of counseling, the two gan to communicate their feelings, eds, ideas and hopes to each other. sa is learning that if she objects to ary's efforts to control her—from her od intake to her job—it is up to her to l him so. And Cary is learning to stop llying her.

"Elsa and Cary realized that they were happy in Los Angeles, and that they d their homesick children belonged ck in Iowa. After they moved back me, Cary's father lent him enough oney to buy his own garage, as well as house, and Cary is now prospering. He longer complains about Elsa's job in e nursing home, which she picked up ain when they returned to Iowa, and even pitches in with the housework occasion. Elsa is saving her earnings take nursing courses, and when the ildren are grown, she confidently ex- cts to become an R.N.

"Elsa and Cary still have sexual prob- ns, but they are seeing a marriage unselor to help overcome them. Elsa ys that she now believes she loves ary, and feels close to him—but no nger close enough to share a sexual e. She does not know why, she says, t hopes that in time her attitude will ange. Cary says he loves Elsa enough be patient and wait." **End**

The Reynolds Wrap technique that can save your meat.





1. To protect against freezer burn, rewrap or overwrap with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap.



2. Bring foil up around meat, double fold, press down tightly to remove air.



3. Fold up ends to form tight seal. Freeze.

Supermarkets wrap meat in plastic for display. And for that it's fine. But nobody ever intended that wrap for long-term freezing because it breathes, lets in air. And freezer air can cause freezer burn, leaving meat dry, discolored and unappetizing.

Protect meat with the best—Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. It molds and seals tightly to keep out air and help prevent freezer burn. Most other wraps can't mold and seal the way Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap can. It's 18 inches wide for full coverage. And, so strong you can cook in it, too. So, save your meat and your money with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap.

Get our free "How to Freeze" booklet. Write to Freezing, Reynolds Wrap Kitchens, P.O. Box 26606, Richmond, Va. 23261.

Reynolds Wrap Aluminum Foil HEAVY DUTY 37½ SQ. FT.

The Best Wrap Around.



Spending your money

continued from page 31

tax return, whether you itemize or take the standard deduction.

These contributions accumulate, tax-deferred, until they are distributed (no earlier than age 59½ and generally no later than age 70½). His contributions to your IRAs will be compounded (with the earned interest or dividends themselves earning additional interest or dividends). And whatever the tax deductible contributions earn will also be tax-deferred until distributed to you as retirement income.

The short compilation below suggests how $875 contributed in your name annually can mount up if invested at 8 percent annual interest. And you can find 8 percent interest fairly easily on the safest forms of investment in this era.

$875 @ 8% interest over 40 years $226,673.34
$875 @ 8% interest over 35 years $150,776.47
$875 @ 8% interest over 30 years ..... $ 99,122.33

This illustrates how even a modest $875 annual contribution, so well tax-sheltered, can grow. The interest you earn may be more than 8 percent, or it may be less. The basic point about the spectacular growth of tax-deductible contributions earning tax-free interest compounded will remain valid.

And, if you consider the two separate IRAs together, the two of you starting now in your 20s, easily could have a retirement fund approaching $500,000 in your 60s. Or, if you both are 30, you could have a retirement fund of more than $300,000 when you reach age 65.

What's more, I am convinced that today's maximum of $1,750 on the working spouse's contribution will *NOT* stay this low. The limit will be raised again and again. This always has been the history of pension benefits, private or public.

This extension of the IRA is a victory for all of us who believe that a wife who works at home for no pay is as much entitled to the benefit of a tax-deferred retirement program as the wife who works outside the home for pay. And in my mind, the Individual Retirement Account itself well may turn out to be among the most far-reaching of all the reforms enacted under the massive 1974 Pension Reform Act. It well may emerge as the most significant breakthrough in helping millions of us achieve financial independence in our older years.

Here are answers to some key questions about the IRA and how it applies to you:

Can the working wife cover the non-jobholding husband just as the working husband covers his non-jobholding wife?

Yes, of course.

What if you receive dividend and interest income from your own investments, even though you don't earn anything from a job or as a self-employed person? Will that bar your husband from setting up an IRA for you under the new rules?

No, it will not. No matter how much investment income you may receive in your own name, your husband can set up an IRA for you so long as you are not receiving wages as an employee or earnings as a self-employed person.

What if you are a working wife? How do you fit in?

A working wife with an earned income of her own can, if she is otherwise qualified, contribute to her own plan, just as her husband can contribute to his own plan. In short, each married person's earned income is treated separately. Each of you can contribute up to 15 percent of your earned income up to the maximum of $1,500. If each of you earns enough to contribute up to $1,500 each, together you can contribute and deduct $3,000 a year—a substantial improvement over the $1,750 maximum that Congress has just allowed the work-

troducing New RAINTREE by Noxzema®
The only moisturizer with N.P.C.– Natural Protein Complex.
Only RainTree® has both. Moisture, to help make tiny dry-skin lines less noticeable. And whole natural protein, to smooth skin in seconds. You'll actually see your skin respond. Yet RainTree feels clean, not greasy. And it has a clean fragrance as cool and fresh as after-the-rain.
It's desert-tested! New RainTree is so effective, it works even in the desert. Even when skin feels bone dry. Use RainTree every day. Under make-up, for an even finish. Or all alone, for a soft, fresh look. Whatever your skin type, whatever your age, help your skin look its youngest!


In 4 special formulas–one made for your skin type.

ing husband of a non-jobholding wife to contribute. But I repeat: $1,750 is just the "foot in the door."

For example, let's say you are 40 years old, earn $15,000 a year and file a joint return with your husband that puts the two of you into the 50 percent income tax bracket. You contribute the maximum of $1,500 to your own IRA, saving you $750 a year in taxes and making it easier for you to earmark the $1,500 annually for your own retirement plan.

Now note what will happen over the 25 years until you reach age 65 if you 1) put your contributions into an unsheltered 6 percent investment, leaving you 3 percent after taxes; or 2) make your maximum investment under the IRA tax-sheltered setup at 6 percent.

With the unsheltered investment you will wind up with about $28,165 at 65. With the tax-sheltered retirement plan, you will accumulate $87,234. (On which you still will pay taxes, of course.) Even so that's a big difference.

What about a part-time working wife who earns only $3,500 a year?

You can put away and deduct $525 a year—up to 15 percent of your earnings in your own tax shelter.

Where can you get an Individual Retirement Account?

Many sources are promoting IRAs. Among them: commercial banks, savings banks, savings & loan associations, mutual funds, credit unions.

Life insurance annuity or endowment contracts are also eligible investments although pure life insurance as such is not. In addition, the U.S. government offers special individual retirement bonds that you can buy up to the annual limit in your own names or the names of your beneficiaries. Obviously, there are many acceptable investments for an IRA. Shop around, compare terms; this is far too important to be treated in ignorance.

Do you commit yourself to an annual contribution if your husband and you start IRAs this year?

No. You can contribute every year, or you can skip years.

What happens if you are divorced?

The homemaker (man or woman) keeps his or her share of the money.

Can you contribute securities to your IRA?

No. All contributions must be in cash.

When can you start getting distributions from your IRA?

Without a penalty, not before age 59½ and generally not later than age 70½. The only exceptions are physical or mental disability of a long, continued and indefinite duration, or death.

When do you pay taxes on your IRA money?

The annual contributions to the IRA and the earnings on your investments (dividends, interest, capital gains, etc.) are not subject to Federal income tax while they are accumulating in your IRA. All taxation of this money is deferred until distributions are made to you.

Can your husband set up an IRA as a joint account for you and him?

No.

Where can you get more information about an IRA?

From the Internal Revenue Service, mutual funds, savings banks, savings & loan associations, stockbrokers, insurance companies, commercial banks, credit unions, your tax advisor, etc.

Since this is money you are contributing for your future security, be conservative in your choice of an investment medium for your IRAs. Safety should be one of your prime considerations. Vow to take advantage of this pension plan for your maximum benefit. This really is a tax shelter for the millions without other pension protection, whether you are a working couple, a couple with a non-jobholding spouse, or a single individual worker. Most important: start your IRAs *now*, in 1977! **End**


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The Mary Tyler Moore Show cast: (Standing, l. to r.) Gavin MacLeod, Edward Asner, Ted Knight; (seated) Betty White, Mary Tyler Moore and Georgia Engel

FAREWELL, MARY RICHARDS

Mary Tyler Moore talks about what her life will be like without Murray, Lou, Ted, Sue Ann and Georgette. Goodbye newsroom, hello world! By Kathleen D. Fury

This month, when the very last *Mary Tyler Moore Show* is aired, Mary Richards will become immortal. America's favorite "career girl," producer of WJM-TV News in Minneapolis, will have groaned her last "Oh, Mr. Grant," given her last elbow-in-the-ribs to deskmate Murray, shot one final glance heavenward in mock despair at Ted Baxter's monumental ego.

And what happens now to the woman who made Mary Richards the girl-next-door/sexy-unmarried-lady/perky-working-woman all rolled up in one? As she nears the age of 40, Mary Tyler Moore is perhaps in the prime of her professional and personal life. She looks marvelous, a fact that never ceases to amaze those who first watched her on TV 15 years ago. As the rest of us gradually grow older and slower and grayer, Mary just goes on and on, as cheerful and energetic as always. (She gives part of the credit to the diabetes discovered in her adulthood; she believes that a diabetic diet is "the healthiest one possible" and she follows it carefully.)

She shows no sign of slowing down now that the *Mary Tyler Moore Show* ends; next year she'll appear in at least two CBS specials (she hopes they'll want her to sing and dance, which she loves). Perhaps the first sign of a less-doggedly-cheerful, older-but-wiser Mary Tyler Moore will appear next season, however, when she portrays a TV commentator who discovers she has breast cancer, in the TV movie based on Betty Rollin's autobiography.

The years have been kind to Mary Tyler Moore. Impossibly thin in real life, on an imperfect TV screen her wrists and ankles sometimes disappear altogether. Her face, that marvelous, mobile canvas for registering joy, terror, disgust and irony, has achieved a comfortably weathered look, like the face of a rich lady with good bones who refuses to give up sunbathing even though all the dermatologists warn against it. When she smiles her famous, cheek-splitting smile, the creases around her eyes and mouth are deeper than they used to be—but they don't stay there, and even when they become permanent, as they must, she will still be stunningly attractive.

Maybe she has *willed* her smile lines away. Her utter discipline is legendary, and there seem to be only two frailties not totally under her control: chewing sugarless bubble gum and smoking cigarettes. She's been labeled "the Ice Princess" by some members of the press, partly because of her cool control over situations; her idea of an interview is a very brief chat—with a protective publicist hovering nearby—and she's been known to end an interview in mid-question if she decides the time's up or the question's too personal. The criticism doesn't bother her particularly. "I've grown up enough to know that I don't have to please everybody. Though, naturally, I'd rather be liked than disliked," she says.

And while she is difficult to know, most people who've worked with her do like her. Oh, I did hear one grouch comment on Mary's superperfect posture: "One of these days she's gonna fall over backwards from standing up so straight." But at least she doesn't insist on perfection from others.

Now, with the *Mary Tyler Moore Show* completed for eternity, Mary will have free time for even further self-improvement: tennis lessons, ballet classes, French lessons. No longer will her white Mercedes pull into the labeled parking slot right next to the door of Stage Two on the CBS Studio City lot, where a bronze plaque commemorates movie star Mabel Normand ("she brought laughter and beauty otherwise denied millions burdened with despair and drabness," it says). Mary's husband, Grant Tinker, who heads Mary Tyler Moore Enterprises, will still arrive there in his companion brown Mercedes, to oversee the remaining MTM shows—including *Phyllis* and *Rhoda*.

At the mammoth cast-and-friends farewell party on the set, Mary probably will say goodbye forever to many of the people who've been *(continued)*

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MARY TYLER MOORE

continued

her colleagues for so long: E Asner (Lou Grant), Gavin MacLe (Murray), Georgia Engel (Georgette Ted Knight (Ted Baxter). Of the ca she may continue to see only Bet White (Sue Ann Nivens). Mar friends have always been Grant's frien —and it was Grant who, years ago, h came friends with Betty White's h band, Allen Ludden. But it will doub less be a difficult and tearful partin since Mary likes and respects the peo she's worked with.

"I've been very lucky," she said b tween rehearsals during the last wee of the show, "It's hard to believe such wonderful assortment of talent and pe ple will ever be assembled again. W want each other to succeed, and we everything we can to achieve that en That kind of love adds to success."

So why end it now, when the show still a success? Mary, like her co-wor ers, talks first about not wanting to stale: "Creative people need challeng and when they get comfortable, tha the time to say, enough! I've never be bored, and I wouldn't be if we kept doing it for another five years. But i not right to sit back and say, okay, know all the tricks now, it's just a matt of shuffling them around. I miss stru gling and worrying and proving mys and going through the birth pangs of new series."

Main reason financial

But probably the most compelli reason for ending the series is financi as Mary admits. "You don't make a real money, at least not the kind y need to finance other shows, until y go into syndication with a series. A money Grant and I have right now from salary, certainly not the huge pr its everybody assumes we've made ready. Most of our shows are in defi financing, and any future projects a big 'ifs'. So as a businessperson I w glad to know that we're going to ha some cash in hand at last—to have a n egg for our own future, and also to g some cash flow into the company The sale of the *Mary Tyler Moo Show* syndication rights was, in fa the biggest such transaction in te vision history—until *Happy Days* rece ly surpassed it. The proceeds to Gra and Mary will be in the millions.

In happy anticipation, they are pla ning to build yet another house (n houses have been a major activity of t Tinker's 13-year marriage). This o she swears, will be the last. "We fina know what we want," she explained. will be what they call in *(continue*

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MARY TYLER MOORE

continued

s Angeles a 'couple house'—just one bedroom, though there ll also be a small guest house where either one of us can t away and be by ourselves. There'll be a huge living area, th room for various activities. I want a pool table for Grant, d a nookish area where I can put my feet up in some huge lows and read in front of a fireplace."

Although Grant and Mary separated briefly a few years o, at Mary's suggestion, to get some "breathing space," she lieves they've worked out the problems of having a joint ofessional and private life. "It looks like Grant and I are ways together, since he's the president of MTM and I'm so-called chairman of the board, but in fact our business rlds have almost never met. He comes to the filming of show every Friday night just because he's interested in , and I get involved in MTM productions to the extent it a wife is interested in her husband's career and his feel- s about it. So when we're together full-time on weekends, *like* being together. We can spend hours sitting in the ne room reading, and still be sharing and communicating, en though it's not verbal. But professionally, I would never nsider dumping all my problems in Grant's lap. That would too much closeness."

Mary Tyler Moore has definite ideas about what consti- es "too much closeness," and probably has since childhood. high school, during a period when she and her mother re not getting along well, Mary lived with an aunt for a ar.) Some cast members, all of whom seem to be genuinely d of her, admit that Mary keeps them at arm's length— ich they sometimes regret. Mary's parents, George and rjorie Moore, who live in Los Angeles, have attended ry Friday night filming of Mary's show for five years—in t, they say, to see their eldest child regularly.

But if she demands room for herself, she also gives it. One ernoon on the set, director Jay Sandrich tripped over a nera cable. Mary, nearest to him when he fell, quickly lked over to him and stood a few inches away—no hover- , no excessive display of phony solicitude, no grabbing of arm. And when he picked himself up unhurt, everybody's nity was intact. Such restraint may be why, in part, former stars such as Cloris Leachman and Valerie Harper could ve the show with Mary's sincerest wishes for success; she sn't want to lean or be leaned on.

Leans on her husband

Listen closely, though, and you learn that Mary leans vily on the same man she once needed to leave: husband nt Tinker. He crops up in her conversations like a con- nt leitmotif: "Grant thinks . . ." "I discuss these things h Grant . . ." "Grant and I decided," etc. She sees a chiatrist on occasion, she says, "when I have a problem t I've discussed with Grant and still can't solve." (A eague says, "The only time I ever had a real conversation h her was when she and Grant were separated. The min- they got back together, the door closed again.")

Beneath this apparent aloofness lies a dependency on her band that many women will recognize from their own s. Pressed to discuss what her psychotherapy has accom- hed, she reluctantly says, "Oh, I suppose various growth blems related to insecurity, a lack of confidence. On the hand I'm terribly sure of myself, and on the other, I'm aby who has suddenly lost her mother in a department e. Then there's the problem of being more assertive. I d to be very deferential."

Mary Tyler Moore has trouble asserting herself? Perhaps means asking for two million dollars instead of one? No, t's not what she means at all. *(continued on page 48)*

Announcing the Dorothy Hamill Amateur Ice-Skating Fund.



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Clairol's Short & Sassy® is proud to establish the Dorothy Hamill Amateur Ice-Skating Fund to help talented, young skaters develop their skills.

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Beauty Journal

Welcome spring with a bouquet of beautiful new makeup and hair products. And read about how you can "Dance Your Way to Beauty"—here and on page 100.

Tap—"Everyone's dance"



"Anyone can walk right into a tap class," says Rita Moreno. "Even if you don't catch on right away, you can say, 'Eh, who cares; I can make some sounds, take off some inches and have some real fun.'" Rita had not danced much since her Academy Award-winning performance in *West Side Story*, but went back to it on doctor's orders. "I have terrible circulation in my hands and feet; dancing improved it significantly, actually forcing the blood to move. As a terrific extra bonus, it also improves my skin tone. And I feel marvelous."

BOOKS TO GET YOU TAPPING

- *The Book of Tap*, by Jerry Ames, published by David McKay Co. Complete with introduction by tap queen, Eleanor Powell.
- *Tap Dancing*, by Robert Audy, published by Vintage Books.

Belly—"It's really the hips"



The authentic Middle Eastern dance is based on classic rituals from ancient Egypt, according to Samiha Koura: "Every part of the body moves at the same time—the arms, the hips, the feet, but mostly the hips, rolling in and out. Shaking the belly comes from a time long ago when the dance moved to Turkish harems and the seduction of sultans." We were happy to learn the difference between Egyptian and Turkish dancing, though the name "Belly" seems irrevocably applied to both.

BOOKS FOR THE BELLY

- *The Art of Belly Dancing*, by Dahlena and Donna Meilach, published by Bantam Books.
- *The Serena Technique of Belly Dancing*, by Serena and Alan Wilson, published by Cornerstone Library.
- Several records are also available to help you with technique and also provide the proper (and rather special) musical accompaniment. Check your record store.

The reds are coming

According to the song, the robin is one of the first harbingers of spring. According to what we've been seeing and liking . . . it's that color . . . red . . . coming up in lovely profusion for brand new-this-spring cosmetics. • **Red lips,** to start off with, in a wonderful shade called "Red Sand," Super Luscious Lipstick from the Ultima II collection by Charles Revson, $3.50. • **Another flash** of red goes for the nails, in this case a vibrant "Indian Poppy," which is just one of the Poppy possibilities from a new grouping by Elizabeth Arden, $3. • **Red can work** as an eye color too, providing it's browned down into a surprisingly flattering color called "Smoked Burgundy." This last is done in pressed-powder eyeliner, a fresh idea in itself, lovely for smudging around. Geminesse by Max Factor, $5.50.

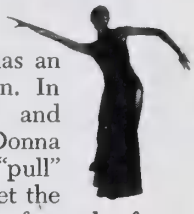
Shining through

It might occur to you right now that your hair could use a little lift. Nothing drastic. Maybe a few highlights, right? Clairol comes through with their new highlighting kit called "Gentle Lights," designed for hair in the medium brown to black range. The highlights range in shades from golden to reddish-brown (depending on your natural color), very subtle, very easy. No brushes. You pick out a few strands with your fingers, apply the gel, tuck all your hair in a cap and in 20 minutes, shampoo. Voila! Hair that looks like the sun is shining through. The easiest we've seen; $4.50 for the kit.

Dancing—Locating classes

There's hardly a crossroads or neighborhood in America that doesn't offer dance studio instruction in belly, ballet, modern or tap—one or more. The only specific place we can suggest on a national basis is the YWCA, which offers a surprisingly varied program of dance instruction. We can't speak for all branches, but we've been impressed with the classes we've seen in our area. • If near a college or university, check for open classes. • Many health clubs offer dance as an integral part of their program. • The Yellow Pages is a good source of information. • Private dance studios—find out before you make any commitment that instruction emphasizes the kind of dance you want. • Prices are all over the lot. Y's usually charge $5 or under for an hour session. For other classes, anything over $10 seems high.

Modern—"Pull of dancing"

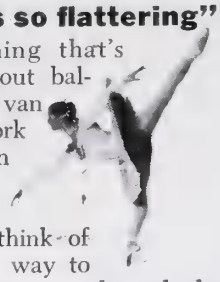


All dance forms relate to one another, and yet each form has an area of concentration. In modern, it's torso and back. To listen to Donna Wood, the word "pull" occurs often: "You get the lifting and pulling in from the front, and the pulling down and under from the back. And in order to pull, you have to keep the abdomen together—no wrinkles." Well, it's not as easy as it sounds, though for Donna her first formal modern class was more "different than difficult." Beyond the limberness required for modern dance classes, Donna feels that concentration on the instruction is critical.

BOOKS TO MOTIVATE MODERNS

- *First Primer of Modern Dance*, by Steffi Nossen and Jess Meeker. A book-and-record combination published by Statler Records.
- *Modern Dance—Techniques and Teaching*, by Gertrude Shurr and Rachel Dunaven Yocom, published by Ronald Press.

Ballet—"It's so flattering"



"I think the thing that's so fascinating about ballet," says Martine van Hamel, "is to work with your body in such a flattering way." And, indeed, we can think of no more graceful way to stay in shape than to go through the formalized positions of ballet . . . at the barre or moving freely. "Ballet dancers don't have to have ugly thighs," according to Martine. "In the right kind of class, your whole body moves, not just your legs. You come to realize that to simply hold yourself straight takes an enormous amount of energy"—as good a way to graceful posture as we can imagine. "But you have to be patient," warns Martine.

BOOKS FOR BALLET BRIEFING

- *Ballet Basics*, by Sandra Noll Hommond, published by Mayfield.
- *Understanding Ballet*, by John Gregory, published by Octopus.

Border by Julia Noonan.

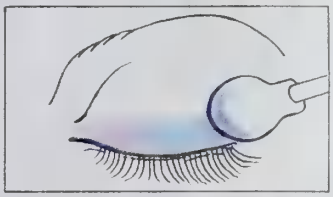
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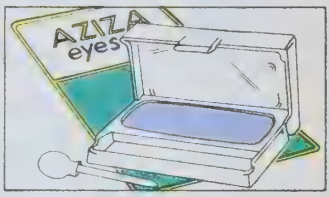


where light hits the natural curves of your lid and browbone. That means as you turn and tilt your head, the highlight actually travels across your shadow, always falling where it belongs (on your lid or under your brow) to accent the natural shape of your eyes in the most flattering way possible.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MARY TYLER MOORE

continued from page 43

"Oh, it's silly little things, I suppose. For example, for awhile I found myself alone in the house two nights a week while Grant went to the filming of some of our shows. I was wasting my time, so I decided to take French lessons—my favorite place in the world is a little town in the south of France, and we have a dream of retiring there some day—so I hired a French teacher who'd come to the house. It was great fun and I was making good progress when Grant's schedule changed. He said, 'I'll be home Thursday nights now, so give up your French lesson, won't you?'

"It was a real dilemma for me. I wanted to be with him, but I knew that one night of lessons a week wasn't enough. So I said, 'Gee, I'd rather not, really; would it be okay with you?' It took great gutsiness for me, because I was afraid I'd hurt his feelings. But he said okay, fine. *Then* I switched my schedule around so I could take French before tennis on Saturday mornings, and now Grant and I are together Thursday night after all. But it was good for me to know that I decided I was not going to spend my life centered around Grant's schedule. And I asserted myself about it, and it was okay with him."

We should all cheer Mary Tyler Moore along in her personal search for greater self-confidence and independence, since she has contributed to creating such a positive female role model in Mary Richards. "I'm proudest of the show for giving women the opportunity to choose what they want to do with their lives by emulation," says Mary. "Mary Richards has shown that marriage is not the end-all for happiness in life. Marriage is wonderful for some people—it's wonderful for Mary Tinker—but it's not the end of the world for Mary Richards if she never gets married. She has a rich, full life that includes friends and sex and relationships and dates and boredom and loneliness. That's life, and that's good." For this reason, the writers and producers agree that the last show will *not* include any implication that Mary is about to marry. "It would go against everything we've tried to accomplish," says one writer.

Reflects today's woman

For Mary Richards has, indeed, reflected, in a middle-of-the-road, usually realistic way, the conflicts that face many single women who work. She has asked for a raise (and lost the final battle for equal pay), turned down marriage proposals as well as propositions, spent the night with a man, and throughout all maintained her competence and pride in her job. Mary Tyler Moore credits the writers (many of them men) for a finely tuned sensitivity to women's feelings, and only on rare occasions has she felt compelled to correct them. For example, on last year's show, when Murray worked briefly as the producer of the Sue Ann Nivens Show, the writers had arranged for Mary to greet his wife with the line: "Well, Marie, how does it feel to be the wife of a big producer?" Mary recalls: "It just went CLICK in my head that we should not think that way of women who happen to be married. They're not an extension of their husbands. So I pointed this out to the writers, who changed the line to 'Gee, Marie, you must be so proud of Murray now that he's a big producer.' There's a subtle but big difference there."

Still, if Mary Richards were real instead of fictional, Mary Tyler Moore would write a different script for her from now on. "I would hope that she'd continue to grow professionally, and always be involved in production or communications in some way. But I'd also hope that she'd find someone with whom she could have a lasting relationship, whether it ended in marriage or not. I'd like to think she has somebody who's her best friend, someone *(continued on page 142)*

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MARY TYLER MOORE

continued from page 43

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A fascinating potpourri of profiles

HEADLINERS



"I'm not sure any woman can successfully pursue a career and be a good mother at the same time. The trouble with women today is they want everything."

Hepburn

Unconventional Kate tells why she never wanted children—and what she thinks is wrong with modern women. By Ron Homer

One of the cardinal rules of movie stardom is: Never share billing with a child or a dog—they'll steal the show. But, as usual, Katharine Hepburn, three-time Academy Award winner, is breaking the rules. She is starring with two 11-year-old boys and a shaggy sheepdog in the new movie, *Olly Olly Oxen Free*.

Such selflessness might be more understandable if Hepburn were working with a favorite director or making a fortune in salary. But the entire budget of the movie is less than a million dollars—and who ever heard of director Richard Colla?

But Katharine Hepburn, 67, has always defied convention. She has always been a rule-breaker, a non-conformist, a go-her-own-way-woman.

For one thing, she likes to do her own stunt work. In *Olly Olly Oxen Free*, Hepburn—a junkyard dealer who joins two young boys on a trip in a giant balloon—hangs from the anchor of the balloon as it sails 300 feet above ground. "Of course, they wanted stunt men to do the scary stuff," she said, "but I decided that just wouldn't do. You could tell by those great big feet that it was a man hanging from the basket.

"The cast and crew were horrified when I rode the anchor," said Hepburn, who underwent surgery on her hip several years ago. "But I enjoyed every second of it. I like that sort of excitement. I was brought up to be unafraid. I was raised like a boy, since I had three brothers. We had a ladder going up a huge elm tree to a trapeze. I'd swing from that trapeze by my knees or my heels. Mother was terrified I'd fall in the gravel drive and hurt myself."

But Hepburn doesn't consider herself brave. "I'm not courageous. I'm just silly. *(continued on page 54)*

Starsky & Hutch

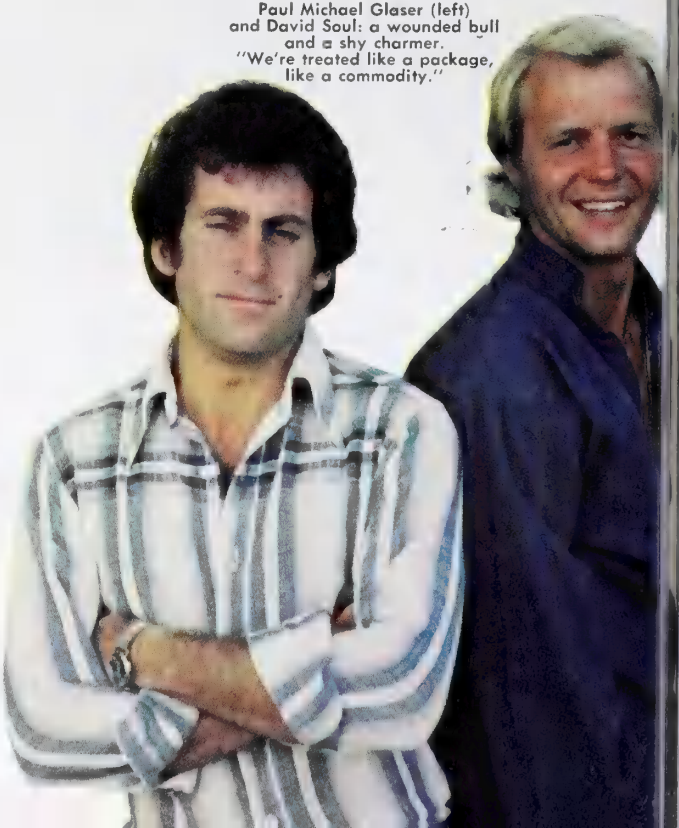
The stars who play them on TV are as different off camera as they are on. By Marcia Cohen

Starsky. He's Paul Michael Glaser, the dark, impetuous one. Hutch. He's David Soul, blond and thoughtful. They are the two cops in the hit TV show, *Starsky and Hutch*. Lately, television viewers have had a big thing for Paul. He wins favorite-television-actor polls and things like that. But if their fans ever met Paul (Starsky) or David (Hutch) backstage, their admiration might shift focus a little.

Not that Paul, 34, isn't handsome in a wounded-bull sort of way. His eyes—bright, sapphire blue—focus directly on you, challenging, toying, playing macho games. Almost six feet tall and 165 pounds, he is thinner than his television image—also neater and more careful about his appearance.

But you must circle this bull cautiously. He is suspicious. Defensive. He throws up a smokescreen of words and then challenges you to pick your way through to the essential "Paul Michael Glaser" (as he frequently refers to himself). He theorizes and analyzes volubly. Sometimes, his theories and analyses are as clear as mud.

David Soul, also 34, is another story entirely. Like Paul, he loses pounds off camera and his features are finer, more sensitive than they appear on the screen. Unlike Paul, David gives few interviews, but when *(continued on page 134)*



Paul Michael Glaser (left) and David Soul: a wounded bull and a shy charmer. "We're treated like a package, like a commodity."

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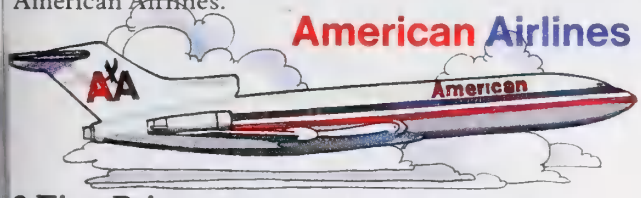


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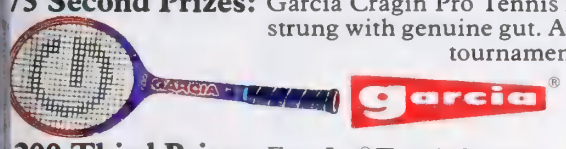
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A fascinating potpourri of profiles

HEADLINERS

Marie

Like her brothers, Marie Osmond believes that the family that sings together, clings together. Here's her squeaky-clean success story. By Isobel Silden



"It's hard for a guy to call me," admits Marie, 17. "Some of them won't ask me out."

Under the eye-blinking lights, wearing matching short, dark hairdos and brown-flared pants with print blouses, they run through a dance routine to the tune of "Happy Days Are Here Again."

Again? Donny and Marie Osmond have never known anything but happy days. Donny, 19, in the family act since he was four and Marie, 17, who joined it at age seven, have been rich and famous almost ever since they can remember. Before they began their top-rated ABC television program last year, they were making hit record albums and standing-room-only appearances in clubs and concert halls all over the world. Today, their faces appear on hats, belt buckles, bracelets, pillowcases, stationery, scarves and T-shirts, and their fans number in the hundreds of thousands.

But despite their success, the Osmonds seem not to be temperamental, spoiled or willful. The joy-filled toothiness, on full view every Friday night, is for real. In the Hollywood studio where the show is taped, no one yells, shouts or uses expletives stronger than heck or darn. There is simply no need; the atmosphere is friendly and creative but low-key.

Says Marie, "The director once asked me, 'Don't you ever frown? You're always smiling. How gross!' But my mother always has told us if you let things bother you, it can spoil your entire day. Oh, I might get ticked off about something in my wardrobe, but it always gets fixed. We're all very reasonable. We never fight, though we sometimes disagree, of course."

The Osmonds are all for one, and one for all. When the show was an instant hit, the piranhas of show business prattled, "Marie will cut out from the rest of the family and go off on her own.

(continued on page 138)

Fonzie

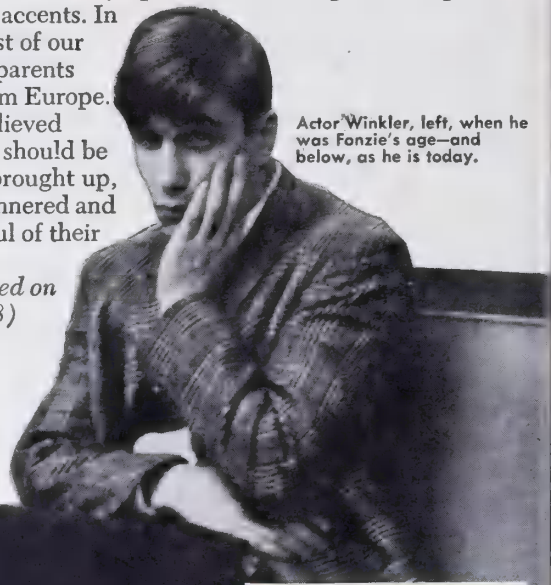
On TV, he's the swaggering Fonz. But Henry Winkler's own teen years were far more uncertain. By Elizabeth Kaye

All over America, pictures of "Fonzie," a character on the TV show *Happy Days*, are unavoidable. His likeness is on posters, on the knee socks of young girls, on the T-shirts of passing teenagers, on round metal pins, on caps, sweaters an jackets. The success of the Fonz is remarkable. And this constant parading of his image is somewhat remarkable to m since I have known Henry Winkler, the man who plays "The Fonz," since the 11th grade, when we were both living—and trying to grow up—in New York City. Henry was a student a McBurney, a private school for boys, and I went to The Calhoun School for Girls. We were friends, mostly because w liked each other and partly because it was expected that the nice, well-bred boys from his school become friends with the nice, well-bred girls from mine.

When I first met Henry, he was nothing like that super-co leather-jacketed character, Fonzie. Henry was not cool at all If he had owned a leather jacket it would not have been a motorcycle jacket. It would have been a good, silky leather coat charged to his mother's account at Saks. Mostly he own Ivy League, herringbone tweeds—and usually he wore his penny loafers and a navy blue McBurney blazer.

We were the children of the almost, but not quite, upper middle class. Henry's parents were refugees who spoke with German accents. In fact, most of our friends' parents were from Europe. They believed children should be strictly brought up, well-mannered and respectful of their elders.

(continued on page 58)



Actor Winkler, left, when he was Fonzie's age—and below, as he is today.



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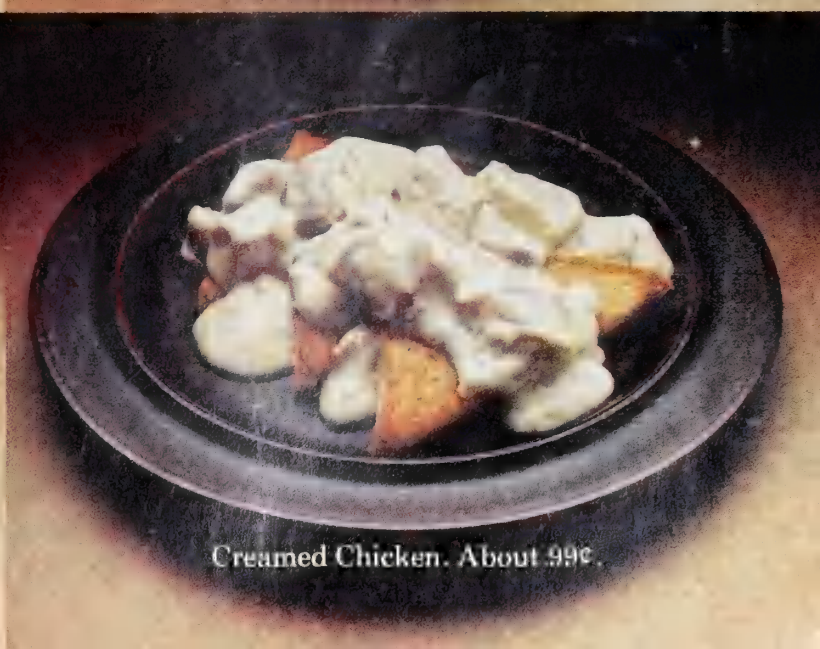


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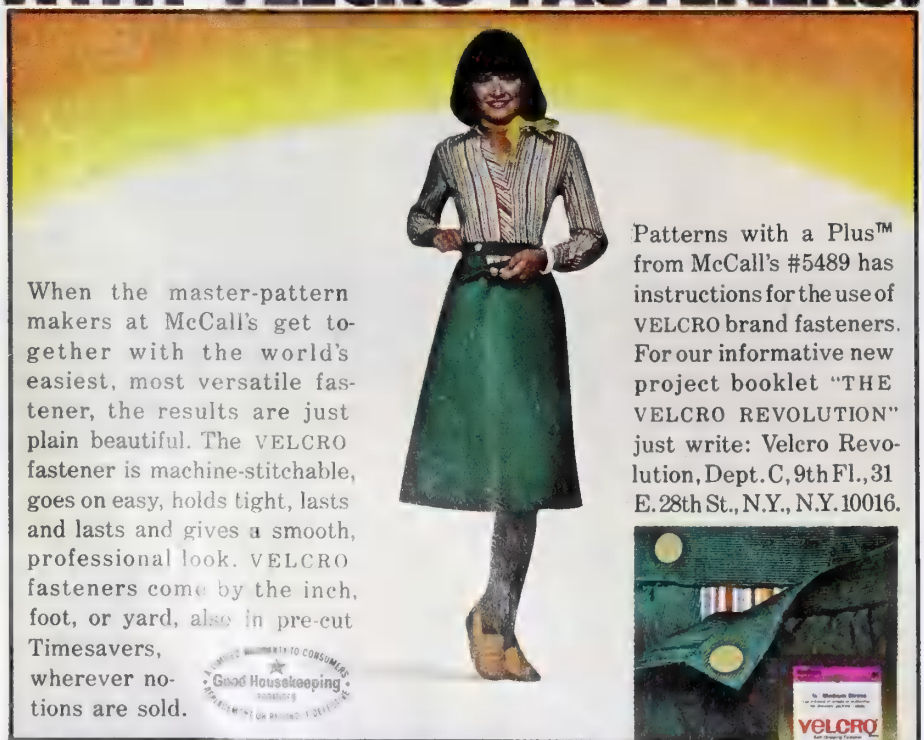


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Hepburn

continued from page 50

If you're silly enough you can do anything. So far, I haven't been hurt though I ache in every joint. I'm not fragile, you know. I don't look fragile and I don't sound it."

Hepburn got through the filming with barely a scratch, but while on road tour with the play *A Matter of Gravity*, she slipped and broke her ankle. Undaunted she appeared on stage in a wheelchair.

Katharine Hepburn has always paved her own way. Forty years or so ago when women were expected to marry and have children, Hepburn decided to remain childless and unwed after a brief marriage in the 1920s to Philadelphia socialite Ogden Ludlow Smith.

"I made the decision not to have children many, many years ago," she said. "And I don't regret it. I also chose not to make a career of medicine. And don't regret that, either.

"There came a time in my life when I had to face the issue of motherhood squarely. I was quite young, but it was time to think about my future. It was a matter of being the best actress I could be or becoming a mother. But not both. I don't think I could do justice to both. Acting was right for me. A career was important to me then as it is now.

"I'm not sure any woman can successfully pursue a career and be a good mother at the same time. The trouble with women today is they want everything. But no one can have it all. It's ridiculous to compete in a man's world on a man's terms.

"I was watching a female electrician on the set the other day. I saw her struggling with one of those enormous flood lights—the biggest one on the stage. She couldn't budge it an inch.

"So I went to her and asked, 'Don't you feel like an ass?' She said, 'Yes, as a matter of fact I do.' Then I asked what on earth she hoped to prove and why didn't she get a job she could handle. She wasn't upset in the least. She told me she'd been thinking of quitting and probably would soon.

Has lived like a man

"Of course, I'm not one to champion the traditional woman's role. And in a sense I'm competitive with men. But I haven't been handicapped by children. Nor have I handicapped children by bringing them into the world and going ahead with my career. I have lived like a man to the extent of taking care of myself with no one protecting me. I've taken my chances. But a woman simply can't have everything. Nor can a man.

Hepburn decided to do *Olly Olly*

(continued on page 58)



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And Midol helps soothe the irritable feeling that is caused by these symptoms.

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Before, during and after . . . Midol does all this.

The Menstrual Distress Specialist

Midol

Hepburn

continued from page 54

Oxen Free because she "liked the story. It's not easy for m to find good material," she said. "If you're a certain age, yo are limited. It's difficult to find stuff you want to do, and I'r not offered many love stories. I have no plans whatever t retire, so I am alert to good parts that I will feel comfortabl playing."

Hepburn said she enjoyed working with her two youn co-stars, Kevin McKenzie and Dennis Dimster, because "the bring home the fact that acting is *not* the most difficult thin in the world—not when you see two eleven-year-olds wh have never acted before doing it just as well as you can."

At first the boys were awed by their famous co-star, bu Hepburn instinctively put them at ease. On the third day c production, the boys acted in their first scene with her. One c them blew his lines and Hepburn said, "My fault. My fault The boy asked, "How could it be your fault? I forgot th line." And she replied, "Because I delivered *my* line too fas making you forget." Said one member of the cast, "It wa just a ploy to put the boys at ease."

Gives maternal advice

The final day's shooting took place in the rain, whic elicited a bit of Hepburn maternalism. Unconcerned abou being drenched herself, Hepburn called for towels. Whe they arrived she dried the boys' faces and wrapped the towe around them. When the filming was completed, Hepbur gave the boys albums and books she had selected hersel One of the books was *Captains Courageous* (the movie ve sion starred her friend for 30 years, Spencer Tracy). An Hepburn cared enough about the boys to give them some ad vice. She told them: "You know you must be careful if yo want to stay in this business. There are times when you wor with people who can be difficult or dishonest or mean. Th time you're lucky. It's a good company with fine people. Bu it won't always be like that."

And she should know. She's been in the business a lon time. "It's amazing I've survived so long, isn't it? And I'v enjoyed almost all of it. I say almost because I remember th unpleasant times, when it was said that Katharine Hepbur was box office poison. But what's most fascinating to me this myth or aura around the name Katharine Hepburn. never have understood all that. And I am certain I neve shall." **En**

Fonzie

continued from page 52

The girls were expected to marry well; the boys to *do* wel to go into their fathers' business. (Had Henry done that, to day he would be a 31-year-old feather importer.) Failin that, they were expected to become doctors or lawyers.

But from the time he was seven Henry wanted to be a actor. He was obsessed with acting, talked about it con stantly and performed almost every afternoon. After schoo we would go to someone's house, frequently mine, and Henr would go to the record player, put on *West Side Story* an act out all the parts in the song "Officer Krupke." Henry de manded attention—and got it.

His performing made him stand out, and gave him a pa into our slightly inane high school world where the two be things a boy could be were tall and cool. Henry had yet t reach his full height of 5'6½", and so he was neither. In way, he seemed like a mascot, a court jester, the cute an funny little guy who made everybody *(continue*

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Fonzie
continued

laugh. Toward the end of eleventh grade, Henry began dating one of my best friends, Maggie. She was not pretty, but she was cute and smart and very funny. They talked, as we all did, about getting married someday. But they went to college and drifted apart. Most of my mental pictures of Henry are of his being very affectionate with Maggie: sitting with his arm around her, kissing her on her small nose. I also picture Henry after a high school production of *Of Thee I Sing*, in which he had played the lead, signing autographs for the first time in his life. There was something very puppy-like and eager about him. His energy was enormous. At no time do I recall him sitting still.

Re-meeting Henry was, in a sense, a lesson in the difference between seeming and being. In those long-ago days, he had seemed to be a funny guy, an entertainer who enjoyed being entertaining. Actually, he says, "It was painful. I was a social butterfly and I really didn't want to be that way, but I *was* that way to please everyone. When I'd go to a dance, all week I'd tell myself, this time you are *not* going to race all over the room; you are *not* going to do that. You are going to stay with your date. Then I'd get to the dance, and be taken over completely by another kind of energy and leave the girl by herself." My assumption had always been that Henry told jokes and laughed because he wanted to. That he did it because he felt he *had* to is quite another story and not exactly the kind of information we habitually gave out about ourselves in eleventh grade. "I was so self-effacing it makes me sick," he says. "Every year I'd go to the really cool guys in school and say, 'Listen, this year I'm different, I've changed.' I mean, how could they respect me? I had no respect for myself." When I remind Henry that he was that magic high school word, "popular," he says, "Sure I was. I was willing to be whoever anyone wanted me to be, to play any part anyone wanted me to play. But I never really felt equal to any of those really cool guys." He pauses. "But now I am."

Adulthood recovery from youth

Hearing Henry talk about his teenage years, I think about how it is possible to spend the first part of one's life being young and the rest of it trying to recover from that experience. Since as a teenager he disliked himself for currying favor, Henry now goes to lengths to "be himself." Since he once felt "terribly unworthy" of the prettiest girls, now he can have them—and does. There are times when he relishes these victories over his past self; at other times he says he is "tired of not being grown up." He can say, "I like exactly where I am now"—yet define that place as being "professionally an adult, emotionally a child."

That adult self began developing when Henry went to study drama at Emerson College, and grew stronger at Yale Drama School. But success began with seven lines in an episode of *Happy Days*. People around the show like talking about how Henry took those lines and made them into Fonzie. It is a great Hollywood story, the kind that keeps the vintage Big Break, there-I-was-having-a-soda-at-Schwab's myths alive. "I told the producer I'd play Fonzie if I could make him into a full human being," Henry says. "I didn't even know what I was saying. But I said it. And then I did it, didn't I?"

I suspect he always felt he could do it. Like most children of immigrants, all his life Henry had been a dreamer of the American dream, the notion that anything is possible—if the breaks are right. Such dreams can, and in Henry's case did, bind a person's life and energy by a single thread. When he was at Yale during the enormous political confusion and commitment of the 1960s, the student body went on strike. But Henry got in his car and, though he remembers feeling "guilt pangs," drove home. After college, when his friends began to marry, Henry did not consider it. It was the work he wanted—and eventually got. That he would be the idol of every young girl in the country, that at 30 he would be the second most popular male star (after John Wayne), that he would be told that Frank Sinatra wanted to meet him—those things are slightly beyond the parameters of the dream.

I watched Henry for two days on t *Happy Days* set at Paramount Studi When a scene is funny, and he is funn Henry is pleased. He loves to act, lov to talk about acting. "One of the fe dreams I remember dreaming," he say "is that my energy created a charact that was so wonderful that when peop turned on the TV sets to watch it and hit a high point, all the sets blew ou However," he adds, "it was an implosio so the glass didn't fly out and hurt an one."

At lunchtime we cross the street to small Mexican restaurant. People sta "I can put myself in front of 22 milli people, but personally, going outside difficult. For two years I lived in an apa ment that had a courtyard. After t second year I had trouble crossing i

During lunch, people ask for aut graphs. At times he likes this attentio At other times he resents it. "When answer fan letters," he says as he sig napkins, "I say, 'You don't know ho good it makes me feel that you li what I do with my life.' " On each na kin Henry writes something having do with self-respect, such as "Self-r spect is joy." "Self-respect," Henry say "comes when you can stand on yo own two feet. When you are able take responsibility for yourself, wh you are able to verify yourself. And that third point, I'm not there."

Back at the studio, a young wom who represents ABC Broadcast Sta dards, a polite phrase for censor, having a conversation with Henry. Su denly he grabs her, kisses her face over, then lets her go. "I've alwa wanted to do that to a censor," he sa

Later in the afternoon, Henry is wa ing for a visitor, a stewardess he n

(continued on page 12



"Well, okay, if you're sure I wouldn't be obligated, come on over and we'll discuss aluminum siding."

"Splits, breaks, frazzles are your hair's way of telling you it needs 30 minutes with condition.*"

Nicholas Modlin

"It's very easy to damage your hair. You can cause it to split, break and frazzle just by doing the things that make your hair beautiful—brushing, combing, perming, setting.

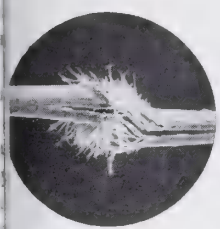
You see, all those normal things you do to your hair break down its protective coating—called the cuticle. The hair gets weak, dull and worn out, and it lets you know by splitting, breaking and frazzling.



A split.

And once hair is split, broken and frazzled, it's vulnerable—to even *more* splits, breaks and frazzles.

That's why I use condition*, the 30-minute treatment.



A break.

condition* is specially formulated for damaged hair. Its protein-rich formula sinks into the hair shaft, seeking out the damage. It fills in the empty spots, to help restore lost body.



A frazzle.

And condition* actually smoothes down the roughed up cuticle, so it helps prevent further damage.

Helps prevent any more splitting, breaking, frazzling.



It takes 30 minutes—good things take time.

At the same time, condition* gives hair fullness and bounce, plus a great, glossy shine.

Now, I can think of less expensive conditioners. And I can think of faster conditioners. But there's nothing like condition*.

If you want your hair to look really good and healthy, remember that good things take time."



condition*

The 30-minute treatment for mistreated hair.

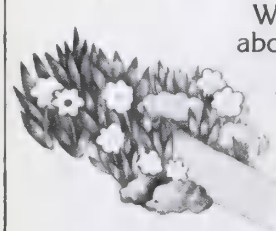


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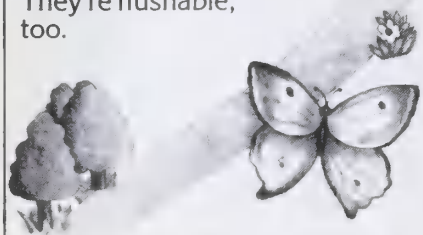
COSMETICS BY CLAIROL

An easy way to help a young girl solve an awkward problem

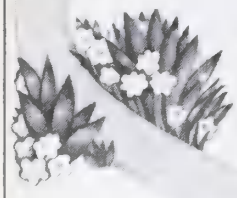
When she asks about menstrual protection, tell her about Tampax tampons.



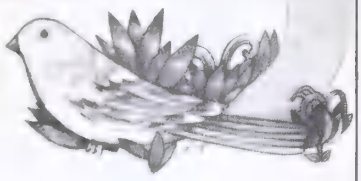
They protect internally, can't show or feel bulky. They even come in a Junior absorbency-size that's right for beginners. They're flushable, too.



Every package contains easy-to-follow instructions, plus answers to the questions young girls often ask.



In fact, with Tampax tampons there are no awkward problems—they've already been solved.



The internal protection more women trust

TAMPAX® tampons

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Your family's health

By David R. Zimmerman

Dr. Jonas Salk says a better flu shot can be developed; nervy cure for "killer heartbeat"; developing a lower-priced cure for the common cold.

To keep science reporters—and their readers—up-to-date on recent medical progress, the non-profit Council for the Advancement of Science Writing conducts annual briefings. The most recent was held at the University of Texas Medical Branch (UTMB) in Galveston. Here are highlights:

FLU SNAFU. Polio vaccine developer Jonas Salk, M.D., whose early research was against flu, says the confusion of this winter's swine flu program could be avoided in the future. Dr. Salk does not agree with the prevalent idea that there are a multitude of flu strains, requiring individual, annual vaccines. Rather, there may be only a few flu strains, which come and go—and all might be dealt with in a single, long-lasting combination vaccine. "It should be possible to develop an ultimate weapon against flu," says Dr. Salk, who recommends this be made a national goal.

HIGH PRESSURE TREATMENT. Sickle cell anemia is an inherited illness. Its characteristic, painful, slow-healing sores occur because misshapen red blood cells lack the elasticity needed to squeeze into tiny capillary blood vessels that nourish the body tissues. Internist Stewart Wolf, M.D. puts these patients in UTMB's walk-in high-pressure chamber for half-hour periods twice a day. The high pressure forces extra oxygen into the bloodstream for delivery to oxygen-starved tissues, and also may force the circulatory system to widen, opening new capillaries. Further tests of this experimental but promising high-pressure treatment are planned.

AVERTING SUDDEN DEATH. When people die suddenly during a heart attack, it's usually *not* because the heart simply stops beating, but rather because it beats wildly, erratically and ineffectively. A tendency towards this condition, called ventricular fibrillation, runs in some families—whose members may all die young as a result. This is because they have a low tolerance for impulses of the involuntary nervous system. Heart specialist Peter J. Schwartz, M.D. of Milan, Italy, took an extreme precautionary step for four members of a family with this tendency. He surgically severed the nerve cells through which impulses are transmitted to part of the heart. According to Dr. Schwartz and two UTMB colleagues, this highly experimental operation "... may represent an alternative [to dangerous drugs] in the effort to prevent sudden death in such high-risk patients."

VIRUS HUNTER. Two decades ago a British researcher discovered a body chemical that interferes with viral disease attacks—so he named it interferon. It will cure the common cold, appears effective against rabies and ameliorates lingering hepatitis. But interferon is so difficult and costly to make that even today, says UTMB microbiologist Samuel Baron, M.D., the dose needed to cure a cold would cost $500, and three months of hepatitis care could cost $40,000. Cancer therapy—for which interferon also holds promise—could cost much more. The hope, says Dr. Baron, is to make interferon in large batches in cell cultures, or find better ways to stimulate the body's own production of it. **End**

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3 good reasons to buy a new Sears Kenmore dryer.





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Bounce makes clothes really soft.
Bounce controls static so synthetics don't c
Bounce leaves things smelling clean and fres

*Bounce has agreed with dryer makers to supply Bounce samples and to feature their dryers in Bounce advertising. Available at Sears stores.

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HOW WOMEN CAN FIGHT BACK AGAINST

VIOLENT CRIME

A JOURNAL CALL TO CITIZEN ACTION

There is no place to hide, in city, suburb or town. Violent crime is everywhere, and we are all potential victims. With a murder, robbery, assault or rape in the U.S. every 31 seconds, the shocking thing is that we have almost lost our capacity to be shocked by this. Our TV and movie screens make violence fashionable; public disrespect for law enforcement agencies is growing. What can we do to save our society, our children, ourselves? Violent crime is a complex problem, and there are no easy solutions. But because the Journal feels this issue is perhaps the most important one in American life today, we ask our readers to join with us in a search for answers. Citizen involvement can accomplish two things: it can focus the attention of the government on the problem, and it can furnish the womanpower and manpower needed to people a crusade.

Please read this section – a small first step – and, if you care, fill out the coupon at the end of it; it will be forwarded by the Journal to President Carter and/or his designate. America can no longer countenance the kind of spiritual death that violent crime is forcing on us all. Something must be done. You can help.

THE EDITORS

THE MANY ANSWERS

22 prominent Americans tell the Journal

GERALD R. FORD,
former President of the United States:
It is imperative that the Federal government continue to provide leadership in the battle against crime. As John Locke once wrote, "Where there is no law, there is no freedom." Since a hard core of lawbreakers commit a large portion of our crime, as president I called for the following: Mandatory minimum sentences for those convicted of committing Federal offenses with dangerous weapons; a career-criminal program to deal swiftly with persons repeatedly convicted of serious crimes; a new Federal criminal code to serve as a model for the states and localities; and additional Federal judgeships and prisons. But law enforcement alone cannot reduce crime. The American people must... instill within their own families and communities respect for the law and the rights of others.

BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.,
pediatrician, activist, author:
Crime is not the fault of criminals, but of society. People who become criminals have been neglected or unloved and treated brutally in early childhood. We should have welfare programs ten times as good as we do now, and concentrate on rehabilitating families. The answer is not a return to the death penalty, or to put people in jail for longer and longer periods of time. Prison brutalizes, it does not reform. To follow the general hue and cry for increased penalties will only increase the general murderousness of society, which is now at a frightening level.

EDWARD M. KENNEDY,
U.S. Senator, Massachusetts:
We must continue efforts to reform the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, which has dispensed over $5 billion to localities since 1968 to help them curtail crime. This program will only work if it is accompanied by less bureaucracy and more efficiency at the national and local level. The second step is sentencing reform, including mandatory sentences of at least two years for the violent offender. Judges should be given guidelines so that similar offenders get similar sentences. Finally, we need a complete overhaul of the Federal Criminal Code, which is hopelessly outdated and ambiguous. Any changes, however, must include safeguards to our civil liberties.

JAMES M. ROCHFORD,
Superintendent of Police, Chicago:
Criminals must be served notice that anti-social behavior will not be tolerated. Those who do not heed the warning must be removed from the community until they prove they can live among decent human beings. Police and citizens must work together to reduce the spread of crime and create awareness that crime is unacceptable. We must begin by fighting the little things like window-breaking, writing on school walls, vandalism of all sorts. When we get into the habit of overlooking minor offenses it is easy for this apathy to carry over into the larger things such as robberies, burglaries and even murders.

EDWARD H. LEVI,
former Attorney General of the United States:
For punishment to be a deterrent to crime it must be swift, certain and even-handed. The sentence imposed must be the sentence served, with time off for good behavior. There should be mandatory minimum sentences for certain heinous crimes. ...I favor the death penalty in some situations because I think it is a necessary deterrent. However, I am certainly not in favor of a death penalty in the United States if we're going to have a flamboyant, macabre [spectacle] every time an execution is scheduled.

NORMAN CARLSON,
Director of Federal Bureau of Prisons:
Rehabilitation is not the prime purpose of penal institutions. Criminals are sent for punishment, or as a deterrent. Many have no desire or motivation to try to be rehabilitated. We can only help those who want to help themselves. The penal institutions have not failed; society—home, schools and churches—failed first. You can't expect the correctional institutions to correct a lifetime of neglect, poverty, racism.

JOHN WAYNE, *actor:*
Curtailment of crime should begin at home. Parents shouldn't be afraid to show a little love for their children; they'll get some respect in return. And adults should show some love for their neighbors' children, who will show a little responsibility in return. By love I don't mean gifts. I mean time and thought and communication and caring.

ARNOLD A. HUTSCHNECKER, M.D.,
psychiatrist, former member of President's Special Action Office of Drug Abuse Prevention:
We must institute mental health and social education in kindergarten with small classes and teachers trained in psychology. While children are taught conventional educational disciplines, they must also learn to express basic feelings and vent their discontent. By channeling feelings of violence, hostility and aggression into the open at a formative age, a peaceful society will evolve. Our system of law and order relies on fear as a deterrent against crime. It has failed because it is not a cure.

hat should be done to lower the crime rate.

UDIANNE DENSEN-GERBER, J.D., M.D.,
ounder of Odyssey House and pioneer in the treatment and care of child addicts and addicted mothers:
Criminals are made; they just don't happen. America must make its children its first priority. We must establish a Cabinet ost for the concerns of children—a Secretary of Children as well as a Secretary of War. Only when we free our last laves—our children—from being property and make them a sacred trust can we expect them to become responsible dults.

RICHARD J. DALEY,
ormer mayor of Chicago. Mayor Daley gave this statement three days before is death:
Because the police are relatively few in number, their work must e aided by the public. Citizen information, which can be used o prevent crime or lead to arrests and convictions, must be assed on to the police. Witnesses must be encouraged to testify. itizen representatives in Chicago, working closely with the olice, helped bring about a substantial reduction in crime in 975 and 1976. Also, there must be an end to the almost constant ortrayal on national television of violence and inducements to ommit crimes. Current programming is obstructing efforts of he family, church and school to teach obedience for the law and espect for human dignity.

USAN BROWNMILLER,
uthor of "Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape":
f people are really serious about lowering crime, the most critical thing s to change the social attitude that continues to equate aggression with asculinity. I am convinced that violent crime springs out of the offender's elief that she or he is being heroic in the best male model.

MONSIGNOR JOHN AHERN,
Director, Department of Social Justice of Catholic Charities, Archdiocese of New York:
The correlation between family breakdown, high unemployment and crime cannot be ignored. As a society, we must reassess the swiftness, fairness and purpose of the criminal justice system. But we must also re-examine the seriousness of our commitment to full employment and family stability. Without the latter, even the best criminal-justice system can have little impact on the high incidence of crime.

ELLY SAVALAS,
tar of "Kojak":
Kojak's a different kind of hero. When was the last time you saw him ull a gun? He knows about violence; e's exposed to it but rarely uses it. think TV has an effect on violence n the streets. And the responsibility ests with the news media. Give the ids different kinds of heroes, not uns. Don't give them the tools of iolence. Give them the tools of love nd sanity.

OL WACHTLER,
ustice, New York State Court of ppeals:
We can no longer afford to use our riminal courts for the hoped-for, ut never realized, purpose of safeuarding all our personal moral alues. Some 75 percent of our riminal justice system's time and anpower is devoted to so-called ictimless crimes: drunkenness, ossession or use of marijuana, onsensual sexual "crimes" and ambling. That leaves much too tle capability to deal effectively ith violent crimes.

CAROL KIMMEL, *National P.T.A. President:*
We are looking at a generation that grew up with television. The constant exposure to violence desensitizes people to the actual hurt and consequence of violent crime. If we really believe that TV is a great teacher, then our children are getting great instruction in violent behavior. We also believe that when you move children away from their local schools for any reason, parents become less involved in the school; it ceases to be part of community life, and violence and vandalism increase. The high absentee rate also seems to be a contributing factor in the increase of crime by young people. But the schools can't accept the entire burden of discipline; parents have to be willing to help. The way to get parents involved is to allow them to be part of decision-making in schools.

BETTY FRIEDAN, *author:*
We must erase the pathology, hate and hostility that nurture the potential for violence and crime. We must open opportunities for full employment, especially to women and the young, who are hardest hit by the recession. And we must establish new values so people can participate more meaningfully in society.

EDMUND G. BROWN, JR., *Governor of California:*
We need fuller employment, including a public service corps open to all young people so that they may give at least a year of service to their community and their country. I also believe there must be swift, fair and certain criminal punishment; good community-police relations; and neighborhood organization and leadership so that people take responsibility for their own living and working areas.

continued on back page of this section

THE WOMAN OFFENDER

For whatever reasons – growing economic and emotional pressures, the movement for equality – women have become increasingly involved in crime over the past five years, particularly violent crime. In 1975, ten percent of those arrested for violent crime were females, an increase of five percent since 1974. F.B.I. Uniform Crime Reports also offer this striking statistic: 71 percent of all offenders released on parole in 1972 were rearrested within four years. Jo Anne Summy, winner of a Journal essay contest four years ago, was paroled in 1972 after serving a sentence for armed robbery. The odds, therefore, were heavily against her making it in the outside world. But, despite many difficulties, she is succeeding – proof that the human spirit can overcome great obstacles.

A Journal contest winner finds a new life

"I want to do something of value in the last years of my life that I didn't do in the first part," Jo Anne Moore Summy said in 1972, when she was awarded first prize in a *Journal* essay contest for women prisoners, entitled "What Parents Can Do To Keep Their Daughters Out of Trouble." At that time, Jo Anne was 38 and serving ten years for bank robbery at the Federal Correctional Institution at Terminal Island, San Pedro, Calif. Today, she proudly announces: "I finally made it."

Before her conviction, Jo Anne was deep in the world of drugs, robbery and bad checks—and had already spent three and a half years behind bars. "No one ever put me in jail," she explains. "I banged on the gate until they opened it and let me in."

Authorities decided Jo Anne was ready for parole after she had served four years. The date of her release was set for October 6, 1972. Jo Anne planned to complete her education at California State College in San Pedro, where she was on a work/study release program, and to marry Larry Summy, who was on parole from Terminal Island.

One day just prior to her release, Jo Anne and Larry jumped on his motorcycle and drove to City Hall for a marriage license. Because her parole prohibited riding "in an unauthorized vehicle," she was reported. It looked as if she would have to spend another year in jail.

Desperate, Jo Anne contacted the friend who had published her essay. Lenore Hershey, Editor of the *Journal*, wrote Norman Carlson, Director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, offering support and expressing her confidence in Jo Anne. With similar support from her Congressman, college professors and 600 classmates, the charge against Jo Anne was dropped.

For three years, she and her husband Larry lived on parole. Jo Anne continued her studies and worked at a mental health clinic, earning enough to support them both. (Larry, injured in an auto accident, was unable to work). When their parole ended, they pulled up stakes and went home to her parents in New Rockford, N.D., and Jo Anne began searching for employment. After months of looking, she wrote Mrs. Hershey once more: "I am having the devil of a time finding a job. Rural communities are wonderful if you never had a skeleton in your closet. Every place I go I am a leper of sorts."

Their money ran out and Larry, who had never given up his fantasies of "beating the system," burglarized a store, was arrested and sent back to Terminal Island, where he is now incarcerated.

Editor Hershey again tried to help Jo Anne, as did Jo Anne's Congressman, who finally found her a job with the North Dakota State Highway Department—driving spikes on a road gang. At night, she worked as a waitress and was soon promoted to bartender.

And now, today...

Dissatisfied with that type of work, Jo Anne applied for a job as secretary to an insurance man, Erling Rolfson. Her office skills were first-rate and she was hired on the spot. Then Erling's phone started ringing, as local residents called to express their disapproval of his decision to hire an ex-con. But Erling stood firm against this pressure and now says, "I haven't got guts. I've got the best damn help in North Dakota."

—Mary Susan Miller



Jo Anne Summy

RAPE: THE CRIME AGAINST WOMEN

Rape is finally becoming a "speakable" crime. The number of cases reported increases every year (right now, one rape is reported every ten minutes in the U.S.). But, if national surveys are correct, two out of three rapes still go unreported. Why? Because the victims are not aware of the services available to them, are ashamed to admit the rape, and afraid they will be treated unsympathetically by hospitals, police and even their own families and friends. And if a rape case ever gets to court the onus is usually on the victim; she must prove that she was in no way responsible. But rape victims are beginning to fight for better, fairer treatment – and changes have been made. Many cities, for example, now have special rape squads and crisis centers. Some states are reforming their rape-testimony laws. And recently, a young law student won a precedent-shattering legal decision that may affect many rape victims. Here is her story.

One Saturday afternoon in October, 1975, a 24-year-old young woman, daughter of prominent and conservative Connecticut parents, and captain of a women's basketball team at Catholic University in Washington, D.C., went to the gym early to reserve a court for her team. She was changing her clothes in the women's locker room when a young black man entered. She asked him to leave, and when he didn't, she took a step toward the door. He grabbed her, she screamed, he choked her and dragged her to the shower stalls, where he raped her. When he released her for a moment to light a cigarette, she screamed again. By this time her teammates had arrived, but the rapist fled and was never caught.

The victim, claiming that the university did not provide proper security, sued for compensatory damages and was awarded $20,000.

During the five-day trial, the university counsel, hired by the insurance company, not only argued that the campus security was adequate, but also that the victim was not sufficiently cautious and did not resist sufficiently.

"That lawyer had me crying on the stand. He wanted to prove I was a hussy. I became hysterical when he said I wore tight pants and walked into Georgetown so that men would look at me. He brought up the fact that I was not hysterical at the hospital three hours later, that I had no huge bruises, was not a virgin, was on birth-control pills and even implied that maybe I made the whole thing up," says the 5'2" rape victim – who estimates that her attacker was 5'9" and 170 pounds. "The lawyer made a point of the fact that during the actual rape I did not do anything to fight the man off. He asked me if I had been enjoying myself ..."

The trial ordeal

The trial, nine months after the rape, was a harrowing ordeal for the victim and her family. "It made me lose all desire to become a lawyer, if someone can do this to you in court," the victim says. "I never thought anyone could imply I was asking for it, although the lawyer managed to." Her anger, and feelings of shame and guilt, are not unusual: "You ask yourself, 'What did I do wrong?' They make you feel like you could have fought it off. I still can't see any way I could have resisted without endangering myself – but I'll spend the rest of my life wondering about that."

The fears she lived with during the months right after the rape – of meeting the rapist, of living alone and driving home from school at night – are less intense now. "But I'm still afraid. I thought I was secure that one time, and now I'll never know if I'm really safe." And, because she believes she could never again be objective, she has given up her plans to work in the field of criminal justice and penal reform.

She admits that she may need counseling to learn how to deal with her fears. She did see a psychiatrist a few times before the trial, as well as a social worker on the day of the rape. "That was a waste. She was more concerned with how my boyfriend was reacting than with me."

Since October 1975, Catholic University has stepped up security on its 190-acre campus. And someone now checks IDs when people enter the gym. Yet there have been three other rapes, one during the trial. And a nurse at nearby George Washington University was raped last year in the school's garage and is suing for damages.

Dr. Lloyd Elliott, president of George Washington, expressed the concern felt by many other universities: "If this same nurse had been raped on public property, would she be able to sue the city for lack of protection? The courts seem to be setting a standard far beyond that which is required of the police department in the city."

It's a complicated problem. "I feel sorry for the university. It would probably cost a lot to secure all the buildings," says the rape victim. "But I think a campus does owe you some security. They seem to be responding, but only after somebody is hurt."

INFORMATION ON RAPE

The Suffolk County, N.Y., Victims Information Bureau has put together a free information packet on rape especially for Journal readers. It contains material on myths concerning rape, rights of rape victims, rape prevention, what to do and where to get help if you are a victim, a description of current state laws. Write: James Walsh, Executive Director, Victims Information Bureau, 501 Route 111, Hauppauge, N.Y. 11787

CITIZEN ACTION

While experts seek the causes and cures for the alarming rise in crime, thousands of concerned citizens are trying to do something about it – right now. They're organizing to aid the police by patrolling their communities; to encourage witnesses to report crimes and testify; to counsel their neighbors on security and self-defense; to reform the criminal-

"THE PUBLIC IS NOT HELPLESS!"

...In a suburb of Seattle, Lola Linstad's 19-year-old daughter, Vonnie Stuth, was murdered in 1974 by a man already convicted and wanted for committing violent crimes against women. Somehow, he had slipped through the net of justice. While Mrs. Linstad tried to cope with her sadness and rage, she found she was not alone. A year after the murder, she and a few other residents of the area formed the Committee of Families and Friends of Missing Persons and Violent Crime Victims, dedicated to supporting tougher sentences for those convicted of violent crime. Today, 150 friends and relatives of more than 40 victims of violence are represented.

Committee members have taught themselves enough about their government system to become an effective lobby in the Washington state legislature, backing the death penalty and mandatory minimum sentences. State Senator Kent Pullen has called the group "one of the most influential anti-crime organizations in the state."

They've also become "court watchers," sitting in on public trials, keeping track of the sentences imposed by judges and advocating that those jurists who seem too soft on criminals be unseated. With money raised through membership contributions, private donations and events such as garage sales, they send out mailings to enlist community support. They believe their efforts paid off this year when two judges they had rated unfavorably were not re-elected. The Seattle police, like police everywhere, complain that they keep putting the same people behind bars and are pleased with the committee's efforts. Says Seattle Police Chief Robert Hansen: "I have always been a firm believer that police agencies alone are not going to have an impact on crime. This group is a prime example of the kind of citizen concern we need."

Gary Addison Taylor, the murderer of Vonnie Stuth, Mrs. Linstad's daughter, had a long police record. Taylor was first arrested at the age of 18 and accused of beating a Florida woman, the 18th such attack in the area. He was tried on only one charge and acquitted. Three years later, in Michigan, Taylor confessed to being the sniper who had shot 16 women, wounding four seriously, and was committed to a hospital for the criminally insane. In 1960, he was transferred to a Detroit clinic, but never returned from temporary leave. Arrested four months later and accused of assaulting four women, he was whisked back to the hospital without trial. By 1970, he was an outpatient and returned sporadically for treatment until mid-1973, when he became, legally, an escaped mental patient.

Police in the Seattle area began searching for Taylor, then 39, on Thanksgiving day, 1974, when Vonnie Stuth's husband reported her missing. Taylor, who lived near the Stuths and fit the description of the man last seen with Vonnie, became a prime suspect. Brought in for questioning, he denied any knowledge of Mrs. Stuth's disappearance and was released. Why? Because despite Taylor's incredible record of violent crime, a check with the National Crime Information Center, a computerized network that puts law enforcers in touch with all "wants and warrants," yielded no information on him. A few days later, Gary Addison Taylor vanished.

Taylor was, in fact, wanted by Michigan authorities. A nationwide alert bulletin on him was to have been issued by Michigan authorities on November 6, 1974 – 18 months after his last visit to the mental hospital, and almost three weeks before Vonnie Stuth was murdered. But Seattle police did not receive the bulletin; they did not learn of Taylor's criminal record until seven weeks after Mrs. Stuth's disappearance.

Six months after Vonnie Stuth disappeared, police in Houston, Tex., arrested Taylor on a rape charge. Once in custody, he confessed to sexually attacking four Houston women and murdering another – and said he had murdered Vonnie Stuth, shooting her twice in the head. The bodies of two other women were found buried in the backyard of his Michigan home.

With the understanding that he would not be prosecuted in either the Texas or Michigan cases, Taylor agreed to plead guilty to the second-degree murder of Vonnie Stuth. In April, 1976, he was sentenced to life imprisonment. However, in Washington, the mandatory minimum for second-degree murder is 10 years – plus a five-year consecutive sentence for using a deadly weapon. Thus, Gary Taylor could be free in 15 years, at age 57.

"The public is not helpless," says Mrs. Linstad. "We need only to become informed and to be heard." Her message: unredeemable criminals must be separated from the society they threaten.

—Ann Stackhouse Rule

"WE HAVE LOST OUR RIGHT TO LIVE WITHOUT FEAR!"

...In Daly City, Calif., a suburb of San Francisco, Harold Calder's home was broken into three times in one week last year. "My wife's purse had been snatched, she was held up at gunpoint, my son at knifepoint," says Calder, an accountant for a supermarket chain. He decided that he'd had enough and, with 150 other residents, organized the Crocker Neighborhood Association. "We have lost our right to live without fear. It's a disgrace," says Calder, whose organization has come up with some innovative and controversial crime-curbing programs.

All members, for example, have placed a camera in the front window of their homes. When anyone knocks on the door, a photograph is automatically taken and the film is later sent to the local police. "It's the last thing a burglar wants. Just the fact that the camera is there scares people off," explains Calder.

ustice system by opposing judges, legislation and programs they believe are too soft on awbreakers – and much more. Here is a nationwide report on a few crime-fighting groups, plus suggestions for citizens who want to join the anti-crime crusade that's sweeping he country, not in a vigilante emotionalism, but with sane, solid methods.

The association is divided into ome alert surveillance groups that eep a close eye on each other's roperty. They also hold home ecurity inspections, engrave their ossessions with an identifying num- er to make it difficult for burglars o sell stolen property, carry high- itched whistles to use as distress ignals and offer a reward of up to 500 for information leading to the rrest and conviction of persons com- nitting a crime against a CNA ember or any elderly resident of he community. With money collected rom dues, association members istribute flyers to their neighbors etting them know about crimes in he area. "People are shocked to earn about burglaries that occur ight on their own block. The more oncerned they are, the more alert hey will be," says Calder.

Lieutenant Thomas Culley of the Daly City Police Department, who vorks closely with the group, ad- mires their interest but questions the ffectiveness of their programs. "hey haven't sent us a picture of a urglar yet, or paid a reward. But hey *are* making people more aware hat they have to look after each ther," he says.

In addition to setting up immediate leterrents to crime, the association as a long-term goal: "The judicial ystem doesn't protect the law- biding citizen," charges Calder. Bleeding heart judges and others re not deterring criminals. Under no ircumstances should crime ever pay. 'he travesty is that it does." Calder opes that someday the association an join forces with other similar roups in the Bay area to make sure hat reforms are made.

THE SECRET WITNESS

..In St. Louis, a woman recently honed the Secret Witness operator t the offices of the Women's Crusade Against Crime and reported that a eroin-pushing operation was going n right in her own neighborhood. The details were relayed to the roper authorities, and within a week a $3,000-a-day drug business was broken up.

The Secret Witness is just one of the many crime-fighting programs of the Crusade, which was started seven years ago by a small group of women. Their original goal was the passage of an anti-crime bond issue for additional police officers, street lights and a new juvenile detention center. When the bond issue passed, the women decided to take on other projects. In 1972, with the support of local authorities, they applied for, and received, funding from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, a federal agency that allocates funds to local and state governments for their anti-crime programs. (The Law Enforcement Assistance Administration was created in 1968 by the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Street Act. So far, this federal agency has turned over millions of dollars to citizen crime-fighting groups. Read about some of these groups and how they got started in the free booklet, "Community Crime Prevention." Write: L.E.A.A., Public Information Office, 633 Indiana Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20531.) The group grew larger, more organized and effective, and today has 3,000 members.

The women of the Crusade divide into committees to study specific crime problems, work up a proposal and enlist community support through mailings. Then, because they have built up a good working relationship with government, court and police officials, they can often get results. A few of their accomplishments: the recruitment of thousands of "crime blockers," citizens trained by the police to report crimes and suspicious incidents, the speeding up of trials (the group has an active court-watching system) by urging the hiring of additional court reporters and staffing an information desk at the courthouse; the employment of more women by the police department and the formation of a rape squad; improvement of conditions and services at the city jail and workhouse; and better police protection for witnesses of crimes.

With the advice and personal assistance of the Crusaders, other branches have been opened in Baltimore, Morganton, N.C., Columbus, Ohio and New Orleans. To find out all about their programs and how to start a Crusade in your area, send for their free booklet, A Crusade in Action. Write: The Women's Crusade Against Crime, 1221 Locust St., St. Louis, Missouri 63103.

WATCHING OUT FOR BURGLARS

"Burglary is one of the most serious and rapidly increasing major crimes facing law enforcement agencies in the suburban and rural areas," says Ferris Lucas, Executive Director of the National Sheriffs' Association. In 1972, with funding from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, the group set up the National Neighborhood Watch Program to help local law enforcement agencies teach citizens how to protect their own property. More than 1,600 agencies have signed up and distributed over 65 million pieces of crime prevention literature, in addition to conducting home security inspections, recruiting "block watchers" and doing whatever they can to help citizens become less vulnerable to burglars. Last year, for the first time, Neighborhood Watch began distributing free materials directly to citizen groups. To receive a free sample kit (home-security instruction booklets, burglar warning decals and other printed materials), write: NNW, National Sheriffs' Association, 1250 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. They will charge only the cost of mailing for bulk orders.

F. LEE BAILEY, *attorney:*
When one is seeking to mortally wound an enemy, one goes for the jugular. The jugular of large crime (but not passionate crime) is cash. Without it, drugs couldn't be sold, illicit gambling couldn't exist, hookers would have to quit or take credit cards and corrupt public officials would have to do the same. Honest people have no need to carry large amounts of cash. They have checkbooks, credit cards, charge accounts. The few who must carry cash could be licensed to do so. All others could be limited to possession of no more than $200. As to those who offend because of emotion, frustration or deprivation, frankly, I have no easy answer.

BRIAN GARFIELD,
author of the novel "Death Wish":
A particular work of fiction may inspire a crime or two. But...will censorship reduce crime? Can we presume to tell the purveyors of news and entertainment what they can and cannot show? It can't be done with justice—and, in any case, you can't deal with crime by chastising entertainers; you can deal with crime only by dealing with criminals. At the moment, crime is profitable, the risks minimal. This is largely because our criminal justice system has rotted. There must be a balance between the rights of the accused and the rights of victims or potential victims. A system of justice must protect all of us—not just the criminals. Perhaps we're still more apathetic than alarmed. Possibly, before we take action, we all need to be mugged.

CLARENCE M. KELLEY,
Director of the FBI:
There is convincing evidence that as much as two-thirds of all crimes are committed by repeat offenders. Their neutralization, whether through lengthy imprisonment or rehabilitation, should be the prime objective of professionals and laymen alike.

MICHAEL J. CODD,
Police Commissioner, New York City:
We must start taking a harder position with both adult and juvenile criminals. Punishment must be swift and certain for all. I recommend mandatory prison sentences for repeaters and perpetrators of intentional crimes of violence. I recommend additional penalties for the use of firearms in the commission of crimes. Young criminals who commit serious crimes should be made to answer for their crimes. And correctional programs must concentrate on practical vocational training so that released prisoners can become self-supporting upon their return to the community.

CONNIE FRANCIS, *singer-actress (Miss Francis was raped by an intruder in her Long Island motel room in 1974. She says the resulting trauma has ended her career.):*
More quality police officers, prosecutors and judges with better salaries to attract the finest people to law enforcement's ranks; higher priorities to all our courts' needs; an end to plea bargaining; stringent punishment for all offenders; heavy bail for second offenders and those in violent crime; reinstatement of capital punishment; and bigger—not prettier—prisons. Also, de-emphasize such "crimes" as gambling and prostitution and direct greater attention to violent crimes against people. The cost will be high, but the problem is serious. The money can come from our defense budget because our first priority must be a sense of safety on our streets. Peace of mind to the elderly, to mothers, daughters and sisters is far more important than the abstraction of losing out in the world struggle for ideological supremacy. Ask me—I know.

DO YOU CARE ENOUGH TO GIVE US YOUR NAME?

President Carter has already indicated that he will consider the fight against violent crime one of our prime national priorities. Ladies' Home Journal would like to present to him – or his designated representative – evidence that American women are concerned, involved and eager to fight back against violent crime. Please fill out this coupon and mail to CRIME, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. We'll report back on developments in future issues of the Journal.

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- ☐ Court reform
- ☐ Citizen anti-crime groups
- ☐ Juvenile offenders
- ☐ Criminal justice system improvement
- ☐ Rape law reform
- ☐ Drug abuse prevention and treatment
- ☐ Gun control
- ☐ Prison reform and rehabilitation
- ☐ Safety measures on the streets
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ARTHRITIS UPDATE

What you should know about the disease that afflicts millions of women. A progress report by Ruth Winter

Lots of people have arthritis—among them, Lucille Ball, Jane Wyman, Katharine Hepburn, Rock Hudson, Elvis Presley and former President and Mrs. Ford. So common is arthritis that chances are good that you will have it someday, if you don't already. There are nearly 100 forms of arthritis, several with hardly any symptoms, and others excruciatingly painful. And it doesn't just strike old people—in the United States alone, 250,000 children, some of them only a few days old, have arthritis. Furthermore, though no one knows why, three times as many women as men are afflicted.

But now good news. In recent years, progress has been made in understanding and treating the ailments that fall under that wide umbrella known as "arthritis."

"Arthritis" literally means "inflammation of the joint." In rheumatoid arthritis, which affects five million people, the joints of the hands, arms, legs and feet are the main targets. But it also attacks connective tissue throughout the body and can damage internal organs.

Rheumatoid arthritis may first appear after an acute infection, as it did with Lucille Ball. When she was 17 and an aspiring actress and model, Lucy contracted pneumonia after an automobile accident left her lying in a snow drift all night. "When I recovered from the pneumonia, I tried to go back to work, but I collapsed," Lucy recalled. "I had developed rheumatoid arthritis. For two years I had trouble walking and needed a lot of care."

She is still troubled by occasional rheumatoid pains. "But I keep my joints limber by exercising every day and I eat a balanced diet and try to get plenty of rest," said Lucy, dispelling the myth that arthritis means permanent inactivity.

Gout, notorious as the disease of rich, over-indulgent men nursing swollen big toes, is actually an acutely painful form of arthritis. However, it is far more prevalent—and far more democratic—than generally believed. There are at least one million gout victims in the U.S. Jane Wyman is one of them.

Gout usually results from an inherited defect in the body's chemistry. In fact, Jane Wyman's daughter from her marriage to Ronald Reagan also has gout. The victim either produces too much uric acid, a normal body substance, or produces it faster than the kidneys can get rid of it. The excess uric acid forms needle-like crystals in the joints, leading to severe inflammation. The affected joints (gout usually starts in the big toe) become hot, swollen and exquisitely tender.

"I began to limp and thought perhaps I had hurt my left ankle without knowing it," Jane recalled. "Then my elbow began to hurt and I thought I had bursitis [an arthritic disease affecting sac-cushions within a joint]. My physician took a blood test and told me I had gout."

Gout was actually the first major form of rheumatic disease to be conquered by science. Diet and medication comfortably control the levels of uric acid. Jane Wyman has returned to her usual active life, including working for the Arthritis Foundation, which supports research and treatment centers around the country.

Jane Robinson, a well-known public relations executive and the widow of actor Edward G. Robinson, suffers from another form of arthritis—systemic lupus erythematosus. "Lupus" means "wolf" in Latin and "erythematosus" means "redness." The name comes from the fact that the skin damage caused by the disease looks like a wolf bite. Systemic lupus erythematosus, or "lupus" for short, inflames and damages the connective tissues throughout the body and affects the skin, joints and internal organs. Like rheumatoid arthritis, lupus is a chronic affliction, with unpredictable flare-ups. It is difficult to diagnose correctly. "The skin rash is very similar to the symptoms of syphilis," Jane Robinson says, "and it is often mistaken for it. In fact one of the philanthropists who supports lupus research had a daughter who died from the disease. At first she was diagnosed as having syphilis. But she swore that she was a virgin."

Jane's lupus was diagnosed five years ago, but she is convinced that *(continued)*



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ARTHRITIS UPDATE

continued

she suffered from it for 15 years before that. "I often had tremendous joint pains and sudden, high fevers. I'd be given an antibiotic, but the fever and pain would always recur."

The most frequent victims of lupus are young women between the ages of 20 and 40, but it can occur at any age—and in males as well. Although there is still no cure for lupus, the prognosis for its victims has improved dramatically in the last 20 years. In 1953, only 40 percent lived three years after diagnosis. Today, doctors report 90 percent survival for 10 years or more.

Elvis Presley has been hospitalized repeatedly in the past few years because of arthritis. He is said to suffer from Reiter's Syndrome, an ailment characterized by inflammation of the urinary tract, eye irritation and severe joint pain. Elvis's disease, coincidentally, is yielding new information that may lead to the cause of arthritis. These findings confirm what many researchers had suspected for years—that arthritis is caused by an inherited predisposition to the disease, plus an environmental agent.

Detective-like research

The search to prove this theory sounds like a detective story.

In 1973, two British scientists, Dr. Rodney Bluestone and Dr. Earl Brewerton, reported the discovery of W-27, a genetic (inherited) factor in the blood. They found that 90 percent of the victims of crippling arthritis of the spine had this factor.

Then two American researchers, Dr. Andrei Calin and Dr. James Fries of Stanford, did further work with the W-27 factor. They began to wonder whether victims of Reiter's Syndrome, which occurs after infectious diseases, might also have the significant factor.

The doctors recalled an interesting incident ten years ago involving Reiter's Syndrome. The U.S. Navy warship *Little Rock* had held an onshore picnic celebration for all 1,276 crew members. Shortly after the ship returned to sea, 602 men came down with an intestinal illness, shigella dysentery. Within 16 days, nine of the affected crew also developed Reiter's Syndrome.

The Stanford researchers set out to locate those nine crew members and find out whether or not they had the fateful W-27 factor. By persistent detective work, they tracked down five of the nine men. All were still suffering from eye irritation and joint and back pain—ten years later. This illustrates how a single infectious exposure can cause enduring arthritis. The researchers' efforts were rewarded: four out of the five men tested positive for W-27, and the fifth had another unusual genetic factor.

A Finnish physician did a similar study of a 1943 shigella dysentery outbreak affecting 100,000 men. Of that number, 344 developed Reiter's Syndrome. Tests showed that all the Reiter's victims had the W-27 factor.

Scientists are still theorizing about the full significance of the W-27 genetic factor. What apparently happens in arthritis is this: The body's defensive troops—among them the white blood cells, the thymus (T) cells, the bone marrow (B) cells and the antibodies—fight invading viruses, bacteria, allergens or injuries. Sometimes, for reasons not entirely clear, certain defensive troops start destroying everything around them, not just the enemy. The result is a self-destructive (autoimmune) disease such as arthritis. People with inherited predispositions to diseases—the W-27 group, for instance—are probably harboring these unstable cells that go berserk when provoked by an invading, or environmental, agent.

There may even be such an autoimmune process at work in victims of osteoarthritis, the "wear and tear" disease, which affects 90 percent of everyone who lives long enough. Osteoarthritis, or "degenerative joint disease," is usually mild, non-inflammatory and does not cause general illness. But sometimes it can cause severe pain and disability. This form of arthritis afflicts both former President and Mrs. Ford.

Scientists generally agree that "osteo" is caused by a structural change in the cartilage that caps and cushions bone endings where they meet in the joint. Joint cartilage has two main functions: 1. it has to absorb the great stress put on joints (during walking, for example, the hip and knee joints are subjected to six times the person's weight. For a 120-pound woman, this amounts to 720 pounds per step); 2. the joint cartilage must provide a smooth, slippery surface so that the joint moves easily.

One of the first changes noted in osteoarthritis is the softening of the cartilage itself and then, later, pitting. Many studies concerning the chemistry of the cartilage are now in progress and offer hope that such destruction may some day be prevented.

In the meantime, other remedies can be employed. Surgery, although not necessary for most arthritis victims, can be highly successful. While it cannot cure, it *can* relieve pain, restore function of the joint, improve appearance and enable a patient to care for herself and earn a living. It may delay or arrest further destruction of the joint or even save an unaffected joint upon which the patient puts undue stress.

There are a variety of surgical options in the treatment of arthritis, from simple repairs to complete replacement of joints. Operations involving total joint replacement have met with much success and are on the increase.

Rock Hudson, for example, was in agony for years because of arthritis in the big toe of his right foot. Two years ago, he had an operation in which the damaged material was removed and an artificial joint implanted. "I've never had any pain in my toe since," Hudson says.

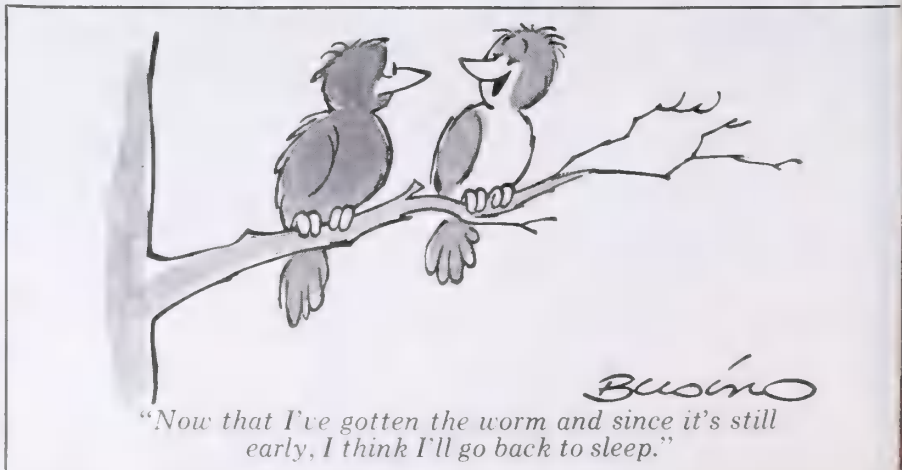
Hand surgery for arthritis is more common than the foot surgery that Rock Hudson had. Rheumatoid arthritis can twist and gnarl the fingers so that patients want the joints replaced for both functional and cosmetic reasons.

Another troublesome joint is the shoulder. Dr. Charles Neer of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University in New York, has designed a shoulder that is now being "worn" by patients whose own shoulder joints have been destroyed by arthritis.

Elbow prostheses, which are not too much in demand despite "tennis elbows," have not yet been perfected.

The knee is a prime candidate for replacement, since it is frequently affected by arthritis. The knee is a very delicate precision instrument with a great deal of flexibility and it must carry the full weight of the body. It is also in a very vulnerable spot. There are a few good

(continued on page 8)



"Now that I've gotten the worm and since it's still early, I think I'll go back to sleep."

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To enter, send in the entry blank below. For extra entry blanks, go to your favorite Fisher-Price toy dealer. No purchase or payment of any kind is necessary, although we think you'll have fun looking at the newest Fisher-Price toys while you're there.

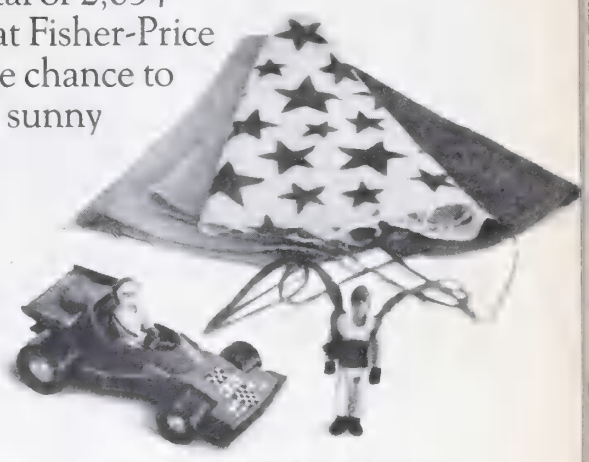
There will be a total of 2,054 wonderful prizes. And at Fisher-Price we'll win a prize, too: the chance to see all those marvelous, sunny young faces.



67 winners under 18 months old will get a Click N'Clatter Car nd 5 new Teethers and Rattles from our Crib & Playpen collection.



667 winners from 18 months to 4 years will get a new Kermit the Frog Muppet Toy® and a Puzzle Puppy from our Preschool collection.



667 winners from 4 to 9 years will get a new Daredevil Skydiver and a Super Speed Racer from our Adventure People collection

SUNNY FACES PHOTO FESTIVAL OFFICIAL RULES & ENTRY BLANK.

1. To enter, complete the official entry blank. Or print your name, address, zip code and me of your Fisher-Price dealer on a plain 3" X 5" piece of paper. Entry forms are also available your Fisher-Price dealer.

2. Each entry must be accompanied by a recent snapshot of a child (black & white, or color ken in the last 6 months and no larger then 4" X 5"). Write the child's name, birth date, address d zip code on back of photo.

3. Include the words "Fisher-Price Toys" cut from a Fisher-Price package or printed on a in piece of 3" X 5" paper. No purchase or adjustment necessary.

4. All children from birth up to 9 years old are eligible. *Only one entry per child.* Mail your try to: SUNNY FACE PHOTO FESTIVAL, P.O. Box 1220, Maple Plain, Minn. 55348.

5. Entries must be postmarked by April 15, 1977 and received by April 30, 1977. Entries inted by machine or computer will not be accepted.

6. Winners will be determined in a random drawing under the supervision of an independent ganization, whose decisions are final. Odds of winning are based on total number of entries ceived. No cash equivalent or substitute prizes will be awarded. Prizes are not transferable. l prizes will be awarded. All prizewinners will be notified by mail. Prizewinners and parents legal guardians will be required to sign a statement permitting use of prizewinner's name and/or ture for promotional purposes.

7. The Sunny Faces Photo Festival is open to all residents of the United States. Employees d their families of Fisher-Price Toys, Quaker Oats and its affiliated companies, its advertising encies and the Maple Plain Co., the supervisory organization, are not eligible. The Sunny Face oto Festival is subject to all Federal, State and any local or applicable laws and regulations. id in Missouri, and wherever else prohibited by law.

8. For a list of Grand Prize and Second Prize winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Sunny Face Winners, P.O. Box 875, Maple Plain, Minn. 55348.

9. All entries and photos become the property of Fisher-Price Toys. None will be returned.

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LHJ-3

Psychiatrist's notebook

By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

What happens when wife and husband disagree about where to live? Why do you make those Freudian slips of the tongue? And is Dr. Rubin (the Formerly Fat Psychiatrist) still winning his battle with the bulge?

I want to move to the suburbs because I feel it would be better for our children. My husband wants to stay in the city. All other things being equal, which environment do you think is better for the children's emotional health?

When "all other things" are truly equal (and increasingly they are, as city problems migrate to the suburbs), I believe children thrive in either environment. The important thing is that family relationships be fairly healthy. You and your husband should try to discuss this in terms of your own feelings—not simply "for the sake of the children"—since it is most important for them to have parents who are reasonably happy with each other.

Since you disagree, obviously one of you will have to compromise. You and your husband should take the time to share your real feelings with each other, and consider the alternatives and possible outcomes of both decisions. For example, would a long commute make him irritable, or cut into time better spent with you and the children? Can you identify exactly what you dislike about city living—a sense of isolation, crime, noise? Are you certain that your dissatisfaction would not continue in a different setting? Is the excitement of city life—or the relative peacefulness of suburban living—an integral part of either partner's personality, interests or upbringing?

If you can be honest and open with each other about this, you may even discover feelings neither of you had recognized before; conceivably, this disagreement may involve more than the question of where to live. But the only way to find out is to talk.

I just read your book, "The Thin Book By a Formerly Fat Psychiatrist." Are you still thin? What diet do you follow?

I last reported on my weight about five years ago, so I guess it is time for a progress report. Yes, my weight is okay. This morning I weighed 187 pounds (I am 6'2" tall). About 20 years ago, I weighed 255. I don't think obesity is "curable," but it is controllable with constant watching. I try to eat small portions of a regular, balanced diet. If my weight should go up to 190, I immediately diet more stringently. So far, so good.

Perhaps this is a naive question, but I would like your definition of "relationship." This seems to be a catchword of the '70s; it appears everywhere as if everybody using the word agreed on its meaning.

I don't think your question is naive at all; you're right about the unthinking overuse of the word, and I'm glad for the opportunity to give my own definition. For me a relationship is primarily a matter of how I feel about someone else and the kind of feelings that develop between the two of us. This includes how much we care as well as how closed or relatively open we are with each other.

Relating doesn't only include what and how we feel, but also showing each other what we feel—with words, motions, touches, looks. Obviously, some relationships are shallow, stunted and limited. Others are duplicitous, devious, manipulative and designed for exploitation and self-gain. Still others are open, warm, honest and designed to promote greater closeness without impinging on either person's individuality and freedom.

Both constructive and destructive elements are always present, since the individuals involved are human and therefore always imperfect; it is the *ratio* of these elements that determines whether a relationship is predominantly healthy or sick. No relationship is simple, because people are never simple.

Sometimes I like to think of each relationship as a special language, which any two people start to invent and build and add to from the moment they meet. That language will consist of all they have in common, all they give to and get from each other and the mutual respect and understanding they build. That language will be as rich as each person's contribution.

Can you explain why a person who's upset or hurried would say the exact opposite of what she intended? For example, the other day I called my husband "Pop," my father's nickname.

Often when our guard is down, these so-called "Freudian slips" reveal our true feelings about issues, people and ourselves. These self-revelations are often very close to the surface of awareness, and need only that unguarded moment to come out. Though these slips can be embarrassing, they can also be helpful clues to our own hidden feelings. Perhaps your father has been more on your mind than you realized. **End**

Dr. Rubin is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of "Reflections In a Goldfish Tank" (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc.). If you have questions you would like Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.

Fact: If you're concerned about smoking, you should know something about gas.

You might not know it, but cigarette smoke is mostly gas—many different kinds. Not just 'tar' and nicotine.

And despite what we tobacco people think, some critics of smoking say it's just as important to cut down on some of the gases as it is to lower 'tar' and nicotine.

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Fact is the first cigarette with the revolutionary Purite® filter. And Fact reduces gas concentrations while it reduces 'tar' and nicotine.

Read the pack. It tells how you get the first low gas, low 'tar' smoke with good, rich taste.

Taste as good as the leading king-size brand.

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Fact: The low gas, low 'tar.'

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular, 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Menthol, 13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

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ARTHRITIS UPDATE

(Continued from page 78)

prosthetic knees in use, but according to Dr. Roderick H. Turner, a Boston orthopedic surgeon, "They are like model-T Fords—superior to the horse and buggy but not the modern car."

The biggest success in major arthritis surgery is hip replacement. The hip is a frequent target of both osteoarthritis and rheumatoid arthritis. Arthritis of the hip can be very painful, night and day, no matter whether the sufferer stands, sits or lies down. But the hip, unlike the knee, is a simple joint.

With hip replacements of stainless steel or Vitallium, set in a cup of polyethylene and cemented in place, most patients can walk within a few days. Age is no barrier and the success rate is 95 percent. You'd never suspect, for instance, that Katharine Hepburn walks around with a total hip replacement—or that former senator Margaret Chase Smith has also had the operation.

Ideally, however, if proper treatment is started early, most arthritics would never need surgery. What's proper treatment for rheumatoid arthritis—the most common serious form of the disease?

Dr. Bernard Rogoff, associate clinical professor of medicine at Cornell University Medical College and one of 2,000 American rheumatologists, says: "We have a basic plan of managemer erybody starts on aspirin, if it tolerated. For a number of patie pirin is all that is needed, combine physical therapy, rest and exerci

"If that does not work, then n approach is to use gold. [Yes, rea in the form of gold salts, admin by injection. No one knows just works.] Aspirin and gold may b toxic, but in a different way. Aspi cause gastrointestinal irritation a creased blood loss through the sto side effects of gold are mostly sk mucous membrane reactions. Bl kidney side effects occur infreq Also, gold takes two months t up to an effective level.

"There is no more potent and d able anti-inflammatory agent tha sone," Dr. Rogoff said, "but aga side effects may be severe. That arthritic patients receiving medic including aspirin, should be unde medical supervision."

In the last ten years, more t potential anti-arthritis drugs hav tested, and some are on the marke In addition, U.S. doctors have b perimenting with powerful immu pressant drugs to treat severe a cases that resist conventional t Such drugs are now officially ap for cancer patients. The drugs s the immune system and presuma inflammatory process, too. But th cations also lower defenses agains tion and have other serious side

Scientists and doctors are con striving to solve the riddle of a and to find more effective treatme this chronic, painful, frustrating They haven't come up with the cure, but they have made consi progress in helping arthritis victi comfortable lives. Ask Lucille Ba Wyman or Katharine Hepburn.

ARTHRITIS WARNING SI

Until the time when arthri completely understood, it's impo to watch for these early wa signs. Catching arthritis early prevent a lifetime of pain. (Fo ther information, write to Th thritis Foundation, 475 Riv Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027.)

1. Persistent pain and stiffness arising in the morning.
2. Pain or tenderness in one or joints.
3. Swelling in one or more joint
4. Recurrence of these symptom pecially when they involve than one joint.
5. Pain and stiffness in the neck, er back, knees and other join
6. Tingling sensations in the fi tips, hands and feet.
7. Unexplained weight loss, f weakness or fatigue.



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Duncan Hines
Alice—
Remember the lemon pound cake you said was fantastic? Here's "my" recipe you wanted!
Sue
P.S. My Orange + Devils Food pound cakes are pretty fantastic too.
DUNCAN HINES
LEMON SUPREME POUND CAKE
(Makes 12-16 servings)
1 pkg. Duncan Hines Deluxe II Lemon Supreme Cake Mix
1 pkg. lemon instant pudding mix (4 serving size)
1 cup water
4 eggs
½ cup Crisco Oil*
Preheat oven to 350° Blend all ingredients in a large bowl, beat at medium speed for 2 minutes. Bake in a greased and floured tube pan, 10 inch or fluted, at 350° for 45-55 minutes, until center springs back when touched lightly. Cool 25 minutes in pan, then invert onto serving plate.
GLAZE: Blend 1 cup confectioners sugar with either 2 tablespoons milk or 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Drizzle over cake.
*Crisco Oil is recommended as some other oils may cause the cake to fall.
Sue knows it's Duncan Hines layer cake mix that makes her pound cakes so moist and delicious. So cut out her recipe for "your" pound cake.
Duncan Hines
POUND CAKE RECIPE
DELUXE II
Lemon Supreme
CAKE MIX



GOLDA MEIR

An unforgettable interview with the lioness in winter.

BY JULIE NIXON EISENHOWER

Her eyes are full of pain and wisdom. But it is not unusual to see pain and the wisdom of many years in the eyes of a woman in her eighth decade. Nor is it surprising that those eyes are framed in deep smile lines. What was unexpected were the lightning changes from dark brooding to gentle concern.

And there was no fire in Golda Meir's eyes.

I had expected fire.

When Prime Minister Meir returned to her old elementary school in Milwaukee after more than 60 years, she told the children to get involved in "causes which are good for others, not only for yourselves." There has always been a cause for Golda. Her passionate belief in the concept of living for a cause or for duty has often made her a driven woman. It is Israel's good fortune that the cause she embraced as a very young woman was that of a Jewish homeland.

She has seen her dream of a Jewish state come true, although Israel is still not accepted by her Arab neighbors, and year after year Golda Meir's hopes of establishing a lasting peace have remained only that—hopes. Yet she does not give up. She has a cause and nothing can discourage her, neither chronic incapacitating migraines nor phlebitis-swollen legs, neither disappointment in people or in nations, neither military disasters nor political defeat.

How is it that this woman *(continued on page 154)*

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OLIVER'S STORY

June 1969

"Oliver, you're sick."

"I'm what?"

"You're very sick."

The expert who pronounced this startling verdict had come late in life to medicine. In fact, until today I thought he was a pastry chef. His name was Philip Cavilleri. Once upon a time his daughter Jenny was my wife. She died. And we remained, our legacy from her, to be each other's guardian. Therefore, once a month I'd either visit him in Cranston where we'd bowl and booze and eat exotic pizzas, or, he would join me in New York to run an equally exciting gamut of activities. But today when he descended from the train, he offered that astounding diagnosis.

"Oliver, you're sick."

"Really, Philip? In your sage professional opinion, what is wrong with me?"

"You aren't married."

Then without expatiating further, he just turned and, carrying his leatherette valise, made for the exit.

Morning sunlight made the city's glass and steel seem almost friendly. So we both agreed to walk the twenty blocks to what I jocularly called my bachelor pad. At

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A JOURNAL EXCLUSIVE!
THE LONG-AWAITED SEQUEL TO "LOVE STORY"—THE MOST ROMANTIC NOVEL OF THE '70s. BY ERICH SEGAL Part One

47th Street and Park, Phil turned and asked, "How have your evenings been?"

"Oh, busy," I replied.

"Busy, huh? That's good. Who with?"

"The Midnight Raiders."

"Who are they—a street gang or a rock group?"

"It's a bunch of lawyers volunteering time in Harlem."

"How many nights a week?"

"Only three," I said. "I wish it could be more."

Again we strolled uptown in silence.

At 53rd and Park Phil broke his silence once again. "That still leaves four nights."

"I've got a lot of office homework, too. And I'm down in Washington a lot. I'm arguing a First Amendment case before the Court next month."

"How's Washington for girls?" Philip asked oh-so-casually.

"I don't know," I shrugged and walked along.

At 61st and Park, Phil Cavilleri stopped and looked me in the eye.

"Just when do you intend to plug your motor into life again?"

"It hasn't been that long," I said.

"Two years," said Philip Cavilleri. *(continued)*

Painting by Ted CoConis

"Eighteen months," I then corrected him.

"Yeah, well . . ." he answered, gravelly voice trailing off. Betraying that he too still felt the cold of that December day but . . . eighteen months ago.

In the remaining blocks I tried to warm things up again by touting the apartment I had rented since he last was here.

"So this is it?" asked Phil as he looked around, an eyebrow raised. Everything was very orderly and neat. I'd had a lady come that morning specially.

"Hey," I said, "my needs are very simple."

"I should say. Most rats in Cranston live as good as this."

I think I could successfully have argued an invasion of my privacy.

"Look, Philip, where I live is my own business."

"Hey, look, I know you're out to win the Nobel Prize for suffering, but I just won't allow it. Do you hear me?"

He was fulminating now.

"Oliver," quoth Philip Cavilleri, now turned priest S.J., "I'm going to save your soul. And you will heed me."

"Yes, Father Philip. What precisely should I do?"

"Get married, Oliver."



We buried Jenny early one December morning. Luckily, because a huge New England storm made snowy statues of the world by afternoon.

My parents asked me if I'd go back to Boston with them on the train. I declined as politely as I could, insisting Philip needed me or he would crack. In truth, it was the other way around. Since all my life I'd been immured from human loss and hurt, I needed Phil to teach me how to grieve.

"Please be in touch," said Father.

"Yes I will." I shook his hand and kissed my mother's cheek.

At first the Cavilleri house was noisy. Relatives were loath to let the two of us alone. But one by one, they peeled away—for naturally they all had families to go to.

And finally we sat there, just the two of us.

Now, with no distractions, I began to feel the novocaine of ceremony wearing off. Before I had imagined I was hurting. Now I knew that I'd been nearly numb. The agony was just beginning.

My parents called up every evening.

"No, there's nothing, Mrs. Barrett," Phil would say to her. She'd obviously asked how she could . . . help.

"No, nothing, Father," I would say when my turn came. "But thanks."

Phil showed me secret pictures. Photos that were once forbidden me by my wife's most adamant command.

("I don't want Oliver to see me with my braces on!")

"But Jenny, you were very cute."

"I'm cuter now," she answered, very Jenny-like. Then added, "And no baby pictures either, Phil." And he'd put the albums back unopened.

Now today we looked. There were a lot of photographs.

Prominent in all the early ones was "Tresa" Cavilleri, Philip's wife.

"She looks like Jenny," I said to Phil.

"She was beautiful," he sighed.

Somewhere after Jenny's ba fat but prior to her braces, T're disappeared from the pictures.

"I shoulda never let her drive night," said Phil, as if the accid in which she died had just ha pened.

"How did you cope?" I aske "How could you bear it?" I h asked the question selfishly to he what remedy he might sugge that could balm for me.

"Who says that I could bear it Philip answered, "but at least had a little daughter . . ."

"To take care of . . ."

"To take care of me," he said.

"Is that why you never marri Phil? Because of Jenny?"

He looked at me and shook h head.

"Hey, Oliver—I had it onc And who am I to hope that G will give me two of what mo people never get at all?"

And then he sort of look away, regretting his betrayal of the truth to me.

On New Year's Day he pushed me on a homeward trai "Just remember that you promised to get back to work."

"You, too," I answered.

"It really helps. Believe me, Oliver, it helps."

Phil was right. Plunging into other people's leg problems I found an outlet for the anger I'd begu to feel. Someone, somehow cheated me, so thought. Something in the world's administratio the Establishment of Heaven. And I felt I shou be doing things to set it right. More and more found myself attracted to "miscarriages of justice." And, ma right then our garden had a lot of nasty weeds.

Owing to *Miranda versus Arizona* (86 S:Ct. 1602) I w a very busy boy. The Supreme Court now acknowledged th a suspect had to be informed he could be silent till he got lawyer. I didn't know how many had been previously hustle off to judgment—but I suddenly was angry for them all. Lil LeRoy Seeger, who was already put away in Attica when got his case through Civil Liberties.

Lee had been convicted on the basis of a signed confessio deftly (ah—but legally?) elicited from him after a lon interrogation. His retrial was one of the early New Yo cases to invoke *Miranda*. And we got him sprung. A litt retroactive justice.

"Thank you, man," he said to me and turned to kiss h tearful wife.

"Stay loose," I answered, moving off, incapable of sharin his happiness. And started walking off to slay more dragon

Oh, I was very angry.

I worked as late as possible. I didn't like to leave the offic Everything in our apartment somehow emanated Jenny. Th piano. And her books. The furniture we picked togethe Yeah, I sort of told myself that I should move. But I got n home so late it didn't seem to matter.

Until I opened up a door.

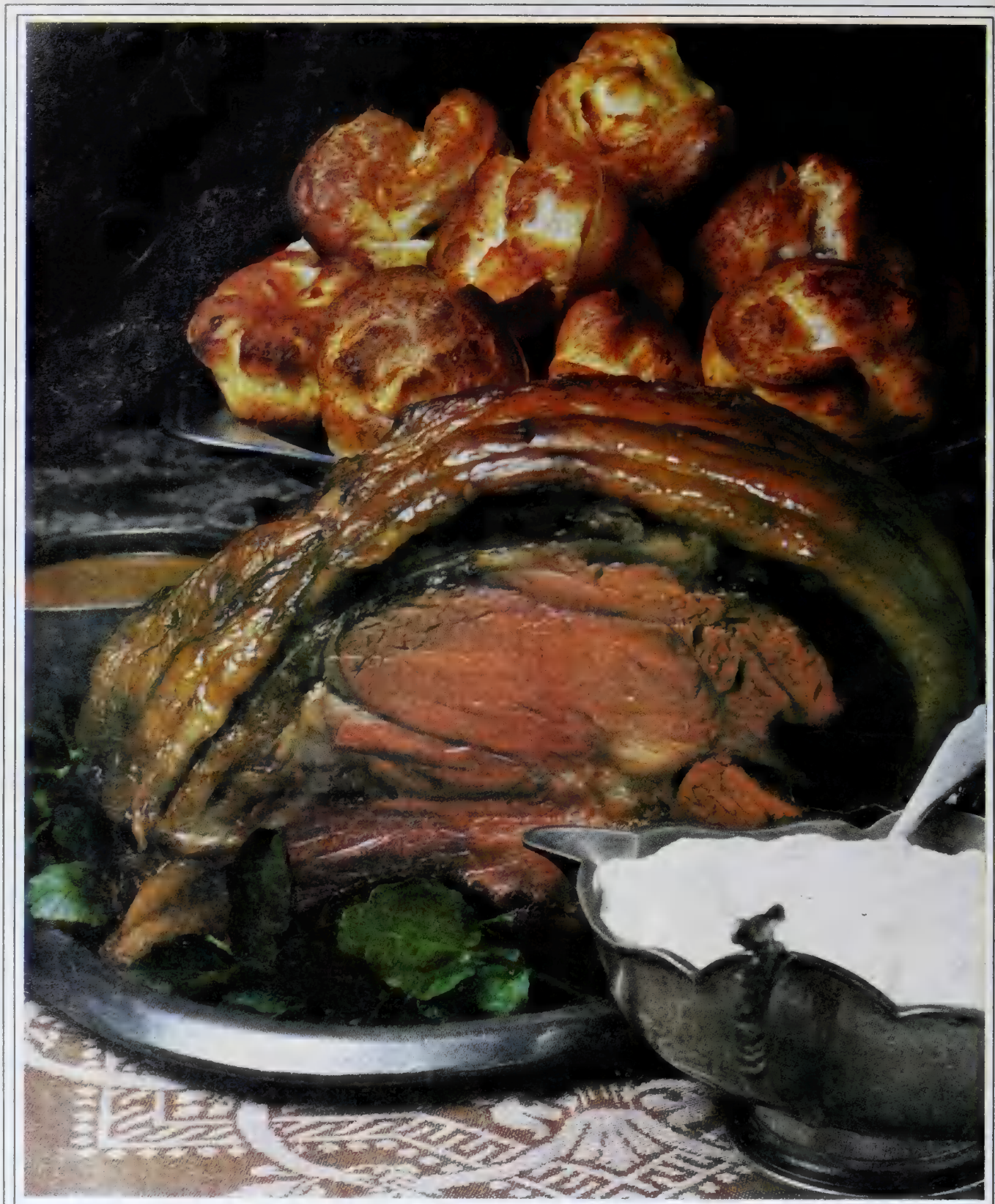
It was Jenny's closet that I had avoided till that da But somehow, foolishly, I opened it. And saw her clot ing. Jenny's dresses and her blouses and her scarves. H sweaters . . . even one from high school she'd refused to to away and used to wear, as mangy as it was. I can't tell yo what I thought as I stood staring at those silk and woolen sou venirs. Like maybe if I touched *(continued on page 14*



America's Favorite Foods

We're playing favorites this month. Although it's possible to guess what foods Americans like best, the Journal decided to seek out some answers from the source: women who cook for their families. In a recent survey, we canvassed the country, tapping ideas from women (ages 20-60) in over 20 cities and towns. (We were also guided by our many reader letters and Community Cookbook series.)

The results: ours is a land of straightforward tastes. Good ingredients, simply prepared, could be its motto. Roast beef rated a high 91%; macaroni and cheese, 83%; and fried chicken, 76%. The popularity of chili was perhaps the biggest surprise. Find *your* favorites on the next eight pages — and the Journal's special recipes for making each dish better than you've ever tasted. Plus, for fun, contest rules on joining our search for the perfect potato salad. By Sue B. Huffman, Food Editor. ➡





Fit for a King: Standing Rib Roast

No matter what the occasion—company dinner or family holiday—nothing stands out more than an elegant rib roast, simply cooked with a golden brown mantle and to the pink of perfection within. We serve it with its classic dinner partners—a thickened pan gravy, pungent horseradish sauce and mellow Yorkshire pudding. As a variation, we've made the Yorkshire pudding in muffin-tin servings, much like popovers. These recipes and other favorites on page 112.





By Popular Demand: Caesar Salad, Macaroni Pie

Of all the salads surveyed, mixed green was the pick of the crop. We took the news one step further—to hail the mighty Caesar salad. Long leaves of Romaine lettuce. Chunky garlic croutons. Gratings of Parmesan cheese. A gently coddled egg. Overall, a dressing spiced with anchovies. / Macaroni and cheese was a double winner. Everyone's favorite casserole—and cheese dish. Ours is a departure from tradition. It's baked in a rich cheese-flavored pastry crust.





Chocolate Choices: Double-fudge Cake, Chip Cookies

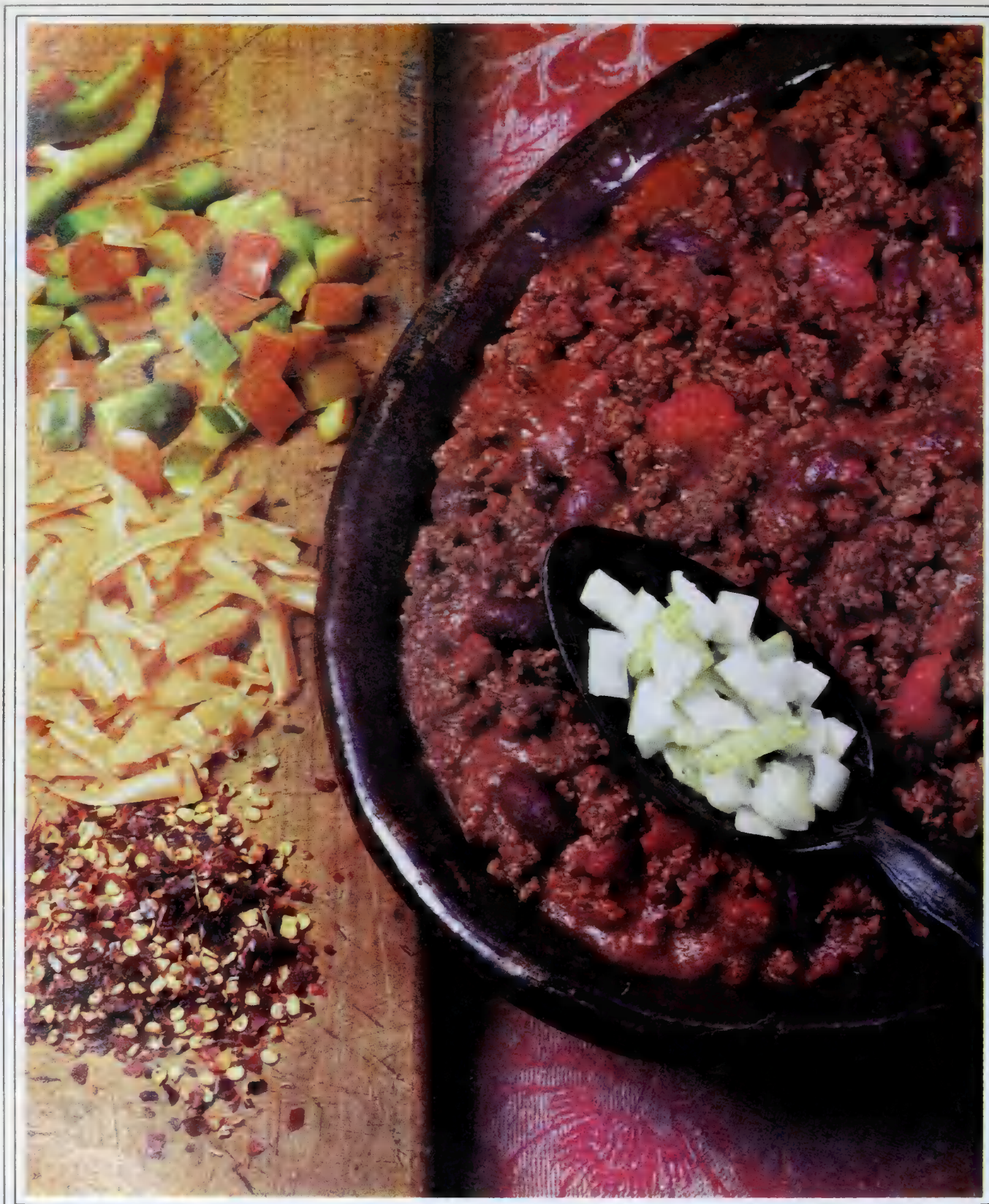
There is nothing better than really fudge-y all-chocolate cake to satisfy one's sweet tooth. And we think this recipe's the absolute best. It's moist, heavenly rich and three-layers high, spread with a velvety fudge frosting, a sprinkling of walnuts. / Although we can't imagine a world without chocolate chip cookies, the melt-in-your-mouth morsels have only been around since the late 30's. Our version is classic, with five variations—coconut, crunch, cereal crisp, bourbon and spice.





Old-fashioned Muffins: Corn, Bran and Blueberry

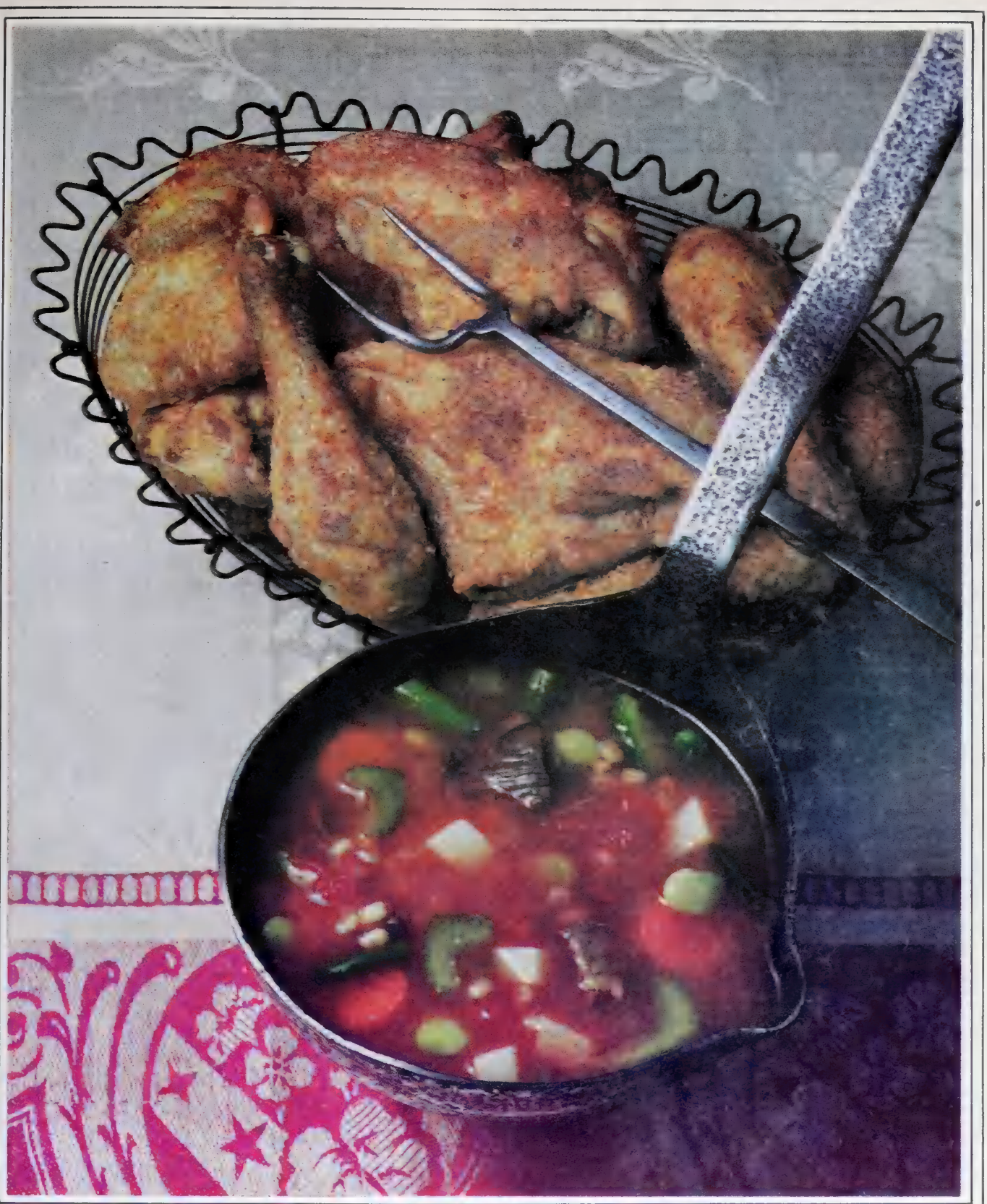
Even the busiest of women can spare the moments it takes to make muffins from scratch. It's worth it for aroma alone. Hot and buttery for breakfast. A tasty accompaniment at other meals. Sliced and toasted on the morrow. In preference, the country stood divided over top-choice muffin. The South leaned toward the crumbly golden corn muffin. Up in the Northeast, the favorite by far was bursting with blueberries. Traveling Midwest and to the Coast, bran won out.





The Journal's Way with Chili

Although chili con carne's the national favorite one-pot dish, no two cooks seem to make it the same way. Our version of the perfect chili blends ground beef (as opposed to cubes) with tomatoes *and* red kidney beans. The result is thick, zesty and delicious. A slow-simmering dish originating in the Southwest, spicy chili can be served anytime, from family supper to a party affair. Extra benefits thrown in with chili—it's easy-to-make, economical and freezes beautifully.





For Hearty Appetites: Fried Chicken, Beef-vegetable Soup

Many people think that the test of good fried chicken is the crispness of its skin. This recipe offers a coating crunchy enough to please everyone, plus perfectly-done, tender and juicy meat underneath. The pieces are rolled in cornmeal mixture and cooked *un*covered in a heavy skillet (not deep fried!). / Beef-vegetable was the winner in the soup race with chicken noodle coming in a close second. A meal in itself, this hearty soup is based on beef shank with barley, vegetables.





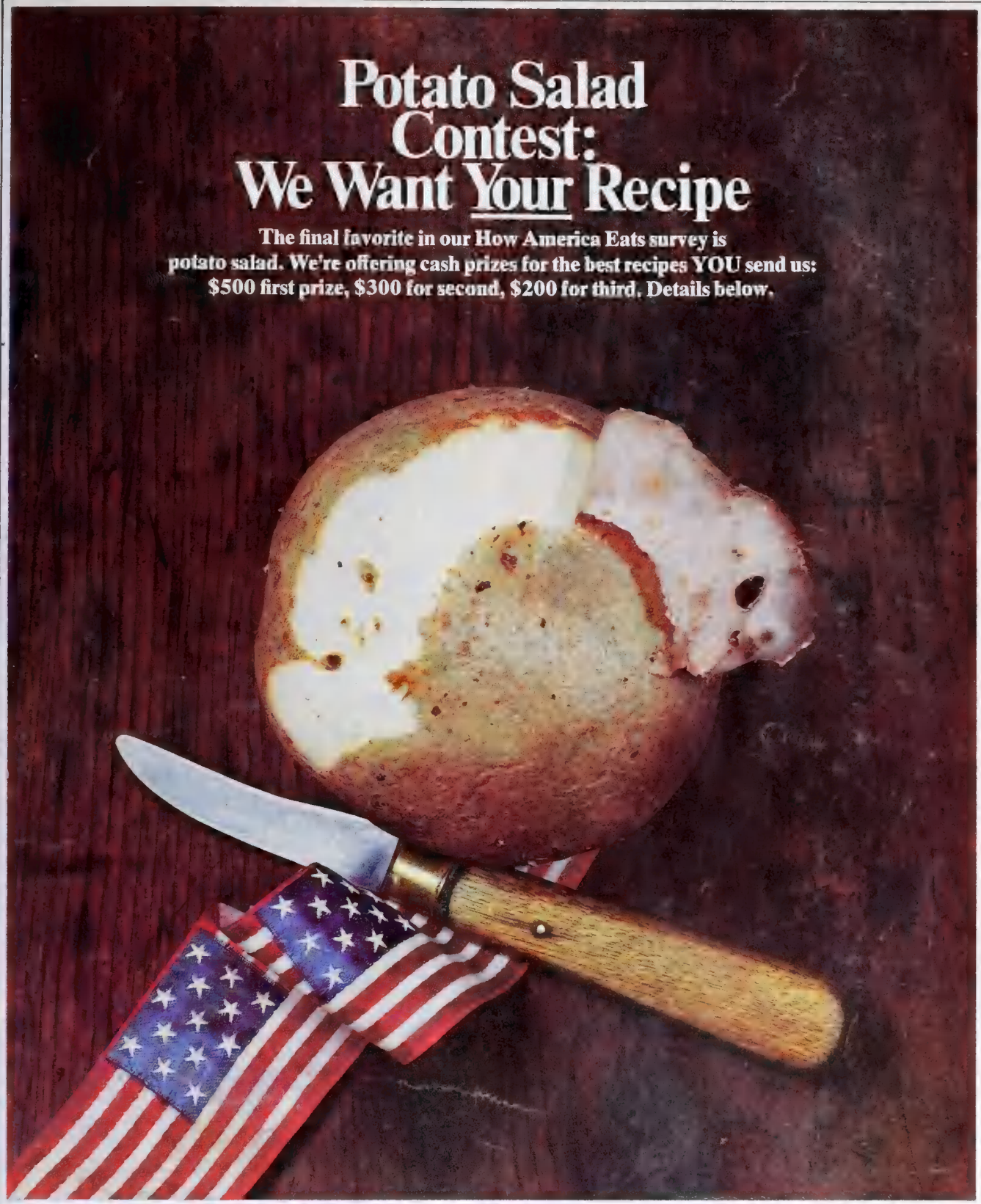
Traditionals with a Twist: Apple Pie and Meatloaf

"As American as apple pie" just about says it all. Here's the way we handle the hands-down favorite. We go light on the spices to taste the tender apples. Keep it on the tart side. Always serve warm (in fact, never refrigerate before serving). Delectable! / Meatloaf doesn't have to be humble--our method makes it glamorous. Ground beef (with instant potato flakes for moistness) is rolled around cheese and spinach filling. The top is glazed with tomato sauce and brown sugar.

Recipes start on page 112

Potato Salad Contest: We Want Your Recipe

The final favorite in our How America Eats survey is potato salad. We're offering cash prizes for the best recipes YOU send us: $500 first prize, $300 for second, $200 for third. Details below.





Potato Salad has almost infinite variations. Do you use white or sweet potatoes; fresh, canned or frozen? Serve it cold or hot? Send us your recipe and we'll pick three winners, to be published this summer. Type or print neatly on 8 x 10-inch paper; give origin of the recipe if you can, and tell how many it serves. Entries become the property of Downe Publishing, Inc., and cannot be acknowledged or returned. Entries will be judged by the *Journal*'s food staff. All must be postmarked on or before April 1. Send to: Potato Salad Contest, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Dance Your

Everyone needs exercise—to look better, live better. But if you're bored by running, uninspired by calisthenics, consider dancing as a fun, energizing, joyful way of shaping up. Here, to inspire you, four remarkable dancers talk about and show their own special techniques.
By Maureen Lynch, Health and Beauty Editor.



Tap Dance: The clickety-click of toe-and-heel grew out of our black dance heritage into a flamboyant show biz routine. Tap dancer-singer-actress Rita Moreno, 45, star of *The Ritz*, at left, explains "Tap is somewhat like jogging—to music. Only it's much more fun. There's something nice about making noise on the floor. You feel campy and happy and saucy . . . and terrific." Learning the actual tap of tap dancing is easier than it seems. All in all, one of the best dance routines for women of any age with or without experience.

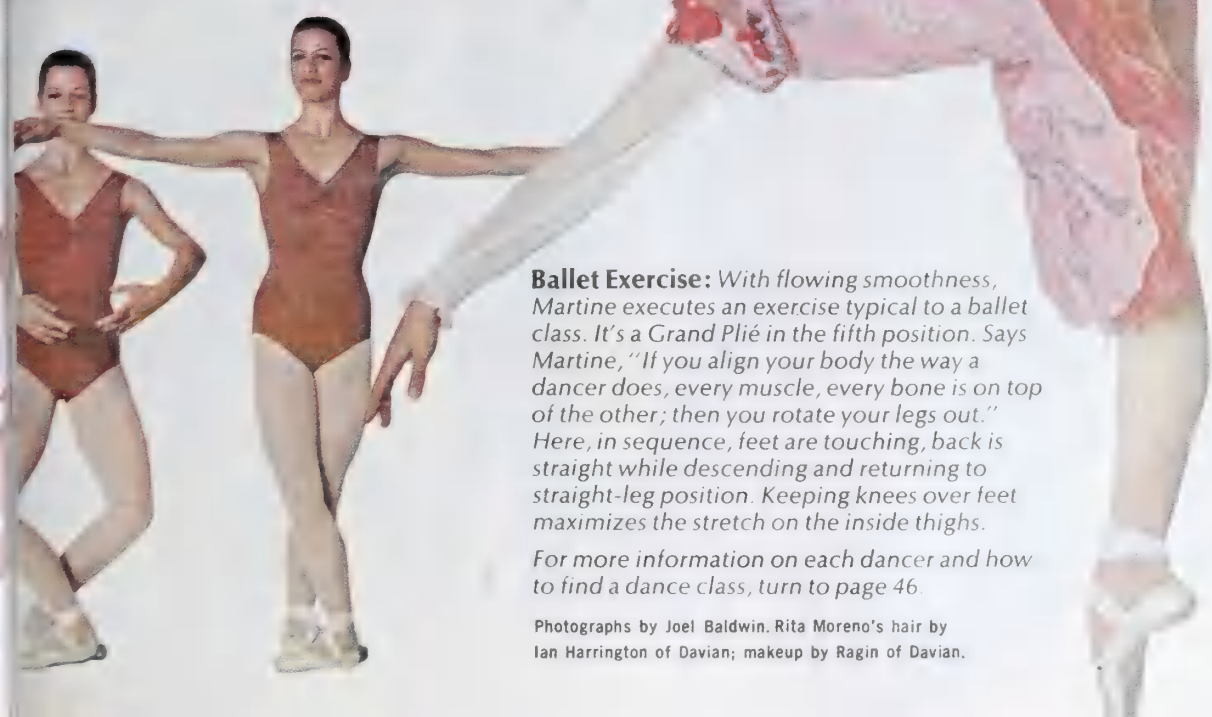


Way to Beauty

Tap Exercise: *Rita Moreno invents a warmup particularly good for inner thighs and buttocks. The key is to keep the back straight and use abdominal muscles. Descend gradually, extending one leg; shift weight to center, then extend other leg. Use arms (or chair) for balance. Good music to dance to—almost anything by Cole Porter.*



Ballet: The most formalized and romantic dance tradition, basic techniques have remained much the same since the eighteenth century. Martine van Hamel, 31, a principal dancer with the American Ballet Theatre, shows the classic form, right, in her costume for the role of *Sleeping Beauty*. Martine feels that "Learning ballet is open to anyone, but is perhaps most rewarding to those who have had at least *some* dance experience."



Ballet Exercise: *With flowing smoothness, Martine executes an exercise typical to a ballet class. It's a Grand Plié in the fifth position. Says Martine, "If you align your body the way a dancer does, every muscle, every bone is on top of the other; then you rotate your legs out." Here, in sequence, feet are touching, back is straight while descending and returning to straight-leg position. Keeping knees over feet maximizes the stretch on the inside thighs.*

For more information on each dancer and how to find a dance class, turn to page 46.

Photographs by Joel Baldwin. Rita Moreno's hair by Ian Harrington of Davian; makeup by Ragin of Davian.



Belly Dance: The highly sensual dance of the Middle East, performed exclusively by women, was once thought to be a fertility rite. It is the most exotic of these dance forms and the one that permits most personal expression on the part of the dancer. As Samiha Koura (left), co-owner and performer at Manhattan's Club Ibis, says: "The way I dance reflects my inner mood, how I react to that moment in the music. Although finger cymbals are often a part of belly dancing, I never use them. I want my hands free to move . . . softly, expressively. This dance is fantastic exercise. You don't even have to be in very good shape to begin a belly dancing class (in fact, some dancers are heavy, even plump). Anyone can do it —most important is a feeling for the music."



Belly Exercise: *Out of her spangled costume, Samiha (which means God's forgiveness) shows how she limbers up. She begins with 10 minutes of classic exercises (knee bends, toe touches, leg lifts, etc.), then (right) goes into regular movements of the dance—emphasis here on hip thrusts. "It's very energetic. You're on your toes, shifting your weight, so your feet and legs are lifting the hips; the hips are lifting the shoulders; the shoulders are moving the arms and neck. It's like doing 10 exercises in one."*





Modern Dance: Early in the 1900's Isadora Duncan led a whole new dance form free of tutus and toe shoes. After her, modern dance became a series of intensely personal statements fusing body energy with abstract drama. At left, Donna Wood of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater (wearing her costume from *Liberian Suite*), was trained in classical but drawn to modern. Her thoughts: "I've been dancing since I was five (my mother told me I was so hyperactive that I should put it to a constructive use). I've never quit. To really simplify, ballet is feet-oriented, whereas modern is middle torso." There is great variety in the kinds of modern dance classes around the country, but we feel that all are probably the most athletic of our dance forms. It is a dance exercise better suited for the more physically ambitious individual.

Modern Exercise:
Lithe Donna Wood, 22, rehearses for six hours a day. She wears knitted warmers on her ankles to keep those muscles limber. Part of her practice routine (shown here) was developed by Lester Horton, a pioneer in modern dance. Donna describes her actions: "In modern dance the body moves with curves and contractions." Here in the 2nd and 3rd pictures (opposite above) notice the contraction using the abdominal and hip muscles . . . the pull toward the spine before releasing. The rest of the exercise continues in one fluid movement.

More about dancers and where you can find dance classes, on page 46.

All exercise clothing and tap shoes by Capezio Ballet Makers.





The Browns At Home

The brown family has moved in *and* moved up in the world of home furnishings — from a solemn color to contemporary sleekness. Brown ranges from the paler earth tones to almost-blackness, working in harmony with its own kind or making the best possible neighbor to other colors. Here we show the many facets of brown, from a variety of fabrics to Chinese baskets. Above: a warm living room, rich fabrics balanced by a crude brick fireplace. Right: brown and well-done for dining.

Interior photographs, Fritz Taggart; Interior Designer, Michael Lisi. Accessory photograph: Allen Vogel

The Browns At Home

Brown is comfortable to live with, lending itself to country freshness in cottons and homespuns or putting on company airs in silks and velvets. It's equally at ease around a kitchen with china, flatware and cookery or around a bath with plush towels and soaps. Both rooms (inserts) show off a landscape of textures: grained woods, polished tiles, basketry and antiques from a world of travel. See page 124 for details. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.





Interior photographs, Dick Sharpe;
kitchen designer, Fred Green AIA;
bathroom designer, Roger Collins;
Accessory photograph: Allen Vogel.

GREAT ACCES

Here are the new collector's items — to add fashion excitement to the way you'll look this year. By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor.



NATURALS FOR DAY
The basic elements—wood, hemp, leather, rope. Play them together for color and texture.

FROM TOP:
Airy tunic: Silk/wool fishnet dress by Anne Klein, $120. **Big beads:** Ceramic, by Michael Moraux for Colony, $18. **Braid belting:** Of hemp, by Elegant, $10. **Chunky bracelets:** Of wood, by Catherine Stein, $10 each. **More bracelets:** wicker and wood, by P.C. Designs, $3 each. **Tiger's eye ring:** by M & J Savitt, $12. **Envelope-in-hand:** Leather clutch by Ronay, $28. **Ropy espadrilles:** Of crocheted jute, from Sears, $20.

SORIES

GOLD FOR DAY

Stop hoarding your gold to wear only at night. This year, let it shine by the light of the sun.

FROM TOP:
Easy whites: Cashmere tunic-sweater, $100. Linen trousers, $66. Both, Calvin Klein. **Slave cuffs:** Gold-plated, by P.C. Designs, $40 each. **Golden butterfly:** On a satin-y cord, by Paul Omin, $16. **Bright belting:** kidskin by Anne Klein for Calderon, $16.

Inset pictures:
The museum look: Earrings, $10; beaded necklace, $25. Both, Kenneth Lane. **Better-by-the-dozen:** Gold-plated bracelets, $99 for 12; skinny rings, $8 each. All, M & J Savitt. **Small change:** Lizard-y Mylar bag-on-belt, by Ruza for Elegant, $9. **Shiny shoes:** Kidskin espadrilles by Jacques Cohen, $37.



Photographs by James Moore; hairstyles by Raymond Costantini; makeup by Elizabeth Doto.

For more fashion information see page 124

All prices approximate

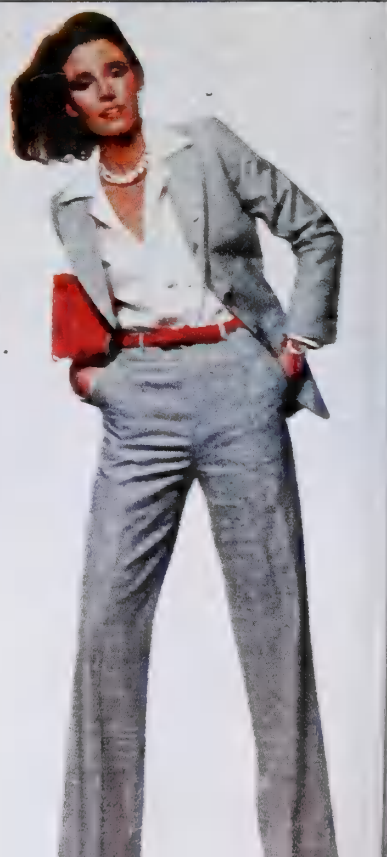
RED FOR DAY

The color's a pepper-upper. Warm touches of red add a bright jolt to any of your neutrals.

Snappy and strappy: High-heel sandals in linen and patent, from Sears, $17.



FROM TOP: Bright flyers: Tinted aviator glasses, Ray-Ban, $25. **Red woods:** Carved bangles, P.C. Designs, $6 each. **Hip baggage:** Mini-bag on belt; nylon canvas. Peter Catalano for Garay, $9. **Tailored basics:** Gray blazer, $120; trousers, $50; white silk shirt, $60. All, Britta for Cinnamon. **Three-strand necklace:** ceramic beads, by Catherine Stein, $10. **Shiny clutch:** zippered bag, from Sears, $11. **Happy belt:** narrow silky braiding, Sears, $5.

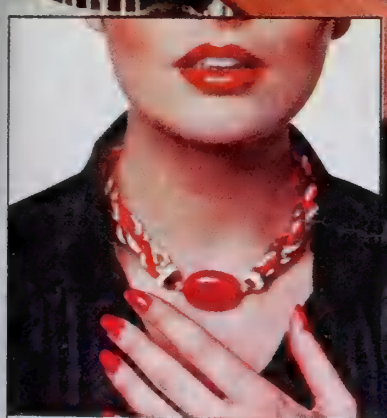


GOLD AND RED FOR EVENING

The hottest twosome in town. Nothing has more pizazz with basic black than the glow of gold and the fire of red.

INSETS BELOW:
Evening bean: Oval bead on twist of cords, Paul Omin, $19.
Golden sandals: Clogs, by Andrew Geller, $28.

FROM TOP:
Peasant dress-up: Soft shape, full-sleeved blouse, flouncy tiered skirt; $56 each. Both, Helene Sidel. **Flower-comb:** Of silk, P.S. Designs, $5. **Beaded heart:** Antique-look enamel, by Daphne, $10. **Gypsy shawl:** Deeply-fringed rayon-knit, from J.C. Penney, $9. **Ribbon bangles:** Satin and braid, Alexis Kirk, $5 each. **The big cinch:** Lace-up corselet belt, Yves Saint Laurent, $50.





Sheer pantyhose by Hanes.

For more fashion information see page 124

All prices approximate

America's Favorite Foods

(continued from page 91)

STANDING RIB ROAST WITH YORKSHIRE PUDDING

pictured on page 92

Meat
- 1 standing beef rib roast (7 to 9 lbs.)
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon garlic powder
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Yorkshire Pudding
- 1 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs
- ¼ cup drippings from roast

Pan Gravy
- 3 tablespoons drippings
- ¼ cup flour
- 1¾ cups water
- Salt and pepper to taste

Horseradish Sauce
- 1½ cups sour cream
- 3 tablespoons prepared horseradish, drained
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard

Preheat oven to 325°F. Place beef, fat side up, on rack in open roasting pan. Sprinkle with salt, garlic powder and pepper. Insert meat thermometer* into center of roast, being careful not to touch bone. Roast until thermometer reaches 135° to 140°F for rare; 150° to 160°F for medium; 170°F for well done. Allow 23 to 25 minutes per pound for rare, 27 to 30 minutes for medium, 32 to 35 for well done. For easier carving, remove roast from oven and let stand 20 to 30 minutes. About 410 calories per 6-ounce serving of beef.

Yorkshire Pudding: In medium bowl, mix flour and salt. Slowly stir in milk. Add eggs one at a time. Beat together until smooth. (Or, in blender container, mix flour and salt, gradually add milk, then eggs. Blend until smooth.) Can be refrigerated 1 to 2 hours.

Remove roast from oven; keep warm. Increase oven temperature to 425°F. Spoon 1 teaspoon drippings from roast into each of 12 muffin pan cups or 10 popover pan cups. (Or, ¼ cup drippings into 9-inch square pan.) Set pan in oven until fat is very hot, about 5 minutes. Stir batter. Fill each muffin or popover cup about ⅔ full or pour batter into 9-inch pan. Bake 25 to 30 minutes. Makes 10 to 12 servings. About 105 calories per 12 and 130 calories per 10.

Pan Gravy: In 2-cup measure, pour pan drippings from roast. Spoon 3 tablespoons drippings into saucepan; discard remaining drippings except brown bits in roasting pan. Add flour to drippings and cook over medium heat, stirring with wire whisk until smooth and bubbly. Add water to roasting pan, stir to loosen brown bits; pour into flour mixture. Stir in salt, pepper; continue cooking until thickened. Makes about 2 cups. About 15 calories per tablespoon.

Horseradish Sauce: In small bowl, combine all ingredients for sauce. Cover and chill. Makes 1⅔ cups. About 25 calories per tablespoon. Serve with roast beef.

*To test the accuracy of your meat thermometer, heat 1-inch of water to boiling, hold thermometer in water being careful bulb does not touch bottom of pan. If accurate, thermometer should register 212°F.

CAESAR SALAD

pictured on page 93

- ½ cup olive oil
- 2 garlic cloves, crushed
- 1½ to 2 cups Garlic Croutons (see recipe) or 2 cups packaged garlic croutons
- 2 heads romaine lettuce, washed, dried and torn into bite-size pieces
- 1 egg, coddled (see note)
- 3 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
- 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
- 1 can (2 oz.) anchovy fillets, chopped
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
- ½ cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese

In bowl, combine oil, garlic; let stand overnight. Prepare Garlic Croutons.

In large salad bowl, toss greens with oil mixture. Add egg to greens and toss until well coated. In small bowl, stir lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, anchovies, salt and pepper; add to greens and toss again. Sprinkle on cheese and croutons; toss lightly. Serve immediately. Makes 8 servings. About 250 calories for each of 8 servings.

NOTE: *To coddle egg:* In small saucepan, heat water to boiling; add egg and cook one minute. Remove egg and cool under cold running water.

Garlic Croutons
- 5 slices (or 1½ to 2 cups of ½-inch cubes) stale white or French bread
- 3 tablespoons olive or salad oil
- 2 garlic cloves, crushed

Trim crusts from bread. Cut into ½-inch cubes. In large skillet over medium heat, brown garlic in oil. Add cubes and cook until light brown; stir occasionally. Remove with slotted spoon. Cool.

MACARONI AND CHEESE PIE

pictured on page 93

Pastry
- 1 cup unsifted all-purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅓ cup shortening
- ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 4 or 5 tablespoons iced water

- 1½ cups uncooked elbow macaroni

Sauce
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ¼ cup flour
- 2 cups milk
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper
- 1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese
- 2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese

For pastry: Preheat oven to 425°F. In medium bowl, combine flour and salt. With pastry blender or two knives used scissor fashion, cut in shortening until mixture resembles coarse crumbs; stir in cheese. Gradually add water and stir with fork until flour is moistened and pastry almost cleans side of bowl. With hands, shape pastry into a ball. On lightly, floured surface with stockinette-covered rolling pin, roll an 11-inch circle. (Or, roll out pastry between 2 sheets of waxed paper.) Line 9-inch pie plate with pastry; flute edge. Prick the bottom and sides with a fork. Bake for 15 minutes; set aside.

Meanwhile, cook macaroni according to package direction; drain and set aside.

To make sauce: Melt butter in saucepan over low heat, add flour and stir until smooth and bubbly. Gradually add milk, stirring constantly. Cook until sauce is thick; add parsley, salt and pepper. Remove sauce from heat. Add cream cheese and 1¼ cups Cheddar cheese (reserving remaining ¾ cup Cheddar for topping), and stir until cheeses have melted. Add macaroni to sauce and stir. Pour mixture into partially baked pie crust. Reduce oven temperature to 350°F and bake 20 minutes. Sprinkle remaining Cheddar on top and bake 10 to 15 more minutes. Makes 8 servings. About 510 calories for each serving.

CHOCOLATE DOUBLE FUDGE CAKE

pictured on page 94

Cake
- 4 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
- ½ cup brewed coffee
- 1¾ cups sugar
- 1¾ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ cup butter or margarine, softened
- 3 eggs
- ⅔ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Frosting
- 4 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- 1 package (16 oz.) confectioners' sugar
- ½ cup hot milk
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1 tablespoon coarsely chopped walnuts

For cake: Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease and flour three 8-inch round cake pans; set aside.

In top of double boiler, combine chocolate and coffee. Place over hot, not boiling, water and cook until chocolate has melted, stirring frequently. Add ½ cup sugar; stir until sugar dissolves. Remove from heat, cool to lukewarm.

In medium bowl, combine flour, soda and salt. In large mixer bowl with mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine and remaining 1¼ cups sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition, scraping sides of bowl occasionally. Reduce speed to low. Add flour mixture and milk alternately, beginning and ending with flour, scraping sides of bowl occasionally. Add chocolate mixture and vanilla and beat until smooth.

(continued on page 118)

Chicken of the Sea is perfect for the Campbell Life.

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nd Chicken of the Sea Tuna
perfect for it. Try this new
cipe, Souper Tuna Crunch
a perfect casserole for
night's dinner—Campbell's
ream of Mushroom Soup
nd Chicken of the Sea®
rand Tuna. A touch of the
rient. Ah'h! So! Good!



SOUPER TUNA CRUNCH

1 can (about 3 ounces) Chinese noodles
1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
¾ cup water
1 can (6½ ounces) Chicken of the Sea Tuna, drained and broken in chunks
1 cup cashews or peanuts
1 cup chopped celery
½ cup finely chopped onion
½ cup cooked peas
Soy sauce

Reserve ½ cup Chinese noodles. In 1½-quart casserole, combine remaining noodles, soup, water, tuna, cashews, celery, onion and peas. Bake at 350° F. for 30 minutes or until hot; stir. Sprinkle reserved noodles around edge. Bake 5 minutes more. Serve with soy sauce. Makes about 4½ cups.

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ADVENTURES IN EATING

Fresh fruit is one of life's greatest pleasures. Here, an array of less-than-familiar fruits we hope will inspire you to broaden your horizons beyond pleasure to adventure. Some have short seasons, so watch for them. Most are best eaten as is, without cooking, but turn the page for details.



Are these salads identical twins? Your eyes say: yes. Your mouth will say: no.



Some of the flavor was hidden in this salad.

The dressing in this salad was made with one of those oils which has a noticeable taste of its own that can hide the delicious flavors of a tossed salad (or any salad). But Wesson Oil is a flavor-saver.

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THE GREAT ARMOUR HOT DOG CONTROVERSY.



MOMS
THE DOG ~~KIDS~~ LOVE TO BITE.

DADS
THE DOG ~~KIDS~~ LOVE TO BITE.

EVERYONE
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Are Armour Hot Dogs just for kids?

A lot of grownups these days say Armour Hot Dogs are for anyone who enjoys the juicy taste of a genuine hot dog.

And that means just about everyone.

Armour Hot Dogs are juicy because they're made with good, delicious meat. You'll never find cereals or other meat substitutes in an Armour Hot Dog.

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Armour. The dog kids — and grownups — love to bite.



ARMOUR

REACH FOR QUALITY.
REACH FOR THE STARS.

ADVENTURES IN EATING

continued

PERSIMMON—This tomato-shaped, orange-red fruit is too often overlooked because it looks overripe (on the way to rotten) in stores. In fact, persimmons are at their best when almost jelly-soft. If you buy them firm, hold till very soft. Then chill and savor the velvety-sweet flesh, scooping around the center rib and occasional pod-seed. We wouldn't think of eating them without a dash of lemon juice. This is a true exotic, unlike anything you've ever tasted. There are recipes for persimmon sherbet and pudding, although we personally still prefer to eat out of hand and enjoy. Available most of the year.

KUMQUAT—What a surprise one's first taste of kumquat! Wash, halve, remove the few curiously large seeds and pop the fruit—skin and all—into your mouth. Instant delight from the sweet-tart tidbit, refreshing and uplifting. The juice alone is almost too tart to be pleasant; the skin somehow covers this. Kumquats may or may not be a citrus (sources disagree), but it can pass for one in our book. Preserve them if you must, as they do in Chinese restaurants, but we count the fresh kumquat one of the pleasantest fruits of this story. Usually available in quart baskets, with leaves still attached, from December through June.

TANGELO—A cross between the tangerine and grapefruit, and it's clear the tangerine won out. But for its larger size, you could swear you were eating a tangerine. So . . . if you like tangerines and their convenient peeling, try tangelos. Season usually begins in November and lasts through March.

LADY APPLES—Such pretty little apples, about the size of apricots, with an especially crisp, sweet flavor. These make lovely autumn decorations in centerpieces or around a roast. As for eating, we can only recommend them as a delicate snack with cheese at the end of a relaxed meal. They're too small to consider using for the usual apple-cooking recipes. As with so many of our exotic fruits, they're partly an aesthetic experience.

PAPAYA—One of the tropical exotics, this is a melon-like fruit that we treat much as we do melons of various sorts. Halve, scoop out the caviar-looking black seeds, and eat with lemon juice or salt. Serve slightly chilled . . . perhaps with the classic melon go-with, prosciutto. There is a melon-like flavor, but the texture is silky smooth, and the taste is slightly perfumed. Mixes well with pineapple and citrus. Papaya is ripe when yellow all over and slightly soft. This exotic is usually available and should be more widely used than it is. Like melons, very low in calories.

FIGS—An extremely perishable fruit; one reason they are more often used dried. But fresh figs rate as a true delicacy when available and one of the truly great eating experiences—"rich" is the only word one can use. We can think of no more elegant way to end a special meal than to simply present a whole washed fig or two on a plate with a slice of semi-soft cheese. There seems no point to cooking fresh figs. Available erratically during the year, mostly the first and last months.

POMEGRANATE—Cut one of these apple-size fruits in half and discover one of nature's most beautiful creations. Hundreds of ruby-red, flesh-covered kernels clustered together between off-white membranes. This is a snack fruit—suck the flesh from the seeds and spit them out, or chew the whole thing. Either way, it's a refreshing, thirst-quenching treat. Flavor is barely sweet, somewhat tart like cranberries. Fruits are likely to be ripe when you see them in market, usually in fall and winter. Make sure *(continued)*



BinB.
THE BUTTER MUSHROOM FOR BETTER MEALS.

Now you can make practically any dish more delicious with BinB—the butter mushroom. Their secret to better meals is the special flavor of the mushrooms. They're broiled in fresh, creamery butter, then packed in their own butter broth—a rich, buttery broth you can use in the main dish, or in sauces and gravies.



The butter makes the difference in the mushrooms, the mushrooms make the difference in the meals. BinB—the butter mushroom.

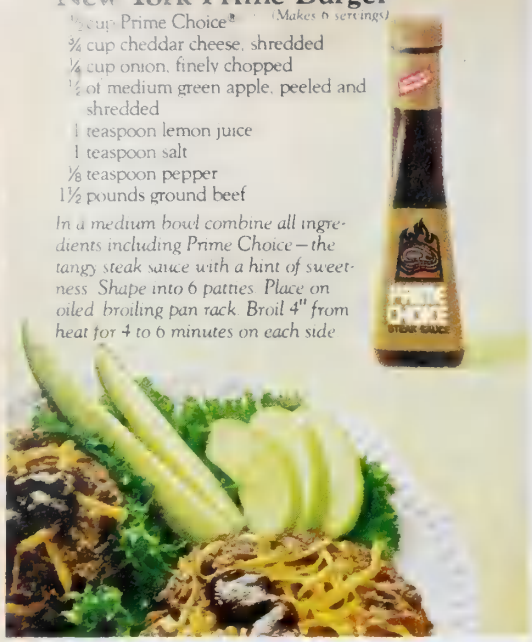
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New York Prime Burger

(Makes 6 servings)

½ cup Prime Choice®
¾ cup cheddar cheese, shredded
¼ cup onion, finely chopped
½ of medium green apple, peeled and shredded
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ pounds ground beef

In a medium bowl combine all ingredients including Prime Choice—the tangy steak sauce with a hint of sweetness. Shape into 6 patties. Place on oiled broiling pan rack. Broil 4" from heat for 4 to 6 minutes on each side.



America's Favorite Foods

(continued from page 112)

Pour batter evenly into pans. Bake for 30 to 35 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Cool cakes in pans for 10 minutes; then remove from pans and cool completely on wire racks.

For frosting: DO NOT PREPARE FROSTING UNTIL CAKE LAYERS ARE BAKED AND COOLED. In top of double boiler over hot, not boiling, water, melt chocolate and butter or margarine. Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, in large mixer bowl with mixer at low speed, combine sugar, milk and salt and beat until sugar is dissolved. Add chocolate mixture and vanilla; beat 3 minutes. Cool until thick enough to spread (about 15 to 20 minutes), stirring occasionally. Makes 2¼ cups frosting.

Place cake layer on platter. Spread about ½ cup frosting on top of layer. Place second layer on top; spread with ½ cup frosting. Top with third cake layer. Frost sides and top with remaining frosting. Makes 16 servings. About 415 calories each.

CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES
pictured on page 94

2¼ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
½ cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup shortening
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
3 tablespoons water
2 eggs
1 cup chopped nuts
1 package (12 oz.) semisweet chocolate pieces (2 cups)

Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease 2 large baking sheets; set aside. On wax paper, combine flour, baking so and salt. In mixer bowl crea sugars, butter or margarine, shorte ing, vanilla and water until fluff scraping bowl occasionally. Beat eggs. Add flour mixture. Stir in nu and chocolate pieces. Drop by t spoonfuls onto greased sheet. Ba 10 to 12 minutes. Makes about cookies. About 100 calories each.

VARIATIONS

Coconut Chocolate Chip: Prepa Chocolate Chip Cookie recipe as rected but substitute 1 cup flak coconut for 1 cup nuts. Makes abo 6 dozen. About 85 calories each.

Crunchy Chocolate Chip: Prepa Chocolate Chip Cookie recipe as rected but omit 1 cup chopped nu and substitute 1 cup grape-nut cere Makes about 6½ dozen cookies. Abo 75 calories each.

Krispy Chocolate Chip: Prepa Chocolate Chip Cookie recipe as rected but omit 1 cup nuts and su stitute 2 cups whole wheat fla or toasted rice cereal. Makes abo 78 cookies. About 75 calories eac

Southern Chocolate Chip: Prepa Chocolate Chip Cookie recipe as rected but omit vanilla extract a water; add 3 tablespoons bourb and use chopped pecans as nu Makes about 5½ dozen. About calories each.

Spicy Chocolate Chip: Prepare Cho olate Chip Cookie recipe as direct but add 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ t spoon ground cloves and ⅛ teaspo nutmeg with dry ingredients. Mak about 5½ dozen cookies. About 1 calories each.

BLUEBERRY MUFFINS
pictured on page 95

1½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
½ cup sugar

(continue

ADVENTURES IN EATING

continued

skin is unbroken. Grenadine syrup is made of pomegranates.

KIWI—If you haven't discovered kiwis, don't waste a minute. They're terrific. Outside, they look like miniature, brown furry watermelons; inside is a splendid pale green sunburst of flesh that has a refreshing flavor all its own, slightly evocative of strawberries. For a small fruit, the mix of textures is unusual—the soft green outer circle, the slight crunch of the poppy-seed like center around a firmer white core. We think best simply chilled, cut in half and eaten out of hand; but kiwis are also beautiful when sliced and layered around a salad plate. Available most of the year. Kiwis are ready to eat when slightly soft.

QUINCE—Quince are never eaten raw. They're very bitter, b..t once stewed up for jelly, puddings or pies, they are a delight. If you know quince jelly, you know that almost smoky tart flavor. An autumn fruit, quince look like misshapen pears. Should be smooth and yellow when ripe.

PLANTAIN—The green banana, and the comparison stops right there. Plantains are treated as a vegetable, and (like quince) are never eaten raw. Cook them any way you'd cook a potato; we prefer them sliced and flour-fried, as with fried potatoes. Needs salt. You can also make delicious chips. When buying, remember that plantains never get very soft. Available year round. **End**

Kansas City Prime Burger

(Makes 6 servings)

⅓ cup Prime Choice®
1 can (3 oz.) BinB, broiled in butter chopped mushrooms, drained
¼ cup onion, finely chopped
2 teaspoons Brandy
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ pounds ground beef

In a medium bowl combine all ingredients including thick, delicious Prime Choice Steak Sauce. Mix well. Shape into 6 patties. Place on oiled broiler pan rack. Broil 4" from heat for 4 to 6 minutes on each side.



San Francisco Prime Bu

(Makes 6

½ cup Prime Choice®
2 tablespoons Soy Sauce
¼ cup walnuts, finely chopped
½ cup onion, finely chopped
¾ cup fresh bean sprouts or canned, well drained
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ pounds ground beef

In a medium bowl combine all ingredients. Mix well. Shape into 6 patties. Place on oiled broiler pan rack. Broil 4" from heat for 4 to 6 minutes on each side. **Prime Choice Tops everything,** inside and out.

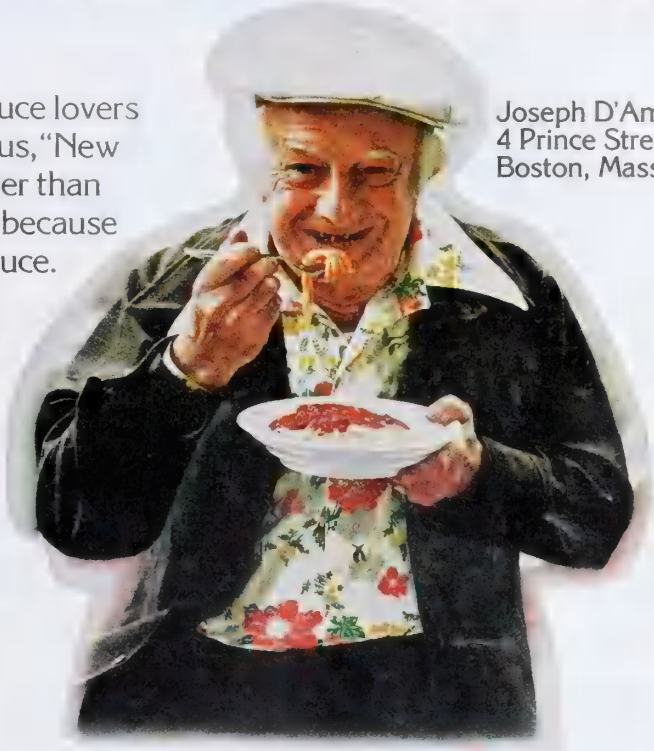


ew Hunt's Prima Salsa.®
:'s thicker and zestier than Ragú."

We're delighted when spaghetti sauce lovers like Boston's Mr. Joseph D'Amelio tell us, "New Hunt's Prima Salsa® is thicker and zestier than regular Ragu® Spaghetti Sauce." That's because he's pretty fussy about his spaghetti sauce. If new Hunt's Prima Salsa pleases him, imagine how it will please you!

The fact is, among people who really like their spaghetti sauce, most preferred new Hunt's Prima Salsa to Ragu.

Next time you're looking for spaghetti sauce, try delicious new Hunt's Prima Salsa. You'll find it thicker and zestier than Ragu.



Joseph D'Amelio
4 Prince Street
Boston, Mass.

:TOUCHED PHOTO SHOWS THE DIFFERENCE.



I—See how the regular Ragu hetti Sauce begins to come gh the strainer in a matter of a econds.

HUNT'S PRIMA SALSA—It's thicker and zestier than Ragu. It even looks better—it stays in the strainer.

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vailable in Three Flavors: Regular, With Mushrooms, and Meat Flavored.

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True slashes tar in half!

Down to only 5 mgs. tar per cigarette.

Down to only 100 mgs. tar per pack.



5 MGS. TAR



And a taste worth changing to. Think about it.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular: 5 mgs. "tar", 0.4 mgs. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report-October 1976.

America's Favorite Foods

continued

easpoons double-acting baking powder
teaspoon salt
cup milk
gg, beaten
ablespoons melted butter or margarine
up blueberries, rinsed and well drained*

heat oven to 425°F. Grease ten 2½-h muffin pan cups; set aside.

In large bowl, combine all dry ingredients. In small bowl, combine milk, g and melted butter or margarine. d milk mixture, all at once, to dry ingredients. Mix just until moistened (the xture will be lumpy). Fold in blueries. Spoon mixture into muffin cups, ing each about ⅔ full. (Fill any ued muffin cups with some water for en baking.) Bake for 20 to 25 minutes until toothpick inserted in center nes out clean. Makes 10 muffins. out 190 calories each.

using frozen or canned blueberries, ain well on paper towels. Fold gently o batter.

BRAN MUFFINS
pictured on page 95

cup whole bran cereal
cup wheat germ
cup milk
egg, beaten
cup butter or margarine, melted
½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
cup sugar
½ teaspoons double-acting baking powder
teaspoon salt

eheat oven to 400°F. Grease twelve -inch muffin pan cups; set aside.

In small bowl, combine cereal and heat germ, pour on milk and stir until ell combined. Let stand 2 to 3 minutes. To cereal mixture add egg and melted tter or margarine and stir until well ixed. In large bowl, combine remaing ingredients. Add bran mixture all at nce and stir just until flour is moistened. oon into muffin pan cups, filling each full. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes until othpick inserted into center comes out ean. Makes 1 dozen. About 170 calo-es each.

CORN MUFFINS
pictured on page 95

cup yellow cornmeal
cup unsifted all-purpose flour
cup sugar
teaspoons double-acting baking powder
teaspoon salt
teaspoon baking soda
¼ cups buttermilk
cup salad oil
egg, beaten

reheat oven to 425°F. Grease twelve ½-inch muffin pan cups; set aside.

In large bowl, combine cornmeal, our, sugar, baking powder, salt and da. Make a well in the *(continued)*



Meat Balls Español

1 pound lean ground beef
1 cup soft bread crumbs
¼ cup each finely chopped onion and celery
1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1 egg
1 tablespoon garlic salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 can (16 ounces) stewed tomatoes
12 ounces zucchini, thinly sliced (about 2½ cups)
½ teaspoon each crushed oregano, basil and sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 cup beef broth (canned or made with bouillon cube)
3 cups hot cooked rice

Combine beef, bread crumbs, onion, celery, Worcestershire sauce, egg, 1½ teaspoons garlic salt, and pepper; mix thoroughly. Form into 12 meat balls. Place in a greased shallow baking pan. Bake at 375° for 20 minutes. Meanwhile, combine tomatoes and zucchini with remaining seasonings and simmer 5 minutes. Blend cornstarch and broth; stir into tomato mixture. Pour over meat balls; continue baking 10 minutes longer. Serve over beds of fluffy rice. Makes 6 servings.

For other menu-stretching recipes, write to: Rice Council of America, Dept. L, Box 22800, Houston, Texas 77027.

Name _____

Street _____

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RICE.
A great eating idea whose time has come.

America's Favorite Foods

continued

center of the dry ingredients, add buttermilk, salad oil and egg all at once. Mix just until ingredients are moistened. Spoon into muffin pan cups, filling each ⅔ full. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Makes 1 dozen. About 160 calories each.

CHILI CON CARNE
pictured on page 96

2 tablespoons salad oil
3 medium onions, chopped (about 1 lb. or 2½ cups)
2 garlic cloves, crushed
2 pounds ground beef
1 can (28 oz.) tomatoes, undrained
1 can (6 oz.) tomato paste
1 can (4 oz.) chopped green chilies
3 tablespoons chili powder
1 tablespoon ground cumin
1 bay leaf
2½ teaspoons salt
6 whole cloves
¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
2 cans (15 oz. each) red kidney beans, drained

In Dutch oven, heat salad oil. Add onions and garlic; sauté until tender, about 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add ground beef and cook until browned, breaking up the pieces with spoon. Spoon off fat. Add the tomatoes, tomato paste, chilies and seasonings. Simmer, covered, over low heat, stirring occasionally for about 2 hours. Add drained beans to chili. Cook just until heated through. *(May be prepared in advance. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours. Or, spoon into freezer-proof containers; freeze up to 2 months.)* Makes 8 servings; about 405 calories each.

BEEF-VEGETABLE SOUP
pictured on page 97

2 pounds beef shank with bone
3 quarts cold water
2 tablespoons salt
1 can (28 oz.) tomatoes, undrained
1 large onion, chopped
1 cup green peas (fresh or frozen)
1 cup diced potatoes
1 cup sliced carrots
1 cup sliced celery
1 cup baby lima beans (fresh or frozen)
1 cup cut green beans (fresh or frozen)
½ cup medium barley, uncooked
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 tablespoon aromatic bitters
¼ teaspoon thyme, crushed
¼ teaspoon sugar
Salt and pepper to taste

In large saucepot, place beef shank, water and salt; heat to boiling. Skim off any foam that forms on surface; discard. Lower heat and simmer 2½ to 3 hours or until meat is tender. Remove bone and trim off meat; reserve meat and discard bone. Skim fat from soup.

Return meat to saucepot and add vegetables, barley, parsley, bitters, thyme and sugar. Heat to boiling; reduce heat and simmer, partly covered, 1 hour, stirring occasionally. Season to taste. *(May be prepared in advance. Cover and refrigerate up to 2 days. Or, spoon into freezer-proof containers; freeze up to 2 months.)* Makes 12 cups of soup (3 quarts), about 8 main dish servings at 270 calories each.

SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN
pictured on page 97

½ cup all-purpose flour
3 tablespoons yellow cornmeal
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 broiler-fryer chicken (2½ to 3 lbs.), cut up
⅔ cup shortening

In bag, combine flour, cornmeal, salt and pepper. Add chicken, a few pieces at a time, and shake until well coated.

In heavy skillet over high heat, melt shortening. Add chicken legs, thighs and back and cook until well browned on all sides, about 5 minutes, turning occasionally. Remove from skillet. Add chicken breasts and wings and brown well on all sides, about 5 minutes. Return all chicken pieces to skillet and reduce heat to low. Cook, uncovered for 40 to 45 minutes until chicken is crisp and fork-tender. Remove chicken from skillet and drain on paper towels. Makes 4 servings. About 440 calories per serving.

SPIRAL MEATLOAF
pictured on page 98

Meatloaf
2 pounds ground beef
½ cup instant potato flakes
½ cup finely chopped onion
1 garlic clove, crushed
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ cup tomato sauce
2 eggs
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon bottled steak sauce
Filling
1 container (15 oz.) ricotta cheese
1 package (10 oz.) frozen chopped spinach, thawed and well drained
1 egg
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 tablespoon instant potato flakes
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Glaze
2 tablespoons brown sugar
¼ cup tomato sauce
1½ teaspoons dry mustard
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese

For meat mixture: In large bowl, combine all ingredients for meat mixture and stir until well mixed. Shape meat mixture firmly into a ball. Place between sheets of waxed paper; roll out with rolling pin into 16x8½x½-inch rectangle. Set aside while preparing filling. *For filling:* Preheat oven to 350°F. In medium bowl, combine all ingredients for filling; stir until well mixed. Spread cheese mixture evenly over meat mixture to within ½ inch of edges. Starting at 8½ inch side, roll up meat, jelly-roll fashion, pulling off waxed paper as you roll. Place, seam side down, in 9x5-inch loaf pan.

For glaze: In small bowl, combine brown sugar, tomato sauce and dry mustard. Pour glaze over top of meatloaf.

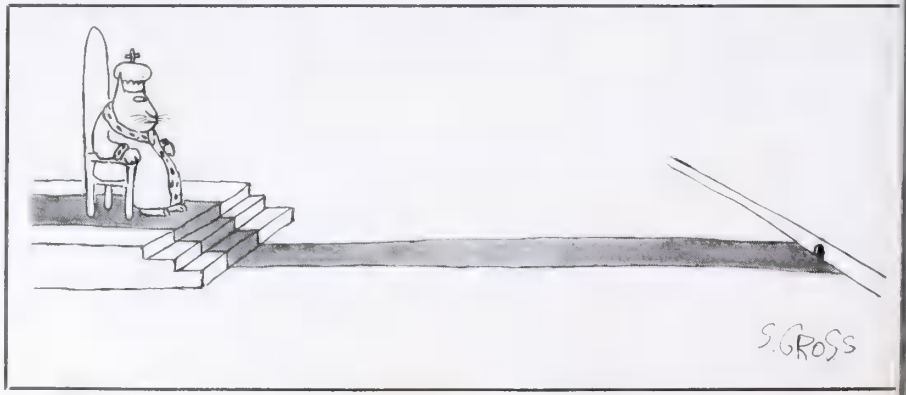
Bake meatloaf for 60 minutes. Remove pan from oven and pour off excess liquid; discard. Sprinkle top of meatloaf with Parmesan cheese and return to oven and continue baking for 15 minutes more. Makes 8 servings. About 525 calories per serving.

APPLE PIE
pictured on page 98

Filling
2½ lbs. tart cooking apples (about 8 cups)
2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
½ cup sugar
¼ cup brown sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ to ½ teaspoon grated lemon peel
Dash salt
3 tablespoons flour
Pastry
2 cups plus 1 tablespoon unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
⅓ cup shortening
⅓ cup butter or margarine
5 to 6 tablespoons cold water
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 to 2 tablespoons heavy cream or milk

For filling: Peel, core and slice apples into thin wedges. In large bowl, combine apples with lemon juice. Combine remaining filling ingredients in small bowl and toss with apples until well coated. Set aside.

To prepare pastry: In large bowl, combine 2 cups flour and salt. With pastry blender or two knives used scissor-fashion, cut in shortening and butter or margarine until mixture *(continued)*





EXECUTIVE SWEET.



When it's time to
ke a break, take a banana.
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Dole banana's the natural
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America's Favorite Foods

continued

resembles coarse crumbs. Sprinkle on water and mix with fork until mixture leaves sides of bowl. With hands, shape pastry into ball. Divide dough in half, one portion slightly larger than the other. On lightly floured surface, with stockinette-covered rolling pin, roll out larger portion into an 11-inch circle, about ⅛-inch thick. (Or, roll out pastry between 2 sheets of waxed paper.) Line a 9-inch pie plate with pastry. Evenly sprinkle 1 tablespoon flour on bottom of pastry. Spoon filling into pastry-lined pie plate. Dot 2 tablespoons butter or margarine over apples.

Preheat oven to 425°F. Roll out remaining pastry into a 10-inch circle. Fold pastry into quarters. Cut two 2 or 3 slits in pastry, near center, to allow steam to escape during baking; place over filling. Trim pastry leaving 1 inch overhang. Fold bottom pastry over top pastry; flute edges. Brush pastry with heavy cream or milk. Bake for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 375°F., continue baking for 40 to 50 minutes until juices bubble through slits. Cool on wire rack. Serve warm or cold. Makes 8 servings. About 610 calories per serving. **End**

Journal Shopping Center

DECORATING: THE BROWNS AT HOME

PAGE 105: Fabrics from upper left, clockwise: "Gingham." 54" wide cotton from Woodson Wallpapers. "Pascal." 52" wide cotton print from Brunschwig & Fils; corduroy, style 6658, 50" wide, from Erbun Fabrics; "Palma." 48" wide glazed chintz, from Hannett-Morrow-Fischer; "Salem Tavern Stripe." 48" wide cotton, from Brunschwig & Fils; "Zinnia." 48" wide polished cotton and "Joyce" printed on natural linen, from Hannett-Morrow-Fischer, are all available through decorators. Lacquered woven baskets with covers, and address books covered in book end-papers, are from Jennie B. Goode, 1194 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10028. Cocoa almonds (in basket), by Push Pin Productions.

PAGE 106: "Brown Geometrics" dinner plate, cup and saucer, "Sienna" teapot, 4 pint cast iron casserole, walnut bread board (6" x 18") and Bistro I flatware with brown handles, all by H. E. Lauffer.

PAGE 107: Bath and hand towels in "Suede" (beige) and "Bark" (brown) by Martex. Personal Touch Ladies' Razor by Schick. Braggi Coin Soaps by Charles Revson, Inc.

FASHION: "GREAT ACCESSORIES"
Items shown on these pages, or items similar to them, can be found in most major stores across the country, and/or in mail order catalogs. We give further shopping information where appropriate.

PAGE 108: ANNE KLEIN tunic dress available at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores.

BIG BEADS on knotted twine, contact Colony Design, 385 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

BELT of natural braided hemp by Elegant. Contact Mory at Elegant, 6 E. 32 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

CUFF BRACELETS: Write to Yvette at Catherine Stein, 417 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

WICKER AND WOOD BANGLE BRACELETS: Write Peter Catalano at P.C. Designs, 385 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

TIGER'S EYE RING: Contact M & J Savitt, 580 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10036.

ENVELOPE CLUTCH of natural leather with wrist strap. Write Vivian at Ronay, 1 E. 33 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

CROCHETED ESPADRILLES that lace up the leg, by Sears. Available through Sears Spring-Summer 1977 Catalog.

PAGE 109: CALVIN KLEIN WHITES available at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores.
CUFFS—gold plated and hinged. Att: Peter Catalano, P.C. Designs, 385 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

GOLDEN BUTTERFLY snaps in center. Contact Ann Roth at Paul Omin for Prize Possessions, 392 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

ANNE KLEIN FOR CALDERON BELT in kidskin, available at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores.

KJL EARRINGS & NECKLACE: Paisley shaped earrings and beaded necklace, both by Kenneth Lane. Contact Genevieve at KJL, 20 W. 37 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10018.

SKINNY RINGS AND BRACELETS: bracelets sold by the dozen and 12K gold-filled rings. Contact M & J Savitt, 580 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10036.

ENVELOPE ON BELT: Write Mory at Elegant, 6 E. 32 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

ESPADRILLES by Jacques Cohen. For stores write: Jacques Cohen, 1370 6th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

PAGE 110: HIGH-HEELED SANDALS, available through Sears Spring-Summer 1977 Catalog.

AVIATOR GLASSES with photochromatic lenses by Ray-Ban.

RED WOODEN BANGLES and PURSE ON A BELT in nylon-canvas. Write Peter Catalano at P.C. Designs, 385 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

TAILORED SUIT: jacket and trousers, both in woven cotton broadcloth, worn with 100% silk shirt. For stores, contact Cinnamon, 530 7th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10018.

RED & WHITE BEADS twisted into a necklace. Write Catherine Stein, 417 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

VINYL ZIPPERED CLUTCH and NARROW BRAID BELT, available through Sears Spring-Summer 1977 Catalog.

PAGE 111: TWO-PIECE PEASANT DRESS BY HELENE SIDEL. For stores write Helene Sidel, 530 7th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10018.

POPPY ON A COMB, P.C. Designs, 385 5th Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

ANTIQUE-LIKE NECKPIECE, glass and gold-plated beads, Daphne, 24 E. 38 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

TRIANGULAR SHAWL at all J.C. Penney stores.
WRAPPED BANGLES by Alexis Kirk, 393 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

SAINT LAURENT CORSELET BELT of canvas, trimmed and on a leather backing, at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores.

FLAT OVAL BEAN on a cord by Paul Omin. Contact: Prize Possessions, 392 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

EVENING SANDAL CLOGS by Andrew Geller, 1370 6th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.



Fonzie

continued from page 60

eral months ago. "I was knocked out her. I offered her a house, my dentist, life savings." He suspects she is newhat less impressed with him. 'e wrote to each other. Her letters uld say today I took a walk on the ach. Mine would say your absence s left a hole in my life that even mem- can't fill."

The woman arrives an hour late. She a tall, blond, Nordic ice maiden. I ow that she is his stewardess friend ause Henry, from the stage, motions pily with his arms like the wings of ying plane.

At six o'clock, when the director says, o home everybody," Henry and his nd go home.

The next day is taping day. People ound Henry report on his moods as if ey were the weather. Today, his mood poor. "I was watching my plants turn llow this morning," he fumes, "and it me to me that all I'm responsible for is e *creation* of my part. And I thought, at's right, can you hold onto that? And , I *can't* hold onto it. In a few minutes back to being my slimy, mundane f."

He pauses. Lights a cigarette. Goes on. "Last night was one of the few relaxing nights of my life. Then, this morning, a friend calls and says I never have time for anything anymore. I don't like it that I'm getting like that. Then my secretary calls. Then some interviewer calls. And then I get here and they say my friends can't get in to see the show tonight. And I say, 'If they don't come I don't, either.' Oh, God," he says, and then, in a suddenly comic gesture, throws himself on the floor. "What does Paul Newman do? What's the answer?" He gets up. He is laughing.

At lunchtime, someone shows Henry a small Fonzie doll. Depending on his mood, such things either please or annoy him. There have been other television stars with his popularity. He knows they have been fads. And he dislikes not being taken seriously. "Do they make Robert De Niro dolls?" he sometimes asks.

Later in the day, the critic from a local TV station comes to the studio with a young man who has muscular dystrophy. He wrote to the station asking if they could help him meet Fonzie, who, the boy said in the letter, had given him the courage to live. "It's a pleasure to meet you," Henry says, "because my job is to give people a lift, and you're living proof that I do." Henry usually insists that his public appearances be conducted "as Henry." In this case he makes a slight exception. The boy asks what Henry would do if he were president. "It's a little presumptuous of me," Henry says, beginning as Henry, "but what I'd say . . ." and he slips into Fonzie, "is that what this country needs is a lube job." The boy laughs. He says something to Henry. Henry answers softly, "I'm very glad," he says, "that I can be your dream."

Bracketed by blondes

That night, my visit to his house was bracketed by blondes. One was just leaving when I arrived, another just arriving when I left. The house, bought about a year ago, is private *(continued)*

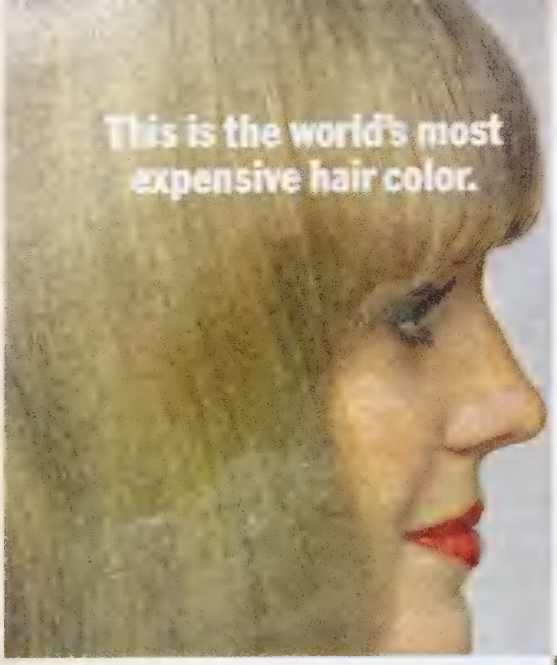
MARCH RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchens and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

BREADS
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DESSERTS
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Standing Rib Roast with Yorkshire Pudding, p. 112
MISCELLANEOUS
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an after can after can.



Fonzie

continued

—invisible from the road. An old house by California standards, it needed and got a lot of fixing, although it is still practically unfurnished. The dining room is bare, the study contains a single desk, a director's chair and plaques declaring Henry an honorary citizen of several cities. In the living room, with its fireplace and sliding glass doors opening on to a terrace, is an antique wooden cabinet and an oriental rug he bought that day. There are perfectly tended plants everywhere, none of which are turning yellow despite previous reports. Upstairs are two bedrooms. From Henry's bed, high on a wooden platform, he can look out and see nothing but trees.

The small touches—straw baskets on the kitchen walls, Mexican pots, even the 100 or so recent novels or biographies of actors—are all recent purchases. Nothing seems to have been carried over from his previous, pre-star life. And, interestingly, though the actual shell of the house is reassuringly traditional, everything built into it from the free-form tables on either side of the bed, to the wooden shelves built for the bathroom, falls somewhere between California rustic and kinky—as if Henry were overlaying his old-fashioned personality with a newer, "hipper" self.

Outside, on a redwood deck, is a warm, bubbling tub, in which Henry can soak. "It's the best I've ever been to myself," he says. It is significant that in the increasing drug culture of Hollywood, this sensuous way to relax is not a chemical one. Though Henry smokes endless cigarettes, he does not use drugs or drink.

In January, Henry made a major change in the direction of his career and began work on his second feature film—the first since his success as Fonzie. As he talks about it, the gap between what he feels and what he knows is clear. He knows: "Professionally, I'm very straight with myself, and I pride myself on my ability to not be swayed either by money or what other people think. If I fail at this I will have failed committedly." He feels: "Scared, there's no other character inside me. Acting is so ethereal you never know you can do it again, because you never know where it's coming from.

"The fact is," he says, "I don't feel good, and I'm tired of people saying you have the world by the horns, you should feel terrific. Because getting the world by the horns doesn't change *you;* you still carry around the same suitcase of problems you did before."

Many of those problems stem from the gap between his feeling and his thinking. "Intellectually, I know that being perfect is boring, and not the human condition, and takes too much energy. Yet I've always placed an enormous burden of perfection on myself."

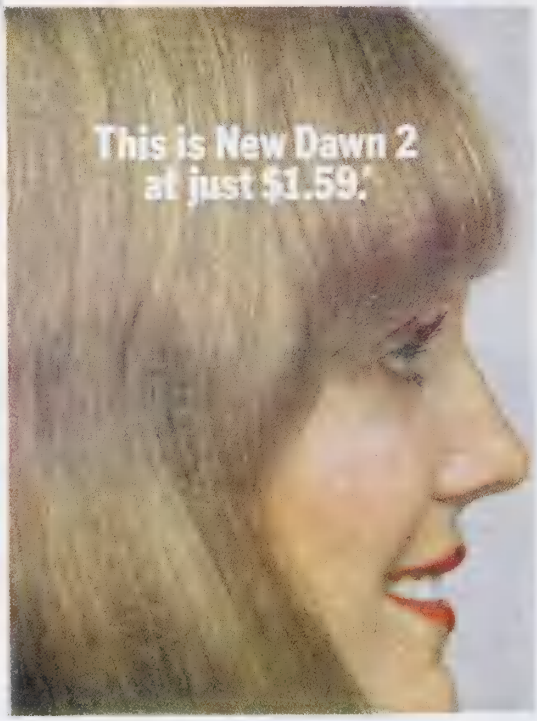
Needing things to be perfect partially explains why Henry, who at times wants "a committed relationship," is alone. "You have a girl who is great from numbers one through nine," he says, "and you start to think, if only she would change number ten. And that damn number ten becomes everything. It's always the out. I'm beginning to see that it is inhuman, disrespectful and unfair to have a number ten."

However, marriage is not a consideration right now. "I'm still too immature for it, and also I have got to see if career is going to last more than a ute before I think about settling d I have such a dichotomy: I long t with one woman, yet I don't date w en I could get serious about, so all choices are a denial of that. Most go out with actresses. They need I can do something for them. A wo who didn't need me would probably me boring."

Then I remembered something told the *Happy Days* producer: tha would play Fonzie if he were allowe make him "a full human being." H seems reasonably confident that he fashion a full, and in that sense, pe being, out of a written character- considerably less sure he can make a full being of himself. He says, "T why I'm on a search for a stren ened Henry. I feel it will make better actor." It's as if he, him were of peripheral significance, ful only insofar as he can contri to his work. As if proving this then says, "All I want to be i artist."

But does he want to be an a who is, just incidentally, a pe or a person who happens also t an artist? He says, "I have alw thought being the best actor in world would make me a better son." Then he adds, "Well, at I it would make me accepted." I "It would make you accepted a *actor*, not as a person." "Well, says, "I get it confused a little

Work is not everything, s people say. Others say it is. I t about something Henry said morning in his dressing room w he was very angry and very fused. "What I've got to do, w I'm trying to do," he has said get this thing into *proportion*."



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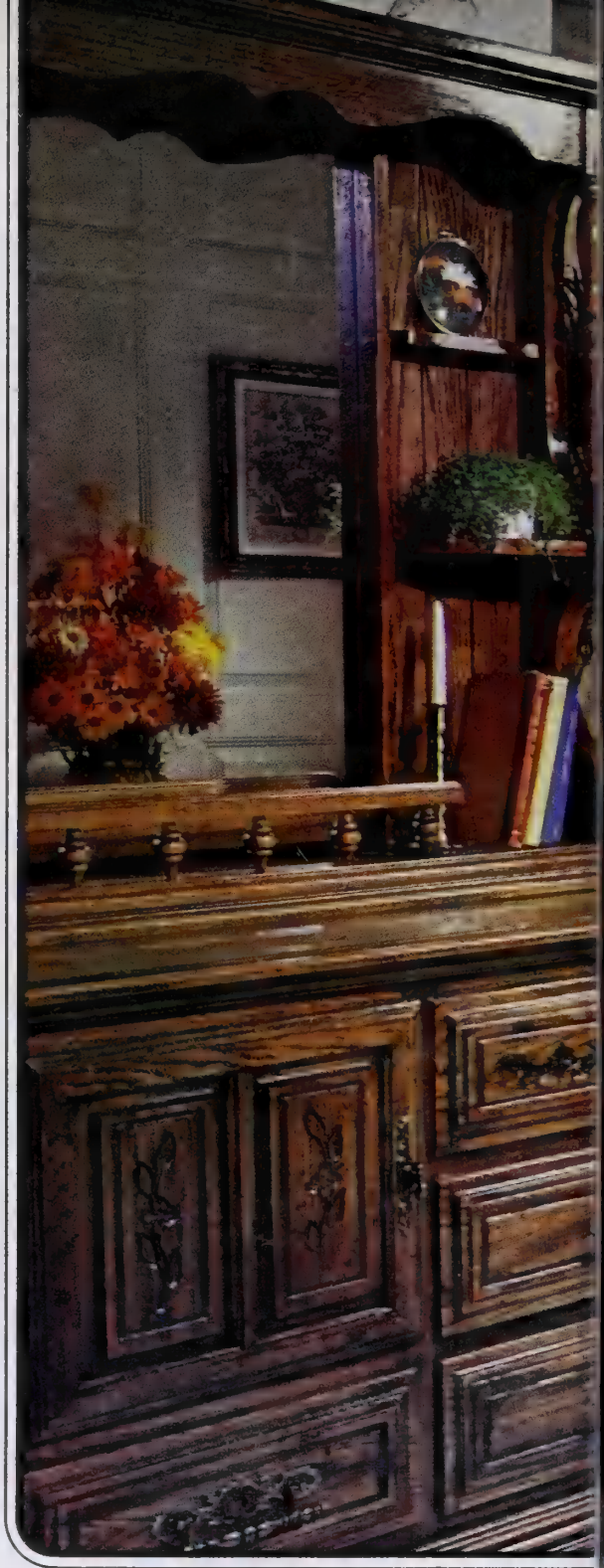
All pieces are carefully created from solid oak and oak veneers. Delicate hand-finishing highlights the splendid oak grain finish.

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Choose the bold simplicity of a Country English bedroom—the sale price includes a tall, country-style chest, oversized 70-inch triple dresser with matching deck mirror, and a turned-post headboard (full/queen size). Other pieces also available.

Or dine like Country English nobility—and save $200. The dining room sale price includes the trestle table, four ladder-back side chairs and two arm chairs. The table measures 66 x 42 inches and has a hand-finished, framed oak veneer top. Eighteen inch table leaf included. All chairs have thick durable cushions, upholstered in a rust textured-look Herculon® olefin for easy care.

Then accent your lovely new table with the accompanying china hutch and base—sale priced at $599.88 from $700.00. It's extra large for extra storage and even has a special silver drawer.



If you desire additional service and storage s the 66-inch buffet is also on sale. And, of co each piece is built with the same careful craft ship found throughout the Oaken Splendor collection.

Oaken Splendor is available at most Se larger stores. But sale prices end March 19, 1 So buy now for enduring value.

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base as well as buffet on sale
rately.

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JOURNAL ABOUT HOME

Change-of-season food news and tips.



NEW DAYS AHEAD

March blows in with 31 days—to lionize events, sample what's new in the supermarket.

- It's Town Meeting Day all over Vermont, March 1. Be open-minded (and warm) with a single mug of instant Cream of Mushroom soup; Nestlé.
- Hoot and Holler. Texas Independence Day (March 2) calls for hot-bloodedness. For a bang, try a peppery new Bloody Mary mix; Tabasco Brand.
- Honor Elizabeth Barrett Browning (March 6) who gave the world: "How do I love thee/Let me count the ways." Start off easy with refrigerator corn muffins; Pillsbury.
- Amerigo Vespucci (March 9) may have named the Americas, but we're even more international now. There's a French bread pizza the family will love; Stouffers.
- It was way back in '88 (March 12) when the Great Blizzard drifted in. Prepare; stock up on Chunky Soups: chicken, chili beef and bean with ham; Campbells.
- Walking the long green line at the St. Patrick's Day parade (March 17), works up a real appetite. Top off the day with a new mate for pork, Stove Top stuffing; General Foods.
- When Earth Day, March 21, dawns, celebrate things natural. A healthy opener is a crunchy, high fiber cereal –Cracklin' Bran; Kelloggs.
- If your child is as adept at avoiding things nutritious as Houdini (March 24) was at slipping from handcuffs, this might work like magic. Looking and tasting like an orange popsicle, Ten Plus is filled with protein and vitamin C; Consolidated Foods.

KNOW YOUR SUGAR

Now that sugar prices have come down from the stratosphere, it's a safe subject to talk about without blood pressures rising. Here are some once-over-lightly facts we find interesting. All plants contain sugar, but sugar cane and sugar beets are principal sources: cane is a subtropical plant growing up to 15 feet; beets are a temperate root that look like regular beets but are white and weigh up to 2 pounds each. Sugars they produce are indistinguishable. Refinement leads to these principal types of sugar: **Granulated**—the commonest, can be "fine" or "ultra-fine" and the types are interchangeable. Stores indefinitely; there is no difference in brands of granulated. **Powdered** (or confectioners') with varying number of X's for candies or frostings has a small amount of cornstarch added to prevent lumping. Not interchangeable with granulated. **Brown**—dark or light—gets its color from molasses, the liquid that dries out if sugar is not carefully stored in airtight containers. (All sugar naturally contains molasses, but it is washed out in white-sugar processing.) Can be used in place of granulated if flavor is not a critical factor. **Substitutes**—liquid or dry, are generally acceptable in most foods except for baking. And that's a matter of chemistry, another subject for another time.

REMEMBER FONDUE?

Several years ago pots of hot oil sizzled across the land as we dipped raw vegetables, cubes of meat and tiny chunks of pound cake in our enthusiasm for fondue. Sales of the requisite pots and forks zoomed. Then the fad waned in a backwash of scorched tongues and general impatience with the ritual.

We're not trying to start a fad again, but we do think it's time to dust off the fondue pot and try again. It *is* a diverting and entertaining way to eat, and food cooked this way can be delicious. We think fondue parties, as such, were a mistake. A group of four sitting around a fondue setup is perfect—more than that dipping into a pot of hot liquid can be dodgy. And make it festive and relaxed –for family or friends –with candlelight, fire in the fireplace, fancy napkins. Fondue is not your hurry-up supper, eat-on-the-run scene. These fondue pots can also be used as chafing dishes, another fad that seems to have undeservedly waned.

And, irreverently, there are still other ways to press forgotten fondue pots into service: planter, candy dish, container for matchbooks, cents-off coupons, decorative soaps in the bathroom. All in all, a pot of many uses.

Illustration by Rodica Prato.

Make a chocolate cream pie go crunch.



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Chocolate Almond Crunch Pie

1 package (6-serving size) JELL-O® Chocolate Flavor Pudding and Pie Filling
2½ cups milk
1 baked 9-inch pie shell, cooled
⅔ cup BLUE DIAMOND® Blanched Whole Almonds
3 tablespoons brown sugar
1½ tablespoons butter or margarine

Prepare pie filling mix with milk as directed on package for pie. Pour into pie shell. Chill at least 4 hours. Meanwhile, chop almonds coarsely and toast in shallow pan at 350° for 3 to 5 minutes. Combine brown sugar and butter in a saucepan. Heat over low heat until butter is melted; stir in nuts. Remove from heat and stir with a fork to cool. Sprinkle evenly over pie filling. Garnish with whipped topping.



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What's happening

continued from page 18

MOVIE FUTURES

The fates of former films are seal (whether or not in an Oscar envelop But the future is open and pictures undone have peaked my interest. Rob Altman, who has made films as vari as *M.A.S.H.*, *Nashville* and *McCabe a Mrs. Miller*, is unpredictable and inc sistent. But at least he has *ideas*, and anticipating with a certain palpatati *Three Women*, which opens in Ap The stars are the very special Sissy S cek, plus Shelly Duvall and Janice Ru

The picture-in-progress that Colu bia is betting on is a quasi-science- tion-tale called *Close Encounters of Third Kind*. The film's director is *Ja* maker Steven Spielberg, who has sp $14 million! *Close Encounters* will s Richard Dreyfuss plus a touch of cl in the person of François Truffaut, French director, who will co-star. Tru peting the film, Columbia's president made the modest assertation that "t is the most important film ever financ and distributed" by his company. Hol wood understatement takes anot beating. **E**

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

Bugsy Malone, acted by kids, is a spoof rackets and prohibition in the late 20's, lighthearted lark full of smiles. What f

Cousin, Cousine, the story of the love husband and wife, has captivated all Am ica. Enchanting and joyous.

The Front is insubstantial—a thin gr when star Woody Allen isn't on screen. movie set in the Joseph McCarthy 1950's

Idi Amin Dada is a rare look at the dicta of Uganda—a man who is part buffoon, p menace. A remarkable record.

The Incredible Sarah pretends to be a bi raphy of Sarah Bernhardt. But despite presence of star Glenda Jackson, the mo rings like plastic glass.

The Last Tycoon, F. Scott Fitzgerald's t of Hollywood in the Thirties, is a handso movie but, sadly, largely promise with fulfillment.

Network, as in TV, is ridiculous, with aut Paddy Chayefsky hitting as many as typewriters at once. A satiric stew.

Rocky is one of my favorite movies of year, a movie to make you feel good over. It's about people you'll *care* about

St. Ives stars Charles Bronson. If you en him (as I do) you'll enjoy this private movie with Bronson in charge all the w

The Seven-Per-cent Solution in a comed mystery involving Sherlock Holmes a Sigmund Freud, all adding up to 100 p cent entertainment.

The Shootist is touching and strong, with exceptional performance by John Way Jimmy Stewart and Lauren Bacall also st

Silent Movie really *is* silent and really *i* comedy treasure, thanks to the inspiration Mel Brooks. A film for everyone.

The Slipper and the Rose is good news anyone with fairy tale hearts. Lavish C derella story with music.

Small Change is an utterly charming ch dren's story from François Truffaut.

Two-Minute Warning is boring, banal, sh by. Plastic people; gratuitous violence.

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py ending when CBS decided to return Mary Tyler Moore to her old time slot—and *Starsky and Hutch* remained among the top ten shows.

Both David Soul and Paul Michael Glaser are very serious about their craft. They have a common commitment to excellence that has grown naturally out of their backgrounds. Both families, though quite different, produced impressive achievers. David's father, Dr. Richard W. Solberg, is director of higher education for the Lutheran Church of America. David is the oldest of five children, one of whom is a research physicist; another, a former book editor; the third, a minister; and the youngest, a classical singer. Paul is the son of an architect. One sister is a graduate of Radcliffe College and the other, the first woman graduate of a French military

casting, off camera, it seems to be
David is low-key and quiet, while
is volatile and impetuous. In spit
Paul's best efforts to keep his ter
hidden from the press, word has le
out that he explodes often. At one p
during this interview, a public relat
woman left in tears under a verbal b
bardment from him.

Later (alone), David rises to P
defense. "Look," he says calmly, "v
Paul does is to react too strongly, bl
ly, off-the-cuff. He *is* destructive so
times, but when you've got Paul's p
lems . . ." David stops himself mid-
tence and switches his tack. "When
put 100 percent of your energy in
show, like Paul does, this can happ

Unlike David, Paul is very awar
his image. He is careful with his ma
up and what he wears on televis
The white shirt that lights his f
the new blue-jeans jacket. And th
is David in the same old gru
leather number.

Not caring about things
clothes suits David. It has been s
gested that he tries to combat
fair-haired-boy image. He does,
fact, prefer character roles, and w
he first tested for the series, he wa
ed the part of Starsky.

Who can blame him? In the sh
Starsky is supposed to be street-w
and quick on the draw; Hutch is w
educated, literate, reflective. W
exists in the way of funny, fast zing
are usually Starsky's, and David, w
a face lots of people would like to
playing Hamlet, tries his best to l
literate. He's philosophical about
of it. He was everyone's first cho
for Hutch so he accepted and, w
customary care, wrote an 11-pa
summary of the character that ev
included a minute description
Hutch's apartment. *(continue*

Starsky & Hutch

continued from page 50

he does, he is open and communicative. His personal conflicts are less visible and he is endlessly courteous. He is so chivalrous and helpful to everyone that his charm has been described as "political," which is not altogether fair because it has none of the politician's hard drive and purpose. It is simply as open, easy and self-confident as the outdoorsy grin of a ski instructor.

David, 6'1" and 170 pounds, is singularly unselfconscious. He seems to take for granted his classic good looks and the lithe coordination that once landed him a baseball contract with the Chicago White Sox. But he is *shy*. The spotlight makes him blink.

Starsky and Hutch, in case you've missed it, is a furiously paced, violence-riddled detective show—half kinky, half nice-guy-next-door. It has held viewer loyalty long enough to convince ABC that S&H could pull its weight in the dangerous territory of Saturday night television. As soon as the show was switched from Wednesday to Saturday, however, rival network CBS pulled out its big guns and scheduled *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* opposite it. As a result, two of America's favorite cops faced their first real drop in ratings.

"I can see things happening here that aren't too good," said David (Hutch). "I don't think I'm being egomaniacal when I say that Paul and I really made the show what it is. Our input was invaluable, but, suddenly, it no longer matters. We're treated like a package, like a commodity. We're dealt with in terms of numbers."

Happily for ABC, the story had a happy ending when CBS decided to return Mary Tyler Moore to her old time slot—and *Starsky and Hutch* remained among the top ten shows.

Both David Soul and Paul Michael Glaser are very serious about their craft. They have a common commitment to excellence that has grown naturally out of their backgrounds. Both families, though quite different, produced impressive achievers. David's father, Dr. Richard W. Solberg, is director of higher education for the Lutheran Church of America. David is the oldest of five children, one of whom is a research physicist; another, a former book editor; the third, a minister; and the youngest, a classical singer. Paul is the son of an architect. One sister is a graduate of Radcliffe College and the other, the first woman graduate of a French military college. It is not surprising that high standards and a dedication to good drama bind David and Paul together. It is the basis of a friendship that is as strong off the screen as it is on it.

But commitment to acting is where the similarity between the two ends. "David and I are diametrically opposed," says Paul. "Complete opposites."

"In what way?"

"Well, David takes care of himself about as well as . . . well, I don't know what! (Not well at all is what he means.) But I run two miles every morning and then have a high-protein drink. I have salads for lunch and dinner, sometimes with some chicken or fish."

True, David's trailer refrigerator is well stocked with beer, and their eating habits may be an indicator of deeper differences between the two men.

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Starsky & Hutch

continued

David who flunked out of the University of Minnesota, made his first appearance as a singer on the Merv Griffin Show. Billed as "The Covered Man," he wore a paper bag over his head. "It was a gimmick, which I knew I had to have, and it also served my need to have people pay attention to my work instead of my image."

After the paper-bag gimmick came an offer to star in the ABC series *Here Come the Brides*, lots of guest appearances on television shows, and some motion pictures, among them *Dog Pound Shuffle* (his mother's favorite) and, recently, *Little Ladies of the Night*.

David wishes his personal life was as manageable as his work. He has been married twice, first to a classmate at the University of Minnesota, then to actress Karen Carlson. His two boys, Chris, 12, and Jon, 5, live with their mothers, but visit David often. David has been living with actress Lynne Marta for over a year, but he does not deny that the relationship is a stormy one.

"David likes everybody on sight, especially girls," reports Chuckles Hollum, the show's loyal stand-in—a homespun philosopher who has been with *Starsky and Hutch* since the show began. "He's crazy about girls everywhere.

"David," Chuckles continues, "has more energy than Paul. He can do mo than anyone else. Like when we we doing *Baal* (David acted in and co posed eight ballads for a production Berthold Brecht's *Baal* at the Bicente nial Theatre in Los Angeles), David w always in there hauling logs—even aft he'd fallen off his motorcycle and pra tically skinned himself alive!"

Chuckles has David all figured ou "There is an old Norwegian saying, 'Th more a man tries to become unlike h father, the more he becomes like h grandfather.' Well, David is trying n to be a minister and not to go into t State Department."

Chuckles also has something to sa about Paul. "Unlike David, who is sti a kid with toys, Paul couldn't care les about money. Paul still drives around i a four-year-old Mazda. He's cantanker ous, but he's a truly caring person un derneath. He's got a pass-along perso ality. He isn't selfish. He doesn't wan to keep things to himself."

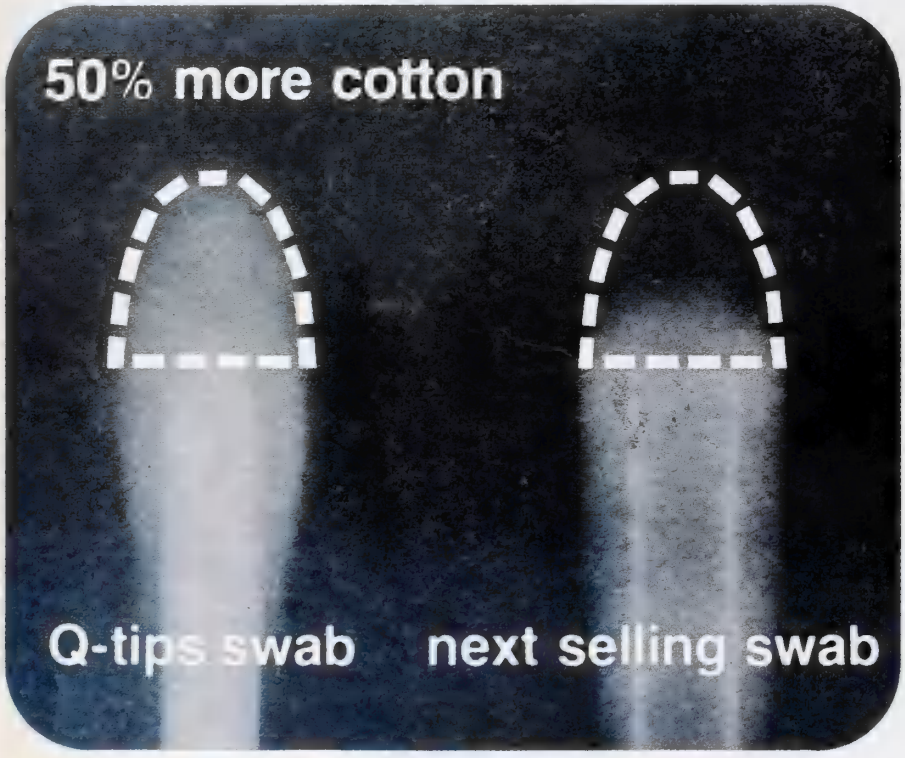
What did he say?

Chuckles is right. Paul does "pas along." He gives interviews easily an often, and he donates a steady stream o words punctuated by one-liners (" couldn't care less what you write abou me"), a not-so-subtle grip on the inter viewer's ankle ("I don't want to give a interview; I would like you to write about your experiencing me"), a teasing defense and a manipulative game. But when it is all over and the torrent o words is duly recorded, it is hard to be sure exactly what it was that Paul Michael Glaser had to say.

He begins, for example: "Well, I'll tell you something. I started going to a psychiatrist when I was in college and I'm in therapy now. And for a whole period of time there I was walking around saying I've got a damn good focus on myself. I understand just what. . . ." Paul slaps one of his thighs hard, then the other, then each arm: "That's that and that's that and that's that! And then all of a sudden things weren't fitting together as well as they should. I needed someone to help me get a better perspective on what was going down."

About this time, the interviewer begins to feel as if she has fallen down the rabbit hole. Here is Paul intently defining and analyzing the proposition that one should not define and analyze. "Me," he says, "I'm at a point in my life where I'm trying to 'give up' in terms of work as an actor and in terms of other artistic endeavors and in terms of myself. I'm trying to lose control." (But not of the interview!)

Paul has trouble listening, he admits. He has trouble with anger. Obviously. He has described himself as "a very angry kid." If money means little to him, it's because he always had it. Unlike first born David, Paul was *(continued)*



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Marie

continued from page 52

She's got it all together. She can do it."

But, says Marie. "I'll never go on my own. The family is too important to me."

Niceness. Togetherness. Happiness. Is this a never-never land?

Almost. It is Osmond-land, where the standards are different from most folks. Everything they think, speak or do is directly influenced by their Mormon religion. Mormons believe in total family unity. The Church suggests Family Night, when family members gather together once a week to talk about whatever they wish.

Olive, 52, the mother of the nine Osmond children, is credited as the power and strength behind the family. "Our family puts religion first, then loyalty and love," says Olive. "We would drop anything that interfered with that. The Lord has blessed us in show business, and if we can help one person, influence him or her for good, we have accomplished our being."

In addition to the King James version of the Bible and *The Book of Mormon*, members of the Mormon faith believe in *The Doctrine and Convenants of Mormonism*, which calls for self-discipline, obedience and a health code that prohibits tobacco, alcohol and caffeine.

Marie wasn't allowed to date until she was 16. But she says, "I would make my kids wait. I think it's wholesome and you don't get spoiled so fast."

Once Marie reached the magical 16, she found that her fame frightened some boys. "It's hard for a guy to call me. Some of them won't ask me out. So if I see someone I like, I tell Donny. He to go out with Marie?'"

Adds Donny, "They all say, 'Wow

"Marie doesn't date much cause there isn't time," says Mrs. mond, "but she does meet boys throu friends and at church. She dates b her age and up to four years older. don't let her go out with anyone ol than that, and her brothers pass insp tion over everyone she dates. They d ble-date until she's 18; it's a family la

"Some guys," says Marie, "get a kick out of my being asked to sign au graphs when we're out. I enjoy be asked, too, but I like a guy who likes for me. You can pretty much tell h he'll treat you, and if he respects gi when you first meet him. My ideals very high because of my brothers. all have certain standards and we pre much agree." Marie cannot recall wh an older brother suggested that she date a particular man. Though she joys dating, she doesn't plan to ma in the immediate future. "When I'm or 26, I'll get married," says Marie. " having too much fun now."

If Marie does get married, it probal will be to a Mormon. "There are so ma problems in marriage and having ch dren that I don't believe in bringing the added problem of religion," she sa "I don't feel it's necessary to ma someone in show business. It's mu more important to find a good, und standing guy who respects me and lieves in the same things I do. I think t greatest responsibilities are raising family and having a good marriage."

Olive Osmond, who celebrated h 32nd wedding anniversary with her hu band George on December 1, 1976, sa "I'd like Marie to get a husband just li her dad. He is a good man and a ste one. He has taught the children to ob and take care of dollars. We we always a lower-income *(continue*

Starsky & Hutch

continued

the third child in a family of strong achievers. Listening to him, one cannot avoid the impression that this bristling, bright young man is trying like crazy to prove himself.

But this insight is no help to the public relations woman who is reduced to tears. Or the interviewer who can do without the macho games. "Call me a male chauvinist, but I love a good set of legs," is the widely circulated quote from Paul. "I think if you put it in context, you'll probably find out it meant something else," he says. But he never says what.

Paul received his M.A. in theater and English at Tulane University, and graduated from Boston University with a master's degree in acting and directing. He spent many months acting in daytime soap operas, *Love of Life* and *Love Is a Many Splendored Thing*, went on to Broadway plays such as *Butterflies Are Free*. He recently starred in the TV film *The Great Houdini*.

Paul's girlfriend, Elizabeth, teaches neurologically handicapped children. According to his story, Paul and Elizabeth were driving (in separate cars) down Santa Monica Boulevard when Paul noticed Elizabeth, smiled and signaled her to pull over to the side of the road. He asked her for a date, she accepted and their love affair was born.

As they say, anything is possible in Hollywood. It is possible, as Chuckles would have it, that beneath Paul's bulldog song and dance, is a heart of gold. Gold or not, it is a heart that values friendships highly. "Sometimes . . . I don't know how to explain it," Paul Michael Glaser has said of David Soul. "He's just here for me. The brother I never had. It's a beautiful thing." **End**



Time for a new box.
For a lot of little reasons.



"My daughter complained when I gave her two or three different detergents."



Gentlemen,

I never trusted any of the detergents you say work in any temperature. But my daughter, whose a college coed, always complained when I would give her two or three different detergents for washing her clothes at school.

So finally, I became tempted to buy a box of All Temperature Cheer for her.

Your Cheer was a big hit. She washes all of her clothes in it and is delighted with how clean they come out.

So because of her, I also tried your Cheer. I too, was very happy with the outcome. The whites were so white and I couldn't believe how bright my colored prints were. Even my husband's work clothes came out truly clean.

You should be commended for making such a good product.

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Mrs. Jurich



All-Temperature Cheer. Three temperatures, one detergent.

For cold & flu relief nothing's changed.



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Rest, Fluids, Bayer Aspirin.

Read and follow label directions on this and all medicines.

family. We stay close to the Church, the real security of life."

Of course, the Osmonds are no longer a lower-income family. Last year, a magazine article said that the family gives one-tenth of its gross income as required by the Mormon Church, and that in 1975 its contribution ranged from $800,000 to $1 million. "I would appreciate it," says Olive, "if you would write that we do not talk about this. All published figures are purely speculative. This is between God and us. The Bible says it."

The Osmonds do allow themselves some luxuries. When Marie turned 17 on October 13, 1976, her birthday was celebrated in Hawaii, where the family had gone for a brief vacation. From her father, she received a palomino horse; from her mother, a gold elephant pin—Marie collects toy elephants. Marie has a pony-skin coat with a fur collar (her father bought it on a visit to Denmark), but Olive doesn't own a fur coat. "George bought me one years ago, but I felt funny wearing it to church," she says. "My diamond is in the safe, and we only have costume jewelry. I want to see my kids happy in nice, moderate homes. I don't want us to be anything but common, ordinary people."

When the Donny and Marie show went on TV in January 1975, the Osmonds bought a seven-unit apartment building in Los Angeles (they also own a ranch and two homes in Utah). Marie has her own apartment in the complex adjoining the apartment of Donny and 13-year-old Jimmy.

"I take care of my apartment on Saturdays," says Marie. "I clean, change the bed linens and do everything else. Mother does the laundry and marketing for all of us, but we're trying to convince her to get somebody in to help."

Marie also designs her own show clothes and "cooks almost as well as she can sing," says Olive. "It's traditional for her to fix Thanksgiving dinner for the entire family."

Never really unhappy

It would seem that anyone who consistently peaks at happiness as Marie does must know valleys of depression, but, says the young star, "I'm never really unhappy." Nevertheless, there was a time in her life when she was deeply distressed. When the Donny and Marie Show finished production for the 1975 season, the Osmonds were driving their many cars back home to Utah. Along the way, her father pulled off to the side of the road. Marie, who admits she wasn't paying attention, thought he was still moving. She plowed right into the car and almost totaled her own.

"We were both hurt," says Olive. "Marie has a scar over her eye and on her lip. The doctors say she may have to have plastic surgery, but they want to wait. I had broken ribs and a bruised heart, and that really grieved her deeply. She can't stand it when I have pain, which I still do. She has stomach pains because she feels so guilty."

Says Marie, "That was a true valley of depression for me because it was my fault." As the only girl in a family with eight boys, she is very close to her mother. She says without embarrassment, "My mother is my best girl friend."

Best-friend mothers run in this unusual family. "I was the only girl in my family, too," says Olive. "And I was very close to my mother, who was and is my best friend. I call her every week in Utah and we write letters all the time. So it just seems normal for Marie and me to be close."

It was Olive who saw that Marie's career forte would be country-style singing, rather than her brothers' rock tunes. "When she tried to sing 'Peg O' My Heart' softly, it just wasn't right. Then I heard her belting out 'Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head' and I knew she had a career in country singing," says Olive. For now, at least, and for one famous teenager, it seems that mother does indeed know best. **End**



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Mary Tyler Moore

continued from page 48

with whom she has a terrific sex life. That's the only area of her life I personally feel is not A-1 tops.

"Who might the man be? Well, we did one show where she had to choose between two old friends, played by Michael Tolan and Ted Bessell. I liked both of the characters very much, and thought it would be very difficult for Mary to choose between them. Michael was strong and fiery—a lot of emotion boiling under the surface, which is very attractive to me. Ted offered more of an equal, peer-type relationship, which is also attractive. As it happened, she chose Ted, but then Ted left to do a show on Broadway and we lost him." So Mary will go off the air unattached, and your predictions are as valid as Mary's.

Whatever happens, very soon Mary Richards will take her final walk through the frosted-glass door inscribed WJM-TV News. Long before the script was written, Grant and Mary talked about that final scene. "Grant said, 'I don't know what the story will be, but it should show everyone going out that door and saying goodbye.' Then he couldn't go on. And I started to choke up. It took him about twenty minutes to control his emotions and say it: that the last shot should be me standing at the doorway, looking at the empty ne room, turning out the light and walk out the door. It isn't going to be easy

And though she insists "we mus use the word funeral, because this very positive step we're taking," M admits that she's worried about gett through the last show, about losing c trol. "That happens to me every tim have to do a crying scene; I get choked up sometimes I can't get dialogue out. But for now, Mother ture is protecting me, I guess—it re hasn't hit me yet that it's almost all ov

As for the rest of the cast, Mary fe no guilt at ending the show. "Absolut not! I would only feel guilt if they w lacking in talent or vitality and una to work again. But Ed Asner has a ser Georgia Engel will costar on Be White's pilot; Gavin MacLeod has gr love for his nightclub act; Ted Kni has a deal with CBS. They're all go and they're all in demand."

She's learned a lot from all of the she says, about comedic instinct, timi trust and friendship. From her, hopes, they may have picked up " value of self-discipline. The ability share the spotlight with their co-work when *they* are stars, because wh Shakespeare said is so true—the play the thing, not the actors. Also, to be g erous personally, and to allow otl people their space in which to gr Those are pretty important elements life." As it happens, these are traits t people who work with Mary Ty Moore do learn. They will miss M Tyler Moore, surely as much as her f will miss Mary Richards. **E**

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Scope® fights bad breath without giving you medicine breath.

Pour some of your mouthwash into a glass and smell it.

If it's one of the antiseptic mouthwashes, it may smell like medicine. So as it fights bad breath, it leaves your breath smelling like medicine.

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The choice is yours. But, since Scope gets your breath clean like an antiseptic mouthwash, doesn't it really make sense to use Scope?

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t ancient sweater I might feel a molecule living Jenny.

Stop it, Oliver!

I closed the door and never opened it again. Two weeks later Philip Cavilleri quietly cked all her stuff and took it off. Just be- e he left he mumbled, "I won't visit you ain unless you move."

Funny. Once he had despoiled the house everything that wakened Jenny in the nd, I found a new apartment in a week. all and prisonlike (the first floor windows New York have iron bars, remember?), it as the not-quite basement of a brownstone where a rich oducer lived. It was closer to the office and just half a block m Central Park. Obviously, signs were pointing to my minent recovery.

Still I have a serious confession.

Even though I'm in new quarters all refurnished, and ends more often say, "You're looking good, old buddy," ere is something that I've kept of Jenny.

In the bottom drawer of the desk at home are Jenny's sses. Because a glance at them reminds me of the lovely es that looked through them to look through me.

But otherwise, as everyone who sees me never hesitates say, I'm in terrific shape.

It helps to run. It clears the mind. Releases tension. And s socially acceptable to do alone. Working out in Central rk I never have to speak to anyone.

"Hey, Oliver!"

One afternoon I seemed to hear my name. Just imagina- n. No one ever paged me in the park. I jogged along.

"You Harvard snob!"

Although the world abounds with guys of that description, ill I somehow sensed that I indeed was being called. I oked back and saw a former college roommate, Stephen mpson '64, about to overtake me on his bike.

"Hey, what the hell is wrong with you?" he said.

"Simpson, what gives you the right to say that anything is rong with me?"

"Well, first, I'm now a graduate doctor, second I'm sup- sed to be your friend, and third, I leave you messages you ver answer."

"I figured med school students never have the time. . ." ow could I explain that all I really wanted was a leave of sence from the human race?

"I'm sorry, Steve," I added, hoping he would ride on by.

"You're not sorry, you're pathetic."

"Thanks. Regards to Gwen." He didn't leave my side.

"Hey, look—don't ask me why, but Gwen would love to e you," Simpson said. "How's Friday night?"

"I'm busy."

"Sure, I know. There's always night court. Anyway, show p at eight."

He then accelerated by me, turning back but once. To say, if addressing one of limited intelligence, "That's eight P.M. is Friday night. We're in the book, so no excuses."

"Forget it, Steve. I won't be there!"

He pretended not to hear my firm rebuttal. What arrogance think I could be pushed around.

Anyway, the guy in Sherry Lehmann claimed that hateau Lynch-Bages was among the best Bordeaux. So I ot two bottles of the '64. Even if the Simpsons would be ored to tears, they'd have a decent wine for consolation.

They acted pleased to see me.

We sat down on the floor and talked of metaphysical rofundities. Like what a drag it was to be a resident, how rely they could have a quiet evening. They tried to make e feel that I could loosen up.

Then a bell rang and I froze. "What's that?" I asked.

"Stay loose," said Steve. "It's just the other guests."

"What other guests?" I asked.

"Well, actually," said Gwen, "it's just a single guest—"

"You mean a guest who's single, right?" I said, now feeling like a cornered animal.

Dammit, this is why I *never* go to other people's houses! I can't endure the friends who try to "help."

"But Oliver, it's someone nice."

"I'm sorry, Gwen, I know you both meant well, but—"

At that very moment Steve returned with this night's sacrificial victim.

What I first noticed was she was wearing wire glasses.

Simpson introduced Joanna Stein, M.D., resident in pediatrics, whom he'd gone to med school with. They currently were slaving in the selfsame hospital. I didn't even pay enough attention to decide if she was pretty. Someone said let's all sit down and have a drink and so we did.

Lots of small talk after that.

Gradually I noticed that Joanna Stein M.D., besides her rounded wire glasses, had a gentle voice. Later still I noticed that the thoughts articulated in that voice were sensitive and kind. I'm glad to say there was no mention of my "case." I guess the Simpsons briefed her.

"It's a crummy life," I heard Steve Simpson say.

"I'll drink to that," I said. And then I realized he and Gwen were just commiserating with Joanna on how hard it was to be a resident.

"What do you do for recreation, Jo?" said I, and thought, I hope she doesn't think that I want to ask her out.

"I go to bed," she answered.

"I can't help it," she continued. "I get home so tired I just crash and sleep for twenty hours."

"Oh." Then Gwen Simpson bade us come to dinner.

As we ate, Joanna inquired, "Oliver?"

Thanks to my experience in cross-examination, I responded quickly.

"Yes?"

"Do you like opera?"

That's a tricky question I thought, while racing to consider what she might intend. "Oh, I don't mind opera," I said, then shrewdly covering all bases, added, "I just don't dig anything Italian, French or German."

"Good," she said, unfazed. Could she have meant the Chinese opera?

"Merritt's singing Purcell Tuesday night."

I forgot to rule out English too! Now I'd probably let down my guard enough to get involved in taking her to some Limey opera.

"Sheila Merritt's this year's big soprano," Stephen Simpson said, now double-teaming me.

"And she's singing *Dido and Aeneas*," added Gwen, thus making it a three-on-one encounter.

"That sounds great," I said capitulating. Though inwardly I cursed both Steve and Gwen.

"Oh, I'm pleased," Joanna said. "I've got two seats. . ." Oh, here it comes.

". . . but Steve and I are both on duty. I was hoping you and Gwen could use the tickets."

"Gwen would really dig it, Oliver," said Steve.

"Yeah, fine," I said. Then realizing I should act a little more enthused, I told Joanna, "Thanks a lot."

"I'm glad that you can go," replied Joanna Stein, M.D. "Please tell my parents that you saw me and I'm still alive."

What was this? I now cringed inwardly, while picturing

a seat adjoining the aggressive ("like-my-daughter?") mother of Joanna Stein.

"They're in the strings," she said, hurrying out with Steve.

"Where the hell is 'Strings'?" I asked Gwen.

"Usually it's eastward of the woodwinds. Her mother's a violist and her father plays the cello with the New York City Opera."

"Oh," I said.

A pause.

"Was it really all that painful meeting Jo?" she asked.

I looked at her. And answered, "Yeah."

"Now I am laid
Am laid in earth
May my wrongs create no trouble in thy breast. . ."

Dido, Queen of Carthage, was about to self-destruct and felt the need to tell the world about it in an aria. The music was fantastic and the text antique. Sheila Merritt sang it brilliantly and well deserved all her ovations.

"Hey Gwen, I'm glad I came," I said as we arose.

"Let's thank our benefactors," she replied.

We threaded through the people to the orchestra.

"Where's Steve?" said Mr. Stein as he was covering his cello. He had flowing grayish hair that didn't seem acquainted with a comb.

"Steve's on duty with Joanna. This is Oliver, a friend of hers." (She didn't have to put it quite that way!) At this moment, bearing her viola, Mrs. Stein approached. Sort of small and stocky, though her effervescent manner made her quite attractive.

"Are you holding court, King Stein?"

"As usual, my dear," he answered, adding, "Gwen you've met. And this is Oliver, a friend of Jo's."

"Nice to meet you. How's our daughter?"

"Fine," retorted Mr. Stein, before I could respond.

"I didn't ask you, did I, Stein?" said Mrs. Stein.

"Jo is fine," I said, not quite in sync with their badinage. "And thank you for the seats."

"Did you enjoy it?" Mrs. Stein inquired.

"Of course. It was terrific!" said her husband.

"Who asked *you*?" said Mrs. Stein.

"I'm answering for him because I'm a professional. And therefore with authority I tell you Merritt was superb."

"Excuse him, Oliver," said Mrs. Stein to me, "he's only crazy when it comes to music."

"What else is there?" Stein riposted, adding, "everyone's invited Sunday. Our place. Five. That's when we'll really play."

"We can't," said Gwen, "it's my parents' anniversary."

"Okay," said Mr. Stein, "then Oliver—"

"He may have other plans," said Mrs. Stein to help me off the hook.

"Who are you to talk for him?" said Stein to Mrs. Stein with righteous indignation. "He can't wait to come."

"How do you know?" asked Mrs. Stein, as I stood mute.

"I know, he's just too shy to say so," Mr. Stein explained. Then to me, "Show up around five. Bring your instrument."

"The only thing I play is hockey," I replied, in semi-hope that I would gross him out.

"Then bring your sticks," said Mr. Stein. "We'll put you by the ice cubes. See you Sunday, Oliver."

Sunday came. And naturally, I didn't want to go. But fate did not come through for me. I didn't get an urgent message on an urgent case. I didn't even get the flu. Thus lacking an excuse—and carrying a large bouquet—I found myself outside the door of Louis Stein.

"Aha," sang out the host when he espied my floral offering, "you shouldn't have." And then called out to Mrs. Stein, "It's Oliver—he brought me flowers!"

She came trotting up and kissed me on the cheek.

"Come in and meet the music *mafiosi*," commanded M Stein. And put his arm around my shoulder.

Ten or twelve musicians were installed at music stan around the room. Chattering and tuning up. The mood w upbeat and the volume loud.

I shook everyone's hand. Most were sort of grown-up hi pies. Except the younger ones who looked like young hippies. Why the hell did I put on a tie?

"Where's Jo?" I asked to be polite.

"She's on till eight," said Mr. Stein, "but meet her brothe Marty plays the horn and David winds and flute. You noti they rebelled against their parents. Jo's the only one wl even touched a string."

"Welcome to the music zoo," Marty said.

"I don't know anything about it," I confessed uneasil "Say pizzicato and I'd tell you that it's veal with cheese."

"It is, it is," said Mr. Stein. "And stop apologizing. You not the first who only came to listen." He stuffed me in floppy chair, then hurried back to join the orchestra.

It was fascinating. I just sat there watching—what n preppie buddies might describe as weirdos—making love music. Now a Mozart, now Vivaldi, then a guy called Lull

Then Joanna came and kissed me. Actually it must ha been a ritual. She kissed everybody.

"Have they driven you insane?"

"No," I said, "I'm really having fun."

And suddenly it struck me that I wasn't even lying. T harmony I had enjoyed that evening wasn't just the mus It was everywhere. The way they talked. The way they co plimented one another on the execution of a tricky passag All I'd ever known remotely like this was when Harva hockey jocks would psych each other up to trample peop

But here they were psyched up just playing m sic side by side. Everywhere I sensed so mu . . . affection.

I had never visited a world like this.

Except with Jenny.

"Get your fiddle, Jo," said Mr. Stein.

"Are you crazy?" she retorted. "I'm so out of shape—"

"You practice medicine too much," he said, "you shou be giving music equal time."

"Okay, Daddy, but it won't sound good."

"It will, it will," he answered.

The group was tuning up again.

Mr. Stein had now decided to conduct. "What has Len Bernstein got on me? A better hairdo!" He tapped his po um, a TV set.

The orchestra performed a very spirited rendition Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture*. In which *I* even ended playing an instrument: the cannon—an empty ash can.

Several hours later—all-too-soon—the party ended.

"Come again," said Mrs. Stein.

"Of course he will," said Mr. Stein.

"What makes you so sure?" she asked.

"He loves us," Louis Stein replied.

No one had to tell me my duty was to take Joanna hon

She had a fourth-floor walkup near the hospital. As stood outside her door I noticed that my breath was kind short. It couldn't be from climbing stairs (I run a lot, member). And I began to feel the vaguest sense of pa as I talked to this intelligent and gentle doctor lady.

Maybe she'd imagine that I liked her more than ju platonically. What if maybe—

"Oliver," Joanna said, "I'd like to ask you in. But I go at six A.M."

"Another time," I said, and suddenly could feel more ox gen within my lungs.

"I hope so, Oliver." She kissed me. On the cheek.

"Good night," she said.
"I'll call you," I replied.
"I had a lovely evening."
"I did too."
And yet I was ineffably unhappy.
Walking back that night, I came to the conclusion that I eeded a psychiatrist.

"Let's begin by leaving out King Oedipus completely. . . ."
Thus began my well-prepared self-introduction to the octor.
"Look," I said, "I've had the courses and I know the jargon 've could toss around. How we could label my behavior with ıy father when I married Jenny. I mean, all the things that reud would say is not the stuff I want to hear. . . ."
Dr. Edwin London, though "extremely fine," according to ıe friend who recommended him, was not inclined to lengthy entences.
"Why are you here?" he asked without expression.
Then I got scared. My opening remarks had gone okay, ut here we were already in the cross-examination. Why xactly was I there? What *did* I want to hear? I replied so oftly that the words were barely audible to me.
"Why I can't feel . . ."
He waited silently.
"Since Jenny died, I just can't feel a thing. Yeah, now and ıen a twinge of hunger. TV dinners take quick care of that. ut otherwise . . . emotionally . . . in the gut . . . for eighteen ıonths . . . I have felt absolutely nothing."
He listened as I struggled to dredge up my thoughts. They oured out helter-skelter in a stream of hurt. I feel so terrible. orrection, I feel nothing. Which is worse. I'm lost without er. Not alive.
Now silence. I was sweating.
"Sexual desire?" asked the doctor.
"None," I said. "No one has to tell me that it's guilt."
Then Dr. Edwin London spoke his longest sentence of the ay. "Do you feel . . . responsible for Jenny's death?"
I thought immediately of my compulsive wish to die the ay that Jenny did. But that was transient. I know I didn't ive my wife leukemia. And yet. . .
"Maybe. For a while I guess I did. But basically my anger vas against myself. For all the things I should have done vhile she was still alive."
There was a pause and Dr. London said, "Such as?"
I talked again of my estrangement from my family. How had let the circumstances of my marriage to a girl of slightly hugely!) different social background be a declaration of my ndependence. Watch, Big Daddy Rich-with-Bucks, I'll make t on my own.
Except one thing. I made it rough on Jenny. Not just motionally. Though that was bad enough, considering her assions when it came to honoring your parents. But even vorse was my refusal to take anything from them. To me this vas a source of pride. But to Jenny, who'd grown up in overty, what could be new and wonderful about not having noney in the bank?
"And just to serve my arrogance she had to make so many acrifices."
"Do you think she thought of them as sacrifices?" asked London, intuiting that Jenny never once complained.
"Doctor, what she may have thought no longer is the oint."
He looked at me.
For half a second I was frightened I might . . . cry. "Jenny's lead and only now I see how selfishly I acted."
There was a pause. "How?" he asked.
"We were graduating. Jenny had this scholarship to France. When we decided to get married there was never ny question. We just *knew* we'd stay in Cambridge and I'd go to Law School. *Why?*"
There was another silence. So I continued ranting.
"Why did that appear the only logical alternative? My damn arrogance! To just assume *my* life was more important!"
"There were things you couldn't know," said Dr. London. It was a gauche attempt to mollify my guilt.
"Still I knew that she'd never been to Europe. Couldn't I have gone with her and been a lawyer one year later?"
There was another pause.
"Are you prepared to spend some time on this?" he asked.
"That's why I came. . . ."
"Tomorrow, five o'clock?"
I nodded. And he nodded. And I left.
It took about a week to get to Oedipus.
Who has a palace on the Harvard campus: Barrett Hall.
"My family donated it to whitewash conscience. Just to buy respectability."
"Why?" Dr. London asked laconically.
"Because my ancestors were pioneers in Massachusetts sweatshop labor. Philanthropy's a relatively recent hobby."
Curious to say, I learned all this not from any book about the Barretts, but . . . at Harvard. As a college senior, I took Soc. Sci. 180, *American Industrial Development*. The teacher was a so-called radical economist named Donald Vogel.
Usually, most of the students would get some extra *zzz's* or read the *Crimson*. Then one day, unfortunately, I tuned in.
"In the textile industry, some 'noble' Harvard names played very sordid roles. Take, for instance, Amos Brewster Barrett, Harvard class of 1794. . . ."
My God! He's gonna talk about my family! I scrunched down in my seat as he continued.
"In 1814, Amos and some other Harvard cronies joined forces to bring the Industrial Revolution to Fall River, Massachusetts. They built the first big factories for cloth."
Don Vogel chronicled the growth of Barrett enterprises.
In the early nineteenth century, half the workers in Fall River were mere children. Some as young as *five*. The kids took home two bucks a week, the women three, the men a princely seven and a half.
Vogel gave examples of how bad conditions were.
"And dig this fact," he fumed. "It wasn't bad enough with all the squalor and the filth—or all those accidents not covered by the slightest compensation, but their pay went *down*! The Barrett profits soared and yet they *cut* the workers' pay. Because each decade brought a newer wave of immigrants who'd work for even less."
Later that semester I was grinding in the Radcliffe Library. There I met a girl. Jenny Cavilleri '64. Her father was a pastry chef from Cranston. Her late mother, T'resa Verna Cavilleri, was the daughter of Sicilians who had emigrated to . . . Fall River, Massachusetts.
"Now can you understand why I resent my family?"
A pause. "Five o'clock tomorrow," Dr. London said.
I ran.
When I'd leave the doctors' office I'd feel more angry and confused than when I'd begun. And thus the only therapy for therapy seemed running hard in Central Park.

This afternoon, my session with the doctor had me very agitated and unwittingly I ran too fast. I got pretty tired, and so I slowly jogged to get my breath back. Nonetheless, I trotted by some of the many athletes who appear at eventide in multicolored, multiformed and multipaced variety.
A form visible some eighty yards ahead of me, the sweatsuit blue Adidas (i.e., quite expensive) and the pace respectable. I'll groove along and gradually pick off this . . . girl? Or else a slender boy with long blond hair.
I didn't gain, so I accelerated toward the blue Adidas. It took twenty seconds to get close. Indeed, it was a girl. As I drew nearer still, I definitely saw a slender lady whose blond tresses were ablowing in the wind. I revved up, shifted gears and gracefully gunned by. Now on to newer challenges.
Then a figure passed me in a flash of blue. The form was

that same nylon-packaged female who I'd calculated to be behind me. But now she was ahead again. I shifted gears again to get another look. It wasn't easy but I caught her.

"Hey—are you some champion?" I inquired. "You went right by me like a shot."

"You weren't going all that fast," she answered.

Was that supposed to be an insult? Who the hell was she?

"Hey, was that supposed to be an insult?"

"Only if you've got a fragile ego," she replied.

Although my confidence is shatterproof, I was irked.

"You're pretty cocky," I replied.

"Was that supposed to be an insult?" she inquired.

"It was," I said. Not masking it as she did.

"Would you rather run alone?" she asked.

"I would," I said.

"Okay," she said. And sprinted suddenly ahead. Now she was smoking—obviously just a ploy—but I was damned if I'd be bluffed. Acceleration now took total effort. But I caught her.

"What team do you run for?"

"None," she said. "I only jog to help my tennis."

"Ah, the total jock," I said, deliberately, to slight her femininity.

"Yes," she said demurely. "And you are the total jerk?"

How to deal with this, especially when straining to keep running at her pace?

"Yes," I managed. Which in retrospect was just about the wisest thing I could have said. "How's your tennis, anyway?"

"You wouldn't want to play me."

"Yes I would."

"You would?" she said. And slowed—thank God—to a walk.

"Tomorrow?"

"Sure," I puffed.

"At six A.M.? The Gotham Tennis Club on Ninety-fourth."

"Six A.M.? Who plays at six A.M.?" I said.

"We do—unless you chicken out," she answered.

"Oh, not at all," I said, regaining breath and wit.

She smiled at that. She had a lot of teeth.

"That's fine. The court's reserved for Marcie Nash—who, by the way, is me."

And then she offered me her hand. To shake, not kiss, of course. She didn't have a jocklike, crushing grip. It was normal. Even delicate.

"And may I know your name?" she said.

I thought I'd be a trifle jocular.

"Gonzalez, madam. Pancho B. Gonzalez."

"Oh," she said. And then ran off at a sprint that Jesse Owens would have envied.

Anticipating that Miss Marcie Nash would wear the choicest tennis togs available, I clad myself as shabbily as possible. My uniform was what might be called "off-white." In truth, it was the result of accidentally mixing colored garments at the laundromat.

She was there already, practicing her serves into the net.

"Hey, you know it's still dark outside?" I said.

"That's precisely why we're playing *inside*."

Marcie's hair, which on the track had floated in the breeze, was now tied back into a horse's tail. And, typical pretentious tennis player, she had sweatbands on both wrists.

"What are we playing for?" I asked.

"I beg your pardon?" Marcie said.

"The stakes," I said. "What are we playing for?"

"Oh, isn't fun enough?" said Marcie Nash ingenuously.

"Nothing's fun at six A.M.," I said. "I need incentive."

"Half a buck," she said.

"Uhn-uhn." I shook my head and indicated that it had to be substantial. If she played at Gotham she could not be impecunious.

"Are you rich?" she said to me.

"How is that relevant?" I answered, ever on the defensi since the fates have forced me to be linked to Barrett mon

"Just to know how much you can afford to lose," she sa

Tricky question that. My problem was to find out h much *she* could part with. And so I figured something t would save our mutually smirking faces.

"Look," I said, "why don't we say the loser takes winner out to dinner. And the winner picks the place."

"I pick Twenty-one," she said.

"A trifle prematurely," I remarked. "But since I'll take too, please be forewarned: I eat as much as an elephant."

"I have no doubt," she said. "You run like one."

This psyching had to stop I said. Dammit, let's begin!

I played with her. I mean I wanted to humiliate her a thus I played the bluffer's game. I missed some easy shots. I acted slowly. Meanwhile, she had bit and played all o

Actually, she wasn't bad. Her moves were swift. Her sh were almost always accurately placed. Yeah, she had pr ticed often and was fairly good.

"Hey, you're not too bad at all."

Thus Marcie Nash to *me*, after lengthy although indecis play. We had traded games about as evenly as I could ma age. With my lethal shots still deep inside my hustler's clos

"I'm afraid we'll have to knock off soon," she said. "I ha to be at work at half-past eight."

"Gee whiz," I said (how's that for masking my aggr sion?), "can't we play just one last game? I mean for fu We'll call it sudden death and winner gets the dinner."

"Well okay, just one quick game," she said reluctantly.

"Miss Nash," I said, "I promise you this game will be t swiftest of your life."

And so it was. Now, not only did I charge the net—I v tually stampeded it. Marcie Nash was shell-shocked. And s never scored a point.

"You hustled me!" she said.

"Let's say I took a while in warming up," I answer "Gee whiz, I hope this doesn't make you late for work."

"That's okay, I mean, that's fine," she stammered, son what traumatized, "eight o'clock at Twenty-one? Shall book it for 'Gonzalez'?"

"No, that's just my racquet name. Otherwise they call Barrett. Oliver 'the great pretender' Barrett."

"Oh," she said. "I liked Gonzalez better." And then sprint to the locker room. For some reason I began to smile.

"What amuses you?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"You're smiling," Dr. London said.

"It's a long and boring story," I insisted. Yet I nonethel explained what seemed to make morose, depressive Barr doff his tragic mask.

"It's not the girl herself," I told him in summation, "it's t principle. I love to put aggressive women down."

"And there's nothing else?" inquired the doctor.

"Nothing," I replied, "she's even got a mediocre backhan

She was dressed in money.

I don't mean the slightest bit flamboyant. Quite the opp site. She radiated the supreme in ostentation—absolute si plicity. Her hairdo seemed free-flowing and yet flawless. if a photographer had caught it with a high-speed lens.

This was disconcerting. The utter neatness of Miss Marc Nash, her perfect posture, her composure made me feel li last week's spinach scrunched into a plastic bag. Clearly s must be a model. Or at least do something in the fashion b

I reached her table. It was a quiet corner.

"Hi," she said.

"I hope I didn't keep you waiting."

"Actually, you're early," she replied.

"That must mean that you came even earlier," I said.
"I'd say that was a logical conclusion." She smiled. "Are ou going to sit down or are you waiting for permission?"
I sat down. A waiter was at hand immediately and welomed us as if we ate there every day.
"What's good?" I asked.
"The scallops are superb. . . ."
I turned to Marcie. She smiled assent. Our waiter then owed and scraped away. We were alone.
"Well, here we are," I said. (And I confess I had rehearsed is opening all afternoon.) "Are you in the fashion business?" inquired.
"Partially. And you?"
"I'm into liberties," I answered.
"Taking them or giving them?" Her smile distracted me om telling if she was being sarcastic.
"I try to make the government behave," I said.
"That isn't easy," Marcie said.
"Well, I haven't quite succeeded yet."
I began describing what progressive lawyers were involved at this point in time. I do confess I didn't know quite how talk to . . . girls. I mean it had been many years since I'd een on a "date." I sensed that tales of self would not be ol ("that egomaniac!" she'd tell her roommate).

Hence we discussed—or rather I discoursed upon—the Warren Court's decisions re the rights of individuals. And would the Burger kings continue to enhance the Fourth Amendment?

As I was moving to the First Amendment e maître d' was present once again to ask what we would ke "to top it off." I ordered *pot de crème au chocolate* and offee. All she had was tea. Alone again, I felt a bit uneasy. Was I boring? Now that I look back on this last hour (and half!), I realize that I hadn't given her a chance to talk.
"What exactly do you do in fashion?" I inquired.
"Nothing socially uplifting. I'm with Binnendale's. You ow the chain—?"
Who doesn't know that golden chain of stores? That fortyurat lodestone for Conspicuous Consumers? Miss Nash was viously perfect for that flashy enterprise: so blond, so ic, her Bryn Mawr elocution so mellifluous she probably uld sell an ice cube franchise to an Eskimo.
"I don't do that much selling," she replied as I continued ith my awkward questioning. I'd figured her to be a sales ainee who had big ambitions.
"Then exactly what *do* you do?" I asked, still more directly. his is how you break a witness down. Keep rephrasing uestions that are basically the same.
"Hey, don't you get it up to here?" she said, her hand pon her slender throat. "Doesn't talking *anybody's* business ore you silly?"
She clearly meant that I'd been tedious.
"I hope my legal lecture didn't turn you off."
"No, honestly, I found it very interesting. I only wish ou'd said some more about yourself."
"There's nothing very pleasant I could tell you."
"Why?"
A pause. I looked into my coffee cup. "I had a wife," I said.
"That's not unusual," she said. But sort of gently.
"She died. Two years ago." There was a pause.
"I'm sorry," Marcie said.
"That's okay," I said. There is no other answer.
We then sat silently.
"I wish you'd told me sooner, Oliver."
"It's not all that easy."
"Doesn't talking help?"
"God, you're almost sounding like my shrink," I said.
"Oh," she said, "I thought I sounded like my own."
"Hey, what did you need shrinking for?" I asked, amazed at someone with such poise could possibly need doctoring. You didn't lose a wife."
That was a grim attempt at humor. Also unsuccessful.
"I lost a husband," Marcie said.
Oh, Barrett, with what grace you put your foot into your mouth!
"God, Marcie," was the most I could say.
"Don't misconstrue," she quickly added. "It was only by divorce. But, when we split our lives and our possessions, Michael got the confidence and I got all the hangups."
"Who was Mr. Nash?" I asked, immensely curious to know what kind of guy could snare this kind of girl.
"I never really figured out," she said. And sounded—so I thought—a trifle sad. "Can we change the subject, please?"
Curiously, I felt pleased that somewhere underneath her cool exterior Miss Marcie Nash had something that she couldn't talk about. Maybe even memories of hurt. That made her seem more human and her pedestal less lofty.
Marcie said, "Oh, my, it's getting late. Check please," she requested of the passing maître d'.
"Hey, no—" I said, "I want to buy you dinner."
"Absolutely not. A deal's a deal."
True, at first I'd wanted her to pay. But now I felt so guilty for my gaucheries, I had to expiate by treating her.
"I'll take the check, please," I said, overruling her.
"Hey," objected Marcie, "we could wrestle but we'd have to keep our clothes on and it wouldn't be much fun. So cool it, huh?" And then she said, "Dmitri?"
She knew the maitre d' by name.
"Yes ma'am?" Dmitri said.
"Please add a tip and sign for me."
"Of course, madam," he said, and greased off noiselessly.
I felt ill at ease. First she had upset me with the candid dinner talk. Then the mention of wrestling (though by indirection) made me think: if she were sexually aggressive how would I respond? And finally, she had her own account at Twenty-one! Who was this girl?
"Oliver," she said, displaying all those perfect teeth, "I'll take you home. It's on my way."
I couldn't hide it from myself. I was uptight about . . . the obvious.
"But Oliver," she added with demureness and perhaps a tinge of irony, "because I bought you dinner doesn't mean you have to sleep with me."
In the taxicab, a sudden thought occurred to me.
"Hey, Marcie," I said, as casually as possible, "when you said my house was on your way—I hadn't told you where I lived."
"Oh, I just assumed you were an East Sixties type."
"And where do *you* live?"
"Not far from you," she said.
"That's nicely vague. And I suppose your phone's not listed either?"
"No," she said. But offered neither explanation nor the number.
"Marcie?"
"Oliver?" Her tone was still unruffled and ingenuous.
"Why all the mystery?"
She reached across the cab and put her hand upon my nervous fist. She said, "Hang on there for a little bit, okay?"
The taxi reached my place. Marcie smiled at me, and with a tinsel brio murmured, "Thanks a lot."
"Oh no," said I, aggressively genteel, "it's *I* who should thank *you*."
There was a pause. I would be damned if I would beg for further scraps of information. So I got out.
"Hey, Oliver," she called, "more tennis Tuesday next?"
I was happy she suggested it. In fact, I showed too much by answering. "But that's a week from now. Why can't we play before?"
"Because I'll be in Cleveland," Marcie said. "I'll call you Monday evening to confirm. Good night, sweet prince."
Then, as if the cabbie knew his *Hamlet*, he gunned off.
What the hell was this? And who the hell was she?

"Dammit all, she's hiding something."

"What's your fantasy?" asked Dr. London. Every time I'd make a realistic statement, he'd demand a flight of fancy.

"Look, Doctor, it is no delusion. Marcie is conning me."

He hadn't asked me why I was so exercised about a person I had barely met. I'd asked myself a lot and answered that I was competitive and simply didn't want to lose at Marcie's game (whatever it might be).

I kept my patience and explained in detail to the doctor what I had discovered. I'd asked Anita, my very thorough secretary to get Marcie on the phone ("just wanted to say hi," I'd say). Naturally my quarry hadn't told me where she was staying. But Anita was a genius at locating people.

Binnendale's, whom she'd first telephoned, alleged they had no Marcie Nash among its personnel. But this did not dissuade Anita. She then called every possible hotel and motel in greater Cleveland. There absolutely was no Miss or Mrs. Marcie Nash in the vicinity of Cleveland.

Therefore, Q.E.D. and dammit all, she's lying. Ergo she is somewhere else.

"What then," the doctor slowly asked, "is your . . . conclusion?"

I'd been brooding over it all day.

"First of all, it's obvious she's living with someone. That's the only explanation for not giving me her phone and her address. Maybe she's still even married."

"Then why would she be seeing you?"

Dr. London was naive. Or else behind the times.

"I don't know. According to the articles I read, we're living in a liberated age. Maybe they just both agreed to 'open' their relationship. Anyway, she's on vacation somewhere with the guy she's living with. Who may or may not be her husband."

"And you're angry . . ."

"Because she wasn't straight with me!"

I shut up for several seconds. Why did I get so excited in the process of convincing him I wasn't?

"I pity any guy that gets involved with such a hypocrite."

" 'Involved'?" asked Dr. London, seizing my own adjective to use against me.

"No," I laughed. "I am extremely *un*-involved. In fact, not only am I gonna write her off, I'm gonna send her a telegram instructing her to go to hell. Except I can't," I then confessed. "I don't know her address."

I was in the midst of dreaming that I was asleep when someone woke me with the telephone.

"Hi, did I arouse, disturb or otherwise intrude?" The merry caller was Miss Marcie Nash, her inference: Was I having fun, or simply waiting doglike for her call?

"What I'm doing's strictly classified," I said. "Where the hell are you?"

"I'm at the airport," she replied, as if it were the truth.

"Who with?" I asked quite casually, in hope she would be caught off guard.

"Some tired businessmen," she said.

I bet the business had been very tiring.

"Listen, are we playing tennis in the morning?" she asked.

I squinted at my wristwatch on the table. It was one A.M.

"It's already 'in the morning,' " I replied, annoyed by what she'd done all week compounded by her waking me. And not biting at my baited questions. And the whole enigma.

"Can we play at six A.M.?" she asked. "Say yes or no."

"I'll be there." Which wasn't quite what I'd intended.

I beat her to a pulp. Next morning on the tennis court I showed no mercy whatsoever.

"Heigh ho," she said, with difficulty when the swift debacle ended. "Pancho didn't humor me today."

"I had a week to lose my sense of humor, Marcie."

"Why?"

"I thought the Cleveland joke was just a little much."

"What do you mean?" she said, and seemed ingenuous.

"Look, I'm too mad to even talk about it."

Marcie seemed confused. I mean she acted like she didn have a clue that I was on to her.

"Hey, aren't we adults?" she said. "Why can't we tal about what's bugging you?"

"It isn't worth discussing, Marcie."

"Okay," she said and sounded disappointed. "Obviousl you don't want to go to dinner."

"I was not aware there was a dinner."

"Isn't that supposed to be the prize?" she said.

I thought a moment. Should I tell her now? Or should enjoy a meal at her expense and *then* tell her to go to hel

"Yeah—buy me a dinner," I replied, a trifle gruffly. "I pick you up, at your place," I said pointedly.

"I won't be home," she answered. Yeah, a likely story.

"Marcie, I will pick you up if you're in Timbuktu."

"Okay, Oliver, I'll call you at your house around six-thirt and I'll tell you where I am."

"Suppose *I'm* not at home?" I said. A pretty cool ripost I thought. To which I added, "Sometimes I have clients wh invite me to their offices in outer space."

"Okay, I'll keep calling till your rocket lands."

She started toward the ladies' locker room and turne "Oliver, you know I'm starting to believe you're really crazy

"Hey, I won a big one."

Dr. London offered no congratulations. Yet he knew th case was significant since I'd referred to it in sessions pas So once again I had to abstract *Channing v. Riverview*.

But London still withheld all comment. What exact would impress this guy?

"I'm seducing Marcie Nash tonight."

Aha, he coughed.

"Don't you wonder why?" I asked.

He answered quietly, "You like her."

I began to laugh. He didn't understand.

I then explained this was the way to get the answe Crude as it may sound, seduction is a potent way to trut

Now if London dares to ask me for a fantasy, I'll walk ou

He didn't. Instead he made me ask myself why I'd bee so self-congratulating. Was my emphasis on legal triumj just to draw attention from some other . . . insecurities?

Of course not. Why should I be insecure?

She's just a girl. Or isn't that the problem?

"Hey, I'm naked, Marcie."

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"You caught me in the shower."

"Shall I call you back? I wouldn't interrupt your month ritual."

"Never mind," I snarled, "just tell me where you are."

"The White Plains Shopping Center. In Binnendales's

"Then be outside the front in twenty minutes."

Marcie Nash was waiting (posing?) just where I had to her to. She was holding a package.

"Hello," she said. As I leaped out, she came and kissed n on the cheek. And put the package in my hand. "Here's little gift to mollify you. And, by the way, I like your car."

"It likes you, too," I said.

"Then let me drive."

Oh, not my little Porsche. I couldn't. . .

"Next time, Marcie," I said.

"Come on, I know the way—" she said.

"To where?"

"To where we're going. Please—"

"Marcie, no. It's much too delicate an instrument."

"Don't sweat," she said while climbing in the driver's seat, your instrument will be in expert hands."

And I confess it was.

"Do you like it?" Marcie asked.

"What?" I said pretending not to notice the speedometer.

"Your present," Marcie said.

Oh, yeah. I had forgotten.

"Hey, open up and take a look."

It was a soft, black cashmere sweater with *Alfa Romeo* mblazoned on the chest. In vivid red.

"It's Emilio Ascarelli. He's the new Italian whiz kid."

Clearly Marcie had the money to afford this kind of thing. But why'd she buy it? Guilt, I guess.

"Hey, this is gorgeous, Marcie. Thanks a lot."

"I'm pleased you're pleased," she said. "Part of my busiess is to guess the public's taste."

"Ah, you're a hooker," I replied, with a tiny smile to punctuate my witticism.

"Isn't eveybody?" Marcie said. With charm. And grace. And maybe truth?

One may well ask, since recently I'd been a bit uncertain of myself, how could I be so sure I would seduce Marcie Nash?

Because it's easier without emotional involvement. I know by definition making love implies affection. But often nowadays that act is merely a competitive event. In this regard I felt completely comfortable—psyched-up, in fact—to handle Marcie Nash.

And yet the more I paid attention to the comely driver, the thoughts that London had evoked came back to me. Notwithstanding all the mystery and my ostensible hostility, did I maybe slightly *like* this girl? And was I maybe faking myself out in order to reduce anxiety?

For was it really possible, once having made most tender love with Jenny Cavilleri, to dichotomize? Could I divide the act of love, be sensual yet insincere?

People can and do. As I would prove.

For in my present state, without involvement was the *only* way I thought I could.

Guidebooks give Le Mechant Loup in Bedford Hills an "adequate" for its cuisine. But for its rustic atmosphere and lodgings it receives an "excellent." Learning this would be our destination, I concluded that my chances for success were . . . "excellent." Yet in a way I was annoyed.

Who had chosen this locale? And who had made the reservation on whose own without consulting whom? And who was driving there so swiftly in *my* lovely Porsche?

Marcie slowed (at last) and turned into a courtyard. In the moonlight, I could distinguish a Swiss chalet.

"Hope the food is worth the drive," I quipped.

"Hope you won't be disappointed," Marcie said. And took my arm as we went in.

They sat us at a table by the fireplace. I ordered "a carafe of any cheapo California white that isn't Gallo."

"Ralph Nader would be proud of you," said Marcie.

Then I looked around. And though I'd told myself I shouldn't ask, I asked: "Have you been here before?"

"No," Marcie said. But I figured she was lying.

"Why'd you pick it sight unseen?"

"I heard it was romantic. And it *is* romantic, don't you think?"

"Oh . . . excellent," I said. And took her hand.

"They've got a fireplace in every upstairs room," she said.

"Sounds cool," I said.

"Sounds warm to me," she smiled.

A silence. Then, as casually as possible, I queried, "Are we also booked on high?"

She nodded yes. And added, "Just in case."

I wondered why I wasn't as elated as I thought I should be.

"Just in case of what?" I asked.

"Of snow," she said. And squeezed my hand.

The fire joining forces with the wine now warmed in me the feelings of my Right To Know.

"Say Marcie, in what name did you reserve?"

"Charles de Gaulle," she answered, poker-faced.

"No really, Marce. I'm curious to know the names you pick for checking into different places. Like Cleveland."

"Are we back to Cleveland?" Marcie said.

"Just how were you registered in Cleveland?" lawyer Barrett barreled in.

"Actually, I wasn't," she replied. Unabashedly.

Aha!

"I mean, I didn't stay in a hotel," she added casually.

"But were you actually there?"

"Oliver," she said after a moment, "what's the purpose of this inquisition?"

"Marcie, friends should level with each other, don't you think?" My use of "friends" evoked a spark.

"Obviously," Marcie said.

"Marcie, are you hiding certain facts about yourself?"

"I really was in Cleveland, Oliver," she said.

"Okay, but are you camouflaging other things?"

There was a pause. And then she nodded yes. See, I was right. The air was clear at last. Or clearing, anyway.

"Well. . .?" I said.

She reached across the table and she touched my hand. "Hey, look, I know, I've been evasive. But please take it easy. I'll come through."

What did that mean? Her hand remained on mine.

"Marcie, can we cover one or two little topics?"

She hesitated. Then replied, "If you insist."

I launched into a summary of the incriminating evidence.

"What would one conclude about a lady who gave no address or phone? Who travelled and sojourned in unknown places incognito? Who never specified—indeed avoided—all discussion of her occupation?"

"What do you conclude?" she asked.

"You're living with someone," I said. Calmly and without recrimination.

She smiled a slightly nervous smile. And shook her head.

"Or else you're married. Or he's married."

"Why would I be seeing you?" she asked.

"Your contract's non-exclusive."

She did not seem flattered.

"Oliver, I'm not that kind of person."

"All right, then what kind *are* you?"

"Nice," she said, "a little insecure."

"You're full of it."

That was uncalled-for. And I instantly regretted saying it.

"Is that a sample of your courtroom manner, Mr. Barrett?"

"No," I said politely, "but here I couldn't nail you down for perjury."

"Oliver, stop being such a creep. A nice, not-too-unattractive woman throws herself at you. And instead of acting like a normal man, you play the Grand Inquisitor!"

That "normal" zinger really silenced me.

"Look, if you don't like it Marcie, you can call it off."

"I didn't notice anything was *on*. But if you feel sudden need to go to court—or church—or to a monastery—*go*!"

"With pleasure," I replied, and rose.

"Go on—I'll take the check," she said. And waved me off.

But I would not be shooed.

"Hey, look, I'm not a total bastard, I won't leave you alone here miles from nowhere."

"Please don't be gallant. I've got a car here, too."

Again a valve exploded in my brain. I'd caught her red-handed in another lie!

"You claimed you'd never been here, Marcie. How'd your car arrive—remote control?"

"Oliver," she said, now flushed with anger, "it is none of your paranoiac business. But to set you on your way, I'll

simply tell you that a guy I work with dropped it off. Because, regardless of the outcome of our rendezvous, I have to be in Hartford in the morning."

"Why Hartford?" I demanded, though it really wasn't any of my business.

"Because my fancy lover wants to buy me some insurance," Marcie shouted. "Now go soak your head!"

I fumbled trying to unlock my car.

"Hey—can we take a drive around the block?"

Marcie was behind me, looking very solemn.

"No," I answered, "we've already gone around in far too many circles." I unlocked the car.

"Oliver, I've got a reason. . . ."

"Oh, I'm sure you do."

"You didn't give me half a chance."

"You didn't give me half a truth."

I got in. Marcie stood there as I revved the motor. As I slowly passed her, I rolled down the window.

"Will you call me?" she said quietly.

"You forget," I answered, with little irony, "I haven't got your number. Think of that." At which I shifted gears and gunned it from the courtyard to the road. And thence to New York City to forget Miss Marcie Nash forever.

"What were you frightened of?" This was Dr. London's only comment after I'd recounted everything.

"I never said that I was frightened."

"But you ran off."

"Look, it became as clear as day that Marcie was a not-so-nice girl on the make."

"You mean seducing you?"

He was naive.

" 'On the make.' " I then explained as patiently as possible, "because my name is Barrett and it doesn't take much research to discover that I come from money."

"You don't believe that," Dr. London said at last.

His certainty forced me to think again.

"I guess I don't," I said.

There was another silence.

"All right, you're the doctor, what exactly *did* I feel?"

"Oliver," said London, "you are here precisely to improve communications with your inner self." He asked again, "How did you feel?"

"A little vulnerable. A little scared."

"Of what?"

I couldn't answer right away. In fact, I was incapable of answering out loud.

I was afraid. But not because I thought she'd tell me, "Yeah, I'm living with an all-star fullback who's a Ph.D. in astrophysics."

No. I rather think that I was scared of hearing, "Oliver, I like you."

Which would shake me up much more.

Granted Marcie was a mystery. But she wasn't Mata Hari. And her lies did not excuse the falsehood that I told myself. That I was not . . . involved.

That's why I panicked and I fled. Because in *almost* liking someone else I felt disloyal to the only girl I ever loved.

But how much longer could I live this way, forever on my guard lest human feelings catch me unaware? My turmoil now was multiplied. And I was torn by two dilemmas.

One: How could I deal with memories of Jenny?

Two: How could I deal with Marcie Nash?

Or, for that matter, even find her.

"Barrett, you're a lunatic!"

"Be quiet, Simpson!"

"What's the matter—will I wake the tennis balls?" he growled.

And with good reason. It was barely six A.M. I'd dragged him from his duties at the hospital to be my stooge at Gotham Tennis Club.

"Oh, Barrett," Simpson whined, "tell me one more time why this is so important!"

"It's a favor, Steve," I said. "I need a partner I can trust."

He didn't understand. I hadn't told him everything.

We ambled very slowly from the locker room while I scrutinized the population of the courts. But no familiar face.

We batted balls till eight A.M., with Simpson barely staying on his feet. And begging me to let him quit.

"Steve, I gotta ask a giant favor."

"What?" he asked, suspicion in his eyes.

"Another game. Tomorrow."

From my tone and pleading Simpson felt my urgency.

"Okay. But not at six A.M."

"That's just the point," I said, "it's *gotta* be at six again!"

"No dammit, there are limits!" Simpson snarled.

"Please," I said. And then confessed, "Steve, there's a girl involved."

His weary eyes now widened. "Yeah?" he said.

I nodded yes. And told him I met her at the club and knew no other way of finding her.

Simpson looked relieved that I was interested in someone. And agreed to play. Then he thought of something: "What if she's not here tomorrow, too?"

"We'll just have to keep on coming till she is."

He merely shrugged. A friend in need, if an exhausted friend indeed.

At the office I kept badgering Anita. Even if I only left my desk to heed the call of nature, I'd come charging back demanding, "Any calls?"

And when she went for lunch, I'd order in a sandwich. Thus I kept a constant watch upon the telephone. Where Marcie called I couldn't miss.

Except she didn't.

Every afternoon I ran. Against the traffic, so I'd get a better look at faces. Still no luck. Whatever Marcie did it sometimes took her out of town for many days.

Though I had immediately joined the Gotham Tennis Club (the main criterion for membership is money) they would not cooperate. I mean the office would vouchsafe no information whatsoever on my fellow clubbies.

Obviously, I rechecked Binnendale's. I learned that they had no employees with the surname Nash.

"Where does that leave you?" Steve asked, heroically continuing to join me for the early morning matches.

"Nowhere," I replied.

Also, I was plagued by a recurrent nightmare.

I kept reliving that excruciating fight I had with Jenny in the first year we were married. She had wanted me to see my father, or at least to make my peace by telephone. I'm still chagrined at how I yelled at her. I was a madman. Frightened, Jenny fled to God-knows-where. I sprinted madly, turning everything in Cambridge upside down. But couldn't find her. Then at last in panic I came home and found her waiting on the outside steps.

That was my dream exactly save for one detail: Jenny didn't reappear.

What was that supposed to mean?

That I was scared of losing Jenny?

Or I wanted (!) to lose Jenny?

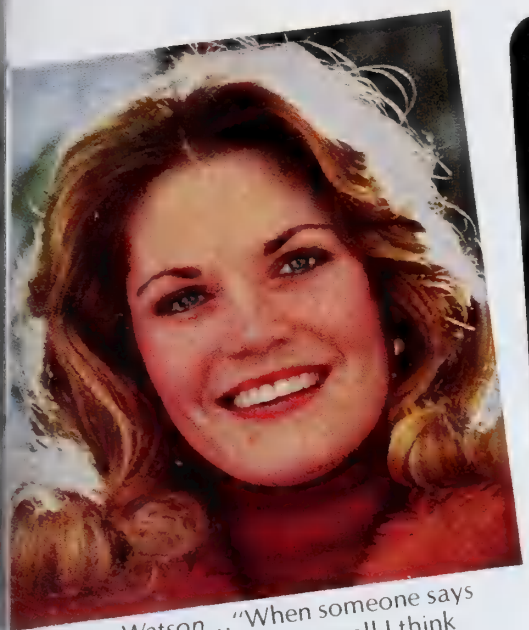
Dr. London offered a suggestion: was I not of late involved in yet another quest for yet another lady after yet another fit of anger?

Yes. I was in search of Marcie Nash.

But what does that have to do with Jenny?

Nothing, naturally. END OF PART ONE

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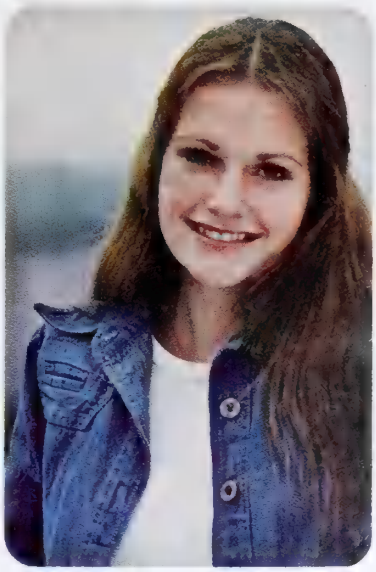
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Meanwhile, combine 1⅓ cups water, 1 finely diced carrot, ⅓ cup finely diced green pepper, 1 small onion, grated, and ½ teaspoon salt in a saucepan. Bring to a boil. Stir in 1⅓ cups MINUTE RICE.® Remove from heat; cover and let stand 5 minutes. Stir in ¼ cup of the salad dressing. Add remaining dressing to a mixed green salad. Serve fresh fruit for dessert with your favorite beverage. (Makes 4 servings.)



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The kind in its own juice. No sugar added.



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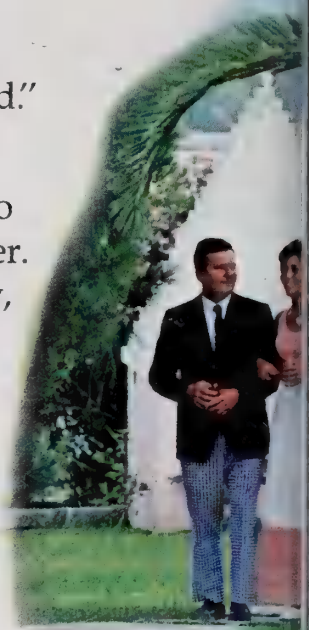
"We found this almost deserted island with a delightful little beach surrounded by flowers and pure pinky white sand"

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"I think the island is perfect, but the people make the island."

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About Clams

By Jean Anderson and Elaine Hanna

ams were probably the first New World food sampled by grims. They arrived ravenous after weeks at sea, fell upon New England beaches in search of food and found hard l soft clams by the bucketful. Later, they learned from Indians how to roast clams over open fires, to simmer m into soups and stews, and to layer them into pits with rn, potatoes and lobsters for a clambake.

The kinds of clams

le terminology is confusing because there are so many different kinds of clams, also because each has several names. re's a quick roundup:

st coast clams: There are two types, the hard and soft shell.

rd shell clams: These are also called by the Indian name, *ahog,* and come in three sizes: *large or chowder* (at least in diameter and best for chowders or stuffed clams); *errystones* or medium (about 2″ across and good for steaming or eating on the half shell) and *littlenecks* or small (1½″ oss and usually reserved for eating on the half shell).

ft clams or steamers: The shells are long, thin and oval and e clams inside are long, too, and stick long black necks out- e their shells (explaining their nickname, *longneck*). These the clams harvested along beaches and mud flats, the htning-quick burrowers.

est coast clams: Most famous of the 35-plus varieties are:

tter clams: Sweet-meated little clams from the Puget Sound a that are best eaten on the half shell. Indians used them money, so they're called *money-shells.*

oduck (pronounced gooey-duck): These long-necked nsters are found at low tide but rarely appear in markets.

id clams: Popular, large oval clams from the Northern lifornia and Oregon coasts; only the white flesh is eaten.

mo clams: One of the choicest Pacific clams; it is big, tender and sweet—and becoming scarce. Only clams measuring across or more may be taken. The tender abductor muscle often served on the half shell, the body meat is usually shed or minced into chowders. The name Pismo comes from mo Beach, California, where these clams were first found.

zor clams: These clams, so-named because their long slender shells resemble the old-fashioned barber's razor, are so lectable many gourmets rate them higher than the Eastern t clams.

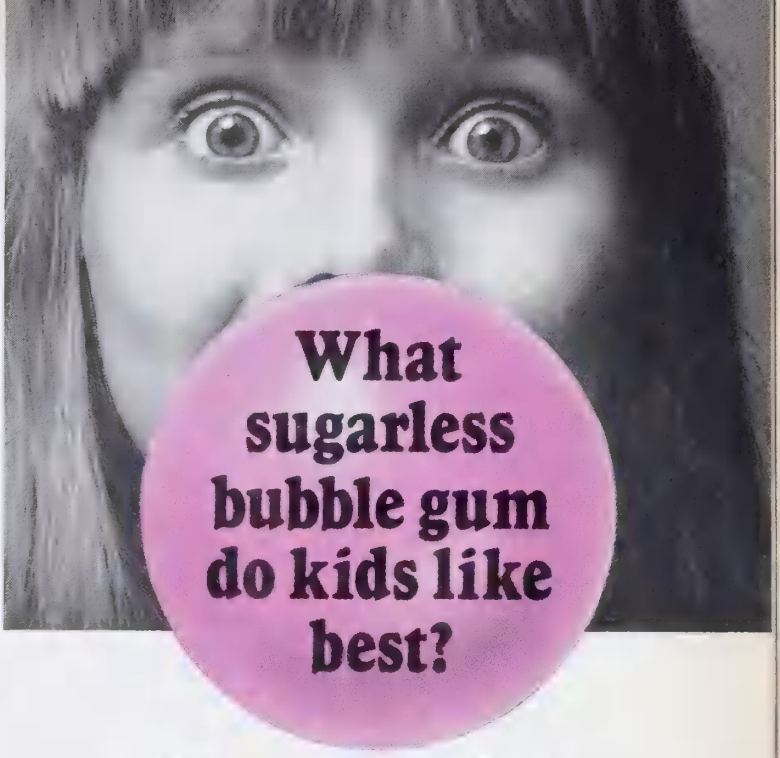
w to cleanse clams of grit: The easiest way is to let the ms do the job themselves. Here's how: Scrub clams well, n place in a large, deep enamel kettle and cover with cold ted water (1 tablespoon salt to each quart water). Toss in handful of corn meal, set kettle in a cool place and let stand rnight. Lift clams from water and rinse in cool water; discard any that are open or do not clamp shut when thumped.

w to open clams: If the clams are to be served or broiled the half shell, you'll have to use brute force. If they're to removed from the shell and used in chowders, patties or sseroles, they can quickly be steamed open.

To pry open: Holding a clam in the palm of one hand, insert clam knife between upper and lower shells, then move it ng rim, twisting slightly to break "seal" and force clam en (the job is much easier with soft clams than with hard). t clam free of shell and remove any grit or bits of shell. Do opening over a bowl so none of the clam juice is lost; also ain juice through a sieve lined with a double thickness of eesecloth before using.

To steam open: Place clams in a large, deep kettle, pour about ¾ cup boiling water, cover and steam over moderate at about 5–8 minutes until shells partially open. Drain and nove meat from shells—it will come away zip-quick if you rk under a gentle stream of cool water. **End**

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2. Next day: Sauté onions in olive oil.
3. Add in beans, with tomato paste and spices to taste: garlic, black pepper, sage, crushed red pepper, salt.
4. Peel and small-cut potatoes and carrots, slice celery and cabbage, add to soup base and simmer until vegetables are tender.
5. Add macaroni, green peas; simmer until pasta is cooked.
6. Taste for seasoning. Serve generously in large bowls.

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How to Clean Upholstery

By Lois Libien & Margaret Strong

Spot Removal.

1. The first thing to do is blot or scrape away the substance. With a spill, blot the area thoroughly with a clean soft towel. Always blot; don't rub, or you may damage the texture of the fabric. With a solid, scrape off the excess with a dull knife; then blot with a towel.

2. Always pretest your cleaning method on a hidden piece of fabric to see if the colors bleed, the fabric shrinks, or some chemical reaction occurs. Let the solvent dry so you can really see what happens. Use a hair dryer to speed up drying time. If you foresee trouble, call in a professional upholstery cleaner to help you.

3. Never use hot water on a stain or else you'll set the stain forever. Use only cool or lukewarm water. Don't use water on rayon upholstery, use a dry-cleaning solution. Rayon shrinks easily and is susceptible to color bleeding.

4. Don't soak any fabric with cleaner or you may damage the filling.

5. Use the dab and blot technique to remove the stain. Dab at the area with a cloth dampened with solvent, using a different part of the cloth each time you dab so that you don't put the stain back into the fabric. Then blot with a clean cloth. Repeat the procedure until the stain is gone.

6. Always work from the center of a stain to the outside edges to avoid rings from forming as the spot dries. Always feather the edges so there will be no definite line.

7. Dry the area as quickly as you can to prevent rings from forming. To help dry, use a hair dryer set at cool. If it's a grease or water spot that has been removed, dust the area with talcum powder to absorb all the moisture. Then, when the area is dry, vacuum thoroughly to remove the talcum.

Specific Stains

Basically, there are only three kinds of stains: greasy stains, nongreasy stains, and "combination stains"—stains that have both greasy and nongreasy elements to them. Clean greasy stains with dry-cleaning fluid you can buy in any hardware store. Clean non-greasy stains with cool water or liquid detergent (the kind you use for the dishes), or rubbing alcohol, dilute ammonia, or vinegar—or a combination of these, depending on what the stain may be. "Combination stains" are cleaned most frequently with a solution of liquid detergent and water first, and then with dry-cleaning liquid.

Alcoholic beverages, including wine. After the moisture has been blotted up, dab at the stain with a clean cloth dampened in rubbing alcohol. Then blot repeat with liquid detergent mixed with water. Blot dry with a towel. Dab a with clear cool water and blot dry.

Blood. Mix one teaspoon of amm in a cup of cold water and apply it ingly to the spot. Blot with a clean t Repeat the procedure until the sp gone. Then dab the area with cool w and blot. Wait 15 minutes and mo the area again with white distilled gar. Blot thoroughly with a dry tow

Chocolate (and other soft candy). Tl a combination greasy-nongreasy s First go over the spot, after scrapin cess away, with cool water mixed liquid detergent, blot thoroughly, then clean with dry-cleaning fluid.

Cosmetics. Scrape away excess, then spot with dry-cleaning fluid, alway ing a clean portion of cloth so that spot doesn't go back into the fabri any stain is left, blot the area with diluted liquid detergent, used very s ingly. Then apply clear water wi clean cloth and blot dry.

Fruit and fruit juices. After exce blotted up or scraped away, blot the with cool water. If a stain remains, liquid detergent and a drop of vineg the water. Dab the spot with this blot dry until there's no trace of a s Then go over the area lightly with water to remove traces of the vineg

Grease (including hair grease) and Scrape away excess if necessary and dab repeatedly at the stain with cleaning fluid. If any stain remains over the area with a lukewarm mix of liquid detergent and water. Last over the area with a clean cloth n tened with cool clear water.

Ice cream. Scrape away excess and a cool water mixed with liquid deterg blotting frequently with a dry clot you don't saturate the fabric. Let dry and then go over any remai stain with dry-cleaning fluid. Blot

Milk and nausea. Blot or scrape away excess, then take a clean soft cloth blot. Apply clear cool water to the a blotting frequently. Then blot with a tergent solution to which you've add small amount of ammonia. Blot dry wait a few minutes. Go over the with dry-cleaning fluid, blot dry, finally, blot the area lightly with a c moistened with rubbing alcohol.

Urine. Treat before the urine d Otherwise, the urine may react with fabric dyes and cause permanent coloration. First, dab at the stain a solution of white vinegar and wa blot dry, and then apply a mixtur liquid detergent and cool water, l ting frequently with a dry cloth to a saturating the fabric. Finally, dab spot with clear cool water and thoroughly.

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en the flavor really counts, make the butter LAND O LAKES®



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LAND O LAKES Country-style Chicken Kiev

2/3 c. LAND O LAKES Sweet Cream Butter
1/2 c. fine dry bread crumbs
2 tbsp. grated Parmesan cheese
1 tsp. each basil leaves and oregano leaves
1/2 tsp. garlic salt 1/4 tsp. salt
2 chicken breasts, split (about 1½ lbs.)
1/4 c. dry white wine or apple juice
1/4 c. chopped green onion
1/4 c. chopped parsley

Preheat Oven: 375°

Yield: 4 half breasts.

In heavy 2-qt. saucepan melt butter. Meanwhile, on piece of wax paper combine bread crumbs, Parmesan cheese, basil, oregano, garlic salt and salt. Dip chicken breasts in melted butter, then roll in crumbs to coat. Place skin side up in ungreased 9" sq. baking dish. Bake near center of 375° oven for 50 to 60 min. or until golden brown and chicken is tender. Meanwhile, add wine, green onion and parsley to remaining melted butter (about ½ c.). When chicken is golden brown, pour butter sauce mixture around and over. Return to oven for 3 to 5 min. more or just until sauce is hot. Serve with sauce spooned over.

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STORE COUPON

GOLDA MEIR

continued from page 87

who once said, "I have no ambition to be somebody," achieved greatness and power?

I visited Mrs. Meir in her temporary retirement office in Ramat Aviv, on the outskirts of Tel Aviv, where few trees or shrubs soften the desert bleakness. She works in an austere two-room suite, just her office and a small anteroom staffed by one secretary, in an equally austere and utilitarian gray government building. I was struck by the grim ruggedness of the land as I drove out from Tel Aviv. In many ways, Golda Meir is like this land. She is rough-hewn and solid, a presence. For years she has clung tenaciously to these rocks, this sand. And, like rock and sand, she can be undeniably forbidding.

She is known and loved for her warmheartedness, but as we talked I began to understand all the stories of how her colleagues in the government approached their initial meetings with Mrs. Meir with as much fearful apprehension as eagerness. When I asked a question she did not like or broached a subject that she did not want to comment on, she became absolutely rocklike. She did not move her stocky body. She did not respond. She seemed rooted to her chair. Immobile. Silent. Her eyes cold and dark. If she chose to answer, she spoke briefly and there was finality in her voice, even an edge of sever One could not pursue the question the subject further. I became very aw that I was talking to a woman who l had to make many difficult decisio and whose voice and views could ne be dismissed.

Her appearance was as forbidding her manner. Her hair is pulled back shaped into a flat bun. No longer th it lies close to her head. Unnoticeal She has worn her hair long all her because her husband loved it that w And so does her son. It has never b washed at a beauty parlor. Golda cla they cannot get it clean enough. E when she was prime minister, she wo often end her long days by washing hair at two or three in the morning.

She wears no makeup. She came this arid land as a young woman to w with her hands to build a new nat Nothing so frivolous as makeup co be considered, and as the years of str gle succeeded each other, there never time nor heart for Golda to c sider her appearance or her clothes is typical that when she flew to Ame in 1947 in a frantic, last-minute app for arms to protect Israel from Arab tack, she thought nothing of boarc the plane with no luggage other t her handbag. And, as prime minis she never seemed to give a sec thought to climbing a ladder to an servation post, her unwieldy body utilitarian underwear in view of soldiers and officials clustered bel

Life has left its marks

The physical punishment of her l work—the 101-hour hunger strike led when she was 48 years old to test the British refusal to allow refug to land in Palestine and the 16-h days she works even now—all this left its mark. Her legs are thick swollen, encased in heavy gray supp hose. She suffers from a circulatory c dition that has been aggravated by refusal to spare herself, as well as by injuries incurred in the course of d fragments from a bomb that explode a cabinet meeting lodged in her leg had to be cut out; and on a fund-rai mission in New York City, her leg broken in a taxi accident. She w slowly and heavily, but her arms hands are still strong and vital. hands are worn, a reminder of the l dreds of holes she dug in the hos rocky land to plant trees when she l in the kibbutz, of the desperately p years in Jerusalem in the 1930s w she took in laundry to pay for her c dren's schooling, and of the dozen coffee cups and plates she still wa every day. But as she gestured, I not a coat of clear polish on the short, n ly-filed nails.

I felt quite awed by her, but t

(continued on page



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Pet journal

Some people feel nothing is too good for Fido or Kitty. Here, a few extravagances for the pet who has everything. By Karen Larson



A Beverly Hills woman strolled into an exclusive fur shop to have a mink coat made. The coat was for her Chihuahua, Mitsy.

A Chicago man reserved a room with a brass bed at a luxurious motel. It was for his Schnauzer, Pebbles.

Yes, it's a dog's life (and a cat's). Any luxuries human beings can have, an animal most likely can have, too. Says one pet store owner, "Let me be reincarnated as a dog: a dog's life couldn't be better."

Some people disapprove of luxuries for pets but, says Dr. Marc Kantrowitz, president of the Veterinary Medical Association of New York City, "If people get satisfaction from indulging their pets, and if the luxury doesn't harm the animal, then why not?"

Nevertheless, the sociological implications of animal ostentation are endless, and many people, rich or poor, are more dismayed than amused by the thought of money being spent in this way. Most animal owners are content to treat their dog or cat to an occasional toy or snack. The mink coats and other extravagances are for those who have money to burn or who love their pet as much as—or more than—a child or spouse.

A CANINE CATERER

The birthday boy named Nibbs stole into the kitchen to get a look at the cake. No one was around, so he took a taste and before he knew it, he'd eaten it all. Nibbs, a Doberman Pinscher, spent the afternoon sleeping—a ten-pound meat cake with mashed potato frosting is hard to digest.

"At most parties we give, the guests do get some cake," said Bill McGrath, owner (with Jack MacFarlane) of the Bowser Boutique, a California salon that grooms the dogs of such celebrities as Liza Minnelli, Barbra Streisand and Zsa Zsa Gabor. Three or four times a month, McGrath and MacFarlane cater dog parties, which usually are held in the owner's backyard. The boutique supplies party hats and food (beef or chicken meatloaf for the dogs and whatever the people want), as well as a photographer to take pictures and a groomer to fluff up the guest of honor—all for $6 a dog and $15 a person. Cages are brought along for that rare instance when a dog misbehaves. "The dogs get along better than people at parties," says McGrath.

A CANOPY BED

Last summer, Lady Beth, a toy poodle, walked into the dog shop of a fashionable department store with her owner, Ronald Friedlander. On the floor was a two-foot-high mahogany canopy bed complete with mattress, pillow and festive chintz spread. After a few precautionary sniffs, the 17-month-old Poodle daintily hopped in and curled up for a short snooze. Noting the contented look on Beth's face, Friedlander asked the price—$300. No, that was too much.

In December, the bed was still there and Friedlander, who lives alone, bought it. "Beth has everything so I saved to give her something special on our first Christmas together," he said. Beth has 20 sweaters, 30 coats, hundreds of leashes and toys, a Louis Vuitton carrying case now retailing for $185, and a doggy high chair.

THE DAPPER DOG

Dogs can be as elegantly dressed as people. The Plaza Kennels in New York City sells an Angora sweater for $75 and a black tuxedo with satin or velvet collar for $49.95. Lil Crawford, a model, bought the tuxedo for her Yorkshire. "He had nothing to wear when I entertained," she said. In Beverly Hills, Edwards-Lowell furriers will custom-make a coat to match the owner's fur. A lucky Boston Terrier takes walks in a $450 ranch mink with sable collar and a Mexican Chihuahua in a $250 fur coat dyed red, white and green—the colors of the Mexican flag.

But the not-so-wealthy dog can be smartly attired, too, if its owner shops through a major mail order house in New Orleans, La. The catalog advertises a jaunty plaid snowsuit with detachable hood for $15.95 and $17.95 (depending on the dog's size), a set of four vinyl boots for $3.98, a red corduroy "Mod Hat" with sunglasses for $3.98 and lacy bikini underpants with an insert for dog sanitary napkins at $4.98.

A PET MOTEL

Oley, a poodle, doesn't mind too much when the family takes a vacation because he gets a vacation, too, at the six-acre American Pet Motel in Prairie View, Ill. Oley stays in an "Imperial" room with a 16-foot patio, miniature brass bed and mattress (the sheets are changed daily), private water fountain, red plastic fire hydrant and piped-in FM music. The nightly rate, about $7, includes maid service, breakfast in bed, two cookie breaks and the playing of a recorded message from master to dog. Chicken or beef dog food is served, but special diets are honored. Brandy, a huge St. Bernard, gets six strips of bacon and three eggs at 7 A.M., sugared cereal with milk at 8 and roast beef at 9.

THE FOUR-LEGGED GOURMET

The pet with a discriminating palate can be served dinner in a F. B. Rogers sterling silver bowl ($17.50) or a Limoges porcelain dish ($19). Dinner may consist of regular pet food, with homemade doggie cookies for dessert. The cookies, made from liver, beef and chicken fat, look as yummy as the human kind, and are baked by Rona Rubin in her kitchen. Ms. Rubin, who helped run a dog restaurant in New York City, packages the heart- and daisy-shaped cookies in baskets with a Latex toy, and sells them for $6 to $100 under The Animal Gourmet label. Her three dogs, one a chubby Dachshund, are envied by other canines: hers get to eat the cookies warm! **End**

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GOLDA MEIR

continued from page 154

were many moments during our talk when Mrs. Meir was even warmer and more caring than I had expected. Her first words to me, even before she had shown me into her office, had been "How is your dear mother?" And, as we sat down, she pressed for more details on my mother's health. "But tell me more," she said with sincere concern. Several times she told me that she wished she had been able to ask me to her apartment instead of to the office, as if apologizing that the small cakes and nuts which accompanied our coffee and the two bouquets of pink sweetheart roses could not make up for the intimacy of her own home.

The night I arrived in Israel, I had driven from my hotel in Tel Aviv to Ramat Aviv just to look at the building where Golda lives. Just a three-minute drive from her office, it is a drab, two-story apartment complex, resembling nothing so much as a squat concrete box. When she was prime minister, Golda had said, "I know about low wages. I live among the working people." She still lives among the working people. They are her friends and neighbors. But her experiences set her apart even from them. Golda's apartment was immediately identifiable, for instance, because of the sentry box outside. As a former prime minister, she is still guarded. She was in the process of having her apartment painted, which was why our meeting took place in her office.

The office itself was unexpectedly and coldly impersonal. I had formed a mental picture of it beforehand. There would be her desk crowded with papers and memorabilia, a comfortable sofa and an easy chair, bookshelves crammed with books and photographs of family and colleagues on every surface. Just a week before, I had visited Golda's younger sister, Clara Stern, who lives in Bridgeport, Conn.

Clara had told me of the fierce love and respect her sister
for books. Every once in a while, Golda asks Clara to help
weed through the memorabilia that every public person se
to collect, but whenever Clara suggests that her sister get
of a book, Golda is horror-struck.

But there were no books evident in the office. It looked
a motel room, and the stiff little bouquets of sweetheart r
only accentuated the look. The furniture, completely nor
script, consisted of a coffee table in front of a small sofa flan
by the two chairs in which we sat and, of course, her desk
desk chair. It was an anonymous room.

As we drank our coffee, I told Mrs. Meir about my first
to Israel ten years before with my parents and my sister.
had been in Tel Aviv for only two hours when an invita
came to visit David Ben-Gurion, the man who had led
fight to found the State of Israel. Tricia and I were rarely
cluded in my parents' inviations, but this time we were, pr
ably because in 1959 Ben-Gurion had visited our home w
on an official trip to Washington. Tricia was studying Is
in school at that time and my parents arranged for her to m
him. She had an exam the next morning and, with great k
ness, Ben-Gurion answered some of her questions about Isr
Tricia was thrilled to meet the country's first prime minist
and she got an A on her exam.

While my father and Ben-Gurion were talking, his wife t
Tricia and me aside and told us how difficult it had been—
described it as "an ordeal"—to convince her husband, who
insisted his salary as prime minister be no higher than tha
the average working man, that their children should have
luxury of music lessons. I asked if her husband played
instruments and Mrs. Ben-Gurion had answered, "No, he
plays on my nerves."

When Golda heard the story, her face lit up and she laugh
a low, pleasant laugh. A smile lingered on her face. And
that moment I glimpsed beauty. Her smile is surprisingly sw





t changes the expression in her eyes to gentle softness. n Golda's eyes take on that softness, she is a beautiful n.

now, the smile faded. She was quiet. Perhaps thinking past. Of Ben-Gurion.

e was a loner," she said slowly. "When he was not at work people, he was always writing, writing, writing. He was f the greatest men, not only in Israel, but in the world."

hat makes a great man?" I asked.

thout hesitating, she replied, "You have to have an ideal. is a difference between someone who has great financial ss or great academic success and a great man. The great gave their lives to an ideal which everyone thought was –and which became a reality."

she spoke, the "great men" suddenly became those ering men and women who had come to this desolate of sand and stones and scorching sun and slowly, pain- had built a Jewish state.

ey were largely self-made individuals," she said, "who ved much with very little. They had great minds and a knowledge, some of which they acquired by themselves." er a pause, she added, "And they had moral quality. This ed them to influence even the young."

vas a revealing, if unintentional, self-portrait. Golda has noral quality that enables her, even now, to influence the young," even as a woman in her seventies. She has been too busy to talk with young people. During her ear as prime minister, she learned that a group of Ameri- udents at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem who were py over her statements supporting the United States in- ment in Vietnam, were planning a protest demonstration. ade a point of squeezing time out at the end of a busy o meet with them in her official residence. The students l with Golda for two hours. They ate her cake and drank offee. When she had to leave for an appointment, she in-

vited them—a characteristic gesture—to stay on and watch television.

Ideals, determination, intelligence, character, the ability to influence the young—Golda has all these qualities of greatness that she had singled out for me. Her greatest strength of all, according to one of her oldest friends, may be her utter honesty about herself and about situations. Others have been impressed by the same quality.

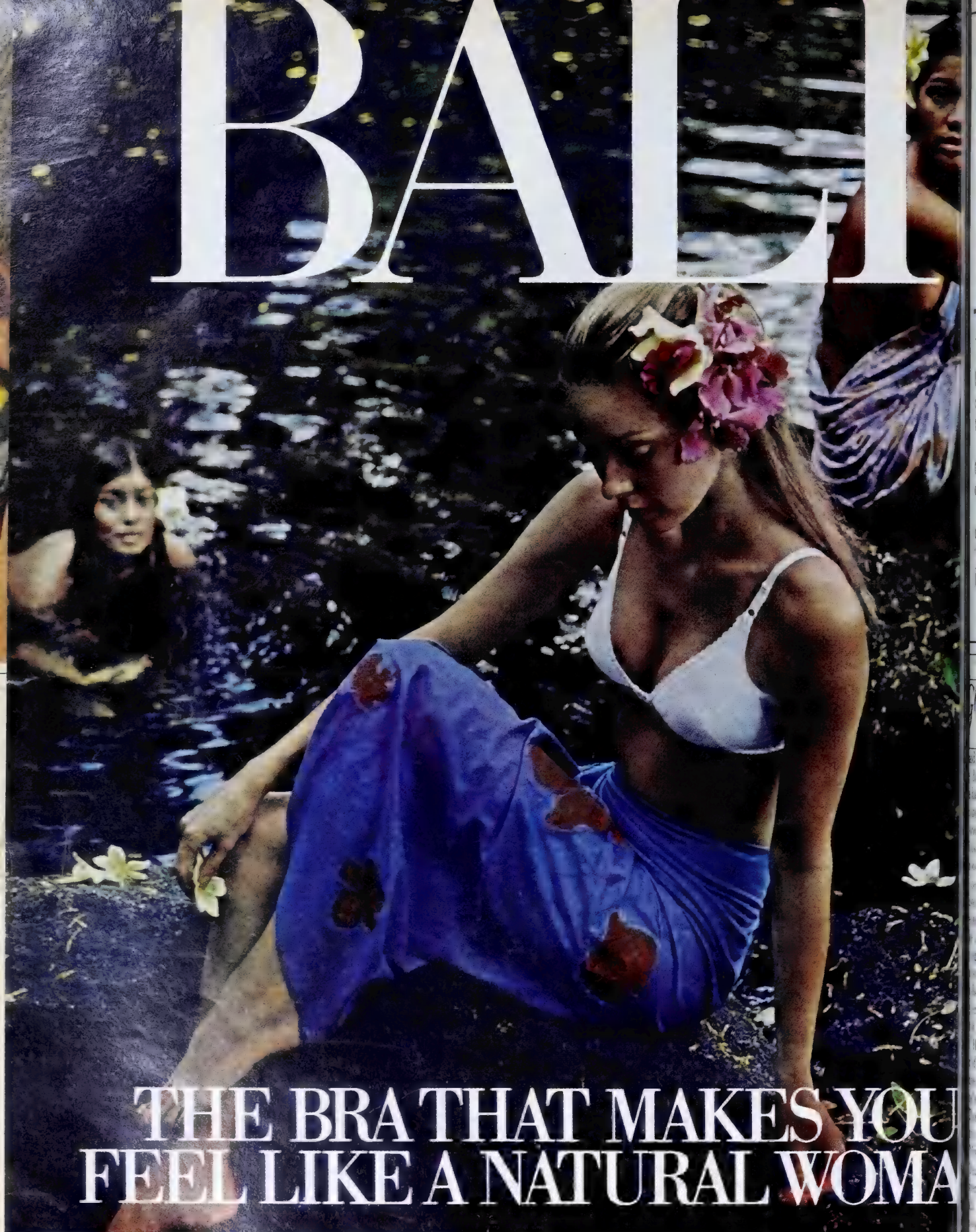
When the Labor Party elected Golda as its nominee for prime minister in 1969, Moshe Dayan abstained from voting, because he did not feel she was the best person for the job. But Golda won his respect almost immediately, because she was "straightforward and direct." He found that "she did not resort to evasion."

A turning point

It was Golda's clear perception of the world and the place of weak peoples or nations in it that made her dedicate her entire being to Jewish statehood. I asked her about the 1938 International Conference on Refugees, which was called to discuss what to do with the Jews and other refugees from Hitler's Germany. The searing experience of listening to the representatives of 32 countries say that they would like to take in substantial numbers of refugees but were unable to do so was a turning point in Golda Meir's life.

"I realized then," she told me, "that a world which is not necessarily anti-Semitic—because Hitler was denounced at the conference and there was considerable pro-Jewish sentiment—could stand by and see others who were weaker, victimized." Mrs. Meir, an old gray woman now, in a plain blue shirtdress, spoke without bitterness, but her voice was heavy and lifeless. "We can't depend on any others," she said flatly. There was a long pause. Finally Golda said, "I remember at the end of that [1938] conference *(continued)*





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GOLDA MEIR

continued

d to the press—'I hope I live to see day when Jews won't be pitied.'" has lived to see the day. "Today peo- re for us. People are against us. But ne pities us."

asked Mrs. Meir if, now that she is ved from the turmoil of being at center of government, she has any er understanding of the hatred that atens Israel's survival. She replied, Arabs are not against Jews. They against Israelis. And as for those support the Palestinian terrorists," hook her head, "to justify support- errorists, you must picture the ob- f your hate as something very terri- Her understanding of this irrational of "something very terrible" is what els Golda to be so adamant about l's need to be strong.

here was another question that I o ask.

Irs. Meir, when will peace come?" eace depends upon two things," she ered without hesitation. "It de- s on the Arabs and it depends on world. But the world is giving in to rism. It is giving in to oil."

reacted to this by describing as "a " the inability of the United Nations unter the wave of terrorism. But before I could finish my thought, Mrs. Meir interrupted me.

"A joke?" She spat the words out. "It is a tragedy. Not a joke. The U.N. is a tragedy. There sits the world. The Arabs, the Moslems and the Communist bloc rule the world. They can pass anything they want to. And what shocks me most is that the free world just abstains."

She spoke bluntly of the lack of courage and moral conviction of the nations who abstain rather than protest each terrorist outrage. Her voice was low and dispassionate. She spoke slowly, so slowly that I could write her words down in longhand. But there was a look of disgust and frustration on her face.

Personal interest in peace

Golda, who has four grandsons and a granddaughter, has both a world leader's and a very personal interest in peace. Her eldest grandson has just entered the Israeli army and the other three will follow soon. (Her granddaughter has already done her army service.) She is extremely proud of her grandchildren. Her voice becomes mellow and happy when she talks about them. And, like any grandmother, she loves to talk about them. With pride she told me that her youngest grandson was asked once how it felt to have a famous relative. "Well," he replied, "I tried to keep it a secret, but it leaked."

Her 19-year-old grandson, who is in the army, is also having his difficulties keeping it quiet that his grandmother is the former prime minister. When he learned that his grandmother was going to visit his base, he telephoned her and begged, "Please, don't come." And she canceled her visit. A few days later, he had an even closer call. With glee, Golda recreated the scene for me. Her grandson and some of his army buddies were discussing the men on the base. They had discovered that the son of the ambassador to the United Nations and the son of the head of the air force, as well as sons of other prominent government officials, were in their company. And, rumor had it, so was Golda Meir's grandson. At this point, Mrs. Meir acted out the incident. "There he was. Sitting and shivering," she said with a smile. And she hunched her shoulders, pulled her elbows in and brought her arms close to her chest as she rubbed her hands in mock fright. "He was saved only because many are named Meir."

As Golda talked about her beloved grandchildren, she said—and it was obvious this was something that she and her family had often discussed—"We figured it out that for the next ten or 12 years the boys will be in the army. There will be two at a time, all the time. Perhaps as many as three." Almost as an afterthought, she told me *(continued)*









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hing her son Menachem had said few weeks before. "Mother, when a child, you never would buy me gun or any military toys—yet I've with guns all my life." I could al- near Golda tick off the conflicts in ind—World War II, the struggle ıtehood when Menachem was a er of the Haganah (the under- d Jewish self-defense force) and ıree wars since Independence: the Six-Day War, the Yom Kippur

en one considers the anguish of ing and waiting that will be hers, rrifying likelihood that one or all grandsons might be killed the next war breaks out, it is difficult to on Mrs. Meir's call for a strong But her belief in that necessity leeper than love of family. It has with the elemental human wish— ght to exist. Mrs. Meir belongs to neration that actually watched the ors of the Nazi Holocaust land on aches of Israel. She can never for- at one million children—a whole ıtion—were annihilated.

Pleasures few today

da Meir is old. Older than her And she is weary. More weary he likes to admit. During most of nversation, she kept her body still glad of the chance to sit quietly. d not gesture often. And she spoke and tiredly. When she first sat she took her green lighter and leatherette cigarette case out of ocketbook so that they would be easy reach of the coffee table. I that she was a chain smoker, and heard the story of the most recent she had given her doctor for not ıg. "At my age," she had asked, other pleasures do I have in life?" hile I was there, she smoked only onally. Almost as if the effort of g up was too much.

spoke of the plans to do a Broad- lay on her life and the possibility he might come to New York for emiere. "If I'm still around, I'll see e said, although she can no longer the pace of a trip jammed with and people as she has in the past. da is not only physically weary, so she is weary of the endless in- ws, the same questions over and She refuses to discuss personal rs, to answer questions about her ıge or to comment on her family's rt or lack of support for her career. ow that she is no longer in govern- she cannot, as she has for decades, r conversation with her views on sues facing Israel and how they l be resolved. So there are silences.



Her reluctance to discuss political matters indicated that she still wields a great deal of power. She scrupulously tries to keep out of the sensitive issues facing the two major political parties. It may be that my impression of her bone-deep weariness came in part from her inability to talk spiritedly and with purpose about decisions that will affect the daily lives of Israelis. The role of elder stateswoman comes hard to this activist who has devoted her life to government.

Despite her weariness, however, and despite her non-official status, she continues to push herself to the edge of endurance, although she admits that quick retreats to the bathroom to splash cold water on her face no longer revive her as effectively as they did in the past.

The day before we met she had given two television interviews—one French, one American. She had had several appointments with people in and out of government and dealt with the day's share of the 500 or so letters she receives each week. She had gone to bed at ten. At 11 there was a telephone call from Washington, from the Israeli ambassador to the United States, Simcha Dinitz. He told her the American interview would be shown later in the evening. Golda thanked him and went back to sleep. At one o'clock the ambassador called again. The telecast had gone well.

Dinitz was Mrs. Meir's political aide when she was prime minister and they had a close relationship. *(continued)*

Read this and cry.



Froilan lives in the highlands of Guatemala in a one-room hut with dirt floors and no sanitary facilities. Labor there is so cheap that, for men like Froilan's father, hard work and long hours still mean a life of poverty. But now life is changing for Froilan.



Her name? We don't know. We found her wandering the streets of a large city in South America. Her mother is a beggar. What will become of this little girl? No one knows. In her country, she's just one of thousands doomed to poverty.

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GOLDA MEI

continued

"Golda learns by listening," he
He knows her love of being at
ter of things. And so the night
phoned, he knew that no mat
late it was, Golda would want
how things had gone. And bes
knew she would fall back to sle
out any trouble. She herself told
her ability to fall asleep anyw
any time is "my strongest point

Over the years she has trained
to get along with no more th
hours of sleep a night for severa
a time. But at the end of a stret
hour days, she simply collapses
sleep for 14 hours. Her sister
that one of their mother's greate
lems with "Goldie" used to be
get her to go to bed at night—a
trying to get her up again in th
ing.

In 1971 and 1972, when th
waged an undeclared war of
nighttime attacks along the
Golda left orders to be awaker
time an Israeli was killed. Cl
staying with her sister at the t
she told me "the phone would
night long." Golda's ability to fa
easily deserted her during the
nights. The tension was reliev
once. The phone rang at 3 A.M
picked it up and listened as the
said, "I want to report that tw
sheep were killed."

The Prime Minister had orde
she be told about all casualt
sheep? She tried unsuccessfull
back to sleep.

In a few minutes, the pho
again. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Meir," th
tor apologized, "it was only twen

Each death a personal lo

The story made me realize j
intense a leader Golda was, alwa
ly involved in every aspect of
To her, each death was a perso
Golda is a truly rare woman, a
of steel—and heart. The adver
pain of her early years explain
deal about why she is that kind
an. And yet, when one understan
she has been through, it seems
able that she drew courage and
from adversity and pain, rath
bitterness.

Ben-Gurion has been quoted
ing that Golda "had a difficu
hood," but difficult is much too
word to describe Golda's life
daughter of a poor Jewish carp
Russia at the turn of the centur
remembers always being hung
child. Her older sister, Sheyna, o
ally fainted from hunger at sch
even worse than hunger was b
spised because they were *(co*



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wish. Golda's first memory—she was ree—was of her parents barricading eir home in fear of a pogrom.

It was Sheyna, nine years older, who ade Golda proud to be a Jew. Sheyna, hom Golda says was the greatest in- nce on her life—apart from her hus- nd—was a Zionist—and Zionists be- ved that Jews not only had a right to ist, but had an historic mission: to re- rn to Zion and establish a land of their n. Golda accepted this mission. When e was 17, she decided that she must e and work in Palestine, not just talk out it. It was a courageous decision. lestine was still an uncharted frontier.

In her memoirs, Golda wrote of Shey- , "I think of her constantly." I asked y Sheyna had had such an influence her. "Was it that she was an idealist?" For a moment, Mrs. Meir looked of- nded. And then, her voice incredulous, e repeated "an idealist?"—as if ques- ning how it was possible that I did t recognize instantly the extraordinary ength and courage of her older sister. n idealist," she responded, "and ong!" she added with great emphasis.

Golda Meir has written movingly of r conflicts with her family over her de- e to make something of her life. By e time she was 15, Golda turned her ck temporarily on her parents and fled Denver to join Sheyna, who had gone ere to recover from tuberculosis. In nver, Golda met Morris Meyerson, a iet young man whose parents, like rs, were immigrants. She disappointed r parents again by marrying him on e eve of her 19th birthday.

Could not salvage marriage

Morris Meyerson gave Golda an ap- eciation for art and music and lit- ature. And a new kind of love, gentle d understanding. He was a man of usual sensitivity. Yet the marriage entually became a source of frustra- n, pain and conflict for Golda and rris. Mrs. Meir (she took a Hebrew me at Ben-Gurion's insistence when e became a member of his cabinet) a woman who, when faced with un- orable odds or even the near-cer- nty of failure, always defied the odds d fought. But her marriage was one uation she could not salvage.

Golda married Morris with the under- nding that they would emigrate to lestine, and he kept his promise, even ough as Clara was to tell me so many ars later, "Morris was never cut out to a pioneer." He loved music and art. lestine was a desert wasteland, where ly the sturdiest of pioneers could sur- e. At Merhavia, the kibbutz where y settled, the heat, the periodic in- tations of flies, the never-ending bouts of malaria, reduced Morris to near-chronic illness. They left the kibbutz, but it was not solely Morris's health that prompted the move; they left for another reason. They both wanted a child. Morris was opposed to the collective child-rearing of the kibbutz. Golda wrote, "He refused to have children at all unless we left." The following November, their son Menachem was born—in Jerusalem.

Golda had grown up in an environment in which the good daughter was the girl who grew up to be a good mother, but the four years in Jerusalem—when Golda, at Morris' urging, tried to be a full-time mother and homemaker—were the most miserable of her life. She had come to Palestine to help build a just and progressive society for the Jews, yet many times she doubted, possibly even hated, herself for not being satisfied with less. When she was 30, she talked of the anguish of the modern woman and posed a question for all working women—and most of all for herself: "Is there something wrong with me if my children don't fill up my life?"

During those years in Jerusalem, when her son and two years later, her daughter Sarah, were born, Golda and Morris experienced fearful poverty and hunger. The thought of her children going hungry was agony. She wrote Sheyna about her despair when she was refused bread and margarine on credit. In 1928, Golda became secretary of the Women's Labor Council of the Histadrut *(continued)*

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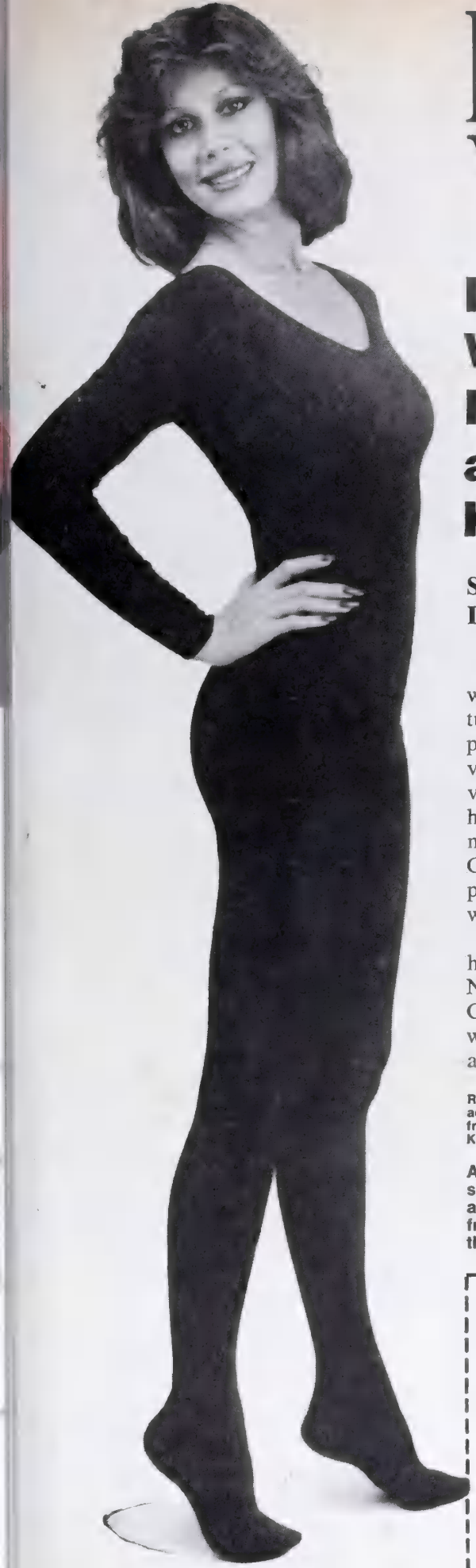


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GOLDA MEIR

continued

(the General Federation of Jewish Labor). It meant that she and the children had to move to Tel Aviv. Morris stayed in Jerusalem and visited them on weekends. This marked the beginning of the road that led to the prime ministership, just as it signaled the disintegration of her marriage. "Although Morris and I remained married to each other and loving each other until the day he died in my house in 1951 (when, symbolically enough, I was away), I was not able to make a success of our marriage," she wrote in her memoirs. Because she refuses to discuss her marriage and has written about it only sketchily, we will never know how much she agonized when she had to choose "duty" over husband and children.

There can be no doubt but that Golda Meir loved her family. But she had to be part of the world. In Clara Stern's words, Golda simply "always had to have a cause." Yet it must have been hard for her to endure Sheyna's accusations that she was trying to be "a public person, not a homebody." And equally hard for Golda to learn to live with the rejoicing of her children when she was stricken with migraine headaches and unable to go to work.

Lou Kaddar, Mrs. Meir's assistant for the past quarter of a century, says quite frankly, "Golda tried to be a devoted mother, but she was not." Today, Golda's daughter Sarah will rarely leave her family for a night unless there is an emergency.

Not a feminist

Since Golda's family found her involvement in government difficult to accept, it is remarkable that she had the strength to continue her career, a word that Mrs. Meir assiduously avoids. She is not a feminist. She deplores the invention of that "unfortunate term, women's lib." As a young woman who chose the kibbutz life in 1921, she wanted only an equal share of the burden. But when I asked if she still rejects the idea of describing her working life as a career, she indicated that she thought the whole subject irrelevant. In clipped sentences, she said, "Work I did. But I did not choose a career like a medical career. I did not choose a profession."

"The government service? Politics?" I asked. "It all just happened?"

She nodded.

She sees her life as that of a woman doing a job. She is uncomfortable with the very notion of being a seeker of power. Women's issues are not of primary interest, or even very important to Mrs. Meir.

I remember when she was at the White House in 1973. After the State Dinner, the Blue Room was jammed with the powerful and the famous trying to edge closer to Mrs. Meir, trying to catch the eye of the Israeli ambassador or of my parents, of an aide—or of anyone who would introduce them to her. Those who had been at White House dinners before knew that time was limited. The coffee ritual lasted only ten minutes. But Mrs. Meir spent most of those minutes talking to some young female military aides. The aides were excited—and embarrassed—since their main duty was to locate those guests whom the State Department or the Israeli embassy felt Mrs. Meir should meet and bring them up to her. But Golda wanted to talk to the aides. She was interested to learn that for the first time military women had been given duty at the White House, not because this was a breakthrough for women, but because it was a parallel to Israel, where both men and women serve in the armed forces.

She was prime minister of a nation in which no woman can testify in a religious court, which means that divorce is impossible without the consent of the husband. A country where the Orthodox males thank God daily that they were not born women. A country where abortion is illegal. In her five years as leader of Israel, she never gave priority to women's issues. She handled most questions about her sex lightly. When she was asked how it felt to be appointed the first woman foreign minister, she replied, "I don't know, I was never a man minister."

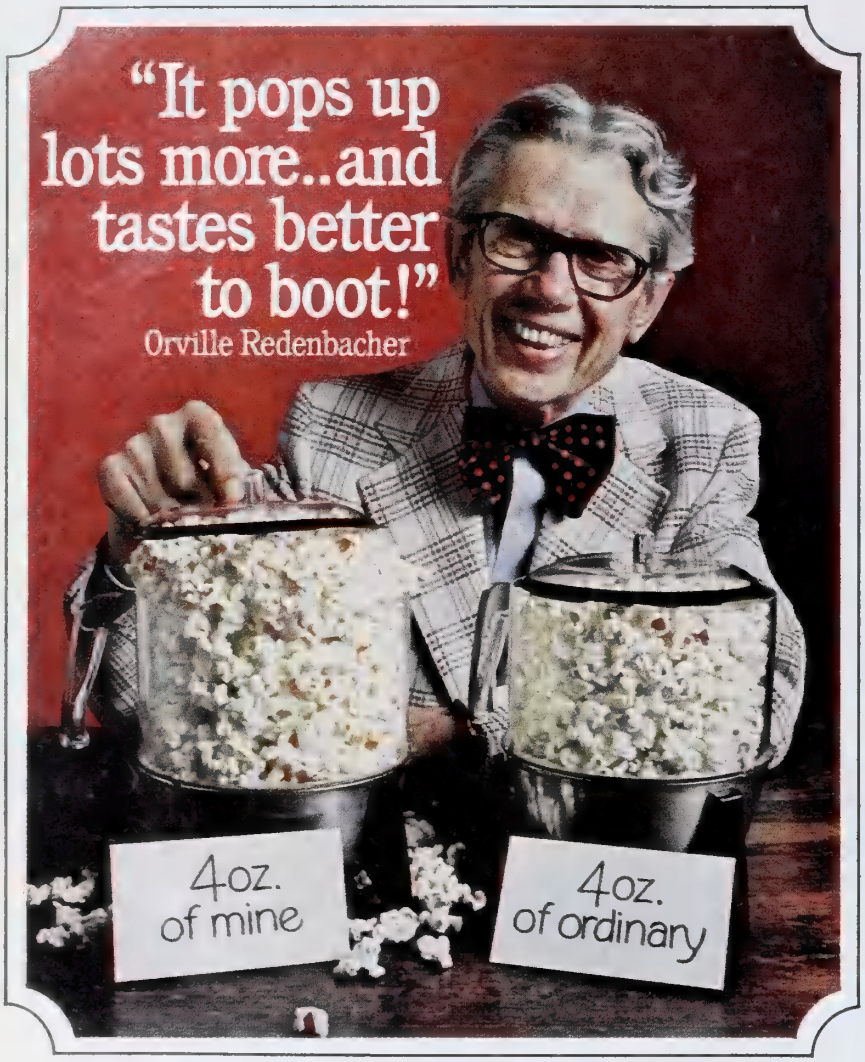
Leaders of other nations came to regard Golda as simply prime minister not as a woman. And that is what she wanted. My father told me, "She never wanted to be treated like a woman, but like a leader."

Golda Meir's friends and associates see her as a very feminine woman. The picture they painted for me was of a tender, womanly figure that went far beyond the familiar grandmotherly image. They see her as a sensitive person whom one wants to protect from criticism, from overwork, from pushing herself too far.

She has suffered for years from migraine headaches so severe that she is often incapacitated for hours during an attack. It is then that *(continued*


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GOLDA MEIR

continued

the room is darkened, the phone turn off, a sedative given. There is alw someone to sit by her bed and hold hand until she falls asleep. Someone be there when she wakes up.

Golda's indomitable sense of d was never described to me as an obs sion, but as an admirable, lovable qu ity. This gray-haired woman with painful legs and the cruel migraines proved time and again that she can c read, out-talk, out-smoke and out-th many younger men and women. those who know her have a desire serve and protect. Her sometime driv Danny, said, "Golda! I would give life for that woman. That's all!"

People love Golda because she lo them. Danny told me about the day gave him a ride to work. She was fore minister then. On her way to the off Golda passed Danny on the road. Gol who, as usual, was in the front seat side the driver, ordered the car stopp Danny hopped into the back seat they proceeded to the foreign office. driver told Danny later that Golda scolded him. "What's wrong with yo she had asked. "Why didn't you st Didn't you see Danny?"

Golda has a gift for friendship. though she is single-minded in her votion to work and duty, she has the ability to surround herself with p ple who are slightly irreverent and c did, like Lou Kaddar.

Hates to be alone

Before she became prime minis Golda had never gone to a resort fo vacation, with the result that she fou herself at a loss when her doctor orde her to spend three days at a spa and some rest. Lou Kaddar went with but every afternoon Lou would dis pear for an hour or so. She told Go she was going swimming. But Gol who hated being alone possibly m than anything else, and who could imagine that anyone could want to swimming alone, told Lou half-jokin that she didn't believe she really sp all that time at the pool.

The last evening of the vacat Golda and Lou went for a walk. W they came to the pool, Golda said sc fully, "There's your dear swimming p If you like to swim so much, why d you go in now?"

Lou, fully clothed, jumped in.

"Come out. Come out, Lou. You'll a cold," Golda called frantically. L her clothes ruined, decided to make most of the opportunity to tease Go and swam around until she was read come out.

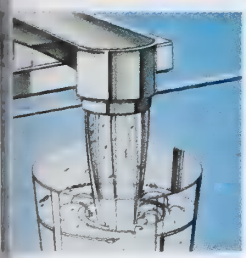
It has been said that Mrs. M became prime minister *(continu*

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GOLDA MEIR

continued

because she was without ambition. The men who had worked with her in building Israel knew that the woman they saw was the woman underneath, not likely to change her goals because of new power. And her age placed her beyond long-term political plans. Looking back on her term as prime minister, Mrs. Meir confirmed what her colleagues had known all along. "I had no particular relish for the job," she said. "I never planned to be prime minister."

Her lifestyle remained practically unchanged despite the grandeur of the prime minister's residence. Her kitchen was still the center of her social life. It was the place where she enjoyed talking with friends over coffee. The place where she worked late into the night over briefing papers and documents once her friends had left. And almost inevitably it became the meeting place for other members of the government. Clara Stern told me about a cabinet meeting that had lasted from eight at night to three the next morning. A Libyan jet pilot was flying over Israeli territory, asking for asylum. The cabinet members were summoned quickly. They sat around the dining room table, and during the night-long discussions they wandered between kitchen and dining room. Clara remembers that the minister of finance arrived without having had dinner. He went straight to the kitchen, opened the refrigerator and stared helplessly at the contents until Clara suggested a tuna fish sandwich.

Golda usually had no help at night. The maid prepared the noonday meal, washed up and was gone by four. Fortunately, that particular evening, Clara and Golda's eldest grandson were there to make the tea and coffee and serve the sandwiches and cakes. But one wonders how Golda managed to maintain her thread of thought and purpose on other similar occasions when there was no one to help her and, as hostess, she had to make the innumerable pots of coffee and set out the food.

A woman of contrasts

Golda has never forgotten who she is or where she came from. Her first visit to Washington in 1969, when she had been prime minister for only six months, illustrates the enormous contrasts in the woman who could bargain so confidently for her country and at the same time be so excited and awed by the ceremony surrounding her new position. The main purpose of her visit was to ask for 25 Phantom jets and other military hardware. Lou Kaddar told me that she had never seen Golda more nervous than just before they reached Washington. "We needed *(continued)*

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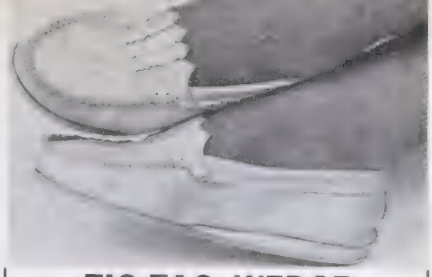
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those Phantoms," Lou said, "and it was her job to get them."

Golda was driven to the White House in the long, black, presidential limousine, impressive with the small Israeli and American flags flapping briskly on each side. The chief of protocol, Emil "Bus" Mosbacher, sat beside her. As the car entered the White House grounds and Golda saw the men in Army, Navy, Marine and Air Force uniforms lining the driveway, saw the band on the lawn and the platform near the house loaded with photographers and television equipment, she took Mosbacher's hand and held it tight as she said nervously, "Don't let me make a mistake. Don't let me make a mistake." Yet in her talks with my father, Golda presented Israel's case with no trace of nervousness. My father said later that Golda "used her emotions. They didn't use her." And although she said that she would have to go back to the Israeli parliament for approval, she left no doubt that she was the one making the decisions.

But at the social climax of the visit, the State Dinner that followed the formal talks, Golda once more became the excited, emotional woman. My mother had been able to arrange for Leonard Bernstein and Isaac Stern to come to the White House and play for the prime minister and other guests after dinner. Golda sat between my parents in the huge, gold and white East Room in the center of the first row. Six-foot-tall portraits of George and Martha Washington, whom Golda had learned about as an emigrant schoolgirl in Milwaukee, hung on the walls. Photographers and reporters stood at the back of the room and in both doorways. Their eyes and those of most of the 100 dinner guests were trained on Israel's first woman prime minister. But Golda was completely absorbed in the music. At the end, she impulsively hugged both Isaac Stern and Leonard Bernstein, thanking them.

She did not stay for the dancing, but went back to Blair House, the guest house for foreign visitors. Once in bed, she ordered coffee and then relived every detail of the evening with Lou Kaddar, who perched at the foot of the bed. Golda Meir rarely had had the opportunity or the inclination to pay attention to the small details of social events because her whole being is focused completely on the mission that prompted the parties and dinners. And so now, Lou, as she had so often in the past after other parties, described the flowers, the antiques, the portraits, told Golda who was there and what they had worn. And, excited as a girl after a dance, Golda would ask, "Did he really say that, Lou?" "Oh, Lou, what did she wear?" on and on into the night.

Golda Meir is not a complicated person. She is forthright, strong and dedicated. Her outlook is dominated by one consideration—what is best for Israel. She acknowledges readily that the Jews have had a tragic history. Yet she has been able to work to make life better for her people. To her way of thinking, the only way to deal with adversity is as clear as the contrast between black and white. You give in—or you fight. And Golda is in her element when she is faced with a situation she can fight. But the personal tragedies of life—the illness that strikes down a friend, the senseless suffering of another person, the sudden death of a colleague—are much more difficult to deal with than the problems of caring for a million people or negotiating with an intransigent enemy.

Because she is an uncompromising idealist, she finds it difficult to accept imperfection and impossible to forgive. She will never forgive the Germans nor the Arabs for certain atrocities—not even Ben-Gurion for the positions he took in some of their political disputes. She is not forgiving of herself, either. Whenever she refers to her failed marriage, she places the blame on herself. When one realizes that her lifelong philosophy has been that nothing is impossible, one understands how soul-shattering this personal failure must be.

Still an idealist

Even now, as age and disappointment weigh heavily on her, Golda continues to be an idealist. And an optimist. She says that only the old in Israel are optimists, because only the old can really know how far the country has come.

"How can one make the younger generation more optimistic?" I asked. "And how, in the midst of increasing materialism, can Israel keep alive the Zionist spirit of a just society?"

"There is no recipe," she answered simply. "But we are a young country. We can still see evidence of the pioneer spirit. That is important."

As we talked, I sensed that she had faith, not so much in the young, but in Israel, the land, and what it stood for. Perhaps without realizing it, Golda Meir is vitally important to any spark of optimism among the young. It was her idealism and spirit that first drew me to her and made me eager to know more about her beliefs and her life.

There was a great deal of suppressed emotion as we ended our visit together. It was the day after the third anniversary of the 1973 Yom Kippur War—the war which compelled her to say, "I will never again be the same person I was before the Yom Kippur War." Twenty-five hundred Israelis were killed in that war. Critics claim that she could have prevented it if she had called for a general alert of the country. As I facing her, I could only try to imag the pain and rejection she must feel. accusations and repercussions were major cause of her resignation se months later. It seemed cruel, after long life of struggle and achievement have to sit out her retirement years the shadow of the Yom Kippur War.

When I asked if she could tell anything about the war, she said, " did not have the proper intelligen then her voice trailed off and she silent. It was obvious that she still unable to reveal more than what had written in her autobiograp "There is still a great deal which can be told." But it was not just her inabi to divulge information that was classified; Golda did not want to disc the time in her life that had been painful and often beyond her cont The months that had extinguished fire I had once seen in her eyes.

It was equally difficult for me to about the man who had brought us gether, who was the reason Golda M had agreed to see me. When she ask "How is your father? Is he writing ev day? What is he doing now?" I star to describe the progress of his autob raphy. But other thoughts ran thro my mind as I talked. The isolation loneliness of San Clemente. How father seemingly was condemned t life of inaction. I thought of all Go Meir and my father had done for w they hoped would be a lasting pea Their efforts were a thing of the p They would never again work togetl

Suddenly, my voice broke and th were tears. I looked down at my n pad. I made no pretense of turning pages, of searching for some last qu tion. I was silent. Golda was silent,

Later, after I had regained a ste voice, I asked her, "Why is it that so people seem to have fewer obstacles tragedies in their lives than others?" did not answer. Perhaps her ans came a few minutes later, when she pulsively put her arms around me to me good-bye. Her answer to the vici tudes of life is compassion, not words

. Golda Meir had begun our visit w concerned questions about my moth health. And her very last words were my mother. Golda told me to take w greetings back home. And then shook her head as if the words were enough. She wanted to say more. "Y mother is a wonderful person. Thro all that period I kept asking, 'How she endure it all?' "

I am surprised that Golda asked question. For she knows the answ "Nothing in life just happens," she s once. "You have to have the stamina meet obstacles and overcome them. struggle." And that is how Golda M has lived, working for Israel, struggl to make a dream come true. E

Teachers of the year, page 40

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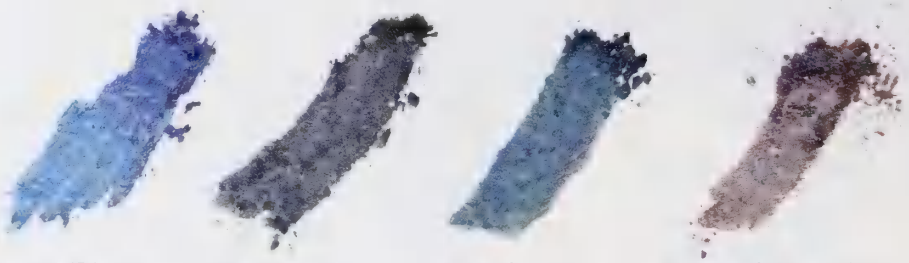
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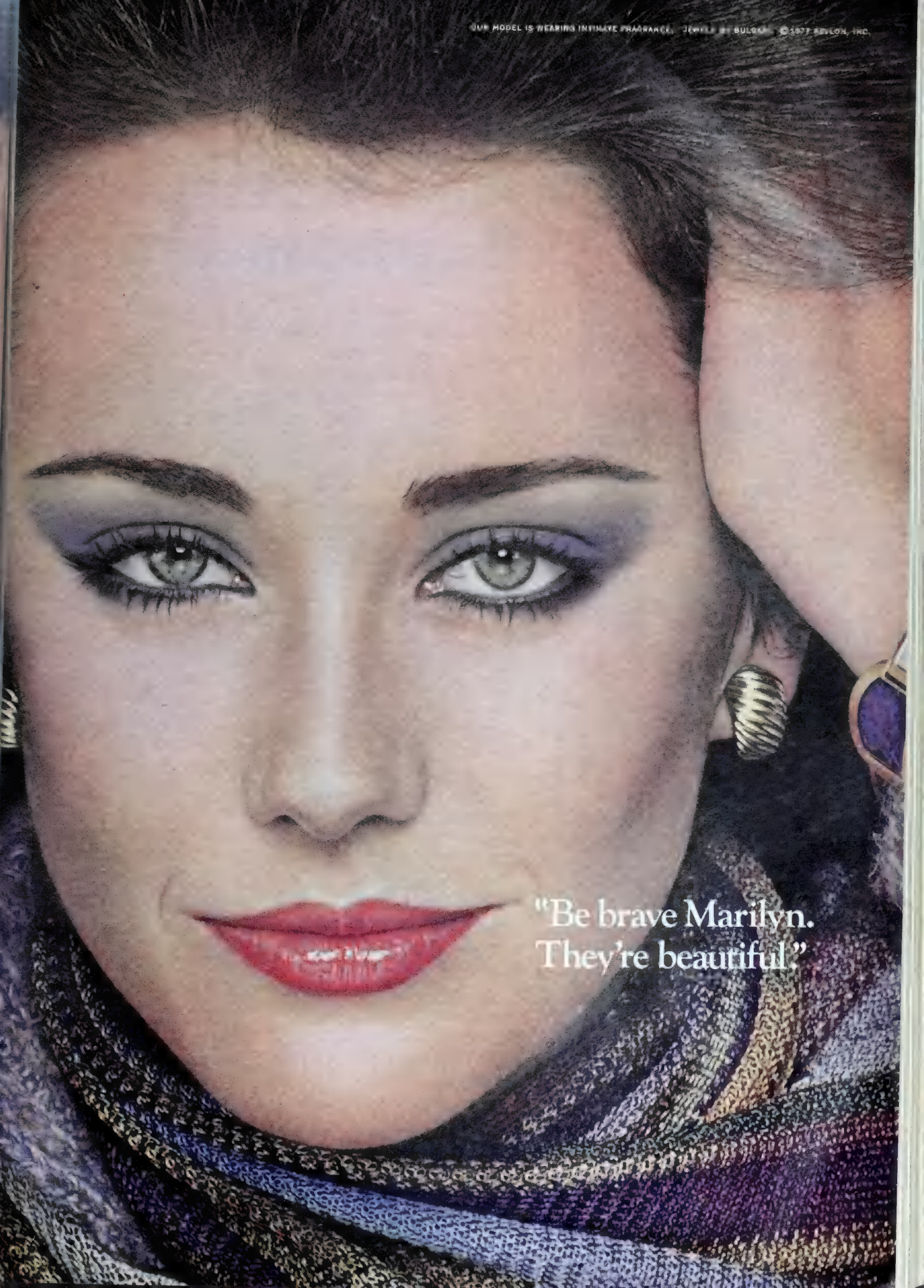
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A WARM APOLOGY TO READERS OF LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Unless you've been hibernating in a cave, you are aware that for most of the nation this was the cruelest winter of the century. In New York, editors slid and skidded to work, knowing that LHJ, like the show, must go on.

But in Dayton, Ohio, where our parent corporation, Charter, operates the largest magazine printing company in the world, Dayton Press, it was a different story. Savagely buffeted by winter's blows and short of fuel, the city of Dayton was put on a crisis basis early in the year, with factories closed and talk of schools being shut until March. Our great presses lay idled by state and federal order; more than 2,000 employees could not go to work. Fortunately, there was a reprieve. Because the plant had stocked emergency fuel, we lost only a week of printing time.

Other factors are involved. The frigid weather has also affected paper supply. If you are a subscriber, conditions in your own post office area could be unfavorable. If you buy your *Journal* at a newsstand or supermarket, you may also find the timing of our early spring issues somewhat behind schedule. But the important thing is: we *will* get there. Yes, it's been a tough winter. To all our readers who have suffered hardships, our sympathy. To the reader who is reading this copy late, our warm and sincere apology. We know you were anxious to see how Oliver's love story ends, but the weather crisis undid our publishing plot. Now crocuses are coming up and there's a cheering note of spring in the air. The *Journal* has lived through 94 turns of the season. It will survive the year of the unfriendly winds that brought despair to Dayton, a whiteout to Buffalo, snow to Miami, and a sobering consciousness of conservation to everyone.

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Can this marriage be saved?

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

Kate could not understand why Tim had rejected her sexually. The reasons they found together were surprising.

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was Shelli Chosak.

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Family Relations

KATE'S STORY

"I love Tim with all my heart, but six weeks ago he suddenly announced the strain of being married to me was so great he needed to move out for a while. I told him okay," said 26-year-old Kate, a freckle-splashed redhead wearing a shapeless sweater several sizes too large, that hid her figure. An airline hostess, Kate had been married two years.

"Tim's calm and unemotional words hurt me terribly, but I hid my reaction. I didn't consider it fair to try to hold him against his will. So I helped him pack and that same day he moved in with one of the guys from his office.

"Tim insists he doesn't want a divorce, and maybe that's true. Almost every evening I'm not flying, he drops in—and frequently spends the night. We're still friends.

"However, I now believe I made a bad mistake in agreeing to a trial separation. Our present arrangement has only added to the sexual strain of our marriage.

"Our big trouble is that Tim no longer finds me sexually attractive. He says I'm a fine person and a great companion, but no good in bed.

"For instance, last night was such an ordeal that I can hardly bear to think about it. Tim came to the apartment early in the afternoon with martinis for himself, soft drinks and a new paperback for me. I'm allergic to alcohol.

"After dinner, Tim polished off his martinis and got up to leave. Then he changed his mind. In what I thought was a meaningful tone of voice, he asked if he could sleep over. With a heart full of hope, I said yes.

"Well, he put on the clean pajamas I keep ready for him in the bureau drawer we used to share, brushed his teeth in the bathroom and then he climbed into our king-sized bed. As usual, after Tim crawled under the electric blanket he slid to the very farthest corner—I call it 'Siberia'—and turned his eyes away from me as I undressed. My disappointment was terrific.

"For a moment I was swept by a wave of fury. I wanted to scream at Tim, hit him, create a violent scene. Naturally, I did nothing of the kind.

"In a few seconds I got myself together and climbed in bed with him. I stayed on my own side, of course, a long, long way off. For quite a while Tim and I lay in the dark—silent and motionless. Then, gradually, I sensed that Tim's mood was warm and ardent, but that he was repressing it. With all my might I willed him to give in to his feelings.

"Slowly he began to edge across the wide distance separating us. He stretched out his hand for mine. He squeezed my fingers hard, and pulled me in his arms. We were closer than we had been in months, physically and in spirit, too. Then the blow fell. He kissed me hard—but it was on the forehead.

"Suddenly, Tim jerked away as though I was poison, jumped out of bed and ran out of the room, snatching up his clothes as he went. Several minutes later I heard the front door slam and he was gone.

"Never in my life have I felt so rejected, so bitterly humiliated. I cried for hours, wondering how and why I had lost my appeal for Tim, a virile guy with plenty of sex drive. Indeed, as Tim has told me often, his sex urge is strong, but so far he hasn't sought other women. He doesn't intend to commit adultery, he says.

"Tim's assurance on that score is small comfort. Nor is it any help when he takes the entire blame for our problems on himself, declaring he cannot understand why he doesn't want to make love to me. Tim says I'm a very sexy girl, that loads of men would love to jump in bed with me.

"He hasn't ever suggested that I sleep with other men and I am sure he knows I never would, as long as I'm a married woman. Both Tim and I are morally straight-laced for this modern day and age.

"I was brought up by highly devout people dedicated to an evangelical faith. My parents' religion is so strict that members are forbidden to dance, play cards, drink alcoholic beverages, use makeup or even wink.

"As a kid, I used to tease my mother about our old-fashioned religion, although I attended Sunday School and still respect the faith. I love my mother dearly and helped all I could with the housework and other kids. Mom always said I was the smartest of her ten children and she could count on me to do my duty by the others. I always tried. I still send a monthly check to my parents, with Tim's full approval.

"I met Tim on a flight and liked him at once, which was very unusual. Most male *(continued on page 15)*

Soap and water:
Should you use it if your skin is dry?

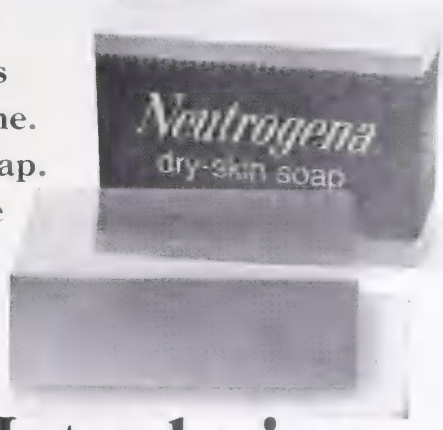
If you've got to get your face clean but you have dry skin, you can't use soap or it will dry out even further. Right? Think again.

In the first place, many dermatologists feel there's no better cleanser for your face than soap and water. And you already know that no combination of creams and fresheners ever leave your face feeling as clean.

In the second place, it depends on the soap. Ordinary soaps are made only to "take": to take away dirt and makeup. In the process, they also take away some of your skin's natural moisture and oils, which you can't afford to lose now that you're no longer a rosy-cheeked, dewy-skinned young girl.

You need a soap with "give" as well as "take." Now there is one. New Neutrogena® Dry Skin Soap. Not only does it take away surface dirt and makeup as mildly and effectively as our regular Neutrogena® Soap. *It does more.* It gives very dry skin something it needs. *Extra protection.* An invisible layer of two emollients that stays on when the dirt rinses off. And, as you know, emollients are those wonderful substances that help skin retain moisture and act as a barrier against further moisture loss. The process is called hydrating the skin. (Instead of dehydrating, which many soaps do).

How does it work? Two special hydrating agents* have been added to the original Neutrogena formula to make new Neutrogena Dry-Skin Soap. They're very much like the ingredients in moisturizers. And that's why this new soap will immediately leave your dry skin feeling softer and smoother than you're used to with other soaps.



Give our Neutrogena Dry Skin Soap a try. You may be in for a great treat: the fresh, clean feeling of soap and water on your face, and none of the worries.

Introducing Neutrogena® Dry-Skin Soap

*Purcelline Oil Syn. and Laneth-10 Acetate.

*Neutrogena Corp. 1977


Another fine product of Noxell Corporation

"I don't just color my lips anymore. I soften them too."

Cover Girl® creates

LIP SOFTENERS'



Shiny. Frosted. Creamy.

Color so good you can feel it! Cover Girl's special 'lip softening' formula makes taking care of your lips a super soft job. Glides on nice and easy. Soft and creamy. or is drenched with lip smoothing conditioners that moisturize and protect, too. Go ahead. Treat your lips to some super softness. (You've got 18 sumptuous shades to do it in!)



THE COVER GIRL 'LIP SOFTENERS'™

LIPSTICKS THAT SOFTEN LIPS AS THEY COLOR

Box or menthol:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar. Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	25	1.6
Brand C Non-Filter	23	1.4
Brand W	19	1.2
Brand W 100	19	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mild	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
Carlton Box	**less than *1**	***0.1**

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method



Soft pack-1 mg.
Menthol-less than 1 mg.
Box*-less than 1 mg.

Less than 1 mg. tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Of all brands, lowest ..Carlton 70. less than 0.5 mg. tar. .05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76. Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

an this marriage be saved?

continued from page 10

ngers I had met were superficial, entered, boastful wolves. Tim was he opposite—modest about his ac-plishments, shy yet charming.

Ie was changing jobs from a large pany in the East to a much smaller pany in the West. Although his new ffered a substantial salary increase, as discouraged and doubtful about hange and seemed to think he'd a flop in his previous job.

Vell, on the flight I went all-out to r him up, and I guess I succeeded. went out to dinner that night and y night for the next three weeks.

introduced him to my family and liked him and he liked them. Three s after meeting, we were married—aps too soon. We had little oppor-y to talk about ourselves, our ms, ambitions, past experiences. has practically never mentioned his wife to me, except to say she exists. had been acquainted such a short that our first year was more like tship than marriage. We had no l difficulty, that's for sure.

But then, about six or seven months Tim resigned his job and it took weeks for him to find another that fied him. I was able to carry us e few weeks and didn't mind doing but he turned moody and quiet, and sex life dwindled away.

Then, on the recommendation of a ious employer, he was hired at a top ion in an aircraft plant. His spirits l instantly, his moodiness vanished, things between us weren't the same. ar as Tim was concerned, our sex life finished. He made no advances, and rushed off mine.

One night I mustered up my courage told him I wanted children and we d well afford them. Tim agreed but we should wait.

Not long afterwards, I finally forced to admit that he wanted a trial sep-on. He still feels sure we can crack problem someday. He thinks we'll be to live together again as man and , and even have children. But my hope is virtually dead.

'S SIDE

The day Stella, my first wife, left me lt like I'd had a body blow to the I was dazed," said 30-year-old Tim, arded six-footer with curly yellow and a forced, uncertain smile. "So as I knew, Stella and I were getting g fine. Our sexual relationship was ect, I thought.

t looks like Stella felt differently. parents, my dad in particular, were nished when she married me. Stella the prettiest, most *(continued)*



TRY NEW NON-AEROSOL MR. MUSCLE.™
IT HAS LESS FUMES THAN EASY-OFF.

Now, Mr. Muscle introduces the first non-aerosol oven cleaner spray.

It actually lets you spray your oven with less fumes than aerosol Easy-Off.

What's more, it wipes clean with less work than the daytime method. Because non-aerosol Mr. Muscle has the exclusive Mr. Muscle overnight formula.

Just spray the easy-to-use trigger at night, and while you sleep, its self-scouring foam lifts up the baked-on grime. Next day, it wipes clean easily.

Whether you use the new non-aerosol or the regular spray, Mr. Muscle is less work . . . and it has less fumes.



Less fumes. Less work.

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"I look better today
than I have in years"

The makeup that helps skin over 25 look younger.



Cover Girl® 'MoistureWear'

When you're under 25, a smooth, natural look may be all you want from makeup. But over 25, your makeup should do more. Smooth out tiny, dry skin lines. Add a warmer depth of color to put a few more roses in your cheeks. That's why Cover Girl® created MoistureWear™ Makeup. Makeup with a balanced blend of special moisturizers, and fresh, fresh color to instantly improve the look of skin over 25. And help you look better than you have in years. 'MoistureWear' is pre-moisturized. So dewy you need no moisturizer underneath. Wear it and you can look the way you want to look—younger, fresher, prettier!



THE 'MOISTUREWEAR' MAKEUP COLLECTION:

CREAM MAKEUP. Whipped color refines your skin to perfection. Sheer. Airy. Un-artificial.

LIQUID MAKEUP. Flows on a flawless foundation with edgeless smoothness. Never greasy, never heavy.

CREAM BLUSH. Radiant color for a glow so alive, so fresh, it looks like it comes from within.

MOISTURE ENCAPSULATED POWDER. Pressed powder with sealed-in beads of moisture—freshly released every time you make up or touchup.

Also available: Nighttime Moisturizer, Moisturizing Under Eye Cover Stick, Moisturizing Wrinkle Stick.

Zesty lasagna and a zany sandwich from Make·a·Better Burger.®

Ground beef never had it so good. Lipton® Make·a·Better Burger really makes it taste special. The reasons? Lipton has a way with seasonings and spices. And Make·a·Better Burger has many super flavors—Mildly Seasoned and Onion, to name a few.

Your whole family will love these two recipes. Look for more next month.

LASAGNA À LA MAKE·A·BETTER BURGER

1 package Lipton® Make·a·Better Burger,® Mildly Seasoned or Onion Flavor
1¼ cups warm water
1 pound ground beef
1 package (16 oz.) lasagna noodles, cooked according to package directions
2 quarts prepared spaghetti sauce
2 pounds ricotta or cottage cheese
½ cup grated parmesan cheese
½ pound mozzarella cheese, shredded

In large bowl, combine Make·a·Better Burger with water. Add beef; mix thoroughly. In skillet, brown mixture; stir in sauce. In two 3-quart oblong baking dishes, spoon sauce to cover bottom. Alternately layer noodles, cheeses and sauce, forming three layers. Cover and bake at 375° for 45 minutes. Makes about 12 servings. Note. For 6 servings, freeze one dish for future use.



BURGER BY THE YARD MAKE·A·BETTER BURGER

1 package Lipton® Make·a·Better Burger,® Any Flavor
1¼ cups warm water
1 pound ground beef
1 can (6 oz.) tomato paste
1 loaf (1 lb.) French bread, split lengthwise
Tomato slices, green pepper or onion rings
1 cup shredded cheddar, mozzarella, or American cheese

In large bowl, combine Make·a·Better Burger with water. Add beef; mix thoroughly. In skillet, brown mixture; stir in tomato paste. Spread mixture on bread halves. Top with tomato, green pepper, or onion; sprinkle with cheese. Bake at 375° for 10 minutes. Makes 2 open-faced sandwiches.



FREE recipe booklet. Send your name and address to: Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., MABB 7, P.O. Box 1675, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey 07632

Can this marriage be saved?

continued

popular girl on the Army post; father was a two-star general and had her pick of the men.

"My mother, ever eager to push dad's advancement in the Army, overjoyed with her first daughter-in-l Dad was just as pleased. Through father-in-law's influence, I started career with a fairly good job in el tronics. I really needed the gener influence to get started. I always do se to need help getting jobs.

"Anyway, at my suggestion, we mo off the post and pulled out of the Ar crowd. I'm an Army brat, but I det the military. Stella made new frie for us, furnished our apartment w her own special flair and we gave dan parties. Everything seemed great for

"Stella and I never had a fight, argument or even a disagreement. our second anniversary, I came ho early with a silver bracelet she had mired in my pocket. She wasn't the

"She had packed her clothes and l me without a word of explanation. The was no note, nothing. Next morning received a telegram from Mexico noti ing me she had filed suit for a divorce

"My mother was heartbroken, my ther not surprised. Frankly, Dad h never expected I could hold a prize li Stella. I am my father's eldest son b I've always felt he's never been very i terested in me.

Dad had wanted me to go to We Point and follow an Army career. B because of a slightly damaged heart, was automatically barred from a milita life. Now, although both my young brothers went to West Point, my fath has never really forgiven me for m weakness.

"I hate disappointing people, yet seem destined to disappoint everyo who comes my way. Since graduati from college, I've had half a dozen jo with great potential. I've had to qu every one for some reason or other.

"My last job, in the East, was with company in obvious need of reorganiz tion, which I recommended to my supe visor. When the reorganization toc place, my department was abolished an I was out in the cold. I met Kate whil flying to the West Coast to take a ne job that my boss got me as a favor.

"I was drawn to Kate immediatel but tried not to show it. Stella had mad me gun-shy. Kate was the first girl wh caught my interest after five long yea —during which I had dated nobody When Stella left me, I swore off women deciding to spare myself future pain.

"But Kate was so sympathetic an eager to please—so completely unlik

(continued on page 24

Maybelline introduces:

CITYGIRL PEARLS

4 extra frosty, extra pearly moisture lipcolors!



Shine one on and see the difference. 4 sexy-soft, shimmering, moisturizing colors that silken your lips with a deliciously rich new kind of frost: a warm, burnished glow that stays fresh and shiny. In Maybelline's precious, protective formula, the moisturizing beauty treat for your lips.

fresh & lovely® Moisture Lipcolor

ello! Fresh Face. That's you with a little help from Maybelline

Fine Make-up Sensibly Priced



Pour yourself a Calgon® Bath. Don't stir. Just relax.



Tonight, have a cocktail hour to pamper your body—a quiet part to soothe your soul. Mix a Calgon Bath.

Calgon Bath Oil Beads to moisturize your skin, or luxurious **Calgon Bubble Bath** to wash your cares away. Sink back into the scent of little blue flowers with **Calgon Bouquet® Bath,** or wild, pure herbs with new **Calgon Herbal Bath.**

Every Calgon Bath is a fragrant experience in soft silky water—your time to relax your body, soothe your soul.

Fragrant Calgon Baths.

What's happening

By Gene Shalit



Gene talks with actress Liv Ullmann, who has some surprising things to say about life, love and fear.

Liv Ullmann, the internationally acclaimed actress, is in America heading for Broadway, in Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie* early in April. How could I resist renewing my friendship with the star of such films as *Cries and Whispers* and *Scenes from a Marriage*—the only woman I know who went on a blind date and found it was Henry Kissinger? She greets me while seated comfortably in her suite. She smiles. She waits.

GS: Many people treat you like an icon. Can you laugh? Do you ever have any fun?

LU: I have fun all the time but never on the screen, because they just put me in the crying and nervous parts. But I do smile and laugh a lot, privately.

GS: Is there one day in your life that you would like to relive?

LU: Yes, giving birth. Because I was very lucky. We have natural childbirth in Norway and I didn't have great pain and it was a fantastic thing to be awake and a part of that all the time. I would like to have that moment again because I don't think I really appreciated it enough then.

GS: For many, you symbolize the single parent with an independent career. Some say working mothers can't do justice to a child *and* have a successful career.

LU: I think nobody on earth can do justice to a lot of things at one time. You can't be a wonderful parent, a wonderful success person, a wonderful human being, a wonderful lover, all at once. But you can do the best you can with whatever you feel you can give. I know a lot of parents who stay home all the time and they are not giving there either. Maybe they feel lost. But I know a lot of people who try hard to give whatever they have. That is the important thing.

GS: Do you think Americans find it difficult to give? Do our relationships seem in any way odd to you?

LU: In America, you're not always friends with each other. A man always has to be on a *date*, and a woman has to be on a *date*. They don't take each other on their arm and say, "Let's go to the cinema" and say good night and shake hands. It always has to be the implication of a *date*, even if neither of them really wants to. If we could be *friends*, we could have a nice time and be wrinkly, both of us.

GS: In other words, you think it's very difficult to have a sexless relationship?

LU: Yes, because either the man will be afraid that she will think he either doesn't like women or that he's impotent. And *she* will think, if he doesn't want me there's something wrong with me. Men and women can't just talk together and share something. It always has to end with a kiss.

GS: Tell me about fear. I've been told that you are afraid of the dark.

LU: I like to be in a very small room where I can spot all the dark corners. I look under the bed. Nights scare me. Are you not night-scared?

GS: No, I love the night.

LU: You're not afraid that there will come a burglar?

GS: No.

LU: Murder?

GS: *Murder?* Are you afraid of murderers?

LU: Yes.

GS: Why do you think people will come and harm you?

LU: I've always had nightmares of being killed. I'm afraid to go into apartments where I don't know who is there. I'm afraid of something unexpected in the dark. And, a little, I think I'm afraid of life, too.

GS: Is an enormous wave of applause at the end of a performance a form of reassurance to you that the audience is on your side and won't hurt you?

LU: No. The applause is nice because the evening is over.

MOVIES TO SEE AND TO FLEE

There is still hope for people who want to take their children to the movies and at the same time enjoy *themselves*. Disney to the rescue with *Freaky Friday*, based on the lively novel for young people by Mary Rodgers. Barbara Harris plays a harassed mother whose messy-room, 13-year-old daughter is Jodie Foster. Mother thinks: "What an easy time my daughter has going to school. A life without responsibility." *Daughter* thinks: "What an easy life mother has, hanging around the house all day watching TV." Each thinks she would like to be the other for one day and *WHAMMO!*—mother and daughter change places. By fadeout, each has returned to her original body, and mother and daughter appreciate each other's problems and promise to do better. It's not a giant hit, but it is a squeaky-clean fluff of fun. What a pleasure *good* Disney can be.

Providence is a film I will long remember with warm feelings—a beautiful-to-look-at and stimulating-to-think-about movie. Here is the story of a sick and famous old writer (John Gielgud) who is at work on a new novel—*that* we understand almost at once, as his disembodied voice directs the characters we see—telling them what to do, what to do over, rewriting before our eyes as it were. The script is stylish, the *(continued on page 24)*

Photograph by John L. Sullivan


Sears remarkable $599 Sofa

It's designed and constructed as carefully as many sofas that cost much more.



Grafton Street



There are very few sofas at *any* price that are built with the long lasting comfort and ility of helical coil suspended spring systems. The 4-gauge, wire-tied, helical coil nsion system in Sears Benchmade Sofas offers the optimum in equalized softness siliency.

ll-Hardwood Frame Construction. Only 10% of all sofa frames are made from dwood. It's the basis of sofa durability. All of Sears Benchmade Sofas are also double-doweled and braced at all stress points.



Gateshead

Combination Coil-Foam Seat Cushions. At the core of each cushion are individually pocketed coil springs. The springs are encased in molded polyurethane foam, and covered again with a double wrap of polyester fiber fill. All for long lasting resiliency and the spectacular look and feel of down feather cushions.

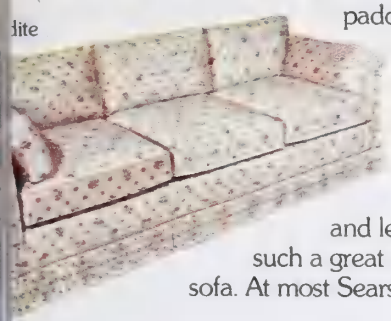
Breathtaking and Durable Fabric Selection. Sears doesn't think you'll find a better selection of first quality sofa fabrics anywhere. All 87 possibilities come from the finest mills in America. There is a superb array of plush velvets of cotton, scrumptious jacquards of 100% nylon. Tapestries of 67% rayon and otton. Dramatic prints, textured tweeds, and smashing solid colors. All are d with Scotchgard® Brand fabric protector. All were chosen to give you " and "ahhs" for as long as possible.

Palmetto



ssential Finishing Touches. Matched seams. Centered patterns. Reinforced and padded backs, front-rails, and sides. Hidden snaps and straps to hold seat cushions in place. Lined skirts. And *more.*

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Six Lasting Classic Styles. All with the proper proportions. All designed and redesigned till they all really became Sears Benchmade Sofas. Come *see* Sears Benchmade Sofas and understand why they have features that usually cost a great deal more. Come *sit* on them to understand their amazing balanced comfort. Come in today and learn more about why $599* is such a great price for such a beautifully built sofa. At most Sears larger stores.



Main Chance

Benchmade Sofas Only at Sears

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*Prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii
Prices may vary depending on the fabric you select.

What's happening

continued from page 21

performances impeccable, the photography glorious—a rich feast of language handsomely directed by Alain Resnais.

The winner of this year's kong-man award is Dino DeLaurentiis, the movie impresario who has remade *King Kong*, the story of a 40-foot mechanical ape who falls for a girl about the size of his pinky finger. This is like you having a crush on a caterpillar. In Dino's version, an oilman sails the South Seas in search of oil. In mid-Pacific, his ship rescues a girl in a slinky gown, floating languidly in a dinghy. Soon they all reach an uncharted island, where Kong takes the girl-in-the-dinghy in hand and thinks she's the berries. Kong is captured, brought to New York, and winds up with the girl on top of the World Trade Center, perhaps the most boring building in New York. The Empire State Building has a point . . . but the World Trade Center is big and flat, just like this movie.

Peter Bogdanovich's first major film was *The Last Picture Show*. Now he has made *Nickelodeon*. This is the equivalent of a man starting at the top of Mt. Everest and climbing to the bottom. Bogdanovich has set out to re-create the days of Hollywood's early silent slapstick, when furriers fell into film and sent the country reeling. On the day *Nickelodeon* opened in New York, the ads proclaimed that anyone could get in for a nickel. If they *really* wanted to make money, they should have charged three dollars to get *out*.

Silver Streak begins as a romantic comedy in which two passengers—Gene Wilder and Jill Clayburgh—meet in the dining car of a train that's clickity-clacking from L.A. to Chicago. After a flirtatious dinner, they adjourn to adjoining compartments. Soon they are in a blanket embrace and Wilder—looking over Jill's shoulder—sees a murdered man fall outside of the train window. It turns out to be Professor Something-or-other who, it turns out, is Jill's boss who, it turns out, is in a lot of trouble even though, it turns out, the impish and lovable Gene Wilder is going to solve the crime so that by the end everything can turn out all right. *Silver Streak* has a few good moments, but instead of being a funny express, it is often a loafing local that never gets untracked.

TWO PRIZED PRIZES FOR CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Some of the most invigorating American writing and appealing art work is now appearing in children's books. Each year, the American Library Association gives two of the most valued prizes in literature: the Caldecott Medal for the most distinguished picture book, and the Newberry Award for the most distinguished book for children. This year's Newberry winner is *Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry* by Mildred D. Taylor, and The Caldecott went to *Ashanti to Zula: African Traditions*, a kind of alphabet book illustrated by Leo and Diane Dillon. In this year of *Roots*, note that each prize went to a book with a black theme.

WAY-OUT NEWS (BUT TRUE)

Helen Kraft wants to test an icebox in the sky. Helen, a professor at Iowa State, thinks that "space, a couple of hundred miles up, might be an ideal natural 'refrigerator' where perishable foods could be stored for extended periods." Sounds okay to me, but what a trip for a late-night sandwich.

❁

A mortician in Louisiana has built a huge picture window in his establishment in which he places the coffin so that folks can drive up and pay their last respects without leaving their cars.

❁

And in Mexico, a doctor who hates cigarettes has stipulated in his will that he be buried in the non-smoking section of the cemetery. **End**

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

Bugsy Malone, acted by kids, is a spoof of rackets and prohibition in the late 20's. A lighthearted lark full of smiles. What fun!
Cousin, Cousine, the story of the love of a husband and wife, has captivated all America. Enchanting and joyous.
The Front is insubstantial—a thin gruel when star Woody Allen isn't on screen. A movie set in the Joseph McCarthy 1950's.
Idi Amin Dada is a rare look at the dictator of Uganda—a man who is part buffoon, part menace. A remarkable record.
The Incredible Sarah pretends to be a biography of Sarah Bernhardt. But despite the presence of star Glenda Jackson, the movie rings like plastic glass.
The Last Tycoon, F. Scott Fitzgerald's tale of Hollywood in the Thirties, is a handsome movie but, sadly, largely promise without fulfillment.
Network, as in TV, is ridiculous, with author Paddy Chayefsky hitting as many as six typewriters at once. A satiric stew.
Rocky is one of my favorite movies of the year, a movie to make you feel good all over. It's about people you'll *care* about.
St. Ives stars Charles Bronson. If you enjoy him (as I do) you'll enjoy this private eye movie with Bronson in charge all the way.
The Seven-Per-cent Solution in a comedy-mystery involving Sherlock Holmes and Sigmund Freud, all adding up to 100 percent entertainment.
The Shootist is touching and strong, with an exceptional performance by John Wayne. Jimmy Stewart and Lauren Bacall also star.
Silent Movie really *is* silent and really *is* a comedy treasure, thanks to the inspiration of Mel Brooks. A film for everyone.
The Slipper and the Rose is good news for anyone with fairy tale hearts. Lavish Cinderella story with music.
Small Change is an utterly charming children's story from François Truffaut.
Two-Minute Warning is boring, banal, shabby. Plastic people; gratuitous violence.

Can this marriage be saved?

continued from page 18

Stella—I forgot my wise resolve. W
Kate sat down beside me, I sudd
found myself pouring out all my
worries—and Kate wasn't bored. At l
she didn't seem to be bored.

"I fell completely in love with I
on that flight, or so I believed. At
moment I still love Kate in many w
but not the way she deserves to be lo

"Kate deserves flesh-and-blood, pl
ical love as well as companionship,
miration and gratitude. She has d
everything in her power for me.
sings my praises everywhere. I *know*
really loves me in spite of the p
and humiliation I have caused her.

"But frankly, there are times I th
Kate isn't nearly as interested in se
she thinks she is. For one thing,
seems uncomfortable with her bo
She chooses dowdy outfits that hide
beautiful figure, just like her moth
Once I made a few suggestions ab
her wardrobe and Kate immediat
took it into her head that I was critic
ing her taste—or even worse, suggest
that she make a play to interest otl
men so I could free myself of her. S
ran off in tears. After that episode
stopped expressing my opinions th
might hurt her feelings.

"Sexually, Kate isn't at all like Ste
or several other girls I've known. S
can be quite stand-offish in bed, perha
without intending to be. I used to g
the notion that Kate was holding bac
oddly detached from what we were d
ing together. Don't get me wron
though. I realize I'm the bad guy in th
matter. I sure don't blame Kate for
problem that is essentially my fault.

"Not long ago Kate spoke wistfully
wanting children—impossible, of cours
in our situation. I sensed she was a
tempting to find out whether our sexu
impasse was permanent or not. I didn
answer the unspoken question. Ho
could I? I don't know why I don't fe
sexually attracted toward Kate anymor

"Maybe she subconsciously project
a distaste for sex. Maybe on some leve
I pick up her feelings and react by fee
ing too discouraged and depressed t
carry on with the proceedings.

"Wherever the truth lies, Kate and
have one hell of a problem."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"Kate and Tim were equally responsi
ble for their problem," the counselo
said. "They were intelligent, articulate
people who communicated with each
other as poorly as grade school children.

"Their two personalities were almost
certain to clash. Because of this it was
especially important for them to com-

(continued on page 35)



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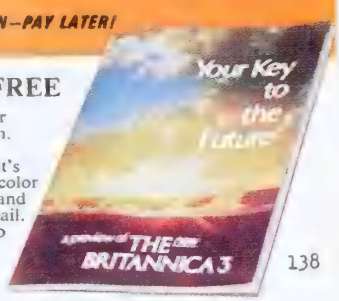
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Spending your money

By Sylvia Porter

Our famous money expert tells how changes in the 1976 tax law can save you dollars. Be sure to read her tips before you file your '76 return.

No matter what your income bracket—high, middle or low—you and every other U.S. taxpayer are vitally affected by the incredibly complicated 1976 Tax Reform Law enacted late last year. Here is merely a brief listing of changes applying to the 1976 tax return you are probably now preparing:

1. The maximum and minimum standard deductions you can take instead of itemized deductions on your '76 return are at a new high, giving millions of taxpayers a bonanza.
2. Your personal exemption credit for '76 also is higher and is now called a "General Tax Credit."
3. Deductions for an office-at-home have been sharply limited—a blow to millions of you.
4. The deduction for child-care expenses has been changed to a credit, producing either a smaller or bigger tax benefit, depending on your circumstances.
5. The child-care expense category also has been broadened to cover many people who were not previously eligible for this valuable tax break.
6. The sick pay exclusion has been drastically cut back so that it is now available only to individuals who are permanently and totally disabled.

Other provisions of the law have significant dollars-and-cents meaning to you now (for instance, any deduction for renting out a vacation home has been clarified and tightened) and will affect you even more on your 1977 return. But *all* of the above changes apply to the 1976 tax returns millions of you will be filing in the next few weeks—even though the new rules weren't even in the law when 1976 began.

In what way are the new maximum standard deductions a bonanza?
Because for millions of taxpayers, particularly in the middle-income brackets, they can give you a bigger deduction than you would get if you itemized your actual deductions—while also saving you the trouble of those calculations. Specifically: If you are married and filing a joint return, or if you are a qualified surviving spouse, the maximum you can deduct on your '76 return is up from $2,600 in '75 to $2,800 in '76; if you are single, the maximum deduction is up from $2,300 to $2,400 in '76; if you are a married person filing a separate return, it's up from $1,300 to $1,400.

Let's say you're married, filing a joint return, have an adjusted gross income of $18,000 and itemized deductions of $2,700 a year. Your percentage standard deduction (still at 16 percent) of $18,000 comes to $2,880, but since your maximum on your '75 return reduced this to $2,600, you probably itemized your deductions last year to get the larger $2,700 deduction. Now all you need do is take the standard deduction of $2,800. It's bigger. And you needn't itemize your deductions or face an audit.

Is the minimum standard deduction the same as "the low income allowance"?
Yes. And you could have earned quite a sum of money in 1976 before owing any tax because of those new minimum standard deductions and other tax law provisions. If you are married and filing a joint return, or if you are a qualified surviving spouse, your minimum standard deduction is up from $1,900 in 1975 to $2,100 in 1976; if you are single, it's risen from $1,600 to $1,700; if you are married and filing a separate return, it's up from $950 to $1,050.

Explain the new personal exemption credit.
Your personal exemption credit on the 1976 return you file on or before April 15, is the larger of either (a) 2 percent of your taxable income up to $9,000 or (b) $35 per personal exemption (other than for age or blindness). This favors the single taxpayer much more than it does most married persons.

For example, if you are single and had a 1976 taxable income of $9,000 or more, you can take a $180 direct credit against your 1976 income tax. (Under the old law, your credit would have been only $30, since you were entitled to take a direct credit of $30 for each personal exemption—in this case, only you—no matter what your total income.)

If you are married with three children and had the same $9,000 or more taxable income, your credit on your '76 return is identical $180 as for the single person (the higher of five exemptions times 35, or 2 percent of $9,000). (Under the old law, your credit would have been $150—five exemptions times $30.) Thus, the tax credit for you, the single person, increases sixfold while the tax credit given to you, married with four dependents, goes up only 20 percent.

Since I am a saleswoman for a firm that has no office in my home town, I keep all my essential business records in a desk in our TV recreation room—and I have always deducted a part of my house maintenance expenses as office-at-home expenses. Can I still do this?
Probably not, because you do your office work in a part of your home that you use for other purposes, too—and under the 1976 law, your deduction is restricted to a part of your residence used *(continued)*

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Spending your money

continued

exclusively for office work. The 1976 Tax Reform law forbids any deduction at all for an office at home unless you use it for one of the following specific purposes: 1. As your principal place of business; 2. As a place of business used by your patients, clients or customers in meeting or dealing with you in the normal course of your trade or business.

If you are an employee, your business purpose in using your home for either of the above reasons must be "for the convenience of your employer." If you are an outside salesperson or other employee who works away from your employer's office location, and if your employer expects you to work out of your own home and keep your own necessary business records, you should have no difficulty in meeting these provisions of the new rules. But even if you use your office at home for one of these acceptable purposes, the law says you also must use a portion of your residence both on a *regular* basis and *exclusively* for one of the acceptable purposes. These are tough rules—certain to be challenged to force the Internal Revenue Service to clarify and/or modify them.

In order to go to work, I must have help to care for my 4-year-old during the hours I am at the office. Do the new child-care rules affect me?

Yes. The law changes the itemized deduction to which you were previously entitled into a credit and generally liberalizes the rules. On your '75 Form 1040, you were allowed to deduct such qualified expenses up to $4,800, if you had one or more dependent children under age 15 or an incapacitated dependent or spouse. If your adjusted gross income came to more than $18,000, you had to reduce the allowable deduction by half the amount of your adjusted gross income over $18,000, and you couldn't deduct any payments if made to a relative.

The new law allows you a credit against your income tax equal to 20 percent of up to $2,000 of qualified expenses, if you have one dependent child under 15, etc., and 20 percent of up to $4,000 if you have more than one. Instead of taking a deduction that cuts your taxable income, you get a direct credit against your income tax of up to $400 or $800, depending on whether you have one or more dependents. It now makes no difference whether the qualified expenses are incurred inside or outside your home (as it did in the past).

I pay my mother to help take care of my child. Can I qualify for a deduction under the new law?

Yes. Payments you make to a relative help care for your child entitle you the credit on such qualified payments even if your mother lives with you. However, your mother cannot be your dependent and the payments must be subject to Social Security taxes.

I am divorced and have custody of my 9-year-old son. Can I qualify for the child-care credit, even though my ex-husband supports our son?

Yes. If you are divorced or separated and have custody of an under-15 child you can qualify for the new credit even though you can't claim the dependency credit for the child, because your divorced husband contributes more than half the child's support. Under the old law, you couldn't qualify unless you also were entitled to the dependency credit.

We were denied the child care deduction the last two years because while my husband worked full-time I had only a part-time job. Are there changes helping us, too?

Yes. Under the previous law, you and your husband both had to work full time to qualify for the deduction. If one worked full-time while the other worked part-time or was a full-time student, you couldn't deduct for employment-related child-care expenses. Under the new law, you qualify for the new credit on your '76 Form 1040, if either or both of you work part-time or if one is a student.

I've heard that the new child care rules will reduce deductions for some families. Who gets this smaller tax break?

To illustrate how the new rules reduce the tax break, say you are a widow with an adjusted gross income of about $16,000 a year and that you pay $4,800 a year in qualified child-care expenses so you can go to work. On your '75 Form 1040, you saved about $1,200 in taxes by deducting the $4,800 of child care expenses. On your '76 Form 1040, you are permitted a tax credit of only $400 (if you have one child)—saving you only one-third of what you saved in 1975.

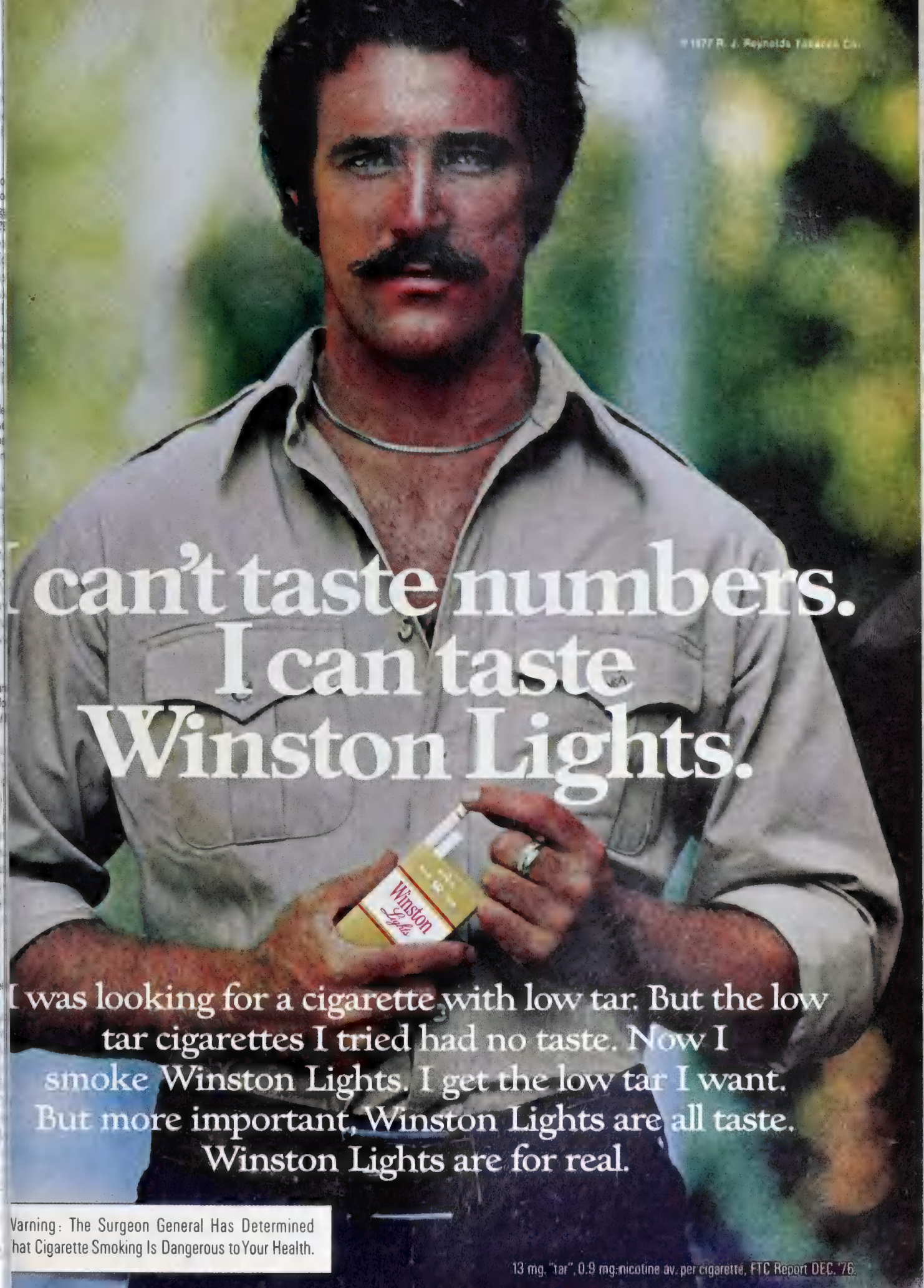
How has the sick pay exclusion been cut back?

It has been all but abolished. On your '75 return, if you were absent from work because of injury or sickness during '75, you could have excluded from taxable income up to $100 a week that you received while you were out. That is no longer permissible. The only *limited* sick pay exclusion left in the law allows retired persons under 65 who are permanently and totally disabled to exclude up to $5,200 a year of their disability income. And even this $5,200 exclusion will be reduced dollar for dollar by any amount that the recipient's income tops $15,000 for the year. **End**



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WHY I CHOSE MARRIAGE OVER "LIVING TOGETHER"

Lindsay Wagner, television's "Bionic Woman," talks frankly about her very human, off-screen love story.

By Stephen Decatur Scott



Jaime Sommers. She's *The Bionic Woman.* Television's top superheroine.

Lindsay Wagner. The actress who plays Jaime Sommers.

There is a big difference between them. Oh, their features are the same. So are the voice and trim, 123-pound figure—give or take a mechanical limb. But Lindsay Wagner's face is more animated than Jaime's, and her hazel eyes promise greater depth. Lindsay's generous mouth is more expressive and more inclined to smile. Altogether, she is much more interesting than Jaime (whose bionic fist can demolish a brick wall or knock out a lion).

Jaime reeks of apple pie Americana on screen. Lindsay is chic off it.

Jaime is unmarried and likely to remain so—unless the producers, seeking a ratings coup, marry her off to *The Six Million Dollar Man,* actor Lee Majors (who is married in real life to yet another TV superwoman, Farrah Fawcett-Majors of *Charlie's Angels*).

While Jaime is single, Lindsay, 27, has begun a new life as the wife of actor-writer Michael Brandon, 31. She and Michael had lived together more than two years before they married last December. Why did they finally decide on marriage?

"I don't really know," Lindsay answered. "I suppose we'd been together long enough to realize that our relationship was doing nothing but getting better. It was very much on the upswing. It's an extension of everything that has been going on between us for two years. Admittedly, there has been a pattern in my past life. I'd never been with a man more than two years without splitting up. Michael the same. Yet here we were, at the end of two years, telling one another we were more in love than ever.

"We didn't court from afar. We felt we really knew one another, and we learned that we could grow together. We believed each of us had the qualities the other was looking for in a mate. There was the knowledge that each had the ability to make decisions about the other under pressure—learning how we behaved in uncomfortable situations.

"Sure, the love affair and romantic elements were strong at the beginning; they always are. Those things develop first, then other qualities come along to fill out the relationship."

Lindsay and Michael were married at the Church of Religious Science in Los Angeles. Her sister, Randyl, 14, was maid of honor and Brandon's 90-year-old grandfather was best man. It is significant that the ceremony took place in a church. Lindsay is deeply immersed in spirituality and metaphysics, assimilating both the religious and scientific in a concept she and Michael have embraced as their own. "Our relationship grew strong spiritually as we went along," she said. "We've grown to know one another truly well, to avoid creating blocks or inhibiting the other person's growth as an individual. We worked at eliminating barriers that might exist between us.

"We have a sense of God in ourselves and in each other. I could never marry someone I couldn't relate to in a spiritual sense. Neither could I marry anyone who wasn't interested in bending and growing the way I feel I am. I pray I'll never say, 'That's the way I am and that's all there is to it. Take it or leave it.' "

Lindsay approached this marriage cautiously. She had been married briefly several years ago and wanted to avoid repeating mistakes. If one moment did direct her and Michael toward marriage, it took place last fall in New York, where they attended a three-day training course at the Arica Institute. A week later they set a wedding date.

Lindsay described the Arica Institute as an organization dealing with metaphysical means of increasing awareness and spirituality. She wears a gold pendant symbolic of the institute, and explained that the pendant, which somewhat resembles the Star of David, represents patterns of energy.

"Arica is involved in the study of many different forms of energy working on the psyche, increasing spirituality and maintaining mental balance," Lindsay said. "It's not a religion. It's very scientific and metaphysical."

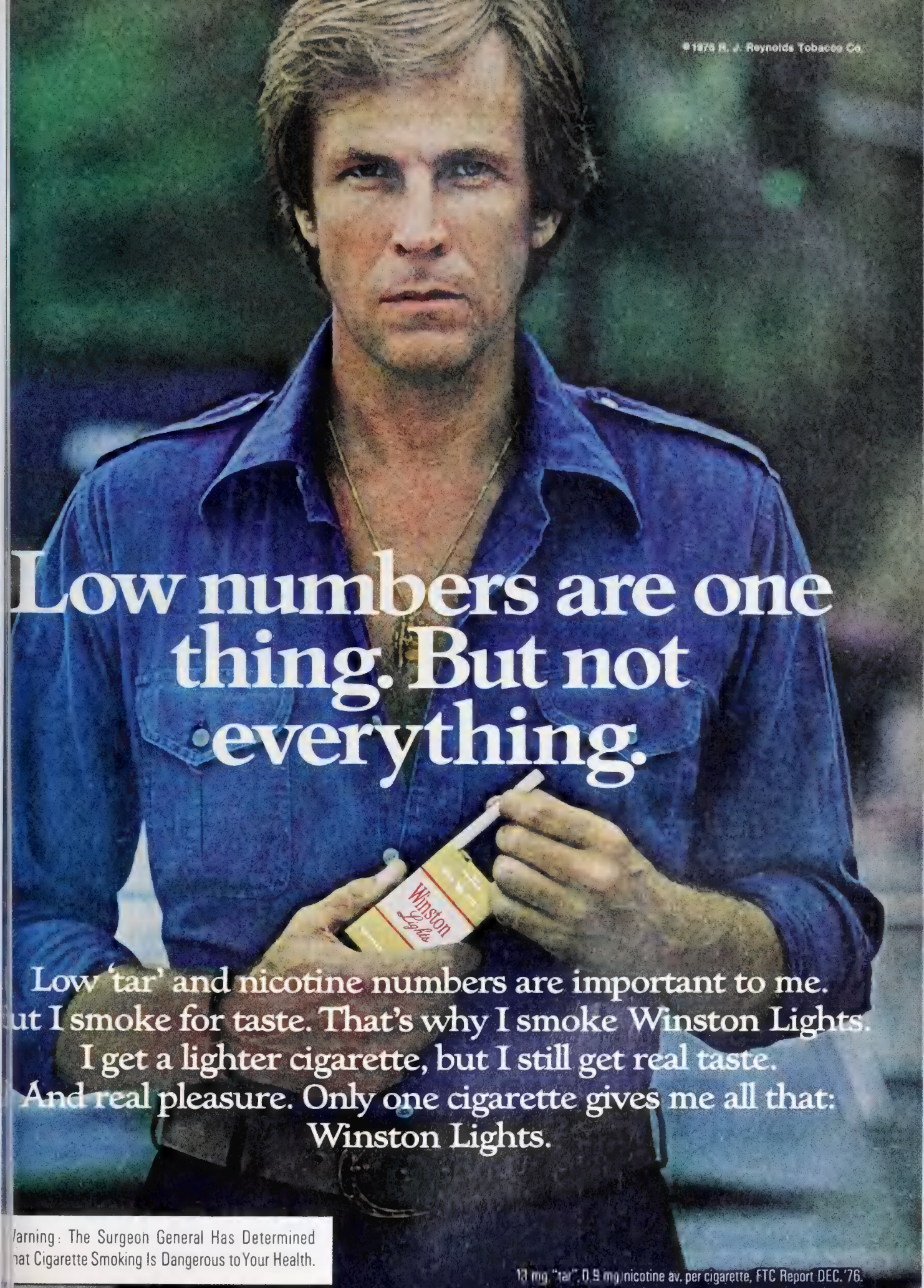
Lindsay took a 40-day training course with the Arica Institute in San Diego four years ago. Since then she has made meditation an important part of her life.

When Lindsay gets out of bed in the morning, no later than 7 o'clock, she enters a small, sparsely furnished room where she sits on a cushion and meditates for 20 minutes. She faces a Yantra, a painted visual symbol, and opens her mind to what she calls the flow of the quality of the day.

Then, without so much as a cup of coffee, she is off to the studio. When he isn't off to an acting job of his own, Michael stays home working on TV and movie scripts.

Lindsay eats breakfast at the studio during makeup and hairdressing sessions. *The Bionic Woman,* of course, never is seen without flawless makeup. Off-camera, however, Lindsay rarely wears any. Her taste in clothing runs from Army surplus bib overalls to haute couture. Her passion is hats. Lots of broad-brimmed hats, worn almost always with Lindsay's long, blond hair swept up and back, or tucked in a neat bun. Again, very unlike Jaime Sommers.

"I don't worry about my appearance too much," Lindsay said. "I'm comfortable with the way I look. I used to curl my hair on *(continued)*


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WHY I CHOSE MARRIAGE

continued

the set, but I started wearing it straight so I wouldn't have to get up so early in the morning. I stay in bed until the last possible minute.

After a physically exhausting ten hours as Jaime Sommers, Lindsay is happy to drive home—to a comfortably rambling house in the Hollywood Hills. Last year she worked as long as 16 hours a day, arising at 4 A.M. and frequently returning home at 7 or 8 P.M. This year she insisted on a less grueling work schedule.

The long hours and activity keep Lindsay slender without having to exercise. "I've never been this skinny so long in my life," she said.

Once she's home, Lindsay has enough energy to prepare dinner. She rates herself "a darned good cook," especially when it comes to broiling and anything with curry sauce. "I'm dynamite with old-fashioned meals like pot roast with potatoes, carrots and onions. I'm good with gravies and sauces and I'm really great with turkey dinners."

Lindsay's lifestyle has changed little since her marriage—except for an increasing awareness and appreciation of Michael. "I find him to be a very rare man," she said. "He has the qualities of an older man. I used to date older men primarily because I enjoy the qualities of maturity, patience and understanding they have to offer. The willingness to say, 'Hang on, it isn't the end of the world.' Older men take care of things the moment they come up. Michael understands that."

Stardom key test

The most important test of their lives together was Lindsay's explosive rise to stardom. Many a Hollywood relationship has foundered when the woman overshadowed her mate in the public eye.

"Living any length of time with an actress is not easy for a man to deal with," Lindsay explained. "It's not the average situation. That became apparent to me in my last marriage. Being an actress, doing interviews, traveling, public appearances—these things are part of my life. Some men might tell you, 'Sure, I understand.' Maybe they *think* they understand, but a man can only know for sure—and so can I—by living with the situation for a while.

"Michael has handled the sudden publicity, fame and attention that came into my life with *The Bionic Woman*. He was mature enough not to let it interfere with our relationship. So many things have happened so fast, but there wasn't a negative response from him, which I had secretly feared.

"There are moments when fame gets in the way. It's annoying when we can't spend a nice evening mooning at each other over dinner without having somebody ask for an autograph. But it's part of the price you pay."

Eventually, Lindsay wants to spend more time in her 70-year-old house on 160 wooded acres near the Hood River in the state of Washington. She bought the property four years ago. Until *The Bionic Woman* series came along, she didn't have enough money to fix up the house, which has no running water or electricity. Now she has the money but not the time.

She and Michael spent their honeymoon in Ketchum, Idaho, near Sun Valley, and are trying to buy several acres of wilderness land there—on which they plan to build a cabin.

Eventually, Lindsay and Michael want to have children. "I'd never have a baby and do a TV series," Lindsay said. "I know people who have, but I believe in pre-natal influences and I would never do that to a kid.

"I keep feeling that I'm getting younger. I was old when I was a kid and I grew backwards. Now I'm busy with my work and very much in love with Michael. We'll talk about having children sometime in the future." **End**

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Can this marriage be saved?

continued from page 24

nicate openly. Kate had a 'helper' sonality, delighting to be of service others, a trait she acquired in childd. She required a minimum of praise l approval in return.

Tim, on the other hand, had been ped by the harshness and put-downs had received from his parents. As a lt, he viewed himself as a failure. In ity, he himself made sure he failed very enterprise he tried. For exam- he lost his job in the East because his own recommendation to a top ervisor. He eventually recognized tendency during counseling.

Even when Tim did succeed, he still sidered himself a loser. He learned ly in order to impress his father, but believed he was a mediocre pilot. In , he had such aptitude that he had ed his pilot's license in record time. His marriage to Kate was headed to- d trouble from the beginning. Tim an inordinate hunger for approval, ell as a strong tendency toward self- . Kate knocked herself out to satisfy 's hunger and convince him he was a thwhile person. Naturally, it didn't k, because Tim could not allow their riage to succeed.

"Since he had failed at almost everything else in his life, he subconsciously expected the marriage to fail, too. So he began to search for flaws in Kate, and, of course, he found them. Both Tim and Kate had put the blame for their sexual difficulties solely on him, but Kate was also responsible. She had borrowed more from her mother than she realized. She had copied her mother's helpfulness and unselfishness, but she had also copied her mother's prudishness about sex. Subconsciously, Kate believed that 'nice' women were not interested in sex except to produce children.

"Kate and Tim gradually began to communicate with each other through counseling. They made a special effort to discuss all matters of mutual importance, as well as all their hopes and feelings. Tim moved back into the apartment and stopped worrying so much about his non-existent shortcomings.

"He perceived he had been attempting to drive Kate away by rejecting her sexually, in order to establish himself once again as a loser. As for Kate, by beginning to understand her own attitude toward sex, she is also beginning to shed some of her inhibitions. As a result, the couple has reestablished their sexual relationship on a fairly satisfactory basis. However, they both believe there is room for further improvement, and they are now in group counseling." **End**

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Pet journal

A dog trained to attack intruders may turn and maul your child instead. Important advice on which dogs can protect you. By Roger Caras.



"I travel a great deal and I want to buy a guard dog that will protect my wife and children while I'm away. What kind of dog should I get?" How often have I heard that question! Frightened by the increase in crime, people are searching for ways to protect themselves—and too often they choose an attack-trained dog who may end up mauling a family member instead of an intruder. A whole raft of self-proclaimed trainers are capitalizing on our near-panic reaction to crime and are selling dogs for as much as $3,000 each. In the hands of untrained individuals, these dogs already have caused severe injury to innocent people—and will continue to do so unless laws are enacted restricting the sale and training of attack dogs.

Is an attack dog necessary to warn you of a stranger's approach?

In almost all instances, a criminal approaching your home will flee if he feels he has been detected—because he knows you will call the police and maybe even arm yourself. Thus any dog capable of barking—even a small Terrier or Poodle—will be at least as likely to warn the family and send a criminal fleeing as an attack-trained Rottweiler. What you need is a watchdog, not an attack dog.

Isn't an attack dog the best insurance against the professional criminal?

Anything but! Even kids who break into fenced car lots have learned tricks that kill attack dogs. One kid perches on top of the fence while the other hands up a building block and rattles a stick. The dog comes running and the 20-pound block is dropped on the dog, killing or incapacitating it. Poisoned meat tossed into a yard or pushed through a mail slot or broken window when you are out will disable the best attack dog in the world. An armed man, of course, can shoot a dog as easily as he can a person, and a $5 tear gas pen or spray can of mace will put a dog out of commission.

Are well-trained attack dogs dependable?

Certainly not. Accidents are reported every week, and some involve horrendous injuries. An attack-trained dog has been shown that it can and should master a human being—a bad lesson to teach a large, often naturally aggressive animal. I have asked trainers, after they have assured me that *their* dogs are accident-proof, why they didn't use St. Bernards or Newfoundlands instead of Doberman Pinschers and German Shepherds. The revealing answer was, "They are too large to handle if something goes wrong."

Are attack dogs reliable with people they know?

Often yes, sometimes no. The "sometimes" makes them an intolerable risk, since they are capable of killing. And even if a dog is safe with your own children, what if one gets into a fistfight with a neighborhood child? Your dog may attack and even kill the other youngster. Dogs do push past their owners and get loose, doors do get left ajar, buildings do catch fire; all kinds of things happen that you simply cannot anticipate. You may go into the kitchen to get your wallet and leave a delivery boy alone in the hall, forgetting that your dog is in the house. Whether that boy is hurt or not, maybe even whether he lives or dies, depends upon your dog's judgment, not yours. That is asking a lot of the dog—and far more of the schoolboy who brought your groceries.

What laws govern the training, sale and maintenance of attack dogs?

Almost none. Trainers generally are not licensed, although they are dispensing weapons as deadly as guns, and owners of attack dogs are under no more restraint in most communities than owners of Yorkshire Terriers. It is a situation that simply must change.

Are the breeds of dogs used for attack and guard training suitable as pets if not trained that way?

Yes. German Shepherds, Doberman Pinschers, Rottweilers and the like can make fine pets and offer more than enough protection through their natural territoriality. (Many Terriers also are naturally protective.) All potentially aggressive dogs, while they are puppies, should attend obedience school with their masters. Master and dog should "grow up" in their relationship together and learn to respect each other. A well-trained dog can offer companionship and security without being lethal to your neighbors.

What legal recourse is available if a neighbor obtains an attack dog and maintains it on residential property?

The answer to that is not clear. Your attorney may be able to base a case on anticipation of harm from a threat that already exists. He or she may be able to get a judge to insist that your neighbor's dog never be allowed to wander free, never be walked by anyone who is not capable of controlling it, and that a yard be properly fenced to keep the dog in and children out. However, it is unlikely that a judge will force your neighbor to get rid of the dog before it attacks. Courts tend to deal with matters *after* the fact, not before.

The world has become a crowded place. The ability of human beings and animals to survive lies in the regard we show for one another and the respect we have for other people's rights. Surely, we have the right not to live in fear that a neighbor's dog will escape and kill or mutilate our children. **End**

Photograph by Walter Chandoha

Why you should be as careful choosing a puppy food as you are choosing a baby food.



Puppies, like babies, have special nutritional needs. But, unlike a baby, a puppy does 90% of his growing and developing in only a year.

So, if you want your puppy to become all the dog he can be, those first twelve months are critical. That's why you should know about Gaines® Puppy Choice.®

Puppy Choice is fortified with the extra protein a puppy needs for strong muscles and a shiny coat; calcium for strong bones and teeth; and a well-balanced blend of other essential vitamins and minerals.

It contains meat by-products and meat to give your puppy the taste he loves.

And the soft, moist formula of Puppy Choice is easy to digest.

Why not get your puppy off on the right paw. With the complete and balanced nutrition of Gaines Puppy Choice.

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HOW TO FEEL MORE ALIVE AT 5:00



Some days I used to feel really dragged out by five o'clock.

You probably know the feeling because you've had it yourself. And usually just when you were planning something really nice for the evening.



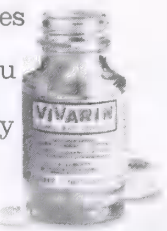
Then I found out about Vivarin.

Just one Vivarin tablet perks me up, makes me feel more alive.

You see Vivarin is a gentle pick-me-up. The active ingredient that makes Vivarin so effective is the caffeine of two cups of coffee squeezed into one easy to take tablet.

So for those times when five o'clock rolls around and you want to feel more lively, ready to enjoy the rest of the day, try Vivarin.

It really works.



Read label for directions.

Your family's health

By David R. Zimmerman

Infertility and a strange allergy. The vitamin C debate. New poison ivy antidote, etc.

NEW INFERTILITY CURE. A preliminary report on a dramatic and highly experimental new treatment for infertility has been published by immunologist Sidney Shulman, Ph.D., director of the Sperm Antibody Laboratory at New York Medical College in Manhattan. In the case he describes, the husband was allergic to—and so destroyed—his own sperm. He was medicated for a week with methylprednisolone, one of the milder of a class of dangerous drugs that suppress the body's immune response. The drug greatly reduced the anti-sperm antibodies in his seminal fluid—allowing millions more sperm cells to survive. As a result of this treatment, the couple are now the proud parents of a son.

This sort of allergic reaction accounts for ten percent of long-standing and previously unexplained infertility, according to Dr. Shulman. In another 20 percent, the woman is allergic to sperm, and she might be treated in the same way.

VITAMIN C: ENDING THE DEBATE. Two recent studies have suggested that large doses of vitamin C may indeed have some value in relieving cold symptoms. But there's news. One of the two research teams has conducted a new study—in Navajo schoolchildren particularly susceptible to colds. Results were disappointing. Researchers were unable to show that the one gram daily vitamin supplements had any benefit at all. They cite technical factors to account for the difference between their two studies. The other researchers' positive reports may have been due to a mild antihistaminic property of vitamin C, they say. Nevertheless, public health specialist John Coulehan, M.D., and his colleagues note: "We do not believe vitamin C has widespread usefulness as a cold remedy."

MEASLES CONNECTION. A strong new clue has been found to explain the cruelly crippling nerve disease, multiple sclerosis (MS). A neurosurgeon in Brooklyn, N.Y., discovered that MS victims retain measles virus in their small intestines 20 years or so after they have had the measles. So, Dr. Albert Cook speculates that a faulty body defense system allows these people to harbor smoldering measles infections until they trigger brain damage and other MS disabilities. No one knows yet just how. If confirmed by others, Dr. Cook's measles connection will stimulate research to prevent and treat MS.

POISON IVY ANTIDOTE. What causes the itch in poison ivy, oak and sumac? A plant substance called urushiol. A University of Mississippi chemist, David Barries, Ph.D., says he has found two natural enzymes that quickly detoxify this poisonous stuff, one before it touches the body, and one after. He hopes that a drug company will use his discovery to produce an enzyme powder or spray that susceptible persons can use to protect themselves.

KITCHEN REMEDY? Scientists strive to invent sophisticated new drugs to lower cholesterol levels—and so, they hope, reduce heart disease risk. Now from India comes word that onions—raw or cooked—will lower serum cholesterol levels impressively when eaten with fatty meals. How and why is a mystery.

End



My First Day With Stayfree® Maxi-Pads.

I'll never forget that day. It was the first time I had ever used a napkin without a belt. It wasn't a great day to experiment, but I was glad I did!

STAYFREE worked even better than I had expected. It did everything it was supposed to do.

A friend of mine told me that STAYFREE had an adhesive strip that holds the napkin right onto your underwear. Well, the idea of no belts or pins really appealed to me. A lot.

Then I read that they also had a moistureproof shield. The shield covers the bottom and sides of the napkin, so it repels moisture and prevents staining.

Thanks to STAYFREE Maxi-Pads, I was able to take my skating lesson. In fact, I felt so comfortable and secure with them, I even wore my new skating skirt.



For active women. Like you.

AMERICA'S TEACHER OF THE YEAR

The lives of 50 million children are enriched each year by teachers in schoolrooms across the country. After graduation, the names of teachers are often forgotten, but they remain a part of the men and women they have taught. The Teacher of the Year program, sponsored by Ladies' Home Journal, Encyclopaedia Britannica and the Council of Chief State School Officers, spotlights those teachers who represent the best in American education. They have been selected from among 50 state and territorial winners by a panel of judges representing a dozen educational groups. The National Teacher of the Year is profiled below; the three runners-up on the next page.

By Mary Susan Miller



MYRRA LEE
Helix High School, La Mesa, Calif.

A boy in Myrra Lee's Social Living Class at Helix High School in La Mesa, Calif., fumbles for a pencil and takes notes awkwardly, mumbling with irritation. He is wearing heavy gloves he does not need—because the temperature in La Mesa is a balmy 70 degrees. His gloves are part of a simulation program in the study of old age and death. "I dropped a dime yesterday and had to call my sister to pick it up," he says. "Boy, was she mad."

"Good. Now you know what it's like to have arthritis," answers Myrra Lee.

Mrs. Lee believes that "the division between school and the world outside is artificial," and she tries to integrate the two. Simulation enables students not just to understand, but to experience, the lesson she presents. So do the films she uses—such as Encyclopaedia Britannica's "Where Is Dead?"—which prompts a look into personal feelings of fear, guilt and rejection in the face of death in the family.

Her two American history classes are not just a compendium of names and dates. Using original source material, she focuses on minority groups as she traces 200 years of our country's growth. To make her mainly white, middle-class students understand minority problems, she divides them into socio-economic groups selected by drawing lots. The lowest group is kept away from the others, and has the school's garbage piled on the floor. "I got so angry," one boy admitted, "that Mrs. Lee sent me to the principal." With that feeling as a base, it is easier to grasp the reasons for strikes, riots and war. Myrra Lee hopes it may someday become easier to prevent them, too.

A continual "seeker," Mrs. Lee explains, "To make this a better world, we must light the spark of dedication to eternal questioning." Like her minorities history class, her course on women aims to do precisely this. Boys and girls alike explore stereotypes and expectations, looking at their own lives as the source of their feelings and opinions.

Learning and teaching are one and the same to Myrra Lee—both in the classroom, where: "We must realize that our students have a great deal to teach us," and outside it. Parents become part of the process: the father who speaks of "the spin-off that changed my attitude about blacks" . . . the mother who audited the class on women. The larger community is included, too: the Urban League, E.R.A. supporters, the local Human Relations Association—all of whom Myrra has brought into her life and the lives of her students.

Traditionally, La Mesa has been a politically conservative community. "She makes waves, that's for sure," the minister of her church says. Her department chairman and principal agree. But she works within the system. That accounts for the lack of hostility and her success in effecting change. The district administrator says, "Myrra has the guts to be ahead of her time."

Her goal demands a full-time commitment. Mrs. Lee spends her summers searching for materials to fill the bookshelves and cabinets that line her classroom, offering students up-to-date resources on a hundred catalogued subjects. "I know where everything is—in my head," she laughs. "I'm not always so lucky when I try to put my hands on it."

Weekends, Myrra and husband Chuck, a county administrator, host rap sessions and pizza parties for students. She heads the district Student Rights and Responsibilities Commission, stages a model United Nations, is writing a book with feminist Peggy Budd and runs teacher workshops.

"Teachers are determining the community of today and tomorrow," she feels. "It is a seven-day-a-week, 52-week-a-year endeavor."

Name one anti-perspirant that stops wetness better than Sure, Right Guard Silver and Arrid Extra Dry sprays.



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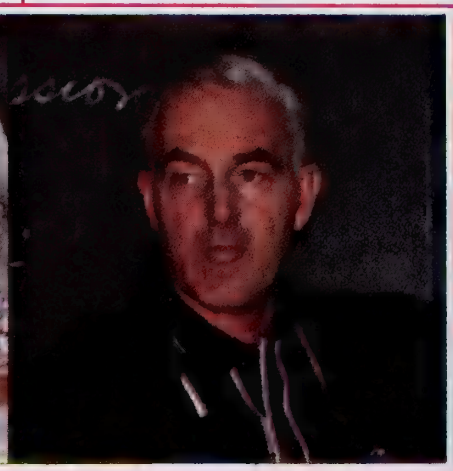
AMERICA'S TEACHER OF THE YEAR



LAURIE NEEPER
John Archer School
Bel Air, Md.



ANDREA PETERSEN
Grand Portage Elementary School
Grand Portage, Minn.



DAN ZEUTENHORST
Franklin Junior High School
Yakima, Wash.

The hall outside Laurie Neeper's room at John Archer School for Special Children in Bel Air is lined with musical instruments—strings on boards, buckets and boxes that her students have made. They reflect her goal: "To get children to experience music in as many ways as possible—to see it, hear it, touch it, make it."

The 75 voices in her school chorus also demonstrate her desire to enrich children's lives with music—as they sing on the town mall or entertain at an old-age home. So do her classes of 3-year-old deaf children, who feel guitar vibrations as she introduces them to music . . . her "limited" children saying lines as they rehearse "The Pied Piper" . . . and her learning-disabled students discussing the relationship of musical pitch to reed as they blow through straws.

"Most teachers come to a special school seeing the children's limitations. Laurie sees their abilities," says County Music Supervisor David Roberts. That's why, according to her principal, Rod Ewing, "She's the best music teacher in the country."

To Laurie, teaching at John Archer is what she has been doing in a regular school for years. "Special children aren't different. It's just that the steps are slower to guide them to success," she says.

Music is just the medium for Laurie's larger goal. "The real purpose of learning is to make us better human beings." She begins with her students—all 218 of them from age 3 to 20—imbuing them with her enthusiasm and her belief

(continued on page 202)

A hoop laced to resemble a cobweb is one of Andrea Petersen's prize possessions. It is a "dream catcher"—hung over a Chippewa Indian infant's cradle to keep bad dreams from passing through. "I hope I can help my students become dream catchers," she says of the 16 children in her class.

In a two-room log cabin elementary school on a Chippewa reservation in Grand Portage, Minn., Andrea Petersen teaches a combined class of first-, second- and third-graders. The bad dreams she keeps out were realities until she arrived 15 years ago: prejudice, lack of skills, feelings of worthlessness. Now her children enter the larger community outside Grand Portage equipped with good dreams: self-confidence and know-how, pride in their Indian heritage and in their ability to succeed in high school, college and life.

Believing that "education should begin in delightful discovery and end in wonder," Andrea turns her pupils' world into their learning center—the world of bears and trees running maple sugar . . . the world of television personalities to whom they write and government leaders from whom they receive letters . . . the world of Indian legends and "Charlotte's Web" . . . of math sets and phonics and tepees.

County Director of Special Education Jackson says, "Her classroom is no cocoon." This reaffirms Andrea's belief that, "A teacher's job is not to tell a child about

(continued on page 202)

They see him in the lunch room, explaining to students why they should eat vegetables . . . in the gym after school, cheering at the wrestling match he has arranged with another ninth grade . . . in the hall, handing trophies to the winners of a fund-raising contest . . . in the office, scheduling school trips and functions . . . at the meetings of the Student Council, serving as advisor.

More than a hundred eighth and ninth graders see math teacher Dan Zeutenhorst in class every day at Franklin Junior High School in Yakima, Wash. His energy and activity seem to defy the limits of a 24-hour day. Called upon by all sides of Yakima's educational community, he always says, "Yes"—"Yes" to being treasurer of the Education Association (where, according to Superintendent of Schools Dean Starr, "he spends endless hours"); "Yes" to his fellow teachers, for whom he constantly covers classes when they have other commitments; "Yes" to Principal Jim Williams in all he asks "because I know I can count on him"; "Yes" to the Boy Scouts, the Community Center, the church, the local museum. And, above all, "Yes" to his students. "He is the one teacher who always has time for you," one student says. "He never says, 'I'm too busy now,'" adds another.

What motivates Dan Zeutenhorst? He respects people so deeply that he refuses to shortchange them. "You owe it to kids to follow through," he says, "to hold them responsible." Lateness, un-

(continued on page 202)

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GTE SYLVANIA

LABOR PAINS

It doesn't pay to be pregnant on the job. Here's how bosses penalize mothers-to-be.



By Letty Cottin Pogrebin

An obstetrician won't help. For the kind of "labor pains" that strike the pregnant working woman, she may need a lawyer. Our culture reveres woman as child-bearer. But when the mother-to-be is in the workplace, she is actually punished for her pregnancy. The pregnant worker suffers these five real, legal and economic penalties:

1. Forced maternity leave. Until three years ago, many public school teachers had to take an unpaid leave early in pregnancy (about the fourth or fifth month) and couldn't return to work until three months after delivery. Teachers in Cleveland, Ohio, and Chesterfield County, Va., challenged these policies all the way to the Supreme Court. In January 1974, the Court ruled (in the Cohen-LaFleur decision) that mandatory maternity leaves are unconstitutional under the 14th Amendment, which guarantees freedom of personal choice in matters of marriage and family life.

This key decision established a pregnant woman's right to determine her own ability to perform her job—on a strictly individual basis. She is no longer subject to the blanket assumption that *all* pregnant women are incapacitated.

Fourteen months after the Cohen-LaFleur ruling, a study of the nation's 11 largest school districts, done by Janice Pottker of the Center for the Study of Sex Differences in Education, found 100 percent compliance with the ruling. Pregnant teachers are no longer being forced out of the classroom.

That's the good news. Now the bad news. The Supreme Court decision applies solely to public employees. If you work in the private sector, your only shield against sex discrimination is your state law or Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC), which administers Title VII, has issued guidelines that prohibit pregnancy discrimination. But these are only guidelines and they do not have the force of law.

So, unless you are a teacher or state employee, you may not have a clear guarantee of your right to work as long as you're able.

2. Lack of disability or sick pay. When workers *are* incapacitated, disability benefits pay them part or all of their salary for a specified period. (Some employers cover this with company funds, others with employee/employer contributions to a disability insurance policy.)

General Electric, for example, pays disabled employees 60 percent of their weekly earnings for a maximum of 26 weeks during the time they are unable to work. But G.E. refuses to cover time lost due to pregnancy and childbirth. (Normal pregnancy disables a woman for six to eight weeks. Ten percent of pregnancies end in disabling miscarriages and approximately ten percent are complicated by diseases that may lead to additional disability.)

In its December 1976 opinion in the case of General Electric v. Gilbert, the Supreme Court found that G.E.'s policy did not violate Title VII's provision against sex discrimination. The Court rejected the EEOC guideline requiring employers to treat pregnancy like any other temporary disability. The Court stated that "an exclusion of pregnancy from a disability benefits plan . . . is not a gender-based discrimination at all," though they admitted that "pregnancy is of course confined to women."

The majority opinion further said that an employer who excludes pregnancy from benefits coverage is merely excluding a *particular* disease or disability—which an employer is entitled to do. (In their dissent, Justices Brennan and Marshall point out that G.E.'s plan "insures risks such as prostatectomies, vasectomies and circumcisions that are specific to the reproductive system of men and for which there exist no female counterparts covered by the plan.") The fact that G.E. excludes pregnancy from disability benefit coverage doesn't mean, according to the Supreme Court, that this policy discriminates against women. It only discriminates against *pregnant* women. Or, to put a fine point on it, the exclusion discriminates against the *condition* of pregnancy, regardless of the sex of the worker who's pregnant! This finding makes it evident that Congress must pass legislation to amend Title VII so that pregnancy discrimination is clearly prohibited.

Meanwhile, you should check whether your state law protects you against sex discrimination in employment—and if so, how that law has been interpreted. (The Supreme Court, in the Gilbert case, interpreted only federal law; you may have *more* rights under state law.) Some states require every employer to carry disability insurance; some exclude pregnancy, some don't.

For example, New York State law requires employers to provide 26 weeks pay for total disability, with only four exceptions: disability arising from a criminal act, suicide, an act of war, or pregnancy. However, New York also has a Human Rights Law that does *not* allow exclusion of pregnancy-related disabilities. Last December, the New York State Court of Appeals resolved this conflict by upholding the Human Rights Law. Barbara Shack, associate director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, advises: "Whether or not your state has yet resolved this question, you should file a complaint if you are denied pregnancy disability or sick leave pay. This complaint will preserve your right to claim the pay retroactively whenever the courts decide the issue."

3. Health insurance shortfall. According to the Citizen's Advisory Council on the Status of Women, nearly 30 percent of employment-related group policies do not cover maternity—although the cost difference between health insurance coverage that includes care for pregnancy and childbirth and *(continued on page 51)*

Illustration by Tony Chen

Finally, Vantage Longs.



The first long cigarette to bring good taste to low-tar smoking.

Like a lot of smokers you may like the idea of a longer cigarette. You may also want low tar.

But longer cigarettes usually have more tar.

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So we worked. Until we could perfect a longer cigarette with the famous Vantage combination of ıll flavor and low tar.

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New Vantage Longs. A blend of flavor-rich tobaccos with tar levels held down to the point where ood taste still comes through.

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t, Bright Dessert
fill dessert glass with gelatin.
k up ¼ cup gelatin with fork;
with 1 tablespoon Cool Whip®
lairy whipped topping;
lass.



Take-Away Treats
1. Spoon gelatin into ice-cream cone; top with whipped topping and sprinkles. 2. Spoon gelatin into paper cup; ring with banana slices; garnish with cookie.



Pretty Parfait
Spoon gelatin into parfait glass. Add layers of fruit cocktail. Cool Whip® nondairy whipped topping and more gelatin; top with fruit.



y Surprise
er banana slice, whole
berry and pineapple chunk
ooden pick; place in
rt glass; spoon in gelatin;
ith whipped
ng.



Refreshing Salad
Place ½ cup cottage cheese on lettuce bed. Break up gelatin with fork; arrange around cheese and garnish.





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There's a convenient section for checkbook and register, bill compartment and credit card slots. There are windows for photos. Even a handy outside coin purse.

The Stasher comes in scores of spectacular colors, leathers and motifs.

And it makes a pretty spectacular gift. For any woman, for any occasion.

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The working woman

continued

hat which does not is small. (Ironically, ost policies *do* cover abortion and ysterectomy.)

Employers and insurance spokespersons say the cost of maternity coverage ould be prohibitive, but the Advisory ouncil's 1971 research showed such overage "for female employees only not for wives of male employees) ould cost a little less than $1 per onth more per employee. If the wives employees are included this would d about $4 per month."

Interestingly, a 1969 Health Insurce Association study found that nine rcent of health policies covered pregncies of wives of male employees, but t female employees themselves!

Kathleen Willert Peratis, director of e Women's Rights Project of the Amern Civil Liberties Union, says health surance discrimination is as bad as disility: women probably "have no protion under Title VII because of the lbert decision, but do have potential otection under state law."

Unemployment compensation. On e grounds that pregnant women aren't ally available for work, Mary Ann Turner, a Utah secretary who lost her job, had been denied unemployment benefits 12 weeks before and six weeks after the birth of her child. During that 18-week period, when the state of Utah presumed her to be incapacitated, she managed to get occasional clerical jobs. In deciding Ms. Turner's case in November 1975, the Supreme Court looked to the Cohen-LaFleur case. The Court ruled that eligibility for unemployment insurance must be based on the *individual's* ability to work and not on a presumption that pregnancy incapacitates all women.

The Court's decision invalidated laws in 20 states that made pregnancy a cause for denying unemployment benefits. Last December, President Ford signed the Unemployment Compensation Act of 1976, which included the provision that women workers may not be denied unemployment benefits solely on the basis of pregnancy.

In order to qualify for unemployment compensation in each state, a worker must have lost his or her job involuntarily, and be willing and able to work but incapable of finding another job. In no state may you be disqualified on the assumption that, because you are pregnant, you don't want to work . . . or because employers are unwilling to hire pregnant women . . . or because your union contract or your employer forced you to take maternity leave (and thus you supposedly left work voluntarily).

To summarize: If you intend to keep working after your baby is born and you want full benefits, work as long as you can until you are medically disabled by a complication of pregnancy or childbirth. Be sure you understand your employer's health insurance program. See if company sick leave can be used for maternity leave and whether you are covered by disability insurance once sick pay runs out.

If you take off only the period of time for which you are sick or disabled, then you never officially or voluntarily left your job. This means that to penalize you your employer will have to fire you for having a baby. In this case you may have a claim in your state's Human Rights agency as well as a claim for unemployment insurance. But if you leave voluntarily earlier in your pregnancy than is medically necessary, you may disqualify yourself for your company's health insurance, disability and sick pay, and you won't get unemployment benefits.

5. Exposure to hazardous substances. If you work with lead, radioactivity, vinyl chloride or anesthetic gases used in operating rooms (among other hazardous substances), you may be exposing yourself or your fetus to

(continued on page 54)

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Beauty Journal

Slough off the drab cloak of winter with the shimmering aura of spring.

CHANEL WITHOUT A NUMBER

Perfume can captivate for a host of reasons: the fragrance itself, the catchy name, the container, or the image. Chanel's new "Cristalle" appeals on all counts. The scent evoked for us pale delicate petals intermingled with the musky woodland odor of wet moss, recalling high mountain air and rustling treetops. Provocative! Long-lasting. Another source of fascination . . . Cristalle comes in only one concentration—"fragrance"—as against the usual range of perfume, cologne and toilet water. It can be purchased in both natural spray and liquid form. As you'd suspect, the packaging is done in lovely detail—clean line, black cap, et al. You can try their limited edition (1-oz. spray) for $5.50 or 2-oz. container (liquid $8.50), (spray $10.50).

EXERCISE OF THE MONTH



Q. *I have terrible posture, not only when I stand, but also when I walk. My shoulders droop, my stomach sticks out and my rear-end is hiked up in the air. Could you please give me exercises that would help correct poor posture?—L.T., Glen Burnie, Md.*

A. This exercise will set you in the right direction. Line your heels, hips, shoulder blades and head against a wall. Keep your chin up, shoulders back (relaxed not hunched) and your abdomen pulled in. Now walk away. Check your posture in a full-length mirror and return to the wall every time you feel the need, to correct any involuntary sagging. Do this first thing every morning and make it part of your "dressing" for the day.

If you adopt this as a routine, good posture should become your good habit.

THE SHIMMER OF SPRING

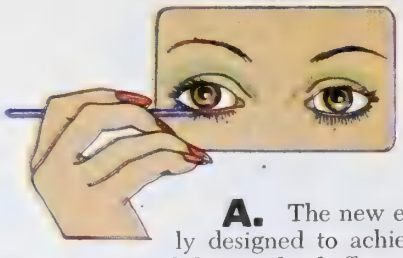
Here's a new cosmetic that excites us: oil-free Bio-Clear Medicated Makeup from Helena Rubinstein. Smoothed on the face, the feel is tingly, gossamer light. At $2.50, Bio-Clear makeup is part of a line of lotions, creams and masks made especially for oil- or acne-related problems. • While on the subject of skin, there's good news for those who prefer cleansing with soap. Neutrogena, the people who produce the lovely clear amber bar, have developed a version for dry skin. Cleans but does not strip the skin's natural protective oils, Neutrogena's Dry-Skin Soap. $1.50 for the 3.5-oz. Facial Bar. • And for the opposite problem, it's worth a dip into Princess Marcella Borghese's new group of "Clean Skin" products. Our favorite is the Simply Cleansing Bar for normal to oily skin. An oil-absorbent clay and fine natural grains are in the formula. When lathering, you feel that texture doing its work. A big bar (6.5 oz.) comes in its own taupe-colored case to match the soap, $7.50. ▪ "Bold Bordeaux" Nailslick looks the way it sounds . . . rich, gleaming red, extra shiny. This new quick drying polish, from Cover Girl, conditions as it colors. Seventeen other luscious shades, and since each costs only $1.20, you don't have to limit yourself to just one. Welcome spring with a colorful handful.

BRILLIANT TIPS

Easy application of nail polish means . . . three swipes only . . . once down the middle, once down each side. What about smudges and smears that usually mean ruined manicures? Here are some suggestions of what-to-do.

- If you have a big blob on the cuticle, reach for a cotton swab dipped in remover and take off all the polish. You'll find it easier to start again if it's a first coat.
- It's a second coat? Dip an orange stick in remover and try slicing off the error while polish is still wet.
- Overlapping at cuticle edges can also be removed with an orange stick dipped in remover. But this time wait until nails are dry.
- The next tip is based on commonsense: polish isn't designed to adhere to skin. When you wash your hands in warm water, it will probably flake off on its own. A little hand lotion after washing will speed the process.
- Nicks in wet polish can be filled in with more nail polish. To stabilize things, add an extra coat or a clear top coat.
- An additional clear top coat also restores lost shine if you've brushed wet nails against fabric.
- Don't sit waiting for nails to dry . . . after you've finished paint on one of the liquid nail-drying products that are slightly oily, yet work like a charm. Everyone has them . . . Revlon, Fabergé, Merle Norman, Sally Hansen, etc.
- When you don't have a nail-drying product handy, then switch your hair-blower to cool and dry nails that way.
- Polish that is almost dry can be firmly set by placing fingers under a gently flowing cold-water tap.

STARRING EYES



Q. *I like using eye liner, but the effect I get looks dated. How can I get more of a "now" look?—D.V.R., Lake Placid, N.Y.*

A. The new eye pencils are especially designed to achieve the look you want. They create a subtle, smudged effect, more modern and much more flattering. Choose muted shadows and pencils that blend well with them. The trick is *where* you put your eye pencil. It should be inside the lower lid-shelf as shown in our illustration. Brace your hand against your cheek and gently but firmly run the pencil along the inner lower lid (starting from the outside and working inward). This cannot hurt or harm the eye (though it may tickle) and you will soon see how easy it is to create this soft, pretty look.

Border by Julia Noonan. Drawings by Thea Kliro



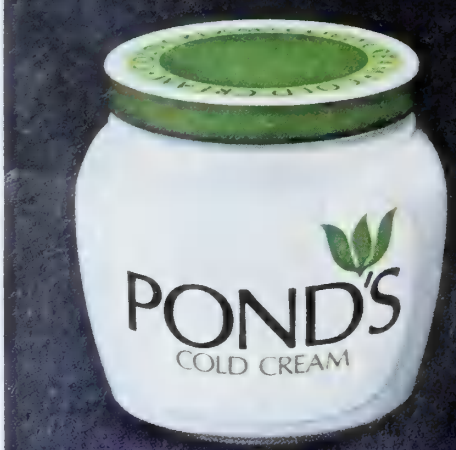


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It helps make the world more beautiful.

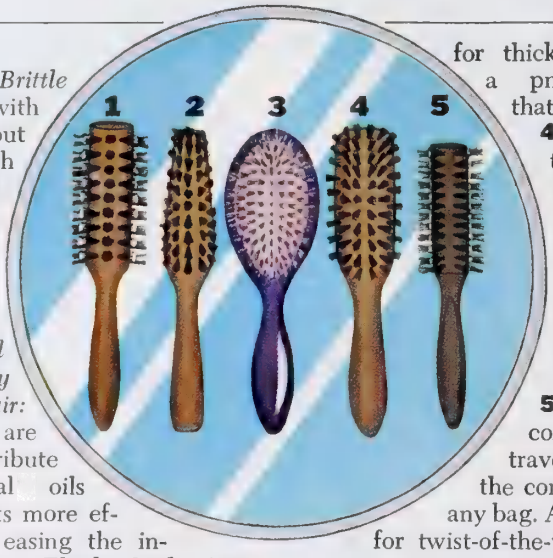
than any other beauty cream in the world. That cream is Pond's.



Beauty Journal

BEAM-IN ON BRUSHING

Shampoos, conditioners and treatments all play a role, but the essence of happy hair is correct brushing. Brushing maintains the zing and the bounce, counteracts lifelessness . . . but caution is advised. Know your hair before planning a daily brushing routine. Is your hair fine and delicate or coarse and curly? Does it break easily or have great elasticity? Is it dry or greasy? Some people have combination hair, so if in doubt, consult a hairdresser. Good stylists analyze without charge and their expertise prevents errors.



Heady advice

Thin, Dry or Brittle Hair: Handle with care. Comb out tangles first with wide-toothed comb before gently brushing. Use only soft bristled brushes. *Colored, Permed or Chemically Straightened Hair:* Boar bristles are best. They distribute needed natural oils along hair shafts more effectively, thus easing the inevitable dryness. *Thick Curly Hair:* Select a brush with long, stiff bristles; then start your brushing close to the head. Work outward toward hair ends. This stimulates the scalps and makes hair more manageable. *Thick Short Hair:* Brush! Brush! Brush! More is never enough.

Which brush?

Experts agree that natural bristles are superior, but there are also some excellent brushes of mixed natural and synthetic bristles. Make sure if you are buying the latter, you examine the synthetic filaments to see that they are as smoothly contoured as the natural bristles. Sharp ends tear hair. Faced with checking out dozens of brushes, we found the final selection difficult. Eventually we settled on five from Pantene, typical of the basic types generally available at drug and department stores.

Left to right:

1. Hairbrush in the round designed for blow-drying of normal to fine hair.

2. Slim, contoured but still full-sized. Good for the no-wrist-twist method of styling on normal to fine hair.

3. A solid oval shape and rubber-cushioned base makes this perfect for thick hair. Provides a pneumatic effect that penetrates.

4. We suspect that the slim, rectangular shape is the reason why professionals favor this one. The medium-stiff bristles suit most types of hair.

5. Destined to become a much-loved travel companion . . . the compact design fits any bag. Also a great brush for twist-of-the-wrist touch ups.

Beauty brush up—when?

• Always before shampooing . . . surface dirt is removed and hair strands separated. • Stiff or flat hair can be fluffed up with a few light strokes. • Don't be afraid of energetic brushing after setting or styling. This adds to a natural look and increases luster. • Rule of thumb for normal hair . . . twice a day brushing.

When not to brush

• Never when wet. That's a golden rule. Wet hair loses elasticity and is quickly damaged by breakage. If you want to style-blow, towel dry first. • Treat fine hair with respect. Brush softly and not too frequently. • Oily hair should have a "go-easy" approach, too. Over-stimulating glands increases oil output.

Maintenance memo:

Brushes deserve washing as much as hair does. Using lukewarm soapy water, clean brush first by running a comb or another brush through the bristles to remove hairs. • Never immerse wooden-backed or rubber-cushioned brushes. • Heat damages bristles, so don't dry on radiators, in direct sunlight or with a blow-dryer.

The working woman

continued

irreparable damage. Because of t some employers are refusing to l women for such jobs (jobs that o pay well)—or are demanding proo sterility as a condition of employm One Canadian woman had her tu tied rather than lose her $6.50 an h job at a lead storage battery plant.

Should employers be allowed to fuse to hire women of childbearing for hazardous jobs? Or should wor be able to decide for themselves whet to risk danger (or become sterilized) return for job security? Or should inc try be forced to comply with the spe cations of the Federal Occupatio Safety and Health Act, which requ employers to provide a safe and hea ful work environment for *all* of t workers?

Andrea Hricko, health coordinato the Labor Occupational Health Progr at the University of California, s there's good evidence that what ha a woman's reproductive system harms sperm. "The only legal solutio a safe workplace," she maintains, "an health standard that protects ev working man or woman. The burd must be placed on the employer to vise safer materials and methods."

Dr. David Wegman, assistant prof sor of occupational health at the H vard University School of Public Heal agrees. "We know next to nothing ab hazards to the fetus or sperm," he sa "And informed consent for pregn women is usually not feasible since t fetus is most susceptible to harm in t first trimester of pregnancy, which is t period when most women don't ev know they're pregnant."

Until the safe and healthful wo place is a reality, both Dr. Wegman a Ms. Hricko favor transferring pregna or potentially pregnant women and productively-active men to safer jo with equal pay and no loss of seniori

In each of these areas, penalizi pregnancy is a cruel form of econom

(continued on page 7

WOMAN ALIVE!

Don't miss *Woman Alive!* Friday April 8th, on your local Public Broadcasting Station. The hour-long program, *Job Discrimination: Doing Something About It,* is an instant education in employment rights—including how to file a complaint, how to organize, negotiate, bargain for your rights and handle reprisals. Check your newspaper for time and channel.

When is a haircolor not a haircolor?



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HOW TO TAKE CHARGE OF YOUR LIFE

You do it by safeguarding your most precious gift: your sense of self. By Mildred Newman & Bernard Berkowitz, authors of "How to Be Your Own Best Friend."

When you were small, you could expect that "they" would take care of you and make everything all right.

They probably "failed" you, and being human, you may still be waiting for them to make good.

Can you do it for yourself?

What? In this day of big government, big business and a complex society, do it yourself?

All the more reason in today's world to speak as a self-respecting adult to your government, your firm, your union. The strategies left over from childhood are not much use now. Big Brother will not be moved out of pity for your helplessness. Nor by your pouting—and surely not by however cute, docile and dependent you may be. Quite the contrary! If you abdicate your adulthood, it encourages those who are ready to take charge of your life to do so.

Taking charge of your life cannot be done for you. It is a right that only you can take for yourself.

To do so means giving up the hidden payoffs—the mythical benefits of not being in charge, the false security that you will always be loved and never lonely and afraid.

To be in charge of your life means leveling with yourself. You have a great deal to do with where you are in life; you gave your parents and society lots of help. Actively or passively, you have allowed things to work out as they have. You have had options and choices you didn't know existed, or that you simply passed up. You still have choices open to you, if you are willing to give up the feeling of being a helpless victim.

Your sense of self—call it self-respect, self-esteem, ego-strength, liking and appreciating yourself—of being your own best friend—this is the backbone, the central support for being in charge of your life. (Just as your sense of self is at the heart of mental health.)

Your sense of self is what you have sacrificed in not being in charge. So it is your sense of self that you most urgently need to safeguard. It has to be the most precious part of you. Without it you are not much good to yourself or anyone else. At first, it is a gift, a birthright. Soon it becomes something like breathing, which you can only do for yourself.

So take a look at yourself, and see that you have a person there.

Define yourself. Describe yourself. Take a stand. Let yourself know who you are. Then, when you know who you are and what you stand for, don't let anything or anyone persuade you to go against yourself. You can never feel good about yourself if you do.

Begin with small decisions, small assertions. Don't bite off so much that you become discouraged. If at times it seems difficult, remember, you are only pitted against your own stubbornness. When you are on your own side, you will have the strength to take on the ills of the world.

May we give you a final word of encouragement? We are not mystics, and we don't deal in magic. But we have seen over and over again something that looks like magic. Once you get on your own side, once you decide to act in your own behalf, you begin to see possibilities and potentials that you never knew were there. It's not mystical. Having learned how to deal with your anxiety and doubts, you are free to see new and challenging things. You have the courage to use the strength and creativity you barely suspected you had. This openness to opportunities and possibilities that others may not see is what often goes under the name of "getting lucky."

William H. Murray put it as beautifully and effectively as we have ever seen, when he said:

"Until one is committed, there is hesitancy, the chance to draw back, always ineffectiveness. Concerning all acts of initiative (and creation), there is one elementary truth, the ignorance of which kills countless ideas and splendid plans. That the moment one definitely commits oneself, the Providence moves, too. All sorts of things occur to help one that would never otherwise have occurred. A whole stream of events issues from the decision, raising in one's favor all manner of unforeseen incidents and meetings and material assistance, which no man could have dreamed would have come his way."

Murray concludes, as do we, with this poem by Goethe:

"Whatever you can do, or dream
you can, begin it.
Boldness has genius, power
and magic in it."

We are ever content to let the poets have the last word. **End**



Psychologists Bernard Berkowitz & Mildred Newman are husband & wife.

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HOW TO LIVE WITH A DIFFICULT MAN

If you love him, but you're sometimes tempted to throw your best china at him, read this instead.
By Sally Wendkos Olds



Everyone knows a difficult man. Many of us married one. He's not a wife-beater, a gambler, an alcoholic, a philanderer or a man who suffers from impotency—these are serious problems that almost always needs some type of outside professional help. But a difficult man can cause his wife almost as much pain and frustration by the unending repetition of his irritating behavior.

He may be the kind of person who throws a temper tantrum if the lid on the peanut butter jar sticks (more about him and other familiar types later on). Sound funny? Only if you don't live with him. If you *do,* you know that although he's easy to love, he's almost impossible to live with. Sometimes you want to throw your arms around him—and at other times you want to throw your best china at him. You've rarely been so miserable that you wanted to leave him for good, but you're unhappy enough, often enough, to know that something needs to change.

If you're wise or lucky, you've learned that he won't change in response to pleading or nagging. Nobody does. The only answer is to change yourself—whether that means changing how you feel, what you say, or what you do in reaction to him. And very often you *can* do just that, without in any way sacrificing precious pieces of your being. Through the years, countless wives *have* lived with difficult husbands, while keeping their sanity and integrity. (And vice versa, of course. But living with a difficult wife is another story for another audience.) These days, coping may be easier for people who want to change their lives without changing their mates, thanks to our society's heightened awareness of the complexity of human relationships.

Says psychologist Bernard Guerney, Jr., president of the Institute for the Development of Emotional And Life Skills in State College, Pennsylvania, "People have always thought that relating to other people was something that should come naturally, but this whole area has been in the Dark Ages until very recently. A big breakthrough in psychology over the past decade has been the development of skills that we can teach people to use in resolving problems in their intimate relationships."

Sometimes, of course, no matter what skills you develop and no matter how fiercely you want to make things work between you, you get stymied and find yourself sinking into all-too-familiar conflicts. At such times, taking your problem to a professional counselor may help. If your husband refuses to join you, you can go alone and receive valuable help toward your own personal growth and development.

Through all the varied advice, from experts and experienced wives alike, run certain common threads. *The need to accept reality,* for one. Al-Anon, the self-help organization for relatives of alcoholics, uses the term "loving detachment." Its goal: a recognition that *his* problem is not *your* problem, that you can separate yourself from the problem while cleaving to the person.

The wife of an alcoholic, they teach, must realize that since he is the one with the drinking problem, he is the one who has to solve that problem. She cannot cajole him, badger him, or force him to stop. This lesson can help other wives, too. Once you recognize that your husband is the way he is for his own reasons and is not deliberately trying to make your life miserable, you can be more detached, and therefore kinder and more understanding toward him.

The need for self-analysis. However, you do need to take a close look at what you may be doing to contribute to the problem. Once you understand that you did not create your husband's difficulties, but that your words and your actions affect you both, you can see his problems and your own more clearly. "If you spend all your energy blaming him, you won't be able to see yourself, and only through insight into yourself are you able to grow," says psychoanalyst Mildred Newman, co-author with her husband Bernard Berkowitz of *How To Take Charge of Your Life.*

The need for open communication. Feelings are best communicated in a non-threatening, non-blaming way. "We need to take care of our feelings in a way that doesn't enrage the other person," says psychologist Alice Ginott. "We can learn to do this—and when we truly love someone, many of us are even willing to make the extra effort required."

With these basic principles in mind, let's look at some common difficulties and some practical, specific ways of dealing with them, suggested by both professionals and experienced wives. Any wife can adapt these techniques to her own situation, tailoring them to her husband's and her personalities.

THE PERFECTIONIST

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Bell System



"I was always running out of dry-skin lotion. But I never seemed to get rid of my dry, itchy skin.

Then I found I had psoriasis." Doris Foster, Albertson, N.Y.

Mrs. Foster was heartbroken when her doctor told her. Then she learned that millions of Americans share her problem—and that moisturizing lotions alone can't help relieve psoriasis symptoms the way Tegrin® Medicated Cream can.

Tegrin does more than moisturize. It contains medications that help relieve the itching and flaking—actually help the growth of healthier skin.

"Once I stopped using dry-skin lotion and started using Tegrin, I started seeing results," says Mrs. Foster. "Tegrin helps me forget I have psoriasis... and that's just fine by me." **Tegrin moisturizes and medicates.**



Read label for directions.

DIFFICULT MAN

continued

unwary hostess by being precisely on time and can't understand why anyone is ever late. You wouldn't object to the high standards he holds for himself if only he didn't expect everyone else to share them. The house is never clean enough, dinner is never hot enough, the children's school grades are never high enough, you are never efficient enough.

What you can do. Psychiatrist Helen DeRosis, co-author of *The Book of Hope: How Women Can Overcome Depression*, advised the wife of one perfectionist to go out for dinner with him one evening. They were quarreling constantly, but being out in public would make it that much harder for a discussion to deteriorate into a fight.

Their agenda: the car keys. Paula liked to leave them in the car while it was in their garage. Harold saw this as proof that she was lazy and careless, and yelled at her every time he discovered it.

Quietly and sweetly, over the fruit cup, Paula gave her reasons: "It's convenient. I don't have to hunt for them at the last minute. I don't have to ask the kids who has them. And there's never been a car theft on our street."

Between mouthfuls of *coq au vin*, Harold said, "You might tempt some teenager to steal our car, and he might wreck it and kill himself."

By the time the chocolate mousse had arrived, each realized that the other was not being deliberately difficult. Harold really was worried about the car's being stolen; Paula really was worried about not being able to find the keys. Over coffee, they brainstormed to find a compromise to meet both their needs—like having half a dozen sets of keys made or agreeing on an emergency hiding place.

"The important thing is not what they do with the keys, but what they do with the *process*," says Dr. DeRosis. "By approaching issues reasonably and kindly and with understanding, much of the rancor between them will be blown away."

THE SLOB

You can follow his progress through the house by noting the furniture stains left by his dropped wet towels, the inky smudges on the wallpaper, the trail of ashes on the floor. He steps over an overflowing wastebasket without even seeing it. He promises to fix the leaking faucet or the creaking front door, but something more important always interferes. He just doesn't care and readily admits it. "On my list of priorities, none of this is important," he says. "Why make a big deal out of it?"

What you can do. "The only fights Mike and I ever have are over his slo piness," says Debbie, his wife of years. "I can't stand his mess and can't understand why I care. Finally made a list of everything that bothe me, and one by one we went ov them."

For example, Mike used to toss a m lange of notes, receipts and ticket stu on his dresser every night; now he pu them all into a shopping bag in t closet, and goes through the bag eve few weeks. Debbie couldn't stand loo ing at Mike's untidy drawers when s put away his clean clothes. So now gets his own clothes from the laund room. She hated nagging him to things, so she took a course in home r pair and now is a do-it-yourselfer. Th are currently enlarging their closets a replacing open surfaces with stora drawers to keep clutter out of sigh "We've given up trying to change ea other," Debbie says. "Now we're chan ing our environment instead."

Most important, Debbie and Mi realize that the fact that they hold d ferent views on neatness doesn't me they don't love each other. "Sometim I get irritated that I should have to doing these things," Debbie acknow edges. "But then I remind myself th Mike's easygoing attitude is one of h most endearing traits."

(continued on page 6

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DIFFICULT MAN

(continued from page 60)

THE WOMANIZER

You always know where to find him at a party—by the side of the best-looking woman in the room. When you ask him to pay more attention to you and less to other women, he counters, "I promised to love, honor and cherish—but not to go blind. We can look at each other at home. What's the point of going to a party if I can't talk to another woman?" His conversations are loaded with sexual innuendoes and double entendres that he says are "only for laughs," just to spice things up a little bit. Life is already spicy enough for you, and you wish he'd be content with a blander recipe.

What you can do. "Some people actually provoke the very behavior that they say is difficult for them," says Mildred Newman. Wives sometimes egg on their husbands' flirting tendencies by pointing out attractive women or playing dangerous fantasy games: "If you were ever going to have an affair, which of our friends would you have it with?" Others flirt outrageously themselves, and when their husbands follow suit, they feel betrayed.

Others, like Nina, make a point of sitting alone at parties, keeping their eyes on their men, and feeding their anger with each solitary canape. Says Nina, "My feelings changed the night I got into a long conversation with a woman in my field. When it was time to go home, I realized I hadn't even been aware of where Walter was. He had been his same flirtatious self, so I now knew that it wasn't so much what *he* was doing that bothered me, but what *I* was doing."

Nina accepted Walter's need to reassure himself that he was still attractive, and focused her attention on her own needs. Recognizing how ill at ease she feels in a crowd, she asked Walter's help before the next party. Now when they arrive, Nina picks out someone she wants to talk to. Walter, who is more comfortable about initiating conversations, helps her get started. Once she is involved, he wanders off.

Giving Walter permission to spend time with other women took away Nina's feeling of impotence. It also took away Walter's need to break his "ball and chain." Now that he is freer to flirt, he also feels free to wander over to his wife from time to time.

"The wife of a flirting husband can take comfort in one thing," adds Dr. DeRosis. "He usually doesn't have to become involved in anything more than 'party adultery' to assure himself of his virility."

THE WATCHDOG

His voice is accusatory as he asks, "Where were you at 4 o'clock to when I called?" or "What were you ing your girlfriend that you didn't me?" or "What do you need a job Isn't your life with me good enoug He casts a suspicious eye on any you talk to, whether it's an octogena or your teen-age daughter's steady you laugh at another man's joke, he you later, "You made a spectacle of y self, practically falling over Bill." sends you back upstairs to change cause your skirt is too short, your shirt too tight, or your neckline too l

What you can do. "When a man sists in making unreasonable acc tions, the woman needs to let him k what he is doing," says New York chiatrist Zira DeFries. "She can 'What makes you so suspicious of m As he actually articulates his reas they may sound so foolish to his own that he begins to restrain himself.

If he persists, she has every righ say kindly but firmly, "This is problem. It has nothing to do with and I'm not going to be involved wit I'm not going to answer humiliat questions any more. You'll have to w this problem out for yourself."

Counselor Wayne Dyer, author *Your Erroneous Zones*, also suggest direct confrontation, with the wife manding, "What are you asking me? you really think I'm cheating on y

U.S.A., 1977

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o you think I want to? Why would you nt to be married to somebody who nts to go to bed with other people? his really says something about you." Taking a strong stand in which you use to respond to your husband's acsations does, of course, carry real risks. t as Dr. Dyer says, "No change ever es place without risk." And the alnative may be a lifetime of servitude paranoid suspicions.

THE EXPLODER

He walks around in a perpetual state suppressed rage, with a chip on his oulder so big it's a wonder he doesn't nd lopsided. He constantly loses his nper in public, at taxi drivers, headiters and salespeople. He fumes at u and the children at the slightest procation—a busy signal when he's trying call home, a carelessly abandoned toy, ate dinner. He's never abused you or children physically, but he batters with angry words.

What you can do. Gloria feels her rriage was saved by her taking a job. his way I have other outlets for my ergies and am not so tempted to enter o quarrels with Jeff," she says. "Also, fact that we have less time together kes what we have more precious."

Over the years, Gloria has learned to icipate and forestall the triggers to f's outbursts. "We've always fought over when to leave a party," she says. "So now we talk about it ahead of time. I agree to leave at a set time, and he agrees to behave himself until then. Meanwhile, I always take my money and my keys with me. I've walked away from him a few times, I've insisted that he leave alone if he wanted to go early, and since he knows I'll leave when I agreed to but not before, he's a little more controlled."

The wife of another exploder says, "When Bob comes home in a huff, I know he isn't mad at me, so no matter what he says, I don't even answer him. I just build a wall around myself by thinking of a favorite symphony or recalling the lines of a poem or remembering a happy time at the beach. This puts me in a good mood, and when he's finished ranting, I can smile and say something kind."

California psychologist Hank Weisinger recommends a technique that worked with one client: petite, demure Mary, whose husband cursed wildly at her in fits of temper. Mary wrote a list of every foul name she could think of. The next time Joe started to hurl epithets at her, she quietly handed him the list, saying, "Here, maybe this will make it easier for you." Seeing the gutter words in his wife's handwriting shocked and shamed him instantly. Now, whenever Joe starts up again, Mary says, "Wait a minute—I'll get my list," and they clear the air with laughter.

THE GRIPER

In the car he mutters, "Why did you talk me into this heap? I knew it would be a lemon." After work he sighs, "I'll never get anywhere in this company. If I were only free to pick up and find something better!" At home he complains, "Who needed a house? I put a bundle into it—and now I have to patch something up every time I turn around." Subjected to his barrage of complaints, you feel responsible for cheering him up, for letting him see that life isn't so bad, after all.

What you can do. "Very often, someone is this way because he doesn't feel he is permitted to enjoy life," says Dr. Ginott. "Thus he feels guilty about anything nice that happens to him. And he complains. The best way to help him is to be sympathetic to the way he feels."

So when John comes home cranky and tired, it is neither effective nor helpful for Jane to try to tell him that he has nothing to complain about. Instead, she needs to acknowledge his feelings by describing them. She might say, "No wonder you're upset. Your secretary didn't show up, your boss bawled you out, you couldn't get out for lunch and now you're so tired you only want to

(continued on page 218)

BIRTHDAY

One of the most moving short stories we have ever published.

By Virginia Euwer Wolff

She's vague and disoriented, but she's our mother. Today is her birthday, and I'm not sure she knows it. My favorite Brandenburg is on the stereo. I can remember when she could conduct all the Brandenburgs from memory. She used to do it (her arms waving their windy rhetoric in the air, with a six-year-old for an audience) as she tucked me in bed at night.

"The Brandenburgs, dear. Mr. Johann Sebastian Bach wrote them. The second one goes like this . . ." I used to pull the blanket up to my chin and listen to her hum the themes, and when I got to music appreciation, years later, I hardly had to learn anything.

She's senile now. It's her eighty-third birthday, and I've roasted a leg of lamb, *(continued)*



Illustration by Alan Magee

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BIRTHDAY

continued

her favorite. I've made the mint sauce that she taught me to make, on Sundays when we had the large family gathering after church.

My brother should be at a school board meeting. I should be at a gathering of the French department. Mother sent me to France to study; it would do me good.

"Young girls should go to France, my darling. It's where you'll find romance and thrills, and the Bois de Boulogne. . . . You must walk there at night, barefoot. . . !"

Mother had such derring-do in her youth. Sometimes I wonder how our father captured her.

How would he feel, knowing she's gone senile? Would he feel uncomfortable, morose, amused? It's hard to tell. He captured her, set her on this upstate island that he pioneered with a hundred pear trees and a huge Georgian home, gave her two children, took her on frequent trips to Europe, set up trust funds for my brother and me, and summarily died of cancer.

My brother and I were in our twenties.

Everything around here is named after us. Creeks, bridges, a road and a campground. Sometimes we feel like a telephone directory. We laugh about it.

We even tried laughing about senility. The time Mother mistook thoven for Mozart, we had hysteric had simply taken us by surprise. was in the days when we sent effor birthday cards and flowers and rec and blouses, in the days when Mo still cared sincerely whether her blo were in style.

Lately, we've come back to the is every year, as if each birthday she brated would be the last. We come to set the empty house alive with gr children's laughter and songs. We a armed with comfy anecdotes that M er forgets as soon as she hears t This year, I don't think she knows we're here.

My brother and I've bestowed on a total of six grandchildren, som whom may walk through the Boi Boulogne barefoot and several of w may not. They have their minds physics, agriculture and an assort of preoccupations that changes too for their parents. Not to mention grandmother, in whose mind Jer may just as well be Liz, and who day now will confuse mint sauce cream of wheat.

The mint sauce is getting cold. M er always said you serve it hot, from the mint patch to the stove t dining room table. In Royal Dou what else?

My sister-in-law is trying to Mother from her chair, where she's en asleep over a *National Geogra* the one she's read four times this w She forgets what she reads.

Her hands reach a tenth on the pi but she forgets all the incidentals.

"Now who is this composer aga Mother wakes up with the page op Australia.

For God's sake, Mother, it's B You haven't forgotten Bach, have 1685-1750! Mother . . .

"Oh, Mister Bach? Well, you fault Mr. Johann Sebastian . . ." hobbles to the table between the ho keeper and my sister-in-law.

"We've got lamb for tonight, Mot It's your birthday, you're eighty-t years old. You always loved a good of lamb. . . ." My sister-in-law trie hard as any of us.

"Johann Sebastian Bach. I thin knew him when I was a little girl. S a talented . . ."

My brother and I laugh into our lets. As he says, if we didn't laugh, cry.

He eases Mother into her chair. six grandchildren are here this sum evening. A physics major, a va quarterback, a Merit Scholar, an cultural student, a self-styled latter- hippie and a cheerleader. They sit d and take their napkins off the R Doulton. *(contin*

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on about ¼ cup canned fruit filling on crepes; top with about 2 tablespoons dairy cream; sprinkle with brown sugar; fold. Serve warm topped with additional cream and brown sugar.



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BIRTHDAY

continued

Grace is sung. We used to do a Gregorian chant sort thing, when our father was alive and we had four part Now we do a simplified version, all holding hands. The hi pie and I reach for Grandma's hands, to let her know tha what we're doing.

God help us, I say silently. Will she know it's her birt day when we get to the candles?

That's the point. Is there any real reason for us to ha come a total of 1,400 miles for this occasion? We look arou the table at each other and begin to pass the lamb and mi sauce.

Mother's eyes used to dart about, ready for the unexpecte dip of a songbird among the pear branches. Now they lim along, trying sleepily to keep track of a world that has go on ahead.

My brother and his wife have brought corn from the garden on the airplane. Two dozen ears, in a shopping ba My brother should be at a school board meeting in Chicag We pass the corn. It's all crazy.

My French department meeting began an hour ago. could lose tenure or something equally silly because of thi

"The damn B-flat. They're sharp! They're sharp a fu eighty-second of a step!" It's the physics major talking, m brother's son. My brother and I look at each other agai We're both thinking about genes and heredity, and passin the wine bottle to each other. Mother used to notice whe *anybody* was sharp or flat, even in church. Her winces i church got to be a family joke. One of many.

The cheerleader kicks the physics major under the tabl

Does Mother know they're laughing at her? Does sh know they're old enough to remember when she knew eve Beethoven piano sonata? Making jokes about Grandma ha become an uncomfortable link among these cousins who se each other once a year. Mother's hands shake as she tries t butter her corn on the cob.

I wish the lamb and mint sauce would go on forever, wish we wouldn't have to get to the opening of the present We used to have such funny gifts.

One winter my brother gave our father a metronome s he'd get in from tending the pear trees in time for dinne We howled with laughter. With laughter and our trust fund And there was the time the year he went off to college, gave my brother three skis. In his youth, he had a tendenc to ski after several beers and broke his left ski often enoug so that a third ski seemed in order. He followed that by giv ing me a cello mute for Easter, so I couldn't be heard at al hours of the night when he came home for vacation.

Mother gave me my first cello lessons when I was seve

Mother reaches for her napkin and wonders where it is It's fallen on the floor. The quarterback picks it up and hand it to her. She drools butter.

I don't think I can stand it.

I pass my brother the wine.

Will we be that way, too?

People begin to lean back in their chairs. The self-style latter-day hippie (my son) begins a discussion of how *deriva tive* Mozart was (his italics) and is put soundly in place by my brother. He lapses into one of his customary silences.

Time to clear the table. Mother's nurse, her housekeepe and I do it. They're too efficient. I don't want to get to th ice cream and cake. Why can't they understand that?

My brother's daughter, the Merit Scholar, has baked a sumptuous birthday cake, with God knows what inside it She comes to the kitchen to put on the candles. How many candles have been lit in this huge, old-fashioned kitchen? How many shining cakes paraded *(continued on page 74)*



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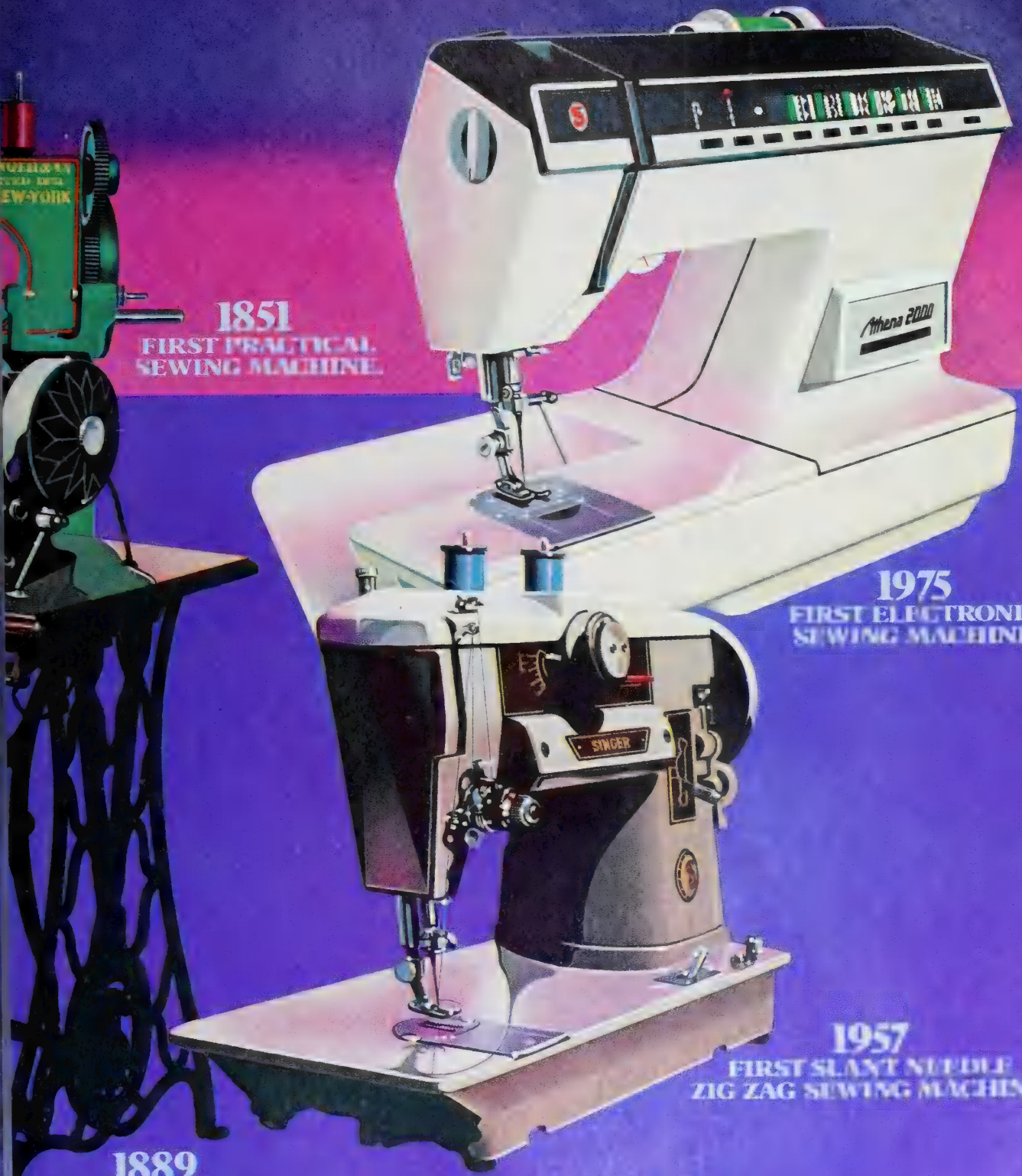
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BIRTHDAY

continued from page 70

through to the dining room? The physics major comes with her to suggest that the candles be put on in base three. Somehow I can't even laugh about it.

Too soon it's ready. Mother is wondering where she is. The candles are lit. Oh, God. Somebody puts something by Hindemith on the stereo.

Oh, dear God, please stop time right now. Don't let us have to see her not be able to blow out her candles. . . .

The cousins are all assembled at the door to the dining room, parading behind the Merit Scholar and her cake. They start singing, in three parts. . . .

Mother lets them put the cake in front of her. I wish I'd given her something besides hand lotion. What else do you give somebody who's senile and barely able to read the *National Geographic* and who can't tell A-minor from G-major anymore?

"Make a wish, Grandma. Make a wish for yourself and then we will all make a wish for you." It's the agricultural-minded grandchild talking. He used to toddle among the pear trees with his grandfather and help prune them in the winter. Now he's a baritone.

Something stirs briefly in Mother. She takes a deep breath and blows. She gets three candles.

"Good, Grandma. Now try to get two more!" The cheerleader is leaning toward her. This is the cheerleader who turned down three dates for the weekend and pouted all the way to Grandma's house. "Over the river and across the bay to Deadsville we all go . . ." she'd said. Now she's cheering Grandma on. I congratulate myself for something, I can't decide what.

I wish they hadn't put Hindemith on the stereo.

Mother gets two more candles on the next puff. She's got her hands firmly planted on the table, as if she were figuring out the next atonal chord, but she's not. She's simply trying to associate herself with the reality of her own birthday.

I close my eyes. It's too much. I should be at the department meeting. I wouldn't have to see this charade. . . .

When I open my eyes, all six grandchildren are behind Mother's chair. They've all got reflected candles in t eyes, some in glasses. I hardly bel what I see. These kids are . . . these are excited! They're having a good ti Something we couldn't give them a once if we spent . . .

Oh, my God. They're all blowing. Eighty-three in base three, they've blown all the candles out, their a around their Grandma, they're all rahing and shouting . . . it's not happ ing. But it is!

Hindemith blares away, my brot and I look at each other. We each w der if the other got the wish.

The gifts. The adolescents, should be out smoking pot or gett people pregnant if I read my statis correctly, are handing Grandma gifts. Hand lotion, bath powder, it ha ly matters. She says thank you, she ha ly knows where she is.

Except one gift. I don't know wh he found it, or got it, or bribed so body for it. . . .

It's the agricultural student. An au graphed photo of Hindemith . . . own son, he's supposed to have his m on fertilizers and sprays, he's smil shyly.

"I thought you'd like it, Grandm

Did he buy it from some opium-sm ing weirdo that summer we let him abroad? I look at my husband. shrugs his shoulders.

My mother is talking. In compl sentences, still with a partial kernel corn stuck between her teeth. " Hindemith. I think I knew him whe was a young girl. Oh, yes, now I reme ber . . . in the Bois de Boulogne, at ni . . . barefoot . . ."

My mind tries to cover the ground between, and fails. The Bois de B logne, Mother sent me there, so l ago, to walk barefoot and all I got v chilly, and . . .

Mother hugs the picture to her. brother starts to sigh and stops m way.

"It's my birthday. It's my birthd today. The candles and the music a the family, and the . . . it's my bir day . . ."

My brother knees me under the tab I try to look at him and laugh, about t metronome and the pear trees and t cello mute, but I can't. I'm too bu crying. It was worth the trip. For all us. A total of 1,400 miles. All that fare, all that time, all that fresh co from the garden near Chicago.

Next month my brother can go to school board meeting. Next time t French department meets I'll atte with bells on.

Tonight we're celebrating our mot er's birthday.

I pass the wine bottle to my broth and ask him very quietly whether needs a third ski for Christmas. En

EIGHT A.M.

By Jonellen Heckler

Jammed like glad survivors in a raft
we jostle gently on the double bed:
parents, children, dog and Sunday paper
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te, FTC Report Dec.'76

ng: The Surgeon General Has Determined
garette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kenmore gets 'em up

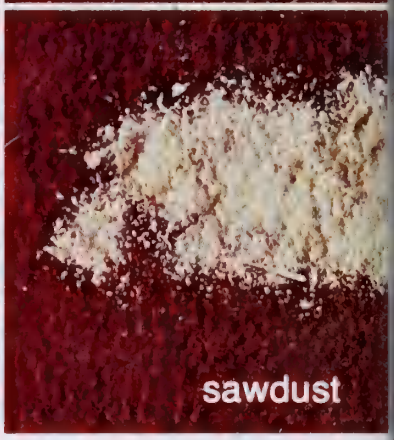


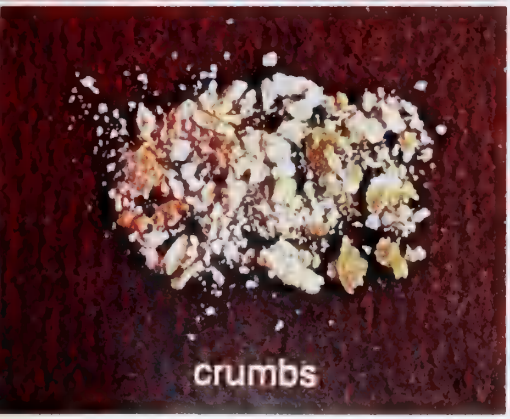














Sears powerful vacuums really tackled this problem dirt

We spilled all eight kinds of dirt in the picture on the surface of a plush rug.

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You're overweight but overworked—with no time to stick to a daily weight loss regimen. Relax! Here's help from the director of the famed Diet Workshop. By Lois L. Lindauer



THE BUSY WOMAN'S DIET PLAN

You're working, juggling home activities, or otherwise living on a merry-go-round. Your busy, fragmented schedule makes it almost impossible to stick to a day-to-day diet regime. This busy woman's diet plan is for you. It lets your lifestyle determine your eating habits. As often as possible, follow the diet menu below. But when you're at a party, or find yourself in any food situation where you can't be in control, take a "holding day" and allow yourself a few extras. You'll still lose one to two pounds a week.

DIET DAYS: Whenever possible, stay on this 1,000-calorie menu. When a special situation arises, you'll be able to add one or two of the extras listed and still maintain a relatively low weekly calorie intake.

Breakfast

1 fruit serving (½ grapefruit or cantaloupe, or ½-cup berries or fresh pineapple)
2 oz. (¼-cup) cottage cheese *or* 1 egg
1 oz. bread

Lunch

5 oz. (⅝-cup) cottage cheese *or* 1½ oz. hard cheese *or* 3 oz. fish, chicken, veal or turkey.
1 oz. bread
Vegetables (except carrots, beets, onions, peas or winter squash)
8 oz. skim milk
1 fruit (may be saved for snack)

Dinner

6 oz. fish, chicken, veal or turkey
Bountiful helpings of vegetables plus ½-cup of carrots, beets, onions, peas or winter squash.
8 oz. skim milk
1 fruit (may be saved for snack)

Extras

6 oz. tomato juice
Salads with up to 15 calories worth of diet dressing
Low-calorie beverages
Bouillon
Coffee or tea

HOLDING DAYS: Since you have followed a rather stringent diet most of the time, you can add to the basic diet menu—twice a week—*two* of the 200-calorie additions listed below. (Or four days a week include *one* of the additions.)

Holding day additions (four a week)

1 martini
1 manhattan
2 glasses white or red wine
¾ cup spaghetti with sauce and cheese
20 potato chips
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
2 tablespoons roquefort dressing
Beef or pork *instead* of chicken or fish
1 cup plain rice
1 serving fast-food French fries
1 cup mashed potato
1 piece plain chocolate cake
¼ pint ice cream
Fast-food ¼ lb. hamburger (2 additions)
Thick shake (2 additions)

Planning often is the key to successful dieting. If possible, decide in advance when you will take a holding day. That way, when it's party time on Friday night, you won't have to pass up that glass of wine because you have already consumed your four weekly additions.

If you never have enough time to make or eat breakfast in the morning, prepare and pack it the night before and take it with you. Do the same for lunch. For dinner, try broiling the following meat and vegetable combinations (brush the vegetables with dietetic dressing for moisture and tang and add them after you turn the meat):

1. Veal or chicken with tomato halves and mushroom caps.
2. Fish with par-boiled onion and summer squash.
3. Chicken with par-boiled butternut squash and zucchini.

If you eat out, scout the "safe" sites and windowshop menus before venturing into foreign territory. At home, you may wish to invest in plug-in help—small appliances that save you minutes. Valuable time-savers include a blender for skim milk and fruit milkshakes, a toaster oven for grilling hard cheese or cottage cheese on bread, an electric skillet or crock pot for one-dish meals, and an electric knife to trim fat from meat and slice vegetables.

Remember, the easier you make the diet, the easier it will be to stick with it. And the more successful you are, the happier you'll be in your busy life. **End**

Photograph by Roy Coggin

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The workin woman

continued from page 54

coercion. It tells women that the mary function is reproductive, tha are expendable, secondary wage-e and that they must choose betwee babies and their livelihood.

- To support the effort to pass n legislation, contact Susan Ross, tion to End Discrimination A Pregnant Workers, c/o American Liberties Union, 22 East 40th New York, N.Y. 10016.
- To claim disability pay under th York Human Rights Law (or to us a prototype for your state), orde "Disability Fact-Form Kit" free State Division of Human Righ World Trade Center, New York, 10047.
- For more information about hea surance discrimination and how to for change, contact Barbara Shack York Civil Liberties Union, 84 Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.
- Learn your risks and your Read *Working for Your Life: A an's Guide to Job Health Hazar* Andrea Hricko with Melanie Brun from Regents of University of Calif 2521 Channing Way, Berkeley, 94720).

STRANGER IN A CROWD

By Julia Collins Ardayne

I am in your absence incomplete;
Each day too empty and each night long.
Following shadows down an empty street—
Thinking each corner that I turn wil
The one where once again you wait me.

Always in a crowd I seem to glimpse
You just ahead, but as I push my wa
To where you seem to go
I do not find you. Someone else inste
Bears the form that made my heart lurch so.

Sometimes I hear your voice across th street,
Or someone smiles the same slow wa you smile,
And for the moment you are here wi me
And I with you for just a litle while.

Always the quest—the seeking and the yearning;
Following the phantoms—saying you name the while
In the chance passing of a stranger
I find you for the instant of a smile.

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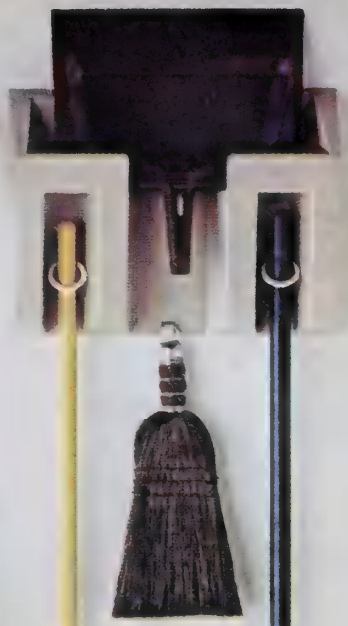


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MADHUR JAFFREY: THE RELAXED HOSTESS

Madhur Jaffrey, born in New Delhi, makes her home in New York with her husband, Sanford Allen, a violinist with the New York Philharmonic, and her three teen-aged daughters. She is the author of *An Invitation to Indian Cooking* and an invitation to Madhur's table is the envy of those who have learned to appreciate the nuances of authentic Indian food. By Ariane and Michael Batterberry.

PREFERENCES: Seated dinners for six, or for ten or 12 guests at the most, and buffet-style suppers. She mixes ages from ten to 90, and is unconcerned about even numbers. The emphasis is "always on food."

ATMOSPHERE: Madhur Jaffrey sinks gently into the cushions of her Greenwich Village apartment. An Indian mattress covered in indigos, corals, pinks and golds, and piled with spangled pillows, stretches invitingly along the floor. A second one cushions the wall behind. Or, if you'd rather, you may settle back into the recesses of a large, carved Victorian sofa. This and similarly massive pieces of Victoriana impose themselves like giant English visitors among their owner's Oriental brassbound chests, sculpture, wall hangings, metal boxes and exquisite coral lacquer work.

How does Madhur adopt her native customs to the dictates of Western entertaining? If there are only six guests, they will be served at the table, and service will be in the traditional Indian style. Each guest is seated before a large platterlike round plate, approximately 18 inches in diameter. Madhur's are of stainless steel, but silver or brass would be customary in India. Around the rim of this plate are clustered small, round bowls filled with various vegetables and meat dishes. A banana leaf or small plate brightened by various chutneys and condiments will also be placed at the rim. If a plate is used it will be of glass, as "nothing sour is ever placed on metal." At the center of the large plate, breads, rice dumplings or fritters are arranged.

Dinner is late and the atmosphere must be relaxed. "Entertainment" is not a must.

If more than six guests have been invited, Madhur will serve them in the manner of a Western buffet supper. Glass bowls and plates permit the lovely glowing colors of the food to be admired, but she also has an irrepressible urge to buy ceramics whenever they appeal to her. Accordingly, beans are cooked and served in a handsome terracotta pot, and a collection of small serving bowls and miniature vases sprout single flowers beside each plate at seated dinners.

Madhur's Victorian table, dressed with a cloth and napkins printed in India, is always radiant with flowers. They are an indispensable aspect of life—"I was brought up in a home with fourteen gardens, and didn't realize that vegetables or flowers could be bought until I was thirteen."

She enthusiastically embraces many Western customs, including such time-saving electrical appliances as a blender, mixer, processor, broiler, rotisserie, hot cart, one coffee grinder for crushing spices and another to fulfill its original purpose. An Eastern custom which has been gratefully discarded is the elaborate menu: "I used to cook seven or eight vegetables plus chicken, meat and fish. I thought that was the way you had to do it. I'd been brought up to feel that *that* was a party. But no longer."

Above all, Madhur feels, the atmosphere at her dinners must be relaxed. Dinner hour is late; guests are invited for eight o'clock, but the meal itself is not served until between nine and nine-thirty. Guests are encouraged to wear "comfortable clothes." It does not disturb her if a person sits quietly, without speaking—in fact, "sometimes a very quiet evening is nice when friends have been nervous or exhausted." Conversation must come naturally. She is not adamant about a guest's ability to entertain others, although she admits that "there are some people who bore everybody."

FOOD AND DRINK: Madhur, whose kitchen space is limited, plans her meals two days in advance so that marinating and pre-cooking can be done at leisure. She finds shopping daily both "comforting and relaxing" and hates to order by phone. "I see these orders go out and marvel at people's trusting natures." At present she is compiling a vegetarian cookbook.

Rare wines are Sanford's special interest, but both agree that the subtleties of a French vintage would be lost when confronted with an array of vibrantly spiced Indian dishes.

Madhur and Sanford, both night people, normally stay up until two or three in the morning. Nothing pleases them more than the company of a few friends who remain to chat after others leave. As a final Indian touch, departing guests are offered, as a *digestif*, fennel seeds, cardamom, betel nuts and whole cloves kept in the tiny compartments of an antique Paan box. When the last visitor has left, all the dishes are packed in the washing machine—a final Western touch. **End**

From "The Bloomingdale's Book of Entertaining" by Ariane & Michael Batterberry. Copyright © 1976 by Federated Department Stores, Inc., Bloomingdale Bros. Division. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc. Photograph by S. Varnedoe

Maybe you shouldn't have taken a bath last night.

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on't spend an hour soaking in a sudsy hot tub. Many dermatologists say those long sudsy oakings can take out too much of your skin's atural moisture. And actually leave it drier ter bathing than before.

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*In a clinical study involving patients with atopic dermatitis (very dry skin) 91% of the patients experienced good to excellent improvement of their skin conditions with the use of Rainbath as their only means of cleansing. "An Alternative Bathing Technique for use in Dermatitis" *Cutis*, January 1973.

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What does your voice really sound like? An expert explains how to sound perfectly wonderful.



SOUNDING GOOD

Voice Lessons from Dorothy Sarnoff

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman." Dorothy Sarnoff, the noted voice teacher and speech consultant, translates Shakespeare's criteria to ". . . warm and pleasantly assertive in tone—a beautiful, effective thing in woman."

Convinced that the voice is the most often neglected element of femininity, Miss Sarnoff demonstrates through her books and classes how speech can change a woman's life. "How often does a beautiful woman destroy her impact when she opens her mouth?"

According to Miss Sarnoff, the voice cannot be considered without the accompanying visual signals: "We send many messages through our eyes, our body language and our ideas and vocabulary. But the tone of the voice carries 70 percent of the message."

Her program involves speaking while being video-taped. The client is then prodded into discussing the shortcomings of her vocal impact. "While listening to and watching the playback, we talk about people she admires



RONA BARRETT: "The largest voice, and ego, for the smallest person; her voice has little of the personal in it."



SOPHIA LOREN: "Warm and sincere; truly feminine."

and the qualities of presentation those people have," says Miss Sarnoff. "Then we determine the client's assets and liabilities."

She suggests that a woman look into a mirror while on the phone. "Just because the other person can't see you, you don't want to sound as if you don't have your eyelashes on yet."

Speaking with a natural, yet compelling intensity and maintaining direct eye-to-eye contact, Miss Sarnoff explains some of her basic tenets:





MARLENE DIETRICH: "Beautiful chest resonance."

BELLA ABZUG: "Her voice jars your ears the way her hats assault your eyes."

"Pitch should be low; the body is sound-sensitive and it is the lower voice that strokes the body." One should inflect down whenever possible—"it's much more effective than going up."

Chest resonance is the voice's support, she says, as she speaks of the vitality gained by contracting the diaphragm back to the solar plexis while exhaling. "The voice is then amplified in the chest."

Miss Sarnoff warns that big breaths are not necessary, but only make the voice sound tense.

A self-termed conversational missionary, Miss Sarnoff emphasizes the need for good material. "I read a couple of papers and look at magazines each day to be sure to have something current to offer."

Interrupted by a phone call and off in less than two minutes, she's demonstrated her next point: "Always edit; I've learned to be very polite and yet never have a phone conversation longer than about five minutes. It's amazing how much more people will listen when you think carefully about what you're going to say."

Sarnoff's quick tips to improve your voice

- If your nose buzzes whenever you talk, you sound nasal. Try this relaxing technique: Let your head dangle forward and hang there, eyes closed, for six slow counts.
- If your neck grows taut whenever you speak, you are probably strident. To relax, silently count 1-2-3-4 on each inhalation, and another on each exhalation.
- Don't whisper unless you're telling a secret.
- Read aloud to check your voice for monotony.
- Don't upstage yourself with visual distractions like fidgeting or fussing with hair.
- Make eye contact and maintain it.
- Don't clamp your teeth when you talk.
- Learn to feel the sensation of an open throat for clarity and diction. Practice yawning.
- If need be, put little stickers on your watch to remind you to drop um's, er's and you know's from your speech.
- Remember there is no one correct speech pattern. But do eliminate regionalisms, mispronunciations and tarnished sounds that distract from what you are saying.

Convinced of the importance of voice for the feminine image, Miss Sarnoff credits comedian Rodney Dangerfield with expressing the ultimate compliment on a woman's beauty. He said of a woman he'd just met, "She's so attractive I can hardly take my ears off her." **End**



BARBARA WALTERS: "Warm, informed and expressive of deep concern."



MARGARET MEAD: "A showman's voice."



JOYCE BROTHERS: "Not a great deal of color or warmth—perhaps that comes from having a photographic memory."

MICHAEL LOVE

"I didn't do the usual Florida 'bit' with this West Palm Beach condominium. A few years ago, the sy owners asked me to design a haven where they could really unwind. So instead of vivid colors and old prints, I used soft, low-key tones, fresh touches of white and natural textures. And the upkeep is nil. ven after several months' absence, they can just walk in—and relax."

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A piercing story by Hilma Wolitzer

I wasn't really crazy about having my ears pierced. To begin with, I'm very cowardly about pain. If possible, I'd have general anesthesia when my cuticles are trimmed. And it seems that I'm descended from a long line of cowards. My grandmothers and aunts never had their ears pierced. Neither did my mother. When I brought the subject up, she said, "Why look for trouble? I don't wear earrings, and I got married."

"What does *that* have to do with it?" I said. "If you recall, *I'm* married, too. I just happen to like earrings."

"Well, I think ear-piercing is barbaric," she answered. "If God had meant for you to wear those things, you would have been *born* with pierced ears, right?"

Maybe. After all, there *is* an alternative—plenty of earrings are available to women with unpierced ears. The trouble was, I couldn't stand them. The ones that fastened with hinged clasps pinched. I worried about loss of circulation, even gangrene. My all-time endurance record for clasp earrings is about 20 minutes. The dents they left in my lobes lasted six hours.

I took a favorite pair back to the department store to complain. "These things are killing me. They must be defective," I told the saleswoman.

Folding her arms, she said there was nothing wrong with the earrings. The problem was obviously fat earlobes, and the store couldn't be held responsible. "Why don't you get your ears pierced?" she asked.

My blood plunged at the very suggestion and I had to lean on the counter for support. "I can't," I whispered.

"Why not?" she boomed. "You're not *afraid*, are you?"

I was going to say yes, that was it, she had hit the nail right on the head, but she went on. "Teensy babies have it done. Old ladies have it done. We'll do it for you right now, free of charge, with the purchase of a pair of fourteen-karat gold earrings."

"Here?" I said. "Now?" I had visions of her leaning over and doing it herself with the sharpened pencil she kept tucked in her salesbook.

"Sure. A registered nurse will do it, in absolute privacy. One—two—three. You won't even know what hit you."

"Uh-oh," I said. "I just remembered! I can't have them done today. I left a pot of eggs boiling on the stove, and my car is double-parked in front of a police station. Beside, I think it may be against my religion."

"Ha," the saleswoman said. "You are really something. Listen, dear, take my word for it. It's a lot easier than having a baby."

That was small comfort. "I'll come back later," I lied. "Meanwhile, I'll take a pair of the ones that screw on."

"Okay," she said. "But you'll hate them."

Of course, she was right. Screw-on earrings were either too tight or too loose. They could be adjusted, but I could never remember which turn of the screw tightened or loosened them. When they felt too tight, I was afraid to experiment. When they seemed comfortable that meant they were really too loose, and one was going to drop into my soup at dinner or roll 13 rows ahead in the movie theater. Finally, they ended up in the bottom of my jewelry box, next to the unwearable clasp earrings and other useless junk: a junior high athletic medal for girls' volleyball, one cufflink, and a key to an apartment we rented in 1959.

Well, that was that. It was certainly no *crime* not to be able to wear earrings. I liked them, of course. And my husband said he thought there was something very sexy about the long, dangling ones. He thinks large-breasted women are sexy, too. He'd lived without the one for 22 years; he could certainly learn to live without the other.

And so could I. I was hardly unadorned. I had bracelets, rings and necklaces. I was even willing to take a chance on a new hairdo—something dramatic and daring. It was a huge success, but it left my ears even more exposed. Everyone said that earrings were definitely in order to set off the whole look.

Then a cousin came to visit, showing off a stunning pair of turquoise and silver earrings. Her physician husband had pierced her ears at home and would be happy to do mine too.

"Is that legal?" I asked.

She laughed.

"Well, does it hurt?"

"Not at all," she said. "It's very simple and painless."

Her earrings were beautiful and her assurance was convincing. "I'll do it," I said finally, and a date was set.

A few days before the big event, a woman I had never met sat down next to me on a bus, and told me that she ha contracted serum hepatitis after she ha her ears pierced five years before.

"Oh, I'm sure that's very unusual," said.

But it had happened to her sister, to And, a close friend who had it don *safely* later discovered she couldn wear earrings anyway, because she ha an allergic reaction to the metal. "And i some people the holes keep growin back," she continued, "and unsightl scar tissue forms."

I thanked her for all that wonderf gratuitous information, and got off th bus ten blocks before my stop, eve though it was raining hard. She leane out the window. "What price beauty!" she called into the exhaust fumes, ge ting the last word in.

What price beauty, indeed? It didn seem worth even the slightest risk. paused at a jewelry store and stared a the earrings on display for a long time They were gorgeous. The woman on th bus was probably crazy, someone wh gets perverse pleasure from scarin vulnerable strangers. Besides, it was to late to back out. In my usual fashion, had told everyone about it weeks in ad vance. And the kids had already bough me an earring tree.

The operation was going to take plac in the kitchen of my cousin's home The equipment was laid out neatly on work counter, next to an innocent-look ing bowl of fruit and an electric can opener. "You're not going to use *that*, hope," I said, to show how relaxed an good-humored I was.

But nobody laughed. The docto seated me on a high-backed stool an his wife sat at the kitchen table t watch. My little gold trainer earring were in an alcohol bath. The roo smelled antiseptic and clinical, but looked deceptively domestic with it flowered wallpaper and frilly curtains.

I tried to be casual. "So what's new?" I said. In the periphery of my vision, spotted a hypodermic needle coming to ward me. "What's that?"

"Novocaine," he said. "A little sting i each lobe, and you won't feel a thing."

My cousin sat at the table drinkin coffee, her earrings twinkling wit promise in the fluorescent light.

The needle stung. "Make sure tha stuff's working before you go in," warned.

"Don't worry," he smiled. "W haven't lost a patient in an ear-piercin yet. Just relax."

I slumped a little on the stool, an fixed my gaze on a hanging spice rack I could feel him fussing at my ear an hear the clink of instruments. I realize that my cousin was staring at me. Sh had abandoned her coffee. "How com she's bleeding like that?" *(continued*

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DAPHNE
In May, MTS Daphne sails on a literary transatlantic voyage from Miami/New York to European ports with famous authors like Art Buchwald, Joseph Heller, James Jones and Eugene Fodor, among others. Then Daphne enjoys festival time in the British Isles when Green and Pleasant Lands brings you within reach of Chichester, Glyndebourne, Bath, and Stratford-on-Avon, and also to Ireland and Scotland. Call of the Vintage carries wine lovers to Jerez, Madeira, Oporto and Bordeaux. Cruise Aurora to the Land of the Midnight Sun. Visit Land of the Norsemen, and enjoy beautiful music on Echoes of the Fjords.

DANAE
MTS Danae, beautiful sister of the Daphne, will glide through the Mediterranean and Black Seas from May to November. Return to the seedbed of our culture in Springtime of our Past, a journey to Greece during Easter. Journey to our Past carries us back to the Hebrew, Greek and Roman heritage. Canvas and the Brush unrolls European art from Italian masterpieces to Picasso and Matisse. Periplo Musicale, with the I Musici, visits the birthplaces of great composers of the past. Enjoy Hospitable Waves, a cruise on the Black Sea, or Lotus Eaters, a cruise devoted to pleasure and leisure.

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WHAT PRICE BEAUTY?
continued

she asked her husband, but he didn answer.

"You mean you did it already?" I sai I had felt only a slight pressure.

He swabbed at my ear with cotton.

"*I* didn't bleed like that, did I?" m cousin said.

Blood is the next worse thing, in m experience, to pain. I pretended I didn hear her.

The doctor asked me to hold the co ton swab against that ear while I pierced the other. I tried to think pleasant things: sunsets, books I'v loved, music. I arranged my face what I imagined was a martyr's smil

"Wow!" my cousin said. "She's *son* bleeder."

The tourniquet will have to go arou my neck, I thought, regretting ever thing.

But then the bleeding stopped and was given a hand mirror for inspectio Gold glinted at each lobe. It was don

I went home, the radiant bearer of in structions. The trainers had to b swiveled frequently. The lobes were t be flushed with alcohol twice a day, an an antibiotic ointment applied. In tw months the openings would be perma nent, and the trainers could be re moved. Then I could wear the re things—hoops, buttons, sexy danglers.

"You'll look beautiful," my husban said.

Our daughters concurred. I had sudden premonition of all my birthda anniversary and Mother's Day gifts fo the next ten years. My younger daugh ter came close for a confidential que tion. "Tell me the truth, Mom," sh asked. "Did it hurt?"

I smiled. "Well," I said, wanting t set a good, courageous example whil preserving some of the mystery, "it's lot easier than having a baby." **En**

THE HOUR BEFORE EVENING

By Edward Cunningham

Thankful
for comfortable shoes
and for arms
still strong enough
to carry a great-granddaughter,
the old man
strolls silently
among sycamores and hollyhocks,
relishing her delight
as he shares
in a language
of smiles and nods and pointings
the distilled wonder
of seventy-six springtimes.

Copyright © 1974 by Hallmark Cards, Inc. From "Earth Songs," by Edward Cunningham, published by Hallmark Cards, Inc.

leaning Blankets and Pillows

r Lois Libien and Margaret Strong

nkets

blanket covers. You can wash a cot- blanket cover more easily than you a wool or acrylic blanket, just as you wash a mattress cover more easily n you can spot clean a mattress. (It's line of reasoning that also gave us ow covers.)

f you don't use blanket covers, it's a d idea to brush your napped blankets n time to time. Use a clean clothes sh or whisk broom and work with ck, small movements. (Think of how 'd beat cake batter by hand in a too- ll bowl and you've got it.) Brushing not only rid the blanket of accumu- d dust, hair, dirt, lint, etc., but fluffs he nap as well.

Dr, if you prefer, you can "brush" a nket with your vacuum cleaner's up- stery attachment. Spread the blanket the bed and weigh it down with a k or two. Then, go over it as you ld a piece of upholstered furniture. ou can also "dust" blankets in a dryer t only on the "no-heat" setting.)

Airing is a good idea, too. If you have lothesline, choose a sunny, slightly ezy day and let your blankets wave in wind for a while. (Make sure to an- r with clothespins first.) If you have clothesline, you can drape a blanket r a clean outdoor table. And if you're apartment dweller with no outdoor ce, spread the blanket on bed or le and open the nearest window.

Blankets of polyester, acrylic, wool, on, etc., can be spot-cleaned in much same way as any other fabric of the e fiber. Electric blankets are the ex- tion. Though they can be washed by d or machine, they should *never* be ated with cleaning solvents. These damage the wiring. So can moth- ofing agents.

Don't store a soiled or dirty blanket. sh or dry clean it first. Then place in lanket storage bag or wrap in brown per or plastic. Seal tightly with tape ie with string to protect from dust.

ows

e your pillows a couple of sharp jabs he mid-section each time you make the bed. Pillow punching—or "fluff- " if you prefer—gets rid of accumu- d dust. An occasional vacuuming s the same job, only better. However, you vacuum a *feather* pillow, you ght wish you hadn't, because some of hard pointy ends will get drawn up ough the ticking and poke or scratch during the night. **End**

right © 1976 by Lois M. Libien and Margaret Strong. the book, SUPER-ECONOMY HOUSECLEANING, by Libien and Margaret Strong, published by William ow & Co., Inc.



Emily (3 days, 4 mos., 20 mos.)
It's hard to believe the time has gone so quickly.

There's a beautiful difference in the memories you capture with a Canon G-III 17. They're sharper. Brighter. As fresh and clear as yesterday.

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The G-III 17 is compact enough to carry everywhere, or to keep on hand anywhere in the house. Because it's so easy to have around, it's ready to use just when an important shot comes up. It costs about the same as some pocket or instant cameras, but pays off with a lot more satisfaction when the film is developed.

Yet, with all its superior performance, the G-III 17 is a snap for anyone to use because it's completely automatic, even with the Canolite D electronic flash.

Before too much time passes, pick up a Canon G-III 17. It will help make your memories a little bit clearer.



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ARTISTIC CAREERS

If you have some artistic ability and a little patience, you can develop your own part-time job. Here's how. An excerpt from ON YOUR OWN. By Kathy Matthews

Fancy Hand Lettering
Skills: knowledge of lettering, some artistic ability, a steady hand
Location: anywhere
Investment: under $20
Income: varies considerably

If you have received a diploma or a certificate or an award with your name typewritten on it, you can understand why people will go to the trouble of having such documents hand-lettered. No typewritten name can compare with the attractive and somehow "official" look of Old English or Gothic letters. Consequently, if you want to earn money at home, why not try hand-lettering invitations and documents? All you need is patience and some artistic ability.

Perhaps you learned to letter in high school, in which case, you need only brush up on your skills to command professional fees. If you don't know the basic techniques, enroll in a graphic arts course at your local high school, college, art school or adult education center.

You might find it helpful to own some books on lettering—one staple in any letterer's library is the handy book, *The History and Technique of Lettering* by Alexander Nesbitt (Dover Publications, $2.50). You also will need a pen holder, basic black India ink, a few different size pen nibs and, perhaps, the inexpensive Speedball instruction book (which can be obtained wherever you get your Speedball pens and equipment). You also should have a T-square and a 45° triangle for measuring, a drawing board and a few crow quill pen points for fancy embellishments. Once you've got all your basic equipment (you'll want to add more pen nibs, different ink colors, etc. as you go along), you'll need to prepare a few samples to use as a sales tool. Remember that these samples will have to speak for you; they should be neat and letter perfect.

Before you approach potential customers, decide on what you're going to charge. Find out what the going rate for such work is. Call printers listed in the Yellow Pages or call local schools and churches to see what firms they use and how much they pay. Then, to draw customers, set your own fee somewhat below the standard rate. Once you've established yourself as skilled and reliable, you can bring your rates closer to what other professionals are getting.

Show schools, churches, social organizations and even printers your samples and give them a printed rate sheet that specifies the fee for names on a document, the word fee for an entire document, the word fee for large poster lettering, etc. If you're interested in doing hand-lettered wedding invitations, you might watch the papers for engagement announcements and send the bride-to-be a note with a sample of your work and rates. (This can be done with birth announcements, too.) You might also want to put an ad in a local paper or on bulletin boards in churches and supermarkets, etc.

If your prices are good and your work is always perfect and completed on time, you'll soon find your hands full with diplomas, wedding invitations and maybe even menus for the new health food restaurant in town.

Sketching Storefronts
Skills: ability to draw or paint
Location: anywhere, but especially towns and cities
Investment: minimal; enough for basic art supplies
Income: from $50 to $1,000 per month

With any new business—particularly a small, neighborhood store or restaurant—advertising and good public relations can make the difference between success and failure. Since small enterprises are always looking for new and different ways to call attention to themselves, you can develop your own profitable part-time work by sketching their storefronts for advertisements.

This money-making idea occurred to an unemployed young artist in New York City a year or so ago. She spent a great deal of time looking for a job and an even greater amount of time staring out her window at the shops across the street. To fill the hours, she did pen and ink sketches of a boutique, a French bakery, a small restaurant and a hardware store. In each sketch, she included the name of the shop, the street sign on the corner, the placards in the windows and a smattering of pedestrians.

After she had completed the drawings, she began to think the shopkeepers might be more enthusiastic about them than her roommates, who had a tendency to criticize anything she did because they all had respectable jobs and she had nothing but the window. So she thought about what could be done with the sketches (newspaper advertising, mailings, Christmas cards to customers, business cards, etc.), collected her best work, and called on each shopkeeper. Two of the four stores were very inte ested and wanted to know more. So t artist contacted some small printing co panies, found the best deal on reprodu ing her sketches as posters and busine cards, added about 15 percent to th amount as her profit, phoned her t customers with price quotes, and wh last seen was well on her way to co parative fame and fortune sketchi shops around the city.

If you want to follow in this you artist's footsteps, you'll undoubted have to start the way she did—doing t drawings first and *then* approaching p tential customers with the finished pro uct. But eventually you should be a to go into stores with samples of p sales and get commitments *before* y begin drawing. Remember that sh owners who are skeptical at first m become more enthusiastic when prese ed with an attractive finished sketch their place of business.

Be certain of your fees before y approach store owners. Call a few pri ers, explain what you're up to and a for price quotes for different quantiti For example, if a store wanted postca style prints of your sketch, what wou the printer charge to reproduce 25, and 100 copies (the cost per copy us ally decreases as quantities increase Then figure out what your profit shou be and add that amount to the printe quotes. Naturally, you'll have to do t same figuring for each variation of it that you will want to sell. Have this formation typed up on a sheet that y can leave with the shopkeeper and of to obtain quotes on any item that mig not be included on your list. Try to c on the owner when he or she is not bu so you can have the full attention your potential customer.

It makes sense to include in yo sketch two or three stores if possib This gives you more than one custom for the same work. But don't negl single-building sketches of the El Club, the D.A.R. meeting hall or t local commercial dairy farm. You a might volunteer to sketch a local orga zation like the A.S.P.C.A. and have t drawing printed into cards (perha Christmas cards or note paper). O charge the organization for the cost the printing so they can make mon for their cause while you get a bit free advertising at the same time. E

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The Potion of Love.

And how it began in Saronno 450 years ago.



We know that she was young. Blonde. Beautiful. And that she was widowed.

did she create the original aretto di Saronno as a thank for her portrait? Or it offered as a gift xpress affection for nardino Luini, the v famous artist whose nting immortalized her 525?

History has lost most he answers—even name—leaving us nothing Luini's stunning fresco in the Sanctuary of Santa Maria delle Grazie in Saronno, Italy. And...her romantic liqueur. We still like to think Amaretto di Saronno is a liqueur that inspired a great love.



It's something for you to wonder about tonight as you discover its intriguing flavor and enjoy its provocative bouquet. This is Amaretto di Saronno. The original Amaretto. Brought here from Saronno, the village of love.

Only the Cognac region of France can produce the finest Cognac brandy. And only the vineyards of Bordeaux can ever produce a true Bordeaux wine.

So also, the finest Amaretto liqueur comes only from Saronno—where it all began 450 years ago.



Amaretto di Saronno. We've left a rose alongside our name as a reminder of how it all began.



Discover the many other ways to use Italy's rare liqueur of love. Write for our free drink recipe booklet and food recipe booklet, "Gourmet Secrets." Address: Foreign Vintages, Inc., 98 Cutter Mill Road, Great Neck, New York 11021, Dept. 43K.

Amaretto di Saronno.

The Original Amaretto. From the Village of Love.

56 Proof. Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc. Great Neck, N.Y. © 1975



Helen Reddy: Everything's coming up roses

She always knew she'd reach the top. But she didn't know it would feel this good.

That balmy Los Angeles night in September 1974 was one that Helen Reddy will never forget. In a huge, open-air amphitheater, a host of stars entertained the black-tied, bejeweled audience to benefit the Cedars-Sinai Medical Center. Cary Grant emceed, Gene Kelly danced, Jack Benny joked. Frank Sinatra, the special attraction, sang. And so did Helen Reddy.

Poised and confident, she strode into the center spotlight wearing a long pink chiffon skirt and halter. The amphitheater resounded with applause when she finished her act.

To Helen Reddy, the evening was more than a simple singing triumph. "It was the absolute fulfillment," she said. "It was one shining moment of my life. As a child in Australia, I dreamed of sharing a stage with Frank Sinatra. And I did it. I was floating that night. I was the Number One female singer—my lifelong dream."

The recollection brought a wide smile to Helen's boldly chiseled features as she relaxed in her spacious, airy, antique-filled living room.

"Flowers bloom in our home twelve months a year," Helen said. "And look, see that reddish-violet tulip? On a trip to Holland, they named it for me. That's the Helen Reddy Tulip. The florists come once a week to change the flowers and a plant man is here twice a week to care for them."

She pointed past the swimming pool and tennis court to the gardeners tending a dozen luxuriant flower beds on the three-acre estate. The Pacific Ocean sparkled in the distance.

Helen and her husband-manager Jeffrey Wald have amassed a considerable fortune between them since they met ten years ago. Their house, where they live with their son Jordan and Helen's daughter by her first marriage, Traci, was previously owned by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer president Dore Schary. The Walds purchased it for $600,000. Helen has never counted the number of rooms, but there is a guest cottage, a studio "barn" and quarters for three live-in servants.

Helen delights in her wealth. She boasts that she doesn't lift a finger in the kitchen or elsewhere. But the luxuries were hard-earned and, to her, late in coming. Now 35, she had dreamed of them since she was a skinny kid in Melbourne, Australia, working one-night vaudeville stands with her parents.

"I've always been ambitious," she said. "I was determined to succeed at whatever I did. Even as a child I knew that if I wanted to become a star I would have to come to the United States. Of course, my picture of this country was idealized. I *did* think the streets were paved with gold."

Daughter Traci was three years old in April 1966 when Helen packed their two suitcases, took $200 and headed for the land of her youthful dreams, leaving behind her unhappy first marriage and her native land.

"Australia is a man's country," she said. "It's a discouraging place for performers. The attitude is, 'She can't be any good; she's an Australian!' People in show business aren't revered. Australians don't have stars except for athletes. It wasn't enough for me."

New York proved almost too much, however. "Where were Rock Hudson and Doris Day? Where was Fred Astaire dancing across a polished black floor? The swimming pools, the gardens I saw in the movies and magazines, what had happened to them?"

Disillusioned and out of work, she was down to her last $14 when some Australian friends held a surprise birthday-rent party for her. Guests chipped in five dollars each to help fend off eviction.

Jeff Wald, then an assistant agent with the William Morris Agency, crashed the party and changed Helen's life forever. Handsome, able and three years her junior, Jeff came on strong. "I fell instantly in love with him. We talked of marriage that first night. Four days later, Jeff moved into my little Greenwich Village hotel room. We've lived together ever since." Their marriage, a year and a half later was delayed by legal complications.

Eventually the Walds, along with Traci, moved to Southern California, where Helen encountered four more years of rejection, disappointment and professional heartbreak. Jeff did better as an executive in several production enterprises. Although Helen didn't work much, she wrote songs and practiced piano eight or nine hours a day while Traci was in school and Jeff was traveling. He was gone much of their first year in California, and Helen was lonely and disenchanted.

"My fantasy was that I'd be singing and a big producer would see me and say, 'Get me that singer!' It never happened; instead, I had a series of breaks." First, Flip Wilson offered *(continued)*



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If you have children in the cavity-prone years, see to it they get good check-ups!

Take Aim against cavities!

her a guest spot on the Tonight Sho when he was guest host. Second, Capit Records offered her a modest recordi contract.

"Both were favors from Jeff's personl friends. They were accepting me o faith." Their faith was rewarded. Th first track she ever recorded was her fir hit, "I Don't Know How to Love Him from *Jesus Christ Superstar.*

Then, four years ago, Helen wrot and recorded "I Am Woman." It be came the anthem of the feminist move ment, leading to a Grammy Award seven gold albums, three platinum a bums and 14 hit singles.

Mom and Pop store

"Jeff and I are both self-made millionaires," she said. "We share the same career. It's like a mom and pop store to us I'm the Show and he's the Business."

"I didn't think it would take me si years to become a star when I left Aus tralia for the United States," Helen said "I was sure it would happen overnight I believed I'd done all the struggling an paid all my dues in Melbourne. I wa going to get the payoff when I got here.

Helen intended to become an Ameri can citizen as soon as possible. "But s many disagreeable things happened be tween me and the immigration offic that I said to hell with it. My attitud softened again, though, when my so was born. I felt American and I wante the right to vote. When I actually did be come a citizen in December of 1974, i was like my marriage to Jeff: a formali zation of something that already existed I've traveled to all the states except Alas ka. I know the feeling and beat of thi country better than most natives do."

Helen's schedule of one-night appear ances requires her to travel one day ou of three. She headlines at the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas to capacity crowds six to eight weeks a year and ha hosted NBC's weekly Midnight Specia television series. Her latest album, *Mu sic, Music,* hit the top of the charts, an she has just made her first movie, a Wal Disney musical called *Pete's Dragon.*

She shook her head in amusement "My home, my career, my life are no what I dreamed about as a girl. I expect ed to live in a palace with lots of gol lamé and pink sequins. I thought being a star meant lying in bed reading book and eating chocolates. I didn't know hov much hard work it would be. I don' know a self-made millionaire wh doesn't work seven days a week. And didn't know what real wealth was. I' never seen a home like this one in Aus tralia. I've exceeded my fondest fantasy I never thought I would look back o those girlish dreams and laugh at them for being so small!" **En**

The briefer with a brain.



Real women don't come in just small, medium and large. But those are the sizes you had to pick from when you were buying a body-shaper.

Well, things have changed. Because now there's Lite Diet Skinny Waist by Young Smoothie—a body beautifier briefer with a brain. It makes ordinary sizes obsolete. Because it doesn't know what size it is until you put it on.

Lite Diet Skinny Waist by Young Smoothie is made of an extraordinary new fabric of Lycra* with amazing control properties. It understands that your bust and body don't conform to any precise size. That you're a bit plus or minus. So our briefer with a brain adjusts for this. The instant you put it on.

The Lite Diet Skinny Waist Body Briefer (with mesh crotch), also has our exclusive Skinny Waist construction that performs waist-trimming miracles the minute you put one on. Then, if you decide to diet, it conforms to your changing measurements. Actually follows your diet with you.

Lite Diet Skinny Waist. When it comes to keeping your body beautiful, why not use our brain.

Style 6350 Briefer in Nylon/Lycra* Spandex. Beige. 34-40 B&C cup. $19.00.

Also available in body suit, brief, panties and pantsliners.

The Brain.
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SEWING JEWELS

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Photograph by Dick Sharpe



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You're a woman, not a duc

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And oil and water don't mix.
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FERTILIZING YOUR PLANTS



BY GEORGE & VIRGINIE ELBERT

FERTILIZER. Three elements are vital to all plant grow nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium. On *all* labels of che cal or organic fertilizers the formula is always given in order. The first number, therefore, indicates a nitrate, second a phosphate and the third potash. The numbers i cate the degree of concentration. A 20–20–20 formula is tv as concentrated as a 10–10–10 formula. Labels on chem and organic fertilizers indicate the manufacturer's idea of amount to be diluted with a quart or a gallon of water.

All plants need feeding, but by and large we feed our ho plants excessively. When using these formulas never u concentration more than one fourth that recommended on label. If the label says 1 teaspoon to a gallon, use only quarter teaspoon.

The simplest and most practical rules to follow are:

1. For general growth of acid-loving plants use a forr high in nitrates—for instance, 30–10–10.

2. For general growth of other house plants use a balan formula such as 20–20–20 or 10–10–10.

3. For encouraging bloom when the plant is mature ch a formula low in nitrates and high in the two other elem such as 10–30–20 or 0–14–15.

Plants also need trace elements such as iron, molybden and boron. Buy chemical fertilizers that list such trace ments on their labels. Most organic fertilizers (fish emulsi etc.) contain them. There is no evidence that organics "better" than chemical fertilizers.

Acid plants suffer occasionally from iron deficiency. can be remedied by using Sequestrene (Geigy) and fol ing directions on the package. Yellowing and droppin leaves is the sign of this condition, but check first whethe damage is being done by insects.

HOW OFTEN TO FERTILIZE. You can follow either of methods. The best, we believe, is to fertilize with a solu of one fourth the strength recommended on the label, once a week. The other is to fertilize with every wate using a concentration of one tenth to one fifteenth of amount indicated on the label, which may be equivalent knife tip. Excess fertilizer is damaging to the roots of pla

In the house, plants can grow for a long time without fertilizer at all. The purpose in adding these chemicals to soil is to encourage more growth or bloom. Therefore, pl that you want to keep compact should be starved by u even less fertilizers than we have indicated.

When a plant you have been fertilizing regularly s growing or blooming it is a sure warning that it is no lo absorbing the nutrition you are giving it. Continuing fertilizing program will only cause root burn and rot. cessation of growth may be due to any number of causes, certainly not to lack of fertilizer. Do not fertilize the p again until a month after new growth or bloom starts. An ing plant should never be fertilized, for it too, is unabl utilize extra nutrients.

LEACHING. No plant ever absorbs *all* the fertilizer give it. So there is a constant buildup of superfluous salt the soil. This must be eliminated periodically. The best cedure is to water plants thoroughly once a month and a the pots to drain, thus carrying away the salts.

From "Plants That Really Bloom Indoors," by George and Virginie Elbert. Copyri 1974 by George and Virginie Elbert. Reprinted by permission of Simon & Schuste

A great meal with a great deal.



You and
our cat can't miss
ith Tender Vittles. Delicious Tender Vittles
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here's a choice of two money-saving coupons below
at make it great for your pocketbook too.

15¢ OFF

On any two boxes of Tender Vittles Cat Food. **15¢**



Dealer: For payment of face value, plus 5¢ handling, send to Ralston Purina Company, P.O. Box 1107, St. Louis, Missouri 63188. Coupon will be honored only if it was honored by retailer consistent with the terms hereof submitted by a retailer of our merchandise or a clearinghouse approved by us and acting for, and at the risk of such a retailer. The obligation to redeem this coupon is expressly conditioned on the retailer showing on request invoices proving purchases of sufficient stock within the past 90 days to cover coupons presented for redemption. Any other application constitutes fraud. This coupon is nontransferable, nonassignable and redemption is limited to one coupon per specified product and size. Any sales tax must be paid by customer. Offer void where prohibited, taxed, or otherwise restricted. Cash redemption 1/20 of 1¢. Limit one coupon per purchase of Purina Tender Vittles.® Any other use constitutes fraud. Unauthorized mechanical reproduction of this coupon is prohibited. **Coupon expires April 30, 1978.**

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7¢ **On any one box of Tender Vittles Cat Food.**

94 TV 94

Bread—A Matter of Design

An exciting new museum shows how even the most commonplace things of life can help us understand serious matters of design.



Photograph by Judy Lawn

This picture was not taken in a bakery, but in New York's newest museum, the Cooper-Hewitt on upper Fifth Avenue. The over-100 loaves have been suitably treated for long-term display in the museum's opening show, "Man Transforms," based on a concept of Hans Hollein. Hollein's concept is a simple one, but a real mind-expander: More than just a mix of flour, water and shortening, bread is also a matter of design, one of man's most versatile creations.

The exhilarating delight of the show (sponsored by Johnson's Wax) is how Hollein and his associates help us understand the meaning of design by using such a commonplace object as bread—flat, round, braided, small, large, dark, light; some meant for eating, some to serve as utensils, some with religious significance.

There are no helpful museum comments with this show; everything depends on the viewer's own perception. But it is the organizers' inspiration to so select objects that we see at once what the intent is. Imagine, beyond the bread, a display of hundreds of hammers; a maze walled in door knobs, a gallery hung with variations on a square of white cloth. Design serves function.

This is a show for the whole family. If you're in New York, try to make it to Cooper-Hewitt. There is talk about moving the show around the country. If it does, don't miss it.—John Stevens

Our pride. Your joy.



We're so proud of Cracker Barrel's fine flavor and excellence, can you blame us for wanting to show-off a little? It's a delicious reason America spells cheese KRAFT.

TOP HAT CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

- ⅓ cup PARKAY Margarine
- ⅓ cup flour
- 1½ cups milk
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Dash of cayenne
- 2 cups (8 ozs.) shredded CRACKER BARREL Brand Sharp Natural Cheddar Cheese
- 6 eggs, separated

Heat oven to 300°. Make a white sauce with margarine, flour, milk and seasonings. Add cheese; stir until melted. Remove from heat. Gradually add slightly beaten egg yolks; cool. Fold into stiffly beaten egg whites; pour into a 2-quart soufflé dish or casserole. With tip of spoon, make slight indentation or "track" around top of soufflé 1-inch in from edge to form a top hat. Bake at 300°, 1 hour and 15-minutes. Serve immediately. 6 servings



KRAFT

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LIVING WITH YOUR STARS

FOR APRIL

ARIES (March 21–April 19) A super month. People wi want to spoil you. Expect surprises. It's a lucky time for cas and romance. *Great for starting something new:* 18th.

TAURUS (April 20–May 20) You'll be on the go durin this happy and amusing month. You'll be making travel plan or arranging a move. Expect good news and new friends t enter the scene. *Fortunate for interviews:* 29th.

GEMINI (May 21–June 20) The tide of luck will be flow ing your way. Good things will come without much effort Friends have a helpful role to play. *Lucky for favors:* 6th.

CANCER (June 21–July 22) Your activities are well-starred Go ahead with plans and ideas. A weekend away from hom may bring you a new friend and a change of outlook. *You lucky day:* 15th.

LEO (July 23–August 22) The social, fun side of your lif will take a lot of time but you deserve this relaxation. Don' feel guilty about chores neglected. Changes that occur wil benefit you more than you think. *Favorable for travel:* 3rd.

VIRGO (August 23–September 22) This month, you coul over-tire yourself trying to complete jobs that really coul wait. Nervous tension will lead to quarrels. Make time fo fun and relaxation. *Good for airing grievances:* 23rd.

LIBRA (September 23–October 22) A lucky month for peo ple close to you. The end of the month marks the start of a strenuous, exciting period lasting several weeks, so start t organize now. *Fine for a family outing:* 9th.

SCORPIO (October 23–November 21) This is a hectic month, bringing unexpected journeys. Try not to waste time or make impulsive promises. Long-standing cash problems will soon be solved. *Good for using your intuition:* 12th.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22–December 21) Your lucky days for house or apartment hunting–or for starting home improvements–are the 3rd, 20th and 26th. Keep in touch with friends and remain active socially. *Lucky for love:* 5th.

CAPRICORN (December 22–January 19) Travel is indicated as are new activities and romance. You are now in a fortunate phase of life that will last for quite some time. Favor the new. *Excellent for making inquiries:* 25th.

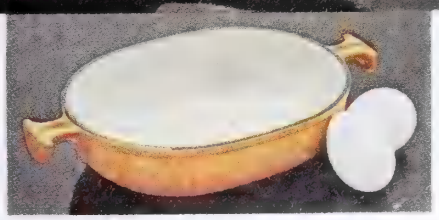
AQUARIUS (January 20–February 18) A busy, yet carefree period with signs that you'll be lucky in money matters. Whether married or single, your love life will be blissful. If a parent, you'll be pleased with the progress and intiative of your youngsters. *Fortunate for cash matters:* 11th.

PISCES (February 19–March 20) An important month for your worldly hopes and ambitions. You'll probably be entering into a long-term agreement. Mars in your sign indicates a boost in your health and love life. *Good for bulk-buying:* 21st.—PETER VIDAL

Our Newest Heirloom.







e Creuset is a French tradi-
on—many of our pots and
ans lasting through four gen-
rations of everyday cooking
nd clean up. So when we
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hanged the shape but kept the tradition.

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eak handles and lots of colors—spice
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patulas and detergents.

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And you can begin to save for posterity now with this specially priced 6 piece contemporary design starter set:
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And in case your granddaughter might like an 8¼″ x 6¾″ oval dish, it's on sale at $12.95. Regularly $17.95.

For the retailer nearest you who carries Le Creuset traditional and contemporary designs and for a free cookbook of French recipes write: Schiller and Asmus, Inc., Dept. PS 1525 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois 60654.

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MARBLE IN THE ROUND

Marbles, great and small, shaped and polished into perfect spheres make a marvelous collection for a library or study. Some are mounted on their own stands; others are playfully balanced on the nose of a seal, toyed with by a monkey, supported by a snake. A small boy unexpectedly suspends one from the tip of his toe while a gilded cherub pushes an orb twice its size. Whether the marbles stand alone or are used with human figures, frogs or other creatures, their fascinating veinings and color make a handsome area of richness to add elegance to shelves, table tops, entire rooms. They look more impressive when grouped together rather than when separated and used with other accessories.

The Sealy Posturepedic. Every morning your back will tell you there is a difference.



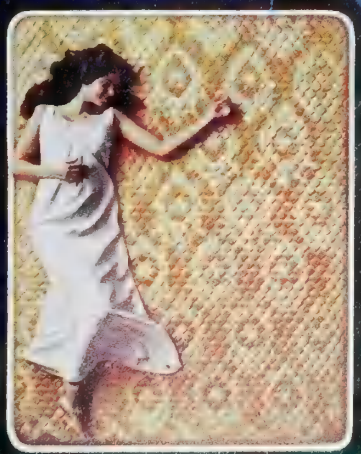
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Sealy Posturepedic® is a unique kind of mattress, designed in co-operation with leading orthopedic surgeons for firmness and support, without sacrificing comfort.

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2. Five separate layers of cushioning assure comfort.
3. The patented torsion bar foundation provides extra firmness, and makes the set a total support system.

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SEALY POSTUREPEDIC

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Photograph by Allen Vogel



GLORIOUS EASTER EGGS

Elaborately decorated Easter eggs are an ancient craft of the Ukraine. The eggs are traditionally designed for a complex melted beeswax process; our adaptation—no less colorful—is simply done with felt-tipped pens. This colorful folk art has its own colorful folklore. It is believed that the fate of the world depends upon the continued tradition of egg-dying; should the craft be abandoned or forgotten, the world would be destroyed by an evil monster kept chained to a cliff. The monster's servants wander the globe keeping track of the number of eggs decorated each year. Too few eggs and the chain loosens; more eggs and the chain holds fast. The custom of egg decorating is carefully passed from mother to daughter, with each family, village and region having their own personal symbols. In addition to the significance of the egg itself as a Christian symbol of rebirth at Easter, the decorative motifs have their own meaning. Brilliantly colored dots recall the Virgin Mary's tears; ribbons and stripes symbolize eternity, as they have neither beginning nor end; realistic or geometric roses represent Christ; circles, plain and fancy, indicate the sun and bring good luck; hens, storks, chicks and other birds appear occasionally as fertility symbols.

Turn page for how-to's.

Shapely Salads!

(Best Foods® Real Mayonnaise keeps these salads in shape.)



FROSTY FRUIT LOAF

(Refreshing frozen yogurt & fruit salad!)

- 1 can (30 oz) fruit cocktail
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
- 1 package (10 oz) frozen sweetened strawberries, thawed, crushed
- 1/2 cup KARO® Light Corn Syrup
- 1 container (8 oz) plain yogurt

Drain fruit cocktail reserving 1/2 cup syrup. In saucepan sprinkle gelatin over syrup. Stir over low heat until dissolved. Beat in Real Mayonnaise. Stir in strawberries and corn syrup. Chill until mixture mounds slightly when dropped from spoon. Fold in fruit cocktail and yogurt. Spoon into 9-inch loaf pan. Cover; freeze until firm. Serves 8.

POLYNESIAN PINEAPPLE

(A main dish with a tropical touch!)

- 1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
- 1 Tbsp. honey
- 2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 2 small pineapples, halved lengthwise*
- 1 can (17 oz) apricot halves, drained, halved
- 2 cups diced cooked ham
- 1/3 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup slivered blanched almonds, toasted

Stir together first 3 ingredients; set aside. Hollow out pineapple halves leaving 1/2-inch shell intact. Remove core; cut pineapple into chunks. In large bowl combine pineapple, apricots, ham, raisins and 1/4 cup of almonds. Spoon into shells; pour on dressing. Garnish with remaining almonds. Serves 4.

*1 can (20 oz) pineapple chunks, drained, may be substituted.

COLE SLAW SOUFFLE

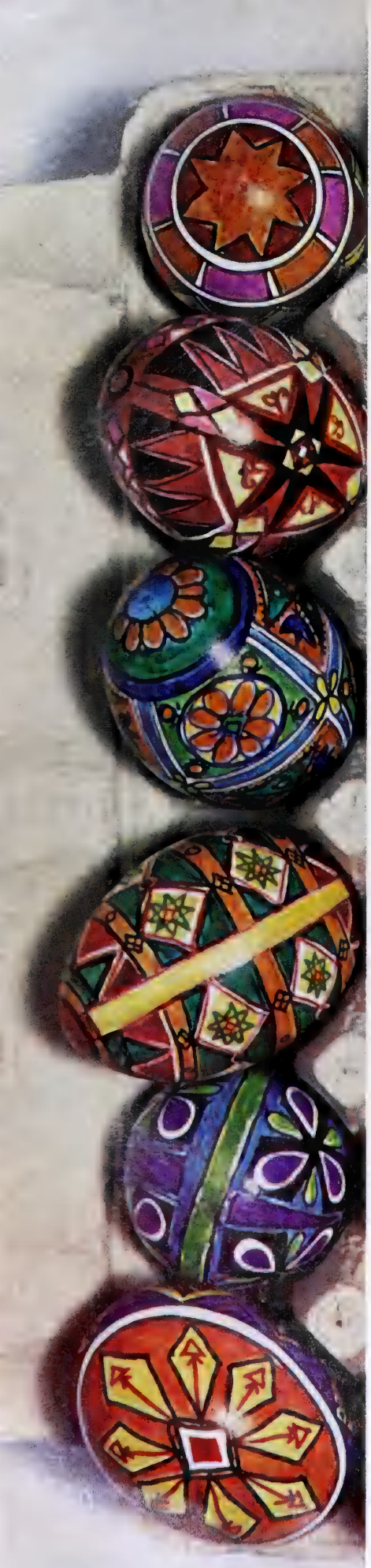
(An elegant side dish that's simple to make!)

- 1 can (8 oz) crushed pineapple
- 1 package (3 oz) orange-flavored gelatin
- 3/4 cup boiling water
- 3/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
- 1 cup finely shredded cabbage
- 1 cup shredded carrot
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

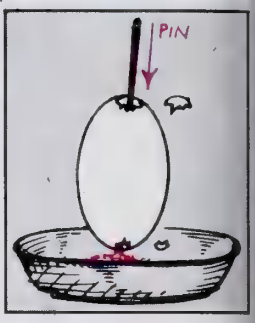
Fold 22-inch piece of aluminum foil in half lengthwise. Tape firmly around 1-quart soufflé dish. Drain pineapple, reserving liquid. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add reserved liquid. Beat in Real Mayonnaise. In loaf pan freeze until firm 1 inch from edge, but soft in center, about 20 minutes. In large bowl beat until fluffy. Fold in pineapple and next 4 ingredients, then egg whites. Pour into prepared dish. Chill until set. Remove foil. Serves 6.





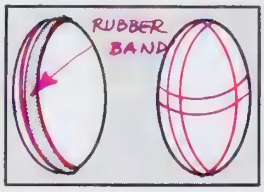


Follow these easy instructions to make your own eggs. ***Materials:*** (All art supplies are available in art or craft shops as well as some hardware and stationery stores.) White eggs—preferably jumbo- or large-sized; egg carton; darning needle or hat pin; 2 small bowls; facial tissue or paper towel; rubber band about ¼" wide by 2½" long before stretching; masking tape or "magic" cellophane tape, hard-lead pencil; soft cloth or towel to cover work table; felt-tipped pens, preferably *thin*-tipped *permanent*, waterproof, smear-proof markers such as Sanford's *Sharpies*. These should be used for major color areas and outlines. Broad-tipped permanent markers such as Carter's *Marks-a-lot* can be used to fill in large areas of solid color, but are too irregular for line work. Accent colors can be any type of waterproof or watercolor felt pen, though preferably thin-tipped. Permanent markers are oil-based and give finished eggs a slightly shiny surface. If you prefer a high gloss, glaze eggs by spraying (from no closer than 14") with Illinois Bronze *#175 Crystal Clear Glaze* or Borden's *Clear Krylon*, or paint with varnish or shellac. But, before you glaze, you *must* make a test egg with lines of every color marker on it. Spray or paint glaze on this egg and let it dry to see if the colors run; different brands of markers react differently and results are unpredictable. To retouch any smeared white areas, use a thin #00 brush and PRO or Luma *Bleed-Proof White* watercolor paint.



Procedure: **1.** To blow eggs easily, warm them slightly in a bowl of hot water. Set an empty bowl on table. Dry water off egg, then use needle to prick an ⅛" hole in egg's narrow end and a ¼" to ⅜" hole in the wider end. Poke needle around inside egg to pierce the yolk. Then press your lips to the smaller hole and gently blow contents of egg out of the large hole into bowl below. Save eggs for cooking Easter specialties. Wash outside of egg with warm water and dry with tissue. Set eggs in carton on tissues to catch drips. Before decorating, inspect shells around holes and wash off any drips. Set a soft cloth on your work table to keep eggs from cracking if they slip from your fingers.

2. Eggs are traditionally divided into evenly spaced horizontal and vertical sections. These are delineated by stretching a rubber band once or several times from top to bottom or around the middle of the egg. Position the guide band, then draw along one or both sides of it with the pencil. Drawing along both edges of the band creates a wide stripe that can be part of the design.* Divide the egg as many times as you wish (look at our examples), or simply leave it plain and draw an all-over freehand design of your own.



3. Within the prepared sections, all motifs and additional lines are drawn freehand with pencil. *Note:* pencil can be erased from the shell or washed off with cotton swabs and water. Generally, the designs are repeated symetrically on the front and back, or top and bottom of the egg.

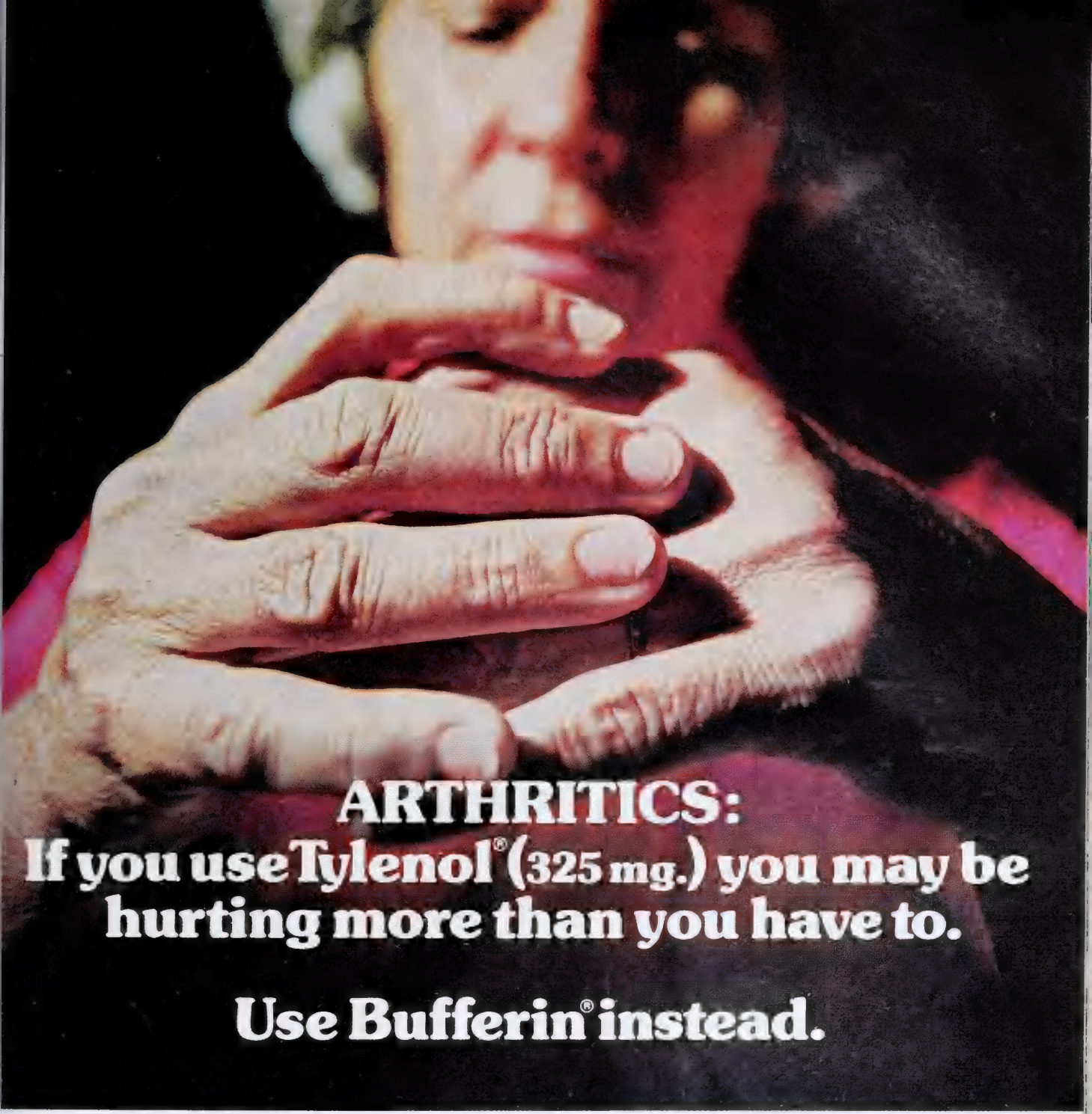


4. Color in designs in any way that seems comfortable. You can hold the egg in your hand, or you can rest the back half of the shell on the work surface and complete the front half first.* Generally, it is easiest to outline your basic design with a permanent marker, then fill in the interior areas. Leave some white shell showing to give sparkle to the design. Smeared areas can be retouched with white paint as noted above.

5. If blowing holes look too conspicuous when the design is complete, cut small patches of tape and press them flat over the openings. Draw designs with markers on tape.

6. Display eggs in whatever way suits your fancy. You can buy holders meant for such display; you can make an Easter basket display; eggs on fabric such as velvet are charming; you can even hang eggs by knotting a string pulled through the blow holes—we've seen eggs hung on Christmas trees that are beautiful. And, these eggs make handsome gifts. **End**

Photographs by Paccione



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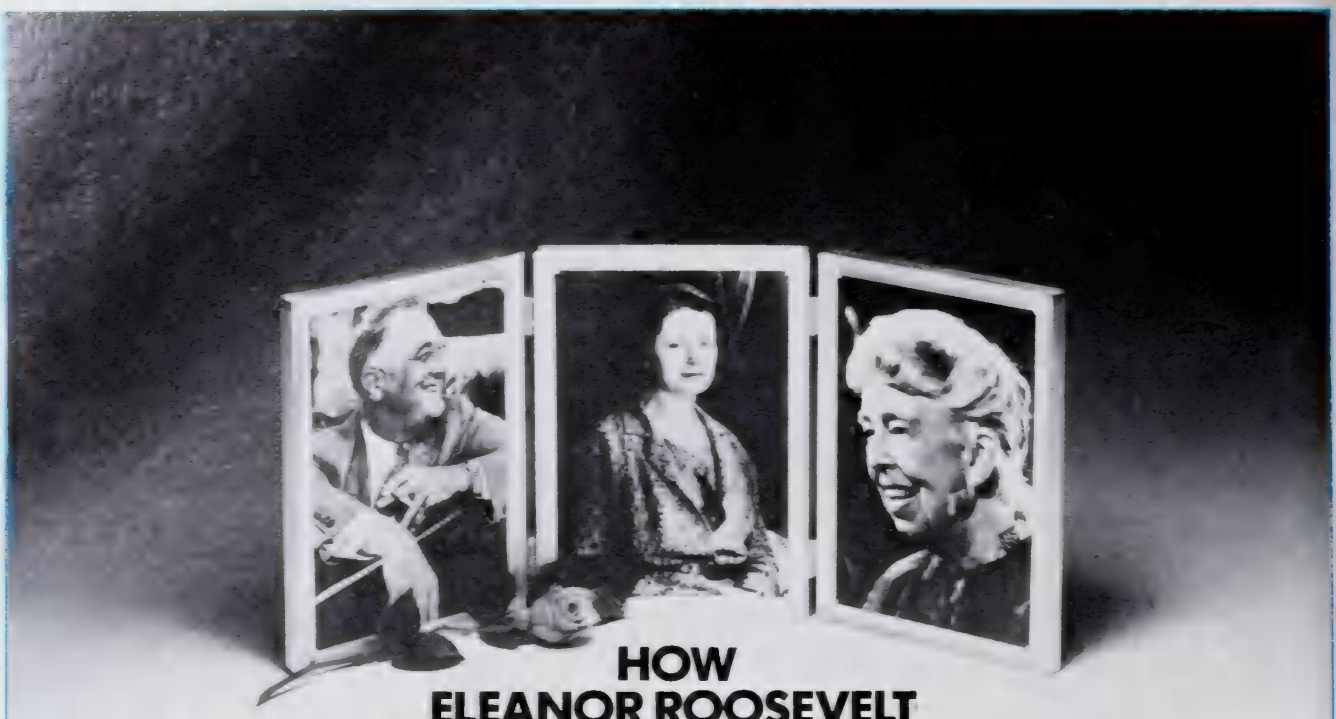
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HOW ELEANOR ROOSEVELT FORGAVE THE "OTHER WOMAN"

BY ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT and James Brough

She had thought FDR's affair with Lucy was over—until the day he died. Now, after 32 years, Mrs. Roosevelt's son tells her story of anguish and forgiveness.

Aunt Polly, FDR's cousin, was the obvious candidate to make the tricky first call. She had deceived Cousin Eleanor – my mother – often enough before, and no twinges of conscience were likely to trouble Polly over what she was about to do. The terror that everyone else in the little Warm Springs clapboard cottage shared would not be detectable in her perennially crisp voice. If the scheme worked, the bleak grief of this 12th day of April in 1945 would be leavened for Polly by a certain, sardonic satisfaction that she had succeeded in tinkering with history.

After the turmoil of the past hour, the still-disordered living room was oddly quiet when Aunt Polly stretched out a thin arm to pick up the telephone. On the easel set up by a window stood the unfinished portrait, abandoned when both the artist and the woman for whom it had been commissioned fled the scene. The canvas depicted a bland likeness of the thirty-second President of the United States, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 63, sporting his Harvard-crimson tie, his shoulders covered by his old Navy cape, which was easier to handle than an overcoat for a man whose wasted legs would not allow him to stand unaided. A vase that Polly had filled with flowers while lunch was being prepared in the kitchen sat in the center of the dining table, where five places were set for a meal that was never eaten.

Joe Espencilla, the Filipino houseman, had helped Arthur Prettyman, the valet, and George Fox, the physical therapist, carry my father's inert body into his bedroom after the massive cerebral hemorrhage struck. The time was then some minutes after 1 P.M. Aunt Polly had gone running for the nearest Secret Serviceman. A call to the swimming pool two miles away had brought Father's cardiologist, Lieutenant Commander Howard G. Bruenn, a reserve officer in the Navy Medical Corps, speeding back by car within 15 minutes.

The young doctor employed his skills in an effort to maintain life in Father's pale, cold, profusely sweating body, now covered with blankets and warmed with hot-water bottles. He tried an injection of papaverine and then amyl nitrite with the aim of relieving contraction of the arteries to keep the blood coursing. Father was totally unconscious, legs numbed, muscles twitching, and soiled by loss of continence, yet for the present his heartbeat was steady. Each labored breath could be heard outside the flimsy bedroom door where his black Scottie, Fala, waited.

There had been four guests in the place that newspapers grandiosely labeled the Little White House when Father complained of a headache, raised a hand to his neck, then slumped, head lolling, in his worn leather armchair. Now, besides Polly, only Margaret Suckley remained. She was another of Father's multitude of cousins who would do anything for her adored Franklin, including connive in the subterfuge that Polly already had in mind.

Its purpose was to conceal from my mother and the world at large the fact that Mrs. Winthrop Rutherfurd II, whom Father had set above all other women, had been with him on this occasion—as she had been on uncounted other days during the past two years. It was for Lucy Mercer Rutherfurd, a widow now, that Father had agreed to let Elizabeth Shoumatoff paint his portrait, a gift intended to be passed along to Lucy's daughter Barbara. In 1943, Lucy herself had commissioned a water color of Father from the same artist.

Perhaps Lucy sensed at the moment of Father's collapse that he would not live to speak to her again, making it both futile and hazardous to stay at the cottage any longer. A stroke of those proportions inflicts such physical damage that even untrained eyes could foresee the inevitable outcome. Lucy, for whose gentle, smiling love Father had been ready to leave Mother after 13 years of marriage in 1918, hurried away with Madame Shoumatoff almost immediately.

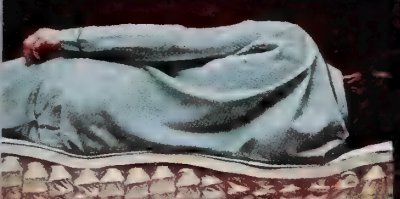
Rehearsing what she would say, Aunt Polly asked the White House operator to *(continued on page 86)*

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MOST PEOPLE MOVE ABOUT ORTY TIMES A NIGHT. THEIR MATTRESS SHOULD MOVE WITH THEM.

When you sleep on a Beautyrest, it doesn't just lie there. It moves with you. Something ordinary mattresses can't do as well. Because the springs in ordinary mattresses are all wired together. When you push one, it pulls lots of other springs down. When you lay down, the mattress treats your body like one big chunk.



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ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

continued

put her through to Mother. A spinster with a fancy for romance, Laura Delano—which was Aunt Polly's true name—had always delighted in taunting Cousin Eleanor. In her opinion, Mother was a poor choice as a bride for Father in the first place. Polly, a sprite no more than four feet, nine inches tall, with parchment skin and purple hair, often invited us children up to her 200-acre place at Rhinebeck, N.Y. As we grew, she plied us with the liquor that Mother abhorred.

"Don't be so stuffy, Eleanor," she would tease, her sharp eyes glittering, when Mother objected. More than anyone else, Polly had later acted as go-between, responsible for restoring Lucy to Father's life when the age of passion had passed for both of them.

Mother's calendar of appointments for the day so far had been more or less routine. At her morning press conference, she spoke up for the United Nations, whose birth was scheduled for 13 days ahead in San Francisco. Tomorrow's frenzied newspapers would spare scarcely an inch of space for the story. She lunched with a spokeswoman for Russian War Relief and persuaded my sister Anna to join them. The afternoon promised nothing more momentous than a four o'clock benefit tea at the Sulgrave Club for one of her long list of good causes, the Thrift Shop, which she would attend with a President's widow, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

Mother also had promised to try to see Leo Szilard, nuclear physicist and one of the progenitors of the atomic bomb. Along with the Italian, Enrico Fermi, he had prompted Albert Einstein to write to Father, warning him that this most powerful weapon of destruction might well become a reality. The outcome was the Manhattan Project, for which FDR appropriated $2 billion of completely unauthorized federal funds to make the bomb before Germany did.

Szilard, who was employed on the super-secret undertaking, had an uncanny pre-vision of the future. He foresaw the necessity of avoiding another desperate contest to achieve postwar nuclear supremacy—between the United States and the Soviet Union. His memorandum must be read only by the president, but Father had not replied to Szilard's last letter. So Szilard had sought a meeting with Mother, to use her as a conduit. His appointment was lost in the chaos of the day.

Polly had to play for time. A cover-up would require that all trace of Lucy's presence be erased. If Mother were told the truth about Father's collapse, she would be aboard a plane for Warm Springs in minutes. Not a second was frittered away whenever she felt one of the family or a dear friend was in need.

Since his return from Yalta at the end of February, Mother had recognized that Father was growing prematurely old, worn out by the pressures of conducting the war. The evidence was there in his drawn, tense face, the voice that had lost its resonance, the hands that sometimes shook uncontrollably. With Anna, she watched from the gallery of the House of Representatives when he told Congress and the nation what had been consummated at the latest round of meetings with Churchill and Stalin.

"I hope that you will pardon me for an unusual posture of sitting down during the presentation of what I want to say," he began, "but I know that you will realize that it makes it a lot easier for me in not having to carry about ten pounds of steel around on the bottom of my legs."

Sitting while he spoke in public was highly unusual. Never before had he mentioned the braces. Mother concluded that he had reconciled himself to infirmity and the repellent truth that he would never realize the dream of walking again, which he had cherished from the time that polio crippled him in 1921.

Loss of inner circle

He brooded over the death of "Pa" Watson, presidential naval aide and one of the last survivors of the innermost circle around Father. Louis Howe, the gnome of a man who had steered Father on his political career; Missy LeHand, the secretary who had served him with body and soul; Gus Gennerich, who was bodyguard and intimate friend—they were all dead. The illness of Harry Hopkins, who'd been the New Deal's heir apparent, was so critical at the Yalta Conference that he had been compelled to fly home to the United States.

So Father's solitude increased. There was scarcely anyone left for him to chat and joke with in his study as he had done by the hour in the past. He saw fewer people and cut their visits short. In contrast with Churchill, who took to his bed every afternoon, Father's habit had been to work on unless he was exceptionally weary. Now he, too, needed a nap in the middle of the day.

Anna was eager to keep him sheltered from every form of intrusion. She gloried in supervising Father's days in her chosen role as chatelaine and presidential protector. With her three children, she had moved in to fill the gap after a stroke left Missy partially paralyzed. Anna's first marriage, to Curtis Dall, had broken up. Her new husband, John Boettiger, was a colonel serving in Europe with the army's military government branch. For the past year, my sister had been living in the redecorated Lincoln Suite of the White House. She made Father's care a full-time occupation and relished every moment of it.

He had needed no urging to get away to Warm Springs. Mother found him "anxious" to spend a couple of weeks recuperating in the sun. He was itching to be off all through March, tantalized by the certainty that Lucy would arrange to be there, too. So far as Mother knew, Mrs. Rutherfurd belonged to the buried past, with its memories too agonizing to be dwelt on. Lucy was the golden-haired, slim-waisted girl who had worked for Mother as a part-time social secretary after Father became assistant secretary of the Navy in 191 and the family made its first move to Washington, D.C. Twenty-five years ago, Lucy had married Winthrop "Win" Rutherfurd—whose own first love had been Consuelo Vanderbilt—and that had marked the end of the chapter, in Mother's estimation.

Father managed to leave just before the month was over. Mother felt relieved that he could find the rest he so obviously needed to rebuild his health and strength. The original plan had been for Anna to go with him as she had to Yalta, but her youngest child, Johnny, lay gravely ill in the Bethesda Naval Hospital, and she elected to stay close to him. On Good Friday, March 30, Father drove himself off to the Little White House in the small blue Ford with the specially-fitted hand controls, after the presidential train had delivered him to Warm Springs. Lucy arrived on April 9, three days before Father's fatal stroke.

Mother was in her second-floor sitting room in the White House when Polly's call came into the switchboard. She had a visitor: Charles Taussig, a veteran New Dealer and president of the American Molasses Company, but Mrs. Malvina Thompson, the plump, genial secretary whom we all called Tommy, interrupted, signaling Mother to pick up the phone.

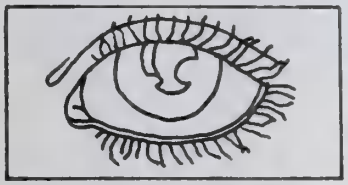
The hands on the old-fashioned watch, a gift from Father that she forever wore pinned to her dress, pointed to some minutes before 3:30. In the bedroom at Warm Springs, the pupils of my father's eyes were dilated and pitch black, his breath faltered and the purple of cyanosis replaced the tan that in recent days had returned to his cheeks. Summoned by telephone, Dr. James A. Paullin, an Atlanta heart specialist, was heading toward the cottage as fast as his car would carry him.

But Polly's tone would betray no more than her careful sentences. "Eleanor? There is no cause for you to upset yourself, but I think you should know that Franklin has had a fainting spell down here."

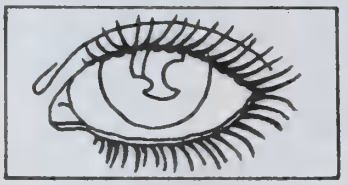
For as long as she could remember, Mother had kept a tight rein on her responses. The standards of conduct she set for herself were as rigid as those of a Victorian finishing school. *(continued)*

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ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

continued

A visitor should not be disturbed by any unseemly displa of emotion. It was unthinkable for Mr. Taussig to be allowe a hint of a confidential family matter. She asked only guarded question or two of Polly.

"Where did this happen?"

"He was having his portrait painted and he just keele over."

"Who is looking after things?"

"He was put right to bed. Dr. Bruenn is with him."

With customary politeness, Mother brought the conversa tion with Taussig to an early close so that she might spea privately with Admiral Ross McIntire, FDR's personal phys cian, in Washington, D.C. For almost an hour, he had know the truth about Father's condition. He assured her that ther was no cause for alarm. Inevitably, the cover-up now e tended far beyond Aunt Polly. In times of stress, those wh serve a president apparently feel obliged to prevent any hi of scandal, at whatever cost.

Mother's instincts were not completely satisfied. She mu go to Warm Springs. McIntire convinced her that she shoul wait until evening, playing on her abiding desire to do wha ever was *proper*. "He thought I had better go on with m afternoon engagements," she recalled, "since it would caus great comment if I canceled them at the last moment."

No breath of life or beat of heart remained in Father a 3:31, when Dr. Paullin hurried into the cottage. Artificia respiration worked no better than the adrenalin injecte straight into the muscles of the heart. At 3:35, Bruenn pro nounced the end.

On Pine Mountain, the charcoal had been lit for the bar becue Father had been looking forward to attending later i the afternoon. A trio of shirt-sleeved reporters, waiting t cover the barbecue, swapped gossip in the sunlight, and i his uniform of chief petty officer in the United States Navy Graham Jackson stood with his accordion, ready to entertai the president. An abrupt summons from the Little Whit House brought the newsmen filing into the living room where Bill Hassett, presidential press secretary, whispered "Gentlemen, it is my sad duty to inform you. . ."

Eleanor summoned

In Washington, after some introductory words from Moth er, the ladies at the Sulgrave Club had settled down to enjo themselves when once again she was called to the telephone Steve Early, who had begun handling Father's press rela tions a quarter-century ago, could say no more than "Com at once, please" before his voice broke.

It was not necessary to ask him why. "In my heart I knev what had happened," Mother remembered, "but one doe not actually formulate these terrible thoughts until they ar spoken." Politeness demanded she return to the tea party Something had come up at home that required her attention she explained. "I am so sorry to have to leave so soon."

The clenching of her strong hands was the only outward sign of distress as she waited in her second-floor sitting room for Steve Early and Ross McIntire. Otherwise, she retained total control. She sat in silence for a minute after they pu into words what her sensibilities had already told her: tha the husband she had served rather than loved during most o the 40 years of their marriage lay dead in Warm Springs.

She said nothing of personal grief, and her eyes were dry As a patriot, she realized what should be done next. She asked for Harry Truman. At the vice-president's podium in the Sen ate, he was about to wind up business for the day when h received the call. My mother, inches taller than he, walked across to him as he came into her room *(continued)*



The weekend binge.

Monday morning weigh-ins can be painful. That's when you remember the diet you'd forgotten all weekend.

You see, most diets aren't designed to fit into your weekend. When picnics, parties, and late-night suppers chip away at your will power. When you're out of your normal diet routine, and you're too relaxed to be bothered with counting calories. But there is one diet plan that's different... the Ayds Plan.

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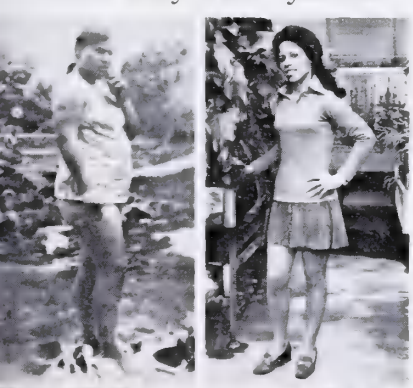
Before the picnic, before the party, enjoy a couple of Ayds® Reducing Plan Candies with a hot drink, to give your will power a head start.

Ayds contains no drugs. It *naturally* stimulates the blood sugar apparatus in your body. And because Ayds helps take the edge off your appetite, it's easier to say "no" to extra calories.

You may even begin to welcome the Monday morning weigh-ins.

This plan has worked for literally thousands of women. The photos of Carrie Bilgera (at lower left) are just one example of what the Ayds Plan can do.

Why not let Ayds help end your weekend binge. At Ayds, we want you to win.



From 175 lbs... **...to 110 lbs.**



We want you to win.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

continued

and put an arm around his shoulders. Anna and Steve Early were beside her.

"Harry," she said calmly, "the President is dead."

For a while, Mr. Truman could not find his voice. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he said at last.

"Is there anything *we* can do for *you?*" she answered. "You are the one in trouble now." She still spoke of sorrow only in terms of others, of the country that had lost its leader, with never a word about her own feelings.

To each of her sons, Jimmy, Franklin, Johnny and me, she sent the same radiogram: FATHER SLEPT AWAY. HE WOULD EXPECT YOU TO CARRY ON AND FINISH YOUR JOBS. I would reflect later that, of all the family, she was the only one to do precisely that. As it was, I learned the numbing news in England, where I was serving in the United States Army Air Force, before her message reached me. I was aboard a flight to Washington some hours after Mother had seen the 33rd president take the oath of office at 7:09 p.m. At 7:15 she left for Warm Springs with Early and McIntire. The United States had spent half a day without a functioning president while the war remained to be won.

Orders coffin sealed

It was close to midnight when she entered the cottage, giving a quick embrace to Polly and Margaret Suckley and a kiss to Grace Tully, who had been Missy LeHand's right-hand assistant. "I am so very sorry for all of you," she told them. She listened briefly to what they had to tell her about Father's last hours before she walked alone into his bedroom, closing the door behind her. When she came out, her face was grave. There and then, she ordered the coffin to be sealed. That, she said, was in accordance with a decision that she and Father had reached in the past.

There was another unspoken consideration. The violence of the damage to his brain had so disfigured Father's face that it bore little resemblance to that of the living man whose mouth was always ready to smile. She would have no one else but herself and those who had already been into the room share the shock. Only once did she ask for the lid to be raised; in the East Room of the White House, she stood alone beside the coffin for a moment or two to place a handful of flowers inside.

In Moscow, an outcry for an autopsy was to arise. Stalin suspected that, as part of a capitalistic plot, poison had done away with Father, on whom Stalin relied to maintain the Big Three partnership through victory into a lasting peace. But Mother would not dream of allowing pathologists to perform their acts of mutilation. The coffin stayed sealed. She wanted him to be remembered as he was when he was alive.

In the pre-dawn hours of April 13, as she tried to compose herself for sleep, she could detect some inexplicable omissions in the account she had been given of the events of the previous day. Father had trained her in observing, listening and asking questions when he sent her off as his roving reporter in his first term, touring the country to bring back to him firsthand accounts of how America was surviving the Depression. She had developed an insatiable curiosity and determination to get to the root of any situation. The information she was able to pry out when the household awoke made for a day that she described as "long and heartbreaking." She learned of Lucy's presence, and she pieced together what had occurred minute by minute as Father died.

Too many people were involved for the secret to be kept when Mother began asking questions. Just when was the President taken ill and what was he doing at the time? Exactly who was in the room with him? For what purpose was the portrait intended? Why the delay in telephoning her? She found everybody "as self-controlled and calm as possible," but piecing their answers together, she could confront Polly with the crucial question: How did Mrs. Rutherfurd come to be here?

The cover-up had failed. It was useless to try to brazen things out or continue the dissembling. From Polly, she learned how Lucy and Father had been reunited in companionship. Mother would not allow herself to show any sign of distress, and it was impossible for Polly to resist a question of her own: "And was anything wrong with that?"

When her own account of the turmoil came to be written, Mother did not mention the name of Lucy Mercer Rutherfurd, yet in her characteristically oblique way she left those who knew her best in no doubt about her feelin "Though this was a terrible blow," s said, "somehow one had no chance think of it as personal sorrow. It was t sorrow of all those to whom this ma who now lay dead, and who happen to be my husband—had been a symb of strength and fortitude."

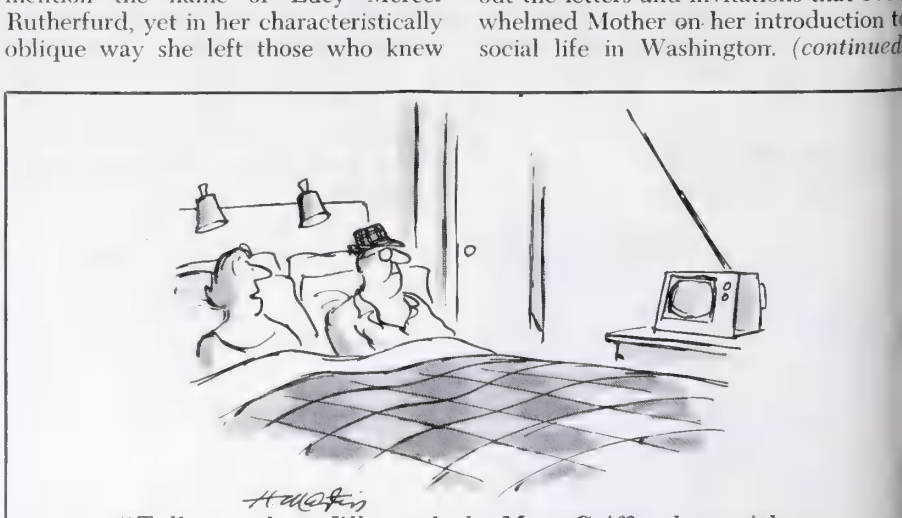
She made it a point of honor not nurse grudges, but she could never co pletely forgive Aunt Polly. On the su face, nothing changed between the Polly received the usual invitations visit Mother, and she kept up her jib at Cousin Eleanor, but Mother seldo set foot in Polly's house again.

At 10 A.M. on April 13, to the dru beats of an army band from Fo Benning, the funeral procession wou between the ranks of paratroopers pa the white cottages of the Warm Sprin Foundation. Polio victims in wheelchai waved farewell, and out from the porti of Georgia Hall came Graham Jackso seizing his final chance to play his a cordian for the man the world could st think of only as *the* President. "Goin Home" was the song he chose, with tea descending his cheeks.

A guard of honor surrounded the fla covered coffin in the end car of the pres dential train. Mother sat in the loung car as the 23-hour journey northwar began. When night came and the tra was darkened except for the dimly l last coach, she lay in her berth, mai taining her vigil while her mind race

There was no way in which she migh suppress memories of Lucy Mercer. A always in hours of stress, she felt in adequate and insecure.

She remembered her first contac with Lucy, when young Miss Merce arrived to work most mornings at ou little red brick, row house at Numbe 1733 N Street, a picture of innocence turned out in a white blouse and lon skirt, with a black velvet ribbon encir cling her neck. She would compose her self on the living room rug, spreadin out the letters and invitations that over whelmed Mother on her introduction t social life in Washington. *(continued*



"Tell you what—I'll watch the Merv Griffin show with you if you'll do a little favor for me."


hey say I'm a
orning person.
aybe so.
t I can't do a thing
I've had my Dial.
n you great big,
autiful,
lden bar.
ash away
e sleep.
lash on the
nfidence.
u can't
y a better
odorant
ap.
one
at lasts
nger.
Aren't you glad!
dial

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
continued

Father called her "the lovely Lucy," but that seemed in character; he bantered with everyone.

Mother's suspicions did not begin to stir until after the birth of her last child, my brother Johnny, in March, 1916, which marked the conclusion of all physical relations between husband and wife. After working hours he was openly meeting Lucy, who had joined his staff at the Navy Department. Mother was too miserable and too timid to do more than upbraid him for his increasing lack of attention to her. She had no proof of infidelity.

The proof fell into her hands by chance. For the first time, Lucy and Father exchanged letters when he took off for Europe in the summer of 1918 to see London, Paris and the battle lines at Verdun. He sailed home suffering from double pneumonia and was carried to bed in a stretcher. Unpacking his bags, Mother found Lucy's letters.

Her impulse was to seek divorce on grounds of adultery, which was all that the courts of New York recognized. Sara Delano Roosevelt, our patrician grandmother, quashed that. If the marriage were shattered, she would cut off the flow of cash Father needed to supplement his income. If that would not be sufficient punishment, a divorce mean political suicide. So Fathe persuaded to agree to give up Luc Mother, on reflection, reconciled l to that solution. Yet he had broke promise, if he had ever intended t it, and he had contrived to withhc truth from her. She had been t and she could not tell yet how people had lied to her in the co keeping the secret.

It seemed to Mother that "ev in the world" came to the funeral s —the President, the Cabinet, just the Supreme Court, senators, co men, the elite of the diplomatic union bosses and bureaucrats, v spill-over congregation gathered Blue Room next door. There was ous twist of courtesy: everyone when Mother entered, but the mained sitting on the little gilt when Harry Truman came in waited until the hymns had beer and the prayer was over, then sh the first to leave. She had busin attend to with Anna.

Asks Anna why

Her face was bleak when she into my sister's room. "Why was told about Mrs. Rutherfurd? Yo tainly must have known about her did you say nothing to me?"

Anna dissembled as a child have done, although she was th years old. "I didn't know she wo at Warm Springs."

"Has she ever been in the House?"

My sister confessed that she Father had invited Lucy to dinner Mother was away. Anna had ser hostess. Did she know who Mrs. R furd was? Yes, there was no prete otherwise.

The realization that her only da had been an accomplice added i surably to Mother's anguish. The frontation left both of them distu but Anna made a rapid recovery was the first to greet me when I re the White House. Her account showdown was lighthearted.

"Boy, am I in the doghouse!" sh "But she'll get over it in a day or

Elsewhere, Anna put a less fri gloss on her feelings: "I was enough to wonder whether it make my relationship with Mothe cult. It did, for two or three days was all. We never spoke about it a That was not what happened. years after, there was little w in Mother's approach to Anna. Fo ness had to wait until my sister su an illness that made her an inval months.

Father wanted to be buried in hi backyard, in the rose garden clo his house in Hyde Park, N.Y. He written the *(continued on page*



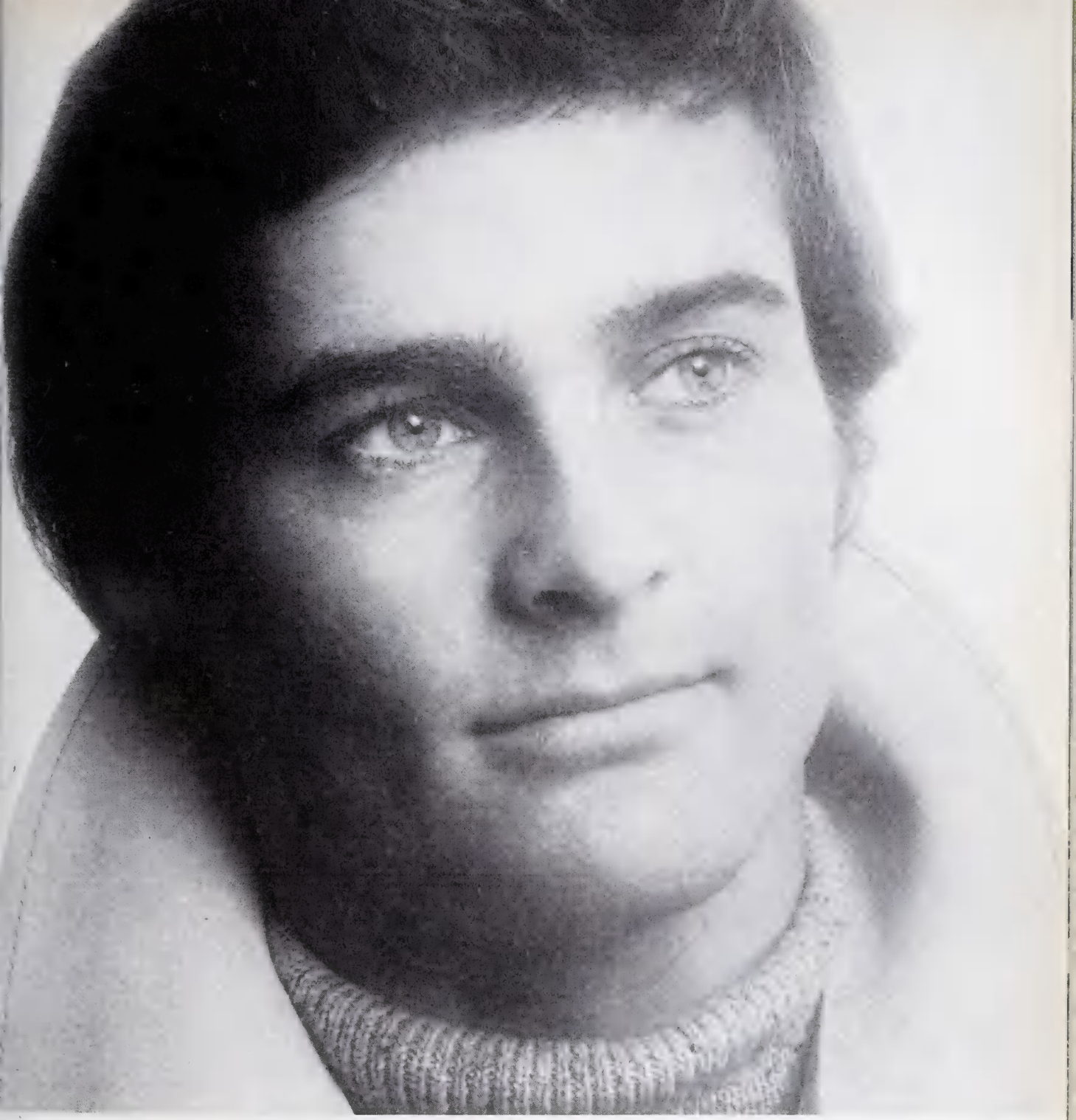
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THE MENACE OF DRUNKEN DOCTORS

For many doctors, what begins as social drinking can end in tragedy—for them and for their patients. An alarming report on alcoholic physicians—and what can be done about them. By Donald Robinson

There have always been doctors who drink too much, just as there have been alcoholic carpenters and lawyers. But there's a frightening difference between them. Carpenters don't remove gallbladders when they're drunk, and alcoholic lawyers don't try to diagnose what is causing a crying child to run a 105-degree fever.

The problem of alcoholic physicians has received little attention outside of locker room gossip among the doctors themselves. Too often, it is hushed up in medical circles the same way that the strange case of the Marcus twins—the two gynecologists who became hooked on barbiturates and died of it—was concealed from public view during the time they practiced in a big New York hospital under the influence of drugs. Fortunately, such hush-ups may become less common, because the American Medical Association has launched a broad-scale campaign to get alcoholic doctors out of the practice of medicine and into treatment.

It is interesting to contrast the working conditions of pilots, who also carry life-and-death responsibility, with those of doctors. The Federal Aviation Agency strictly limits the number of hours that an airline pilot can fly each day and bans all airline pilots from tasting any alcoholic beverage for at least eight hours before flight time. Most airlines go further and prohibit pilots from drinking for 24 hours before they fly. I don't know of one hospital, though, that regulates the hours a physician may work, or rules on how long before performing surgery a doctor may drink an alcoholic beverage.

How high is the incidence of alcoholism among physicians? Dr. LeClair Bissell, director of the Smithers Alcoholism Treatment and Training Center at Roosevelt Hospital in New York City, is considered by many to be the country's leading authority on alcoholism in the medical profession. Dr. Bissell estimates that, "Ten to 12 percent of the 360,700 physicians in the United States are now or will become alcoholics."

The National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism, an arm of the U.S. Public Health Service, agrees with Dr. Bissell's figures, defining an alcoholic as "an excessive drinker whose dependence upon alcohol shows in a noticeable mental disturbance or an interference in his bodily and mental health, interpersonal relations and his social and economic functioning."

Physicians afflicted with this disease—like most alcoholics—deny that they have it. The tragedy is that their fellow-doctors often cooperate by covering up for them. As a consequence, thousands of alcoholic doctors may be jeopardizing the lives of their patients today.

"It is a terrible problem," states Frank A. Seixas, medical director of the National Council on Alcoholism, an organization that has been combating alcoholism for 32 years. "The hazard that this poses to the patients and to society is incredible."

I know of a 44-year-old heart surgeon at a large New England hospital who started drinking the moment he arose each morning. Once, he passed out in the operating room after he'd implanted an artificial valve inside a woman's heart. Later, he didn't even remember doing the delicate operation. The doctor who revived him covered up for him. He reported that the heart surgeon had fainted because his blood sugar was too low. Another time, he performed a risky carotid endarterectomy—scraping the fatty deposits out of a crucial artery that supplies blood to the head—after he'd had a quart of vodka and 35 tablets of Percodan, a powerful narcotic. (Mixing drug with alcohol abuse is not an uncommon practice among doctors.)

More than two and a half years passed like this before his fellow physicians finally suspended his hospital privileges and induced him to enter an alcoholic rehabilitation center. There is no way of telling how many patients he may have harmed during that period.

The San Francisco *Examiner* published an interview with a surgeon who operated under the influence of alcohol for 13 years. Every day at lunchtime, he stopped at a bar and ordered ten ounces of whiskey, the equivalent of more than six drinks. He swallowed this down in one gulp. If something was particularly bothering him, he ordered another ten ounces of whiskey.

"I had a lot of happy surgery where I'd be operating with a drinking buddy and we'd be stupid, happy drunk," he confessed to a reporter. "During surgery we might stop, slap hands and say, 'Atta boy, Al, way to go. What a beautiful job you're doing.'

"The anesthetist was over there gritting her teeth, trying to keep the patient asleep while we were horsing around. We simply had no concern for anybody—or anything—but ourselves."

He'd operate at night, come to the hospital the following morning and have no idea of what he'd done ten hours *(continued on page 215)*

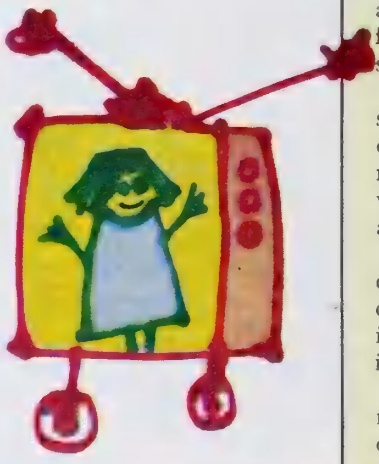

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The latest news, information and ideas for parents and children.
By Geraldine Carro



Mothering

THE TV TYRANT
How to Liberate the Children



Eyes glazed, jaws slack, they sit transfixed by the TV. As their parents, we wonder if the programs they watch will poison their minds; if the parade of murders our children witness will really inspire them to violence.

No one knows for sure exactly how TV violence affects normal kids. (However, studies show that troubled children sometimes try to act out the atrocities they see on the screen.)

But the trouble with TV is not just content. As alarming as what our children watch, is how much they watch: By high school graduation, the average American child has spent 15,000 hours in front of the TV, or 3,000 hours more than in school. The average preschooler watches about 26 hours a week. This means that during their formative years, many children spend more time gazing at Big Bird and soap opera figures than relating to real people.

"Instead of taking an active part in life, our three-year-olds are learning to escape," says Marie Winn, author of *The Plug-In Drug*, a new book that looks at the effects of video on the very young.* Having spent a lot of time watching the watchers, Ms. Winn believes TV may have a drug-like effect on young viewers. As they sit watching, hour after hour, they enter into a sort of TV trance becoming oblivious to what goes on around them. Some even suffer "withdrawal symptoms"—prolonged cranky spells when the set is turned off.

At this age, children aren't true addicts, says Ms. Winn. Given simple play activities, most will happily forget the set. The parents of preschoolers are the ones who become hooked. In need of relief from the kids, they come to depend on the set as a babysitter. Once the children are in school, they no longer need the babysitter, but by then the children's habits have been formed.

Rationing TV to an hour a day for small children is one way to head off future problems. (An hour is all preschoolers can handle well, say experts.) But what can a family do when the TV habit has gotten out of control?

"You deal with it like any other parenting problem—you start talking," says Peggy Charren, who heads ACT, a Newton, Mass., parents' group for improving children's TV. In her own family, Ms. Charren negotiated a deal: her daughter could watch TV for the same amount of time she read. "Within a week her reading habit was back," she says.

There are many other imaginative ways to tackle the TV tyrant at home. Here, from Ms. Charren and other experts on children's viewing habits, are some sound strategies: ▪ Have the children choose in advance the programs they'll watch for the week. Limit the number of shows they can watch. ▪ Recognizing the pull of peer pressure, Marie Winn lets her children watch the shows their friends talk about. But rather than watch them all each week, they rotate shows. ▪ Provide activities that make kids forget about TV. Sally Williams, head of CTC, a San Francisco parents' TV group, sets up a surprise activity on the kitchen table for her children when they return from school. ▪ Move the set to a less convenient spot. ▪ Watch their favorite programs with the children on occasion. This can provide an opportunity to talk about things they see on TV. Children tend to believe what they see on TV. Here's a chance to teach them how to separate fact from fiction.

*Published by Viking Press, New York; 1977, $8.95.

MAILBOX

Have you ideas to share with other parents? What topics would you like us to cover? Write Mothering, LHJ, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

YOUR CHILD'S SPEECH: IS IT NORMAL?

(This is the first of two articles on children's speech. Next month—stuttering and other problems.)

The neighbor's 20-month-old daughter talks a blue streak. Your two-year-old barely says a word. Should you worry?

Probably not, according to Dr. Jon Eisenson, a psychologist and children's speech specialist. "A child may speak its first words as early as eight months and as late as 24 or occasionally 36 months," says Eisenson, a professor at San Francisco State University. "The normal range is wide."

Sometimes, of course, a child's slowness to speak does signal an underlying problem. Children who are mentally retarded, deaf or afflicted with certain neurological or emotional problems are often late talkers.

But then, so are many normal children. In evaluating the speech skills of the very young, Dr. Eisenson is less interested in what children say than in what they understand.

A perfectly normal two-year-old may not say a word, but a healthy one-year-old should already show signs of recognizing a few words. "Comprehension always precedes speech production," he explains.

Eisenson also warns parents not to expect their 20-month-old to babble fluently if they themselves were late talkers. Age of speech onset is usually similar within families.

Birth order and sex are other factors. The oldest child usually speaks earlier than a younger sibling. Girls usually outpace boys.

M–F?
CHOOSING YOUR BABY'S SEX

Family planning has come a long way, Baby. Now there's a good chance that your parents can even choose your sex. A just-published book *Boy or Girl?** describes a simple theory of sex selection for parents. It's based on timing intercourse within the menstrual cycle. And while it isn't 100 percent effective, the method can significantly alter Mother Nature's 50-50 ratio of boys to girls, reports the author, public health expert Elizabeth Whelan. The theory is this: When intercourse takes place early in the menstrual cycle—four, five or six days before ovulation—the chances of having a boy are 68 percent. Later in the cycle—one or two days before ovulation—the chances of having a girl are 58 percent. Why the method favors boys remains a mystery.

*Published by Bobbs-Merrill, N.Y., N.Y.; 1977, $6.95.



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HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY

"No one eats out in Winston-Salem," we were told by more than one person in this prosperous metropolis of the North Carolina Piedmont. After spending two days sampling the food in many homes of the area, we can see why: restaurants simply cannot compete with the imagination, variety and quality of homemade. Our hosts were the Junior League and much of our food was cooked to recipes from their community cookbook—"Heritage of Hospitality." The book is interesting on several levels: there is, of course, a *(continued)*



Spring buffet: baked pineapple, asparagus, Hoppel Poppel, cheese wafers, country ham, coffee cake.

Photographs by Ken Regan/Camera 5

You make great-tasting Meatloaf with this.



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Picnics are a way of life in Winston-Salem: Here, lemon-chess tarts, marinated vegetables, cold beef salad. Foreground, from left: Sara McDowell, Polly Blackwell, Chessie Dunn (book co-chairperson).

Celebrate the arrival of spring with a sampling of foods from North Carolina.

representative selection of regional Southern recipes and various group-member favorites—both categories carefully selected and tested. But what gives the book an unusual flavor are the recipes deriving from the city's German-Moravian heritage, dating back to the earliest settlers of the 18th century. Of far more than local interest are the food essays preceding the recipe section that depict not only the eating habits of first settlers, but also the charm and grace of lavish entertainments of the Twenties and Thirties and the more casual picnic-style outings of post-WW II.

It was, in fact, a picnic that started our visit, in the sun-dappled glade of Polly Blackwell. Early spring flowers had come and gone, and peonies, though in full bud, remained unresponsive to various imprecations to bloom. But no matter—we arranged our chess tarts and cold beef salad with the help of some potted geraniums and settled down for a memorable feast, discussing among other things whether the darker or lighter tarts were preferable.

Next day began with brunch at the beautifully restored 18th-century home of Jane Hanes—in the heart of Old Salem, a lovingly restored old town that should be on everyone's travel list. Heavy in calories, but high in flavor were the various cakes and cookies, largely of Moravian origin, served by the League members in Moravian costume. Buffet lunch that day on the terrace, overlooking the stunning gardens of Mrs. Dewitt Hanes, was built around that great extravagance of the South, country ham, and included fresh asparagus and strawberries (our favorite harbingers (continued)



Tea-time in Old Salem: Caroline Mitchell in costume offers Anne Humphrey Lemon Squares. Bungie Valk tries crullers, Suzan Elster tea. Moravian Sugar cake in foreground.

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Graham Streusel Cake

Made with Betty Crocker® Cake Mix

- 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- ¾ cup chopped nuts
- ¾ cup brown sugar (packed)
- 1¼ teaspoons cinnamon
- ¾ cup butter or margarine, melted
- 1 cup water
- 1 package Betty Crocker* yellow, white, German chocolate, sour cream yellow, Butter Brickle,* lemon, chocolate fudge supreme, devil's food or butter pecan cake mix
- ¼ cup vegetable oil
- 3 eggs
- Vanilla Glaze (below)

Heat oven to 350°. Generously grease and flour oblong pan, 13 x 9 x 2 inches. Mix crumbs, nuts, brown sugar, cinnamon and butter; reserve. Blend cake mix, water, oil and eggs on low speed until moistened, about 30 seconds. Beat on medium speed, stirring occasionally, 3 minutes. Pour ½ of the batter (about 2½ cups) into pan; sprinkle with ½ of the reserved crumb mixture. Spread remaining batter evenly over crumb mixture; sprinkle with remaining crumb mixture. Bake until wooden pick inserted in center comes out clean, 45 to 50 minutes; cool. Drizzle cake with Vanilla Glaze.

This recipe has been tested in the Betty Crocker Kitchens using a Betty Crocker Cake Mix. For best results use Betty Crocker.

VANILLA GLAZE: Mix 1 cup powdered sugar and 1 to 2 tablespoons water until desired consistency.

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Look for other delicious recipes on all of our cake mix packages.

HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY

continued

of spring), Hoppel Poppel, a delicious egg-salami casserole, and a baked pineapple dessert. It was the bluest of blue-sky days in one of the most beautiful settings we've ever seen.

Two other feasts supported our enthusiasm for this book: a down-home Southern family meal prepared for us by local food editor Beth Tartan, and a squab banquet at a formal reception with Connie Gray as our hostess.

Proceeds from the sale of *Heritage of Hospitality* support local Junior League good works, and as with all Leagues, these works are many and varied: the local symphony, the arts council, a learning disabilities program and a county juvenile justice council. We are proud to salute this vital group of women and the beneficiary of their good works, the welcoming town of Winston-Salem. Sample the recipes that start below and to order your complete cookbook, check coupon.—JOHN STEVENS.

HOPPEL POPPEL
pictured on page 98

A marvelous and easy brunch entrée for a crowd.

2 cups salami, chopped
½ cup (about 6) green onions, finely chopped
2 tomatoes, diced
½ cup diced green pepper
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
12 eggs, slightly beaten

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 13x9x2-inch baking dish. In large bowl, combine all ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pour into dish. Bake for 30 minutes or until egg mixture is set. Makes 12 servings. About 190 calories per serving.—*Mrs. Michael D. Newman*

BAKED PINEAPPLE
pictured on page 98

This very simple-to-make recipe is delicious.

2 eggs
¼ cup sugar
1 can (20 oz.) crushed pineapple, undrained
½ cup butter or margarine
5 slices white bread, cubed

Preheat oven to 350°F. In small bowl, beat eggs and sugar. Add pineapple and mix well. Place in 8-inch square baking dish.

In a medium skillet, melt butter. Add bread and cook until cubes are browned, stirring occasionally. Place bread evenly over pineapple mixture. Bake for 30 minutes. Makes 8 servings. About 250 calories per serving.—*Mrs. William E. Arant, Jr.*

NATURAL ASPARAGUS
pictured on page 98

A super way to cook fresh asparagus—try it.

1 to 1½ pounds fresh asparagus
Salt and pepper to taste
3 tablespoons butter or margarine

Preheat oven to 300°F. Rinse and trim asparagus, do not peel unless very tough. Place asparagus in one or two layers in a flat dish, just large enough to hold them. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dot with butter or margarine. Cover tightly with foil and bake for 30 minutes. Asparagus will be crunchy and will not lose its color. Makes 4 servings. About 95 calories each.—*Mrs. Noel L. Dunn*

ST. TIMOTHY'S COFFEE CAKE
pictured on page 98

A great Winston-Salem favorite—named for St. Timothy's Episcopal Church.

1 cup butter or margarine
2 cups sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
2 eggs
2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped nuts
½ cup golden seedless raisins
1 cup sour cream
1 to 2 teaspoons cinnamon sugar

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease and flour a 12-cup Bundt pan or 10-inch tube pan; set aside. In large bowl, mix butter or margarine until soft; add sugar gradually and continue to beat until light and fluffy. Mix in vanilla. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each.

Combine flour, baking powder, cinnamon and salt; add nuts and raisins and coat well. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture alternately with sour cream. Blend well (the batter looks like whipped cream tinged with honey). Spoon into prepared pan. Sprinkle with cinnamon sugar. Bake for 1 hour or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Cool on wire rack in pan for at least 1 hour. Remove from pan. Sprinkle with additional cinnamon sugar, if desired. Makes 16 servings, about 365 calories each.

TO ORDER YOUR COOKBOOK

Winston-Salem's *Heritage of Hospitality* contains over 600 recipes on 278 pages. The spiral-bound book includes recipes from the city's Moravian heritage and features a number of Southern dishes—both unusual and familiar. To order your copy send $6.60 (including postage and handling) to:

Heritage of Hospitality Cookbook
The Timothy Vogler House
909 S. Main Street
Winston-Salem, N.C. 27101

Make checks payable to the Junior League of Winston-Salem, Inc.

DUTCH LETTUCE

Wilted lettuce—there's nothing finer (except we like to add a few chopped green onions).

1 head fresh leaf lettuce, washed and drained
½ pound sliced bacon, cubed
½ cup vinegar
Salt to taste
2 hard cooked eggs, sliced

Tear lettuce into bite-size pieces. Place lettuce in vegetable dish or salad bowl. In medium skillet, cook bacon until crisp. Add vinegar and salt to skillet and pour bacon mixture immediately over lettuce. (Be certain to have bacon fat hot so that when vinegar is poured in it will boil immediately.) Toss well with fork. Garnish with eggs. Makes 8 servings. About 225 calories per serving.—*Mrs. W. H. Johnson*

Editor's note: We liked this better with 1 teaspoon sugar added to vinegar mixture.

MILLIE'S MARINATED VEGETABLES
pictured on page 100

Perfect appetizer for a crowd. Almost any raw vegetable can be used.

2 heads cauliflower
3 green peppers
2 pounds carrots
1 bunch celery
1 pound mushrooms
3 zucchini
1 bunch broccoli
2 cucumbers
½ cup salad oil
½ cup olive oil
3 cups tarragon vinegar
½ to ¾ cup sugar
3 garlic cloves, minced
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
2 teaspoons tarragon leaves
Pepper to taste

Cut up all vegetables into bite-size pieces. Combine salad oil, olive oil, vinegar and remaining ingredients; stir until well mixed. Pour oil mixture over vegetables. Cover and chill at least 12 hours (better overnight), stirring occasionally. Makes 30 servings. About 125 calories per serving.—*Mrs. F. Borden Hanes, Jr.*

COLD BEEF SALAD
pictured on page 100

A fantastic way to use leftover roast beef.

Dressing
½ cup salad oil
3 tablespoons vinegar
1 tablespoon Dijon mustard
½ garlic clove
Dash bottled red pepper sauce
Salt and pepper to taste

Salad
2 cups rare roast beef, chilled and cut into slivers
½ cup sliced celery
⅓ cup chopped sour pickle
¼ cup chopped green onions
¼ cup capers, drained

For Dressing: Combine all ingredients; stir until well mixed. Let stand at room temperature at least 2 hours. When ready to serve, remove garlic clove and shake.

(continued)



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anana. Sweet and plump
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HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY

continued

For Salad: In salad bowl, combine all ingredients and toss. Pour on dressing and toss again. Serve immediately. Makes 4 servings. About 515 calories per serving.—*Mrs. Coy C. Carpenter, Jr.*

CRULLERS
pictured on page 100

This original Old Salem recipe is over 100 years old.

¼ cup butter or margarine, softened
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
½ cup milk
2 eggs, beaten
3½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
¾ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
Salad oil for deep frying
Cubed sugar, crushed

In large bowl, combine butter or margarine and baking powder; stir until well mixed. Stir in milk and eggs until well mixed. Add flour, sugar, salt and nutmeg. Mix with a spoon until well blended and consistency of soft dough. Place dough on lightly floured surface. With stockinette-covered rolling pin, roll dough to ⅛-inch thickness. With cruller cutter (pastry cutter) or knife, cut into strips 1-inch wide and 4-inches long. Cut a long slit down the center of each strip. Bring one end of strip through slit and pull upward.

Heat 2-inches of salad oil to 370°F. on deep-fat thermometer. Fry dough strips a few at a time, until golden. Remove with slotted spoon. Drain on paper towels. Sprinkle with crushed sugar. Makes approximately 4 dozen. About 95 calories each.—*Mrs. Herbert A. Vogler*

JULIA ROSS' MORAVIAN SUGAR CAKE
pictured on page 100

A Moravian specialty—still very much a part of the Winston-Salem tradition.

Cake
2 packages active dry yeast
⅓ cup plus ½ teaspoon sugar
1 cup warm (110°F.) water
2 tablespoons instant nonfat dry milk powder
2 tablespoons instant mashed potato flakes
¾ teaspoon salt
2¾ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
2 eggs
⅓ cup butter or margarine, melted and cooled
Topping
⅔ cup packed brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup butter or margarine, melted and cooled

To make cake: In large mixer bowl, combine dry yeast and ½ teaspoon sugar. Add warm water and stir to dissolve. When yeast mixture begins to bubble, add dry milk powder, potato flakes, ⅓ cup sugar, salt and ⅔ cup flour. Beat 2 minutes at medium speed, scraping bowl occasionally. Add eggs, ⅓ cup butter or margarine and 1 additional cup flour. Beat for 2 more minutes at medium speed, scraping bowl occasionally. Add 1 more cup flour and stir in with a wooden spoon. This will make a very soft dough.

Cover and place in warm place to rise, free from draft, until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour. Stir batter down and let rise again for 30 minutes.

Meanwhile, grease a 15½x10½x1-inch (jelly roll) pan. Stir batter down and spread evenly into prepared pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk, about 30 minutes.

To make topping: Preheat oven to 375°F. In small bowl, combine brown sugar and cinnamon; sprinkle evenly over top of dough. Make indentations in the dough with fingertips and dribble butter or margarine over dough. Bake 15 minutes or until cake sounds hollow when lightly tapped with fingers. Cut into 25 3x2-inch squares. About 145 calories each.

LEMON CHESS TARTS
pictured on page 100

Ranks high on our list of best Southern dishes.

2 cups sugar
¼ cup butter or margarine
4 eggs
1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon cornmeal
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup milk
Dash of salt
2 tablespoons grated lemon peel
24 unbaked tart shells

Preheat oven to 350°F. In large bowl, beat sugar and butter or margarine. Add eggs, one at a time, until well mixed. Add flour and cornmeal and continue beating until well mixed. Stir in lemon juice, milk, salt and lemon peel. Pour into unbaked tart shells. Bake for 45 minutes. Makes 24 tarts. About 255 calories each.—*Mrs. James E. Gibson, Jr.*

SUMMIT LEMON SQUARES
pictured on page 100

A very rich, very tasty cookie. It is a specialty at Summit School's bake sale.

1 cup butter or margarine, softened
2 cups plus 1 tablespoon unsifted all-purpose flour
½ cup confectioners' sugar
4 eggs
2 cups sugar
6 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon double-acting baking powder
1 cup chopped pecans (optional)

Preheat oven to 325°F. In medium bowl, combine butter or margarine, 2 cups flour and confectioners' sugar until well mixed. Pat mixture evenly into 13x9-inch baking pan. Bake for 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, beat eggs slightly. Add sugar, lemon juice, remaining 1 tablespoon flour, baking powder and pecans and stir until well mixed. Pour egg mixture over baked crust. Return pan to oven and bake for 40 to 50 minutes. Sprinkle with additional confectioners' sugar, if desired. Cut into 24 squares. About 210 calories each.—*Mrs. Charles B. Wade, Jr.*

TRIPLE CHOCOLATE DESSERT

This is the most sinful, irresistible dessert we've run across in ages.

Crust
1¼ cups graham cracker crumbs
3 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons unsweetened cocoa
⅓ cup butter or margarine, melted
Cheese Layer
1½ packages (8 oz. each to total 12 oz.) cream cheese, softened
¾ cup sugar
2 eggs
1 tablespoon vanilla extract
1 tablespoon coffee-flavored liqueur
1 container (8 oz.) sour cream
1 to 2 ounces unsweetened chocolate, finely grated
Chocolate Layer
1½ teaspoons instant coffee
2 tablespoons boiling water
4 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate
4 eggs, separated
⅓ cup sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
2 tablespoons dark rum
1 cup heavy or whipping cream
Cocoa or shaved chocolate, for garnish

For Crust: Preheat oven to 350°F. In 9-inch pie plate, combine crumbs, sugar and cocoa; add butter or margarine and stir until well coated. Press mixture into bottom and sides of plate. Bake 8 minutes; cool slightly.

For Cheese Layer: In large mixer bowl, beat cream cheese and sugar until light and fluffy; add eggs, one at a time, and continuing beating until well mixed. Stir in vanilla and liqueur. Pour mixture into baked pie crust. Bake for 30 minutes. Cool exactly 10 minutes. Then evenly spread sour cream over baked cheese layer. Sprinkle on grated unsweetened chocolate. Refrigerate.

For Chocolate layer: Meanwhile, in top of double boiler dissolve coffee in boiling water. Add chocolate and melt over hot, not boiling, water stirring until smooth. In small bowl, beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored; gradually add sugar and continue beating until a light yellow. Stir in chocolate mixture, vanilla and 1 tablespoon rum until well mixed.

In another small bowl, beat egg whites until stiff peaks form. Stir ¼ of egg whites into chocolate mixture. Gently fold chocolate mixture into remaining egg whites. Refrigerate mixture until cheese layer is chilled. Evenly spread chocolate mixture over cheese layer; chill.

To serve, whip cream until stiff peaks form; add remaining tablespoon rum. Spread cream over chocolate layer. Sprinkle with cocoa or shaved chocolate, if desired. Makes 8 to 10 servings. About 720 calories for each of 8 servings or 575 calories for each of 10.—*Mrs. Coy C. Carpenter, Jr.*

End

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THE MESSAGE OF EASTER

BY RUTH CARTER STAPLETON



"Life itself is the highest office in the world," says President Carter's evangelist sister. This specially written document of Christian faith and hope could bring new healing to all at this holiday season.

Jesus was dead! With Him had died the hopes, the dreams and the faith of 11 broken men. They were His closest followers, His disciples. The day He was crucified the sun set on their lives. It seemed they had been plunged into darkness forever.

For three years their confidence in Him had grown. He had swept aside all opposition, silenced all hostile questioners with His wisdom. The sick had been healed, even the dead revived. He had frightened religious leaders with His integrity and His message of love. Those who knew Him best loved Him most. Of the thousands who then followed Him, those 11 men believed most intensely that He was their hope for fulfillment, for joy, for peace. They had believed that somehow He was going to be the world's Messiah. Then suddenly, like some diabolic eclipse at its zenith, the light of the sun of God failed.

He was dead.

Those disciples of the dead Jesus knew with cadaverous certainty that they now had been condemned to live out their remaining days nursing their fears, enduring the torment of acid hatred, and whenever possible, decorating their empty lives with the trappings of pleasure until death wiped them out, in the same way it had Jesus.

Today, only those who have known hopelessness, despair or a conviction that there is no way to withstand the destructive forces of life, can understand, even in part, what the disciples felt as they sat together in that upper room.

On that black Friday, their names were not *Saint* Peter, *Saint* John and *Saint* James. They were not then heroes of the faith. They were only young men whose hopes in a few short years had been raised to heaven, then dashed to hell. Before they had met Jesus they had already been scarred and weakened by dark emotions. As a *(continued on page 195)*

Photograph by J. Barry O'Rourke


ABOVE

ALL, THE CUT

Nothing does more for your looks than a great haircut

It's not how you roll it, twirl it or pin it—it's the cut that counts. An expert snip-with-the-scissors gives you a lot of style with little care. Check the Journal's mini-guide on how to recognize a great haircut. Your hair should: 1. Be in the right proportion to your face and figure. 2. Be easy to maintain. If it takes 5 minutes to get into shape, it's perfect; 10 minutes, adequate; 15 minutes, something's wrong. 3. Last well for a long time. Except for trimming bangs, a good cut should hold up to 2 months. 4. Look healthy. 5. Have movement, extra bounce and swing. 6. Make you feel special. Here and on the following pages, our idea of six terrific cuts. By Maureen Lynch, Health and Beauty Editor.

Look at the new short hair (left), soft and natural

—falling gently without any straight lines, any blunt edges. The even gradation gives a rounded form in profile. The sides have fullness and weight. There's a swaying rhythm to this cut. Wrong for short: anything that looks tough or geometric. If the top's too clipped, the hair appears thinner. And if cropped too close to the hairline, spikes stick out.

Blouse by Regina Porter for Porterhouse.

Notice the perfect balance of this haircut

—measured to the exact same length on both sides. Sounds easy, but it's a true sign of an expert haircut. Your stylist should consider your head shape (your left and right sides are not always identical; one ear may poke out, etc.); check your hair's movement and should keep shifting glances from you to the mirror. Here, the hair swings clear above the collarbone. The top layer is slightly longer (about ¼") to add weight to the ends. If this layer is too long, the ends look wispy. If too short, the naturally darker underhair will show in unwelcome contrast.



Blouse by Mrs. H. Winter for Yesterday's News

Photographs by Robert Farber. Hair concepts by Roger Thompson; styled by Charles Fremolaro; both of Roger Thompson Associates. Makeup by Gloria Natale.



A face-framing cut, designed to accentuate the positives

—face shape, eyes and cheekbones. The cut is good for fine hair, and its success depends upon its meticulous outline. The eyebrow-skimming line gives a more circular shape to a thin, angular face. Any longer and the nose would seem too sharp. The back length softens a longish neck. Any shorter on the sides, ears might stick through. It's a flawless look.

Blouse by Mrs. H. Winter for Yesterday's News.



Tendrils of curls provide a pretty look.

This overall shape is rounded, fluffy and free. Each layer is cut to maximize each curl's natural bounce. Since curls grow every-which-way on some heads, one side may have to be cut unevenly to match visually. And remember, when hair is cut wet, some allowance has to be made for shrinkage when it's dry. Curly hair is harder to cut than straight—a challenge. If top's too long, it looks raggedy; if top's too short, it looks flat and dumpy.

Blouse by Cacharel Division of Mallory.



When bangs are well cut, they stop at the exact millimeter

—bringing out the eyes, playing up the cheekbones—a matter for you and your stylist to discuss. These bangs start from the top-point of the crown and fan out in a triangle shape, heading forward in one smooth flow. They have volume and weight. Here, the bangs wing from temple-to-temple rather than from the deeper ear-to-ear sectioning, which robs the sides of needed fullness. Instead of playing it safe with bangs and cutting them extra short—simply have them trimmed more often.



Romantic layering, swept back as if a light breeze had stirred it.

Each layer flows into the next with an uninterrupted cadence. The hallmark of a good layered cut is a subtle blending of lengths. Bad layering shows up with chops at the sides and neck (like shingles on a house) and a loss of softness around the face. Here the bangs waft back into a long wave. It's a great cut to run your fingers through—or casually toss your head.

Blouse by Helene Sidel

OLIVER'S STORY

Can Oliver Barrett, the grieving hero of "Love Story," find happiness with the beautiful but mysterious Marcie Nash?

Concluding installment of the sequel to "Love Story."
BY ERICH SEGAL



Synopsis of Part I: *Jenny Cavilleri's death was the tragic climax of* Love Story. *Now, two years later, her husband Oliver Barrett is still unable to overcome his guilt and grief. He buries himself in his work—corporate lawyer by day, public service volunteer at night. At least part of his commitment to social causes derives from guilt over his ancestors' exploitation of sweatshop labor. Even Phil Cavilleri, Jenny's father, worries about Oliver and urges him to start living again.*

When Oliver is introduced to Joanna Stein, a medical intern, he is not yet ready for a relationship. But an evening with her family—including her wonderfully eccentric musician father, "King" Louis Stein—reminds Oliver of the love and warmth he once knew with Jenny. To help cure his numbness, he goes to a psychiatrist, Dr. London.

Then one day, jogging in Central Park, Oliver meets a beautiful but mysterious young, blond woman, Marcie Nash. All he can learn from her is that she works for the chic Binnendale's department store chain. She takes him *home from their dinner date at "21," and he is intrigued and captivated. Her take-charge manner is disconcerting, however. When he learns of her hurtful first marriage and divorce, he glimpses a vulnerable Marcie. But she still will not reveal the mystery of her opulent lifestyle. Confused, suspicious and finally angry at her evasions, Oliver stops seeing her. But like it or not, he's* involved. *And now he cannot find her. Oliver's search to find out who she is becomes a quest—not only for Marcie, but to discover his own feelings once again.*

Three weeks later, I gave up. Marcie-with-the-unrecognized second name would never call. And who could really blame her? Meanwhile I was very near collapse from my athletic schedule. Not to mention endless finger-tapping, waiting for that phone to ring. This would have to stop. So I said that's it, the case is closed. And to commemorate this great occasion, I decided to play hookey for the afternoon.

Henceforth, as I walked uptown, I would no longer suffer from hallucinations. Fantasies of seeing Marcie just ahead. Naturally they always turned out to be yet another tall and slender blonde. Once I even saw one with a tennis racquet. How I sprinted, only to be wrong again. Yet another almost-Marcie. New York City teems with her facsimiles.

I was home when the phone rang. Let it ring. I picked it up to cut it off.

"Barrett isn't here!" I growled.

"Oh? Is he with his clients up in Outer Space?" *Marcie.*

"Uh—" (How's that for eloquence?)

"What are you doing, Oliver?" she said. Quite softly.

"I was just about to run in Central Park," I said.

"Too bad. I would have joined you. But I ran this morning." Ah, that explained her recent absence in the afternoons.

"I called your office, just to ask you if you had lunch. But if you're going running—"

Copyright © 1977 by Erich Segal from OLIVER'S STORY, by Erich Segal, published by Harper & Row, Publishers. Illustration by Ted CoConis

"No," I quickly said, "I could use some lunch."

"Would you come and pick me up?"

Would I *what?*

"Where are you, Marcie?"

"At Binnendale's. The business offices. Just ask for—"

"Yeah. Okay. What time?"

"Don't rush. At your convenience. I'll be waiting."

In fifteen minutes I was at Binnendale's.

I wanted to race up the stairs, but figured that appearing hrough the fire doors would not be cool. So I took the ele- ator. Up to the very top.

"May I help you, sir?" the secretary said.

"Uh—yes. My name is Barrett."

"Yes. You want Marcie . . ." she replied. "Just take that orridor and go straight down."

It was a lush, cocoonlike tunnel. Where would it end?

First I passed Arnold A. Sundell's office (the Treasurer). Then Stephen Nichols, Jr. (First Vice President).

At last the passage opened out. And in the wide expanse efore me sat two secretaries. Behind them, as I neared, a ortal opened.

Marcie!

I stopped. I couldn't think of anything appropriate to say.

"Come in," she said (she clearly won the prize for poise).

I followed her inside. The room was large and elegant.

No on else was there.

Only then could I appreciate why she was all alone.

"You don't exactly work for Binnendale's," I said. "It vorks for you." She nodded. Almost in embarrassment.

"I should have told you sooner," Marcie said.

"That's okay, I understand now."

She seemed enormously relieved.

"Hey, Marcie, you can't imagine just how *well* I under- tand the syndrome. When you're rich that inner demon's lways asking—'Do they like me for myself or just my lough?' That sound familiar?"

"That's sort of it," she said.

I wanted to say more. But I couldn't. Yet.

"Let's get out of here," I said.

She nodded, rummaged in her top desk drawer, withdrew key. And tossed it to me. "It's downstairs," she said.

Joanna came and kissed me. Actually, it must have been a ritual. She kissed everybody. . . . I had never visited a world like this. Except with Jenny.

"You mean I get to drive?" said I, agreeably amazed. She miled and nodded yes.

"But please be careful, Oliver. My instrument is no less lelicate than yours."

I'd vaguely read about it several years ago. The sudden leath of founding father Walter Binnendale. How he'd be- queathed his great 11 city kingdom to a daughter who was hen ridiculously young.

Once upon a time there'd been an older brother. But, as acing fans recall, in 1965 "Bin" Binnendale spun off the rack and crashed at Zandvoort. Hence, Marcie had become he only heir. Knowledgeable press reports suggested that he little girl would sell the stores as soon as possible and ive the life a golden heiress should. Instead, this 24 year old hought she would dabble in tycooning and took over Daddy's job.

The experts smiled. Her "leadership" would surely bring he chain to rapid ruin. And yet it didn't tumble all that uickly. Two years later, Binnendale's proposed expansion o the West. By the time they opened in Los Angeles (branch 7), their stock had doubled. Maybe it was just dumb luck, ut those now smiling did so to her face.

Now and then I'd come across some tiny notice of the Binnendale financial progress. When her name appeared at all, the president was mentioned inconspicuously. Never did they print her picture. "People" columns did not chronicle her marriage. None reported her divorce. Such anonymity is near impossible when you're among the richest people in the country. Not to mention beautiful. It therefore came as no surprise to learn that Marcie paid an agency to keep the press away.

This and other tidbits were imparted to me as I drove her white Mercedes northward on the Merritt Parkway.

"Think of all the grief you could have spared us if you'd only said right on the track, 'my name is Binnendale,'" I said. "I would have said, 'so what, that's not as fascinating as your body.'"

A certain luminescence in her eyes said she believed me.

"Look, Oliver, I know I'm slightly paranoid. But just remember I've been hurt. . . ."

"Just what exactly did your husband do?"

"Well, put it this way: he is now very 'settled down.'"

"Marcie, you don't imply you had to . . . pay him?"

"No," she said. "I don't imply. I state. He's now a wealthy divorcé."

Marcie touched my arm, inducing a most pleasant physical sensation in my spine as well. Things were progressing from the purely spiritual.

I was astounded. How could Marcie of all people been so incredibly faked out? I didn't ask. She *wanted* me to hear.

"Look," she said, "I was a college senior, wondering just what my role in life would be. Then—presto! Enter this extremely charismatic, very handsome guy who told me all the things I wanted to believe." She paused.

"I was a kid," she said. "I fell incredibly in love."

"And then?"

"Well, Father was still hoping to get Bin to take his helmet off and join the business. Naturally, my brother just accelerated in the opposite direction. So when suddenly I showed up with my flashy boyfriend, Father absolutely flipped. I think he loved me most when I delivered this terrific second son."

"But how did Bin react?"

"Oh, it was loathing at first sight. Bin kept telling me that Michael was 'a barracuda in a J. Press suit.'"

"Which, I take it, he turned out to be."

"Well, that's a bit unkind. I mean to barracudas." She had clearly tried these bitter jokes before. And failed to make the situation anything but sad.

"But what exactly made you ultimately split?" I asked.

"I think he realized that much as Walter liked him, Bin would someday just show up and be the boss. Since Michael wasn't born to be an understudy, he just threw the towel in. If only he had waited five more months. . . ."

I had no notion what to say. ("Gee, sorry you got faked out"?) And then a thought occurred to me.

"Hey, Marcie, what exactly made you think I might be different?"

"Nothing. I just hoped you would be."

Then she touched my arm, inducing a most pleasant physical sensation in my spine as well. Things were progressing from the purely spiritual. So let's have a full disclosure.

"I would have told you anyway," she said. "Now *you*. Tell me something terrible about your past."

I thought a minute. And confessed. "I was a dirty hockey player."

"Really?" Marcie flashed. "I want the *details*, Oliver."

She really did.

Afterwards we walked back hand-in-hand to Uncle Abner's. And then built a fire. And (*continued on page 155*)



THE BEDROOM:

PLACE OF MANY MOODS

Whether your bedroom is a cozy hideaway or no-frills modern, it's the one room that speaks most freely about you. Have it tell the truth. Here and on the next pages are five moods that can reveal your real personality—or your secret dreams. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

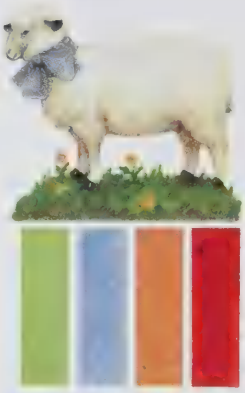
The bedroom, left and below, reflects **The New Romantic**. Someone who craves luxury, yet organization; who lounges in satin pajamas, reads Colette in French, yet plays a tough game of tennis. This is a private retreat, charmed by shirred or swagged fabric walls in a mix of prints. The bed is simple, comforted by cream-and-lace pillows. Accessories: Oriental.

Bloomcraft fabrics; Bigelow carpet; Fieldcrest sheets, comforter, dust ruffle; Simmons mattress and box spring; Joe Head lamps. Shopping information, page 204

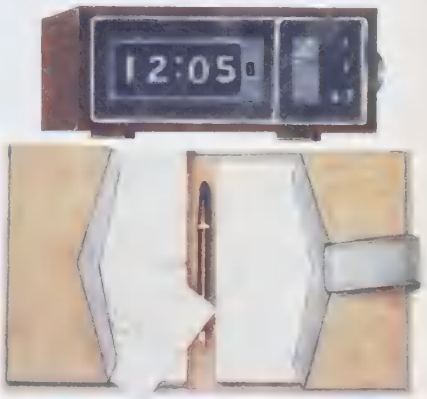




Photographs by Nick Samardge.

SLEEP MOODS	COLORS	BED
THE TRADITIONALIST If the mood, at right, is your bed of roses, most likely you brew herbal tea, blend potpourri and pen a diary. True-to-form, your bed is canopied with heirloom tatting. No matter how pressured your days, you nestle in deep-quilted satins for dreams. You cherish soft apricots, lemons and lavender blues. Flowers bloom everywhere: framing photos, on pillows and lampshades.		
THE SERIOUS SLEEPER Bare bones are your cup of tea. Less-is-more; utilitarian and sleek. The light to read the daily papers by is 20/20 perfect; the clock never falters from split-second perfection. Sheets are no-nonsense stripes. You prefer cork walls—for insulation and carefree housekeeping. Handy calendars are constant reminders—plus your pencils are always needle-sharp.		
THE ADVENTURER The world is your marketplace. You go for the off-beat, from devouring Hermann Hesse to watching all Bogart movies on late-night TV, to wining/dining 12 guests in your bedroom (on huge cushions covered in Russian brocade). Fantasy prevails. Your bed frame came from a screen in a teahouse; your light, an Oriental fish kite. Whatever captures your fancy: mounting a Tibetan kimono on a wall, setting a porcelain next to tinsel-y tin that caught your eye.		
THE QUIET ONE Your bedroom is your castle. A snug, safe space where peace and quiet reign, where mind and body are restored. Although you guard your privacy, you like people (just not crowds). Books abound and shelves of records—the complete James Joyce, Renaissance flute solos. The curtained bed is protective; the wing chair, snug enough to curl up in. The memorabilia, all well-loved—from a monogrammed brass box to a sea-shell you found on a deserted beach.		

Illustrations by Julia Noonan.

LIGHTING	COVERINGS	ACCESSORIES
		
		
		
		

Wedding day fashions to sew

Portrait of a wedding —capturing a special kind of loving feeling. All the dresses were made just for this joyous occasion. Start right now for the formal June bride. Added pleasures: the attendants' dresses are pretty and romantic for other times, other parties. By Trudy Owett, Fashion/Home Sewing Editor.

The Bride, in beautiful drifts of lined organza, embroidered with delicate floral border; wedding bell sleeves. Vogue #1576.

Mother-of-the-Bride looks lovely in a vibrant shade of aqua silk. Soft tunic blouse, tiered skirt. Simplicity #7467.

Bridesmaids Three in rainbow shades of green, yellow and mauve-pink. Cotton-y eyelet with frosty trim. As many ruffles and tiers as a wedding cake. Vogue #9468.

Maid of Honor, a watercolor vision in a flower-strewn sheer dress. Capelet top, sashed flounced skirt. Vogue #9731.

The Flower Girl marches down the aisle in crisp, lavender dotted swiss under an eyelet pinafore. Butterick #5279.



All photographs by Henry Wolf, hairstyles by Bruce Clyde Keller, makeup by Elizabeth Dote. Jewelry from Tiffany. Man's formal wear by Lord West, and L & M Fashions. Above, all fabrics by Columbia, except mother of the bride by Logantex, child's dress and cotton linings by Valtex, and other linings by Horikoshi. Eyelet beading trims by Wrights. Pattern information, page 193.





Man's suit from Barney's, N.Y. Fabric: bride and flowergirl by Cohama; bridesmaids, Valtex. All lace trims by Streamline. Pattern information, page 193.



Wedding day fashions to sew

The fresh charm of a country-style wedding—smaller and more informal, whether it be at home, in a bower or with the daisies in the field. All these sew-your-own dresses, patterned with a peasant look, will float through the ceremony and breeze to more summertime parties later on. . . .

The exuberant Bride chooses the freedom and ease of a crinkle-cotton blend gown in natural. Square neck, empire bodice with candle-color lace trimming. McCall's #5374.

Her Bridesmaids-in-waiting, a complimentary pair in pink and green garden-print dresses. Full-sleeved blouses, with button fronts, tucked into tiered skirts. Lace and ribbon banding. Vogue #1646.

The little Flower Girl blushes with the hue of roses. Crinkle-cotton blend gown with puffy sleeves, ribbon drawstrings and gathered flounce. Vogue #1631.



How America Entains

The point of a wine tasting is to sample a little from a wide selection. With this in mind, we put together four lists of 12 wines each, geared for anyone from a casual imbiber to a budding connoisseur. To help clear the palate between glasses, employ bland cheeses and crackers (strong flavors overpower the wines). The follow-up dinner holds true to the *Journal*'s do-ahead party series — with a steaming cassoulet, crunchy vegetables and a soufflé finalé. Wine information, how-to's and recipes, page 138.

WINE TASTING PARTY

Selection of 12 Wines Assorted Crackers and Cheeses

Cassoulet Marinated Vegetables French Bread
Frozen Lemon-Lime Soufflé

Photograph by Nick Samaras



WINE TASTING PARTY

Everyone's curious when it comes to wines — what's dry or sweet, delicate or robust? And since the best way to know a wine is by taste, what a superb reason to throw a wine tasting party. Don't let the idea of setting up scare you. There are certain procedures to follow, but we've uncorked the mysteries and simplified the steps (details are on page 138). Enough to let everyone discover a few favorites and have a good time doing it. Our party calls for 12, with each couple sharing the effort (and expense) by bringing two assigned wines. After the tasting, serve a hearty casserole dinner to your wine buff friends.





SUNNY NEW WAYS TO
EAT AN ORANGE A DAY

Oranges

Who wouldn't have a crush on oranges? With good reason. Oranges are refreshing . . . plentiful all year round . . . bursting with healthy vitamin C . . . and they are totally edible—from ample juice (o.j.) to sweet/tart meat to zesty peel. Oranges make terrific snacks (65 calories), besides adding zip and a golden glow to endless dishes. Clockwise from left: Orange Fluff; Citrus Tart; Stuffed Pork Chops; Salad-in-Shells. Recipes, page 134. Photograph by Michael O'Neill

1



SKILLET SPECIALS

TERRIFIC MEALS-IN-ONE

There's something about cooking in a sturdy skillet that's just plain fun. Even more so if you cook (and serve) a whole meal in the one dish. If you don't know the joys yet, find out soon. These nutritious family dinners are simple-to-prepare, easy to clean up after; economical, too. Green salad and a simple fruit dessert are all you need with any one of these skillet specials for a complete menu.
By Sue B. Huffman, Food and Equipment Editor



1. *Arroz con Pollo. A colorful Spanish chicken and rice with tomatoes and green peas.*
2. *Tunisian Lamb. Incredibly pretty and tasty. Boneless lamb shoulder, sweet potatoes, apples, prunes, lemons and honey.*
3. *Meatballs and Dumplings. Easy. The sauce is tomato soup; the airy dumplings, from a mix.*
More skillet specials, including a hearty steak-and-potatoes and a quick creamed tuna, *on page 130.*

Photograph by Lynn St. John

continued

MEATBALL STEW WITH DUMPLINGS
pictured on page 128

We used biscuit mix to make quick and easy dumplings.

Stew
- **1 pound ground beef**
- **1 small onion, minced (⅓ cup)**
- **1 egg, lightly beaten**
- **½ cup fresh bread crumbs (1 slice)**
- **1 can (10¾ oz.) condensed cream of tomato soup, undiluted**
- **1½ cups plus 1 tablespoon water**
- **2½ teaspoons salt**
- **⅛ teaspoon pepper**
- **2 tablespoons salad oil**
- **8 small whole onions (½ to ¾ lb.)**
- **¼ teaspoon garlic powder**
- **4 medium carrots, cut in ½-inch slices (2 cups)**
- **2 ribs celery, cut in ½-inch slices (1 cup)**

Dumplings
- **1 egg**
- **¼ cup milk**
- **1 tablespoon chopped parsley**
- **¼ teaspoon nutmeg**
- **1 cup buttermilk baking mix**

In medium bowl, combine ground beef, minced onion, egg, bread crumbs, ¼ cup undiluted tomato soup, 1 tablespoon water, 1½ teaspoons salt and pepper until well mixed. Shape into eight or nine 2-inch balls. In 12-inch skillet, heat salad oil. Add meatballs and whole onions and cook until well browned, shaking skillet occasionally. Pour off any drippings. Add remaining tomato soup, 1½ cups water, remaining 1 teaspoon salt and garlic powder to skillet; heat to boiling. Add carrots and celery; cover and simmer for 30 minutes.

Meanwhile, prepare dumpling mixture. In medium bowl, combine egg, milk, parsley and nutmeg and beat until smooth. Add baking mix and stir just until moistened.

Heat stew to boiling. Remove cover from skillet. Drop 4 large spoonfuls of dumpling batter on top of boiling stew mixture. Reduce heat. Cook, uncovered for 10 minutes. Cover and cook 10 more minutes. Serve immediately. Makes 4 servings. About 620 calories per serving.

ARROZ CON POLLO
pictured on page 128

That's chicken with rice, in Spanish, and it's mighty tasty.

- **3 tablespoons salad oil**
- **1 broiler-fryer (2½ to 3 lb.) cut up**
- **1 cup long-grain rice, uncooked**
- **1 large onion, chopped (1 cup)**
- **2 garlic cloves, minced**
- **1 can (16 oz.) stewed tomatoes**
- **1 bouillon cube**
- **2 teaspoons salt**
- **¼ teaspoon pepper**
- **Dash cayenne pepper**
- **½ bay leaf**
- **1 package (10 oz.) frozen green peas, thawed**

In 12-inch skillet, heat salad oil. Add chicken and brown well on all sides; remove from skillet. Add rice, onion and garlic and sauté until golden brown. Into a 2-cup measure, drain liquid from tomatoes and add enough water to equal 2 cups. Add liquids and tomatoes to skillet, stir and scrape up brown bits. Add bouillon cube, salt, pepper, cayenne pepper and bay leaf; stir to dissolve bouillon cube. Return chicken to skillet. Heat to boiling. Reduce heat, cover and simmer 30 minutes. Add peas. Cover and cook 10 more minutes. Remove bay leaf. Makes 4 servings. About 640 calories per serving.

TUNISIAN LAMB
pictured on page 129

An unusual lamb dish with an exotic Mideastern flavor.

- **1 tablespoon salad oil**
- **1 pound boneless lean lamb shoulder, cut into 1½-inch cubes**
- **1 medium onion, chopped**
- **2 cups beef broth**
- **½ teaspoon cinnamon**
- **¼ teaspoon salt**
- **¼ teaspoon pepper**
- **¼ teaspoon ground ginger**
- **2 medium apples, peeled and diced (2 cups)**
- **1 can (16 oz.) sweet potatoes, drained**
- **6 pitted prunes, cut in half**
- **4 lemon slices**
- **3 tablespoons honey**

In 12-inch skillet over medium heat, heat salad oil. Add lamb and onion and brown well on all sides, stirring occasionally. Pour off any drippings. Add broth, cinnamon, salt, pepper and ginger. Heat to boiling; reduce heat, cover and simmer 1 hour, 15 minutes. Add apples, sweet potatoes, prunes, lemon and honey. Cook, uncovered, 15 more minutes or until apples are tender, stirring occasionally. Makes 4 servings. About 590 calories each.

TUNA-ZUCCHINI DINNER
pictured at left

A new switch on the old standby, tuna with mushroom soup.

- **2 tablespoons butter or margarine**
- **1 pound zucchini, cut into ¼-inch slices**
- **½ cup sliced celery (1 large rib)**
- **3 tablespoons chopped onion**
- **¼ cup dry vermouth**
- **1 can (10¾ oz.) condensed cream of mushroom soup, undiluted**
- **½ cup milk**
- **1 can (16 oz.) sliced potatoes, drained**
- **1 can (6½ or 7 oz.) tuna, drained and flaked**
- **2 tablespoons chopped canned pimiento (optional)**
- **Salt and pepper to taste**

In 12-inch skillet, melt butter or margarine. Add zucchini, celery and onion and sauté until tender, about 10 minutes. Add vermouth and heat to boiling; boil for 30 seconds. Stir in soup and milk until smooth. Add potatoes and tuna and cook until heated through, about 3 minutes. Garnish with chopped pimiento, if desired. Season with salt and pepper. Makes 4 servings. About 325 calories per serving.

LENTILS WITH FRANKS
pictured at left

The kids should be wild for this dish.

- **1 cup uncooked lentils**
- **4 slices bacon, cut into 1-inch pieces**

(continued on page 134)



Upper left, clockwise: Ham Paprikash, Lentils with Franks, Tuna-Zucchini Dinner, Skillet Steak Dinner.

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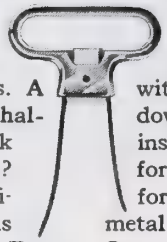
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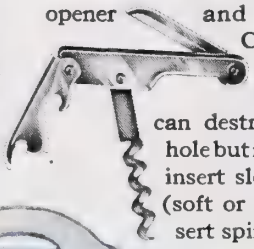
Two pleasures of the Good Life—how to open a wine bottle gracefully and discovering the true joys of tea.

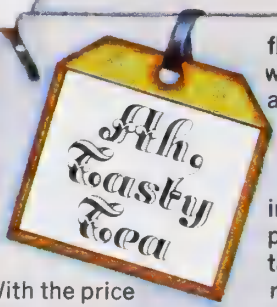
Un-Corkers for Wine Tasters

Most corks, snug in their harbors, have the strength to hold tight for eons. A comforting thought to some—a challenge to many. What if the cork crumbles or simply splits in two? Here are three of the most efficient ways to do the deed, plus hints to soothe the wary. **1.** The Butterfly Lever—a winged corkscrew with good balance from the lever action. The metal screw should be an open spiral with smooth edges for the best grip. Tip: check that the spiral is long enough to penetrate the longest corks on finer wines. **2.** Called the "Dishonest Butler's Friend"—a double-pronged extractor with uneven blades that you edge down between the cork and the inside of the bottle's throat. Good for fragile corks and in reverse, for recorking. Comes protected in metal case. **3.** A Waiter's Bottle Opener—jack-of-all-trades, has a knife for cutting the metal cap, a bottle opener and spiral corkscrew. Compact (folds up like a pocketknife). • A poor corkscrew can destroy a cork, boring a hole but not gripping. • Always insert slowly. • If in trouble (soft or broken-off cork), insert spiral diagonally to draw out.









With the price of coffee zooming upward, consider an alternative: tea. Too many people only sip a cup when they have the sniffles or are visiting their maiden aunt. How wrong. We believe that if you go beyond the ordinary tea bag, you'll be glad to discover a whole world of tastes—from rich Darjeeling to smoky Lapsang Souchong to exotic Jasmine. There are 3 main categories—black, oolong and green—but endless blends (some count over 3,000). Yet, most of the tea consumed in America is black. The well-known term, "pekoe," refers to leaf size, not flavor. Tea gives a lift to life, with about half as much caffeine as coffee. **How to Brew:** • Make in a teapot (not tin). A teapot will hold the temperature better. Warm pot first by filling with steaming water, then pouring out. • Use fresh cold tap water. If standing about or reheated, you'll get a flatish taste. The best tea water is soft. If you live in a hard water area, try bottled water. • The old rule of thumb for loose tea is one teaspoon for each cup, one for the pot. With tea bags, one per cup. • Heat water to full rolling boil; pour over tea. Stir and cover. • Be patient. Let steep a good 3-5 minutes to release the flavor. • If too strong, add more boiling water. But don't judge by color alone. Some teas stay pale, others go almost black. **The Cost of Tea:** Loose tea is the best buy, yet even the imported blends generally run to only 2¢ a cup while coffee is over 7¢ a cup and rising. One pound of tea will make between 200–240 cups. Something new to brew—with the popularity of the automatic coffeemakers, there's soon to be tea made to filter through at about 1¢ a cup (Lipton, 12-ounce can). **Iced Tea:** Refreshing and good-for-dieters, iced tea is becoming an all-year-round drink. An American invention (from the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair), it can be made from an extra strong brew and poured over ice cubes; from the powdered mixes (some lemon-y and presugared); or ready in cans. **How to Store:** Tea is delicate and can absorb other odors as well as moisture. Be wary of teas displayed openly. Keep securely in airtight containers and you'll have glorious tea for months.

int's Prima Salsa.®
's thicker and zestier than Ragú."

We're delighted when spaghetti sauce lovers ike Boston's Mr. Frank Gagliardi tell us, Hunt's Prima Salsa® is thicker and zestier than egular Ragu* Spaghetti Sauce." That's be- :ause he's pretty fussy about his spaghetti ;auce. If Hunt's Prima Salsa pleases iim, imagine how it will please you!

The fact is, among people who eally like their spaghetti sauce, nost preferred Hunt's Prima Salsa o Ragu.

Next time you're looking for spaghetti sauce, try delicious Hunt's Prima Salsa. You'll find it hicker and zestier than Ragu.



Frank Gagliardi
3 North Square
Boston, Mass.

)UCHED PHOTO SHOWS THE DIFFERENCE.



See how the regular Ragu tti Sauce begins to come the strainer in a matter of a nds.

HUNT'S PRIMA SALSA—It's thicker and zestier than Ragu. It even looks better—it stays in the strainer.

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ailable in Three Flavors: Regular, With Mushrooms, and Meat Flavored.

SKILLET SPECIALS

continued from page 130

1 medium onion, chopped
2 cups water
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
3 tablespoons light brown sugar
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon dry mustard
⅛ teaspoon pepper
8 frankfurters (12 oz.), cut in 1-inch slices

Place lentils in colander and rinse under cold, running water; drain well.

In 10-inch skillet over medium heat, cook bacon until crisp. Add onion and cook until golden. Add lentils, water, tomato sauce, brown sugar, salt, dry mustard and pepper. Heat to boiling. Reduce heat, cover and simmer for 35 to 40 minutes. Add frankfurters, cover and simmer 15 more minutes. Makes 4 servings. About 650 calories per serving.

SKILLET STEAK DINNER
pictured on page 130

A satisfying, hearty entrée.

1½ pounds bottom beef round steak, cut 1-inch thick
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 medium onion, sliced
1 beef bouillon cube
1 cup hot water
1 carrot, grated
8 new potatoes (1 lb.)
1 package (10 oz.) frozen cut green beans, thawed

Pat meat with paper towels. Mix together flour, salt and pepper and rub into meat on both sides. In 12-inch skillet, heat salad oil. Add beef and onion and brown well, turning meat once. Dissolve bouillon cube in hot water; add to meat mixture along with grated carrot. Heat to boiling; reduce heat. Cover and simmer 1½ hours, stirring occasionally. Peel a band of skin around the center of each potato. Add potatoes and ½ cup more hot water (if needed) to skillet. Heat to boiling. Reduce heat; cover and cook 30 minutes. Increase heat to high, add beans; cover and cook an additional 5 minutes or until beans are tender-crisp. Makes 4 servings. About 500 calories per serving.

HAM PAPRIKASH
pictured on page 130

A family favorite—and you don't have to pre-cook the noodles.

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
¼ cup chopped green onions
¼ pound mushrooms, sliced
1 pound cooked ham, cut into ¾-inch cubes (about 1¾ cups)
1 teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
4 ounces uncooked egg noodles (3 cups)
1¾ cups beef broth
1 cup sour cream

In 10-inch skillet, melt butter or margarine. Add green onions and mushrooms and sauté for 3 minutes. Add ham and seasonings and cook for 3 more minutes, stirring occasionally. Place uncooked noodles on top of mixture. Pour broth into skillet, heat to boiling. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 15 minutes. Uncover and simmer 5 more minutes, stirring occasionally. Fold in sour cream and heat. Serve immediately. Makes 4 servings. About 455 calories per serving. **End**

Oranges

continued from page 127

ORANGE TART
pictured on page 126

A truly elegant dessert—orange cream filling in a rich sugary crust.

Pastry
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon grated orange peel
1¾ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
¾ cup (1½ sticks) unsalted butter
About 3 tablespoons orange juice
Filling
2 cups milk
⅔ cup plus 1 tablespoon sugar
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
⅛ teaspoon salt
5 egg yolks
2 tablespoons grated orange peel
3 tablespoons orange-flavored liqueur
1 cup heavy or whipping cream
5 medium oranges
½ cup sweet orange marmalade

To make pastry: In large bowl, mix sugar and orange peel, pressing with back of spoon until sugar is well moistened. Add flour. Cut butter into small pieces. With pastry blender or 2 knives used scissor-fashion, cut in butter until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add orange juice, one spoonful at a time, and stir until mixture is well moistened. Shape pastry into a 6¼x2-inch roll. Wrap in waxed paper and refrigerate at least 30 minutes or until firm enough to slice.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 9-inch springform pan; set aside. Cut roll into ¼-inch slices; reserve 12. Line bottom of pan with remaining slices and press to cover bottom evenly. Press 12 reserved slices around side of pan, pressing firmly onto bottom layer. Place piece of foil to fit bottom and sides of crust. Spoon dried beans or uncooked rice into foil. Bake for 30 minutes. Remove pan from oven. Increase temperature to 400°F. Carefully remove beans and foil. With fork, prick lightly where needed to prevent bubbles from forming. Bake crust 10 to 15 more minutes until golden brown. Cool on wire rack.

To make filling: In small saucepan, heat milk until tiny bubbles form around the edge. Meanwhile, in medium saucepan, combine ⅔ cup sugar, gelatin and sa
Add egg yolks to sugar mixture and be
with wire whisk until thick and lemo
colored. Gradually add heated milk
yolk mixture, stirring constantly wi
wire whisk to prevent lumping. Co
over low heat, stirring constantly, un
mixture coats back of metal spoon a
gelatin is dissolved (about 10 to 15 mi
utes).

In small bowl, combine liqueur a
orange peel. Gradually add to filling m
ture, stirring constantly to prevent lum
ing. Remove from heat. Cover surfa
of filling with plastic wrap to preve
skin from forming; refrigerate un
cool, but not set (about 1½ hours
When filling is cool, beat heavy crea
until soft peaks form. Add 1 tablespoo
sugar and beat until stiff. Fold into fi
ing mixture. Spoon into cooled crus
Cover and refrigerate until set.

With sharp knife cut peel off orang
cutting deep enough to remove all whi
membrane. Cut along both sides of ea
dividing membrane and lift out sectio
from center, keeping sections whol
(Remove sections over bowl to reta
juices if desired.) Drain sections on p
per towels; set aside. *May be prepare
in advance. Cover and refrigerate up
6 hours.*

To serve, arrange orange segmen
on top of set filling, starting at edge an
working inwards. In small saucepa
over medium heat, melt marmalad
strain through sieve. Brush straine
marmalade over orange sections. Serv
immediately. Makes 12 servings. Abou
400 calories each.

ORANGE FLUFF
pictured on page 126

*A quick drink the kids will love—and s
will you!*

1 egg white
1½ cups orange juice
¾ cup milk
5 ice cubes
2 tablespoons sugar

Place all ingredients into blender con
tainer, cover and purée until ice is
crushed. Serve at once. Makes four 1
cup servings. About 95 calories each
For a lower calorie content, use skimme
milk and low calorie sweetener. (Abou
65 calories per serving for low calorie
drink.)

ORANGE AND CUCUMBER SALAD
pictured on page 126

*Yogurt and mint combine to make a
smashing salad dressing.*

1 cup plain yogurt
1 tablespoon fresh, finely chopped mint or 1½ teaspoons dried mint, crushed
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
1 garlic clove, crushed
3 large oranges
1 cucumber, peeled
Fresh mint, for garnish

(continued)



Create the rich and moist pudding pound cake that takes the cake.

Tonight give your family a special treat. Turn a regular cake mix into a really rich and moist Sour Cream Pudding Pound Cake. You can do it with Jell-O® Brand Lemon Flavor Instant Pudding.

The taste of this Jell-O® Pudding cake is so delicious you'll never believe it came from a mix.

So create the pound cake that takes the cake. Make a Jell-O® Pudding pound cake.

Sour Cream Pudding Pound Cake

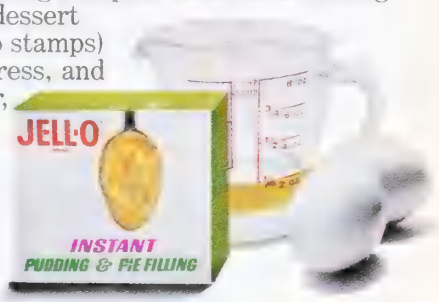
1 package (2-layer size) yellow cake mix
1 package (4-serving size) Jell-O® Lemon Flavor Instant Pudding and Pie Filling
1 cup (½ pt.) sour cream • ⅓ cup oil • 4 eggs

Combine all ingredients in a large mixer bowl. Blend at low speed of electric mixer just to moisten, scraping sides of bowl often. Then beat 4 minutes at medium speed. Pour into two 8x4- or 9x5-inch loaf pans which have been lined on bottoms with paper. Bake at 350° for 45 to 50 minutes or until cakes spring back when lightly pressed. Cool in pans 15 minutes. Remove from pans and finish cooling on racks.

In high altitude areas, use large eggs, add ⅓ cup all-purpose flour and 1⅓ cups water; reduce sour cream to ⅓ cup and oil to 1 tablespoon.

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Get "The Jell-O® Pudding Sampler," an award-winning book of 40 delicious dessert recipes. Send 50¢ (no stamps) with your name, address, and ZIP Code to: Sampler, Box 3122, Kankakee, Ill. 60901. Allow 6 to 8 weeks to process request.



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When a big cake is more than you nee











When you want to serve a h
made, frosted cake, but a big c
is more than you need, you nee
Stir 'n Frost. Stir 'n Frost makes
a super moist cake that's just th
right size for family snacks, pic
dessert for two, or an after-sch
snack.

It comes complete. Cake mix
creamy frosting that's already
made, and a 5" x 7" foil-lined p

And it's so convenient. Just a
water, stir, and bake. Then frost
from an easy-squeeze pouch.
Available in four flavors.

you need Stir 'n Frost®.

Oranges

continued

or dressing: In small bowl, combine yogurt, mint, salt, sugar nd garlic. Cover and refrigerate at least 1 hour.

Cut oranges in half. Using a grapefruit knife, scoop out ulp; reserve shell. (Or use sharp paring knife, cutting round edge of orange, then using spoon, scoop out pulp.) ut pulp into chunks. Drain.

Cut cucumbers in half lengthwise and scoop out seeds; dis- ard. Cut cucumber into ¼-inch slices. Toss with oranges and ressing.

To serve, spoon mixture into orange shells. Garnish with int, if desired. Serve immediately. Makes 6 servings. About 0 calories each.

ORANGE PORK CHOPS

pictured on page 127

range stuffed and orange glazed—a delightful, citrus flavor.

tablespoon butter or margarine
tablespoon finely chopped onion
slices day-old white bread, cubed (about 1½ cups)
teaspoons grated orange peel
teaspoon marjoram, crushed
¼ teaspoons salt
⅓ cups orange juice
tablespoons salad oil
loin pork chops, for stuffing (about 2½ lbs.)
bay leaf
teaspoon pepper
tablespoons cornstarch
orange, sliced for garnish

n medium saucepan, melt butter or margarine. Add onion nd sauté until tender. Remove from heat. Add bread cubes, ½ teaspoons orange peel, marjoram and ¼ teaspoon salt and ir until well mixed. Moisten with 2 tablespoons orange juice. venly stuff bread mixture into slit in pork chops.

In 12-inch skillet, heat salad oil. Add pork chops and brown ell on both sides over high heat. Add ½ cup orange juice, ay leaf, 1 teaspoon salt and *(continued on page 148)*



"Good evening. We're the Giffords. We received the Pembletons' invitation by mistake."

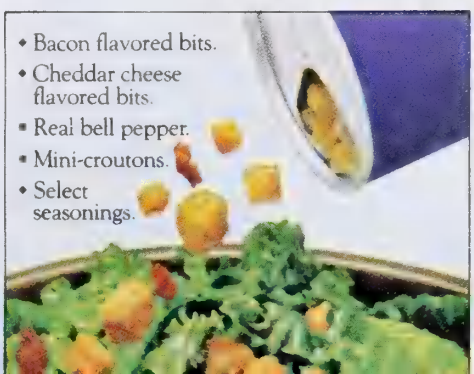
The Flavor Shakers make salads taste special.

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Shake on the flavor.



WINE TASTING

continued from page 125

TIPS ON PLANNING A WINE-TASTING

Think Out Your Guest List

• This is a party with a purpose—to learn more about wine in general and the 12 selected bottles in particular. So be fair to everybody and invite friends who really are interested in wine and will take the tasting seriously (which is not at all the same as being pompous about it).

• Save those friends who are inveterate bourbon and vodka drinkers for another occasion.

What Kinds of Wines?

• Selecting your wines is not a once-over-lightly task. Talk with your guests; seek advice from your local wine dealer. Do you wish to sample domestic or imported wines? How specific do you want to get? A novice might well benefit more from a tasting where a variety of whites, rosés, burgundies and champagnes is offered. The connoisseur, on the other hand, might prefer all cabernet sauvignons. Most of us fall somewhere in between.

• It is with that in mind we asked Californian Dr. Paul Gillette, author of *Enjoying Wine*, to help us compile recommendations for four separate wine tastings. (See the four recommended plans on page 141.)

• Using predominantly California wines that are in national distribution, we suggest these only as inspiration. It's doubtful you'll be able to find all 12 wines recommended on any one list; however, a knowledgeable wine dealer can suggest suitable substitutes.

• We recommend sharing the cost of the wines—either among all the guests or between two couples. However, you should purchase all the wines at the same time to insure a proper selection.

Getting Ready

• White and rosé wines as well as champagnes should be chilled (not ice cold), while red wines should be uncorked (½ to one hour before serving) in order to breathe.

• You'll need 12 good-sized wine glasses. They don't have to match, but make sure the glasses are large enough to swirl the wine around in. One glass for each person is ample since you'll supply rinsing and dumping facilities.

• In setting up the tasting area, be certain to provide enough table space so that guests are able to move freely. Wine should be arranged by groups on the table in order of tasting.

• For our party we suggest serving champagne last, although many purists prefer it first. Since champagne, unlike the still wines, does not keep well, we thought perhaps the guests might like to relax and sip an extra glass of champagne after the tasting.

• A pitcherful of water should be conveniently placed for guests to rinse their glasses between tastings. There should also be a waste collector for water and unwanted wine (an ice bucket w do nicely).

• In addition, it's important to furn bread or bland crackers and n cheeses, for guests to nibble on. Th erase the taste of wine and pave the w for the next sipping.

Actually Tasting

• When you're ready to start, open wines except champagnes, which sho be uncorked just before drinking. Gro according to category or varietal ty Ask everybody to taste in the sa order. We think it's a good idea if host or hostess pours the first round each of the four groupings—that w everybody starts together.

• The order given in our four plans the order we recommend tasting. T only hard and fast rules to remember white before rosé, rosé before red, c before sweet, light before heavy.

• In our tasting of 12 wines (which the maximum we feel one should ta in an evening), we're allowing one our per person for each wine. (This adds to half a bottle each. After all, the id is to taste the wines, not get tiddly.)

• Technically, you should have 12 ha bottles left, but it rarely works out th way. People discover one or two favo ites and go back for another taste. Al you can always drink the remaini wine with dinner or decant it into tigh ly covered containers to take home.

Criteria for Tasting Wine

• *Appearance*—hold the glass by th stem, raise it to the light to check col and clarity.

• *Aroma or Bouquet*—gently swirl yo half-filled glass for a moment or tw permitting some of the wine to evapora against the sides of the glass, releasin its bouquet. Then take a hearty sniff. A first you will probably judge the win simply by how pleasant the aroma i But eventually you will learn to distin guish the fragrance of a Zinfandel fro the rich, more complex bouquet of fine Pinot Noir.

• *Taste*—sip the wine, allowing it to se in your mouth. Roll it round your tongue Only then do you swallow. Gulping, yo will discover, reveals nothing.

Hints for a Successful Tasting

• Don't let the environment compet with the tasting. Strong perfume, scent ed candles and flowers are no-nos. Urg cigarette smokers to step into anothe room if they must indulge and ban c gars and pipes until after the tasting.

• Again, wine should be the only bev erage served—at least until after th tasting.

• Unless you're really into wines, w don't advocate blind tastings (where th labels are covered). However, it's you party—do your own thing. Score sheet or cards are fun and give *(continued*



From left, clockwise; Cassoulet, Lemon-Lime Soufflé, Marinated Vegetables.

Figurines just put Chocolate Mint and Caramel Nut in my diet.

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CARROT CRUNCH

6-8 good-sized carrots
½ teaspoon salt
1½ tablespoons butter or margarine
1½ tablespoons brown sugar
1½ teaspoons grated orange rind
¼ cup toasted blanched slivered almonds

Cut carrots lengthwise into slivers as shown in photograph. Cook in a large covered pan, using salt and a small amount of water. When carrots are just barely tender, remove from pan and set aside. Drain water. In the pan stir together butter, sugar, orange rind, and almonds. When well-mixed, return carrots to pan. Let simmer for 5 minutes, turning carrots to coat with almond mixture. Makes 4-6 servings.

the Almond People

California Almond
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Sacramento, CA 9580

WINE TASTING

continued

e tasters some standard of comparison.

hat About Wine Lingo?

Don't get hung up about it. Oenophiles (wine buffs) can fascinating, spitting out words like "nose," "tawny," acy," etc. Some wines will immediately remind you of ing "robust," "nutty" or "woody." But it's better to experience and savor the taste; words to describe that particular taste can come later.

SCHEDULE FOR WINE-TASTING PARTY

ne Month Before:
Invite guests.
Select wine tasting schedule from one of our four plans or ake up your own.
Call various liquor stores to verify brands and varieties of ine in stock.

p to Two to Four Weeks Before:
Prepare wine tasting cards, if used.
Inventory supplies—remembering you need 12 all-purpose ine glasses.

ne Week Before:
Purchase non-perishable ingredients.
Select serving dishes.

our Days Before:
Purchase ingredients for soufflé and cheese and crackers.
Prepare soufflé, cover and freeze. (Do not garnish.)

(continued on page 142)

Four Plans for Wine Tasting

lans I and II are designed for those who are relative neophytes in wine tasting—each features three whites, three sés, three reds and three champagnes. Plan III is for more xperienced tasters who wish to sample all reds; Plan IV fers a variety of whites, concluding with champagnes.

LAN I
allo Chablis Blanc
lmaden Mountain Chablis
. K. Mondavi Chablis

ouis Martini Gamay Rosé
eyser Peak Rosé of Cabernet
aul Masson Vin Rosé

ebastiani Mountain Burgundy
ribari Burgundy
ranzia Burgundy

lmaden Le Domaine Brut Champagne
aylor Brut Champagne
eibel Blanc de Blanc Champagne

LAN II
glenook Johannisberg Reisling
harles Krug Johannisberg Reisling
ouis M. Martini Johannisberg Reisling

eaulieu Vineyard Beau Rosé
lirassou Petite Rosé
obert Mondavi Gamay Rosé

allo Hearty Burgundy
hristian Brothers Burgundy
lmaden Mountain Burgundy

reat Western Champagne
lmaden Blanc de Blancs Champagne
hristian Brothers Brut Champagne

PLAN III
Monterey Vineyards Gamay Beaujolais
Robert Mondavi Gamay
Wine Masters Guild Gamay Beaujolais

Sonoma Vineyards Zinfandel
Cresta Blanca Zinfandel
Sutter Home Zinfandel

Louis Martini Cabernet Sauvignon
Robert Mondavi Cabernet Sauvignon
Beringer Cabernet Sauvignon

Christian Brothers Pinot Noir
Sebastiani Pinot Noir
Souverain Pinot Noir

PLAN IV
Almaden French Colombard
Gallo French Colombard
Paul Masson Colombard

Wente Blanc de Blancs
Charles Krug Chenin Blanc
Parducci Chenin Blanc

Callaway Johannisberg Reisling
Firestone Johannisberg Reisling
Monterey Vineyards Johannisberg Reisling

Mirassou Brut Champagne
Kornell Brut Champagne
Korbel Brut Champagne



Buttermilk? Instead of oil and vinegar?

What Hidden Valley Ranch® did, to make a fresher, livelier Italian salad dressing, would shock an Italian.

Incredible as it sounds, Hidden Valley Ranch® has a Creamy Italian salad dressing you make without oil and vinegar. And it tastes just incredible.

Just mix the Hidden Valley Ranch fixin's with mayonnaise and buttermilk and you get a dressing that is thick and creamy with the freshest, liveliest Italian flavor imaginable.

The great taste will put any doubts to rest. And wake up any salad.



WINE TASTING
continued

Two Days Before:
1. Purchase perishable ingredients.
2. Prepare marinated vegetables.
3. Prepare herb bouquet.

One Day Before:
1. Prepare cassoulet; do not bake. Cover and refrigerate.
2. Prepare parsley and bread crumb mixture for cassoulet; cover and refrigerate.
3. Assemble all wines for tasting.

Day of Party, Morning:
1. Purchase bread.
2. Set up wine tasting table with glasses, pitchers, ice bucket, napkins, etc.
3. Arrange vegetables on serving plate; cover and refrigerate.
4. Refrigerate white and rosé wines and champagne.

Two Hours Before Guests Arrive:
1. Arrange cheese and crackers.
2. Slice strawberries for soufflé garnish; cover and refrigerate.

One Hour Before Guests Arrive:
1. Preheat oven to 400°F.
2. Complete final preparation for cassoulet. After baking, keep cassoulet in oven on warm until ready to serve.
3. Open red wines to breathe.

As Guests Arrive:
1. Open all wines except champagne.
2. Group wines on table according to category or varietal type.
3. Open champagnes just before drinking.

Serving Timetable:
1. Enjoy wine tasting, with cheese and crackers.
2. Warm bread.
3. Serve cassoulet, bread and marinated vegetables.
4. Garnish soufflé and serve.

FOOD CHECKLIST

- ½ pound salt pork
- 1 pound garlic sausages
- 2 pounds boneless pork, lean
- ½ cup heavy cream
- 10 eggs
- 2½ cups dry white wine
- 4 quarts chicken broth
- 2 pounds Great Northern beans
- 1 can (28 oz.) whole tomatoes
- 2 cans (14 oz. each) artichoke hearts
- 1¼ pounds onions
- 8 garlic cloves
- 3 ribs celery
- 1 bunch parsley
- ½ pound mushrooms
- 1½ pounds carrots
- 8 lemons
- 4 limes
- 1 bunch (2 lbs.) broccoli
- 1 head (2 lbs.) cauliflower
- 1 pint cherry tomatoes
- 1 pound green beans
- 1 pint strawberries
- Assorted cheeses (Monterey Jack, Edam, mild Cheddar)
- Assorted crackers
- 2 loaves French bread

Staples to have on hand
- Butter or margarine
- Bay leaves
- Thyme
- Oregano
- Salt
- Pepper
- Sugar
- Salad oil
- 2 slices bread for crumbs

CASSOULET
pictured on page 138

LHJ's simplified version of the clas French casserole.

Bean Mixture
- **4 quarts chicken stock**
- **1 quart water**
- **2 pounds Great Northern beans, rinsed and well drained**
- **1 pound garlic sausages (Polish or Italian)**
- **¼ pound salt pork, cut into quarters**
- **3 small whole onions, peeled**
- **2 garlic cloves, chopped**
- **Dash freshly ground pepper**
- **Herb Bouquet (see editor's note at enc**

Meat Mixture
- **¼ pound salt pork, diced**
- **2 pounds boneless lean pork, cut into 1-inch cubes**
- **1 cup minced onions**
- **¾ cup finely diced celery**
- **2 garlic cloves, chopped**
- **2 carrots, cut in ½-inch slices**
- **1½ cups dry white wine**
- **1 can (28 oz.) whole tomatoes, drained**
- **½ teaspoon thyme**
- **1 bay leaf**
- **Dash freshly ground pepper**

Topping
- **1 cup fresh bread crumbs (2 slices)**
- **½ cup minced parsley**
- **3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine**

To make Bean Mixture: In large 6- to 8 quart saucepot, heat chicken stock an water to boiling. Add beans and retur to a rapid boil; boil for 2 minutes. Cov

(continued on page 14

The great white wines of Paul Masson.



Nothing good happens fast.

Paul Masson Vineyards Saratoga California © 1977



How to tell authentic Spanish olives from imitations before you taste them.

Spanish Olives

Not all green olives are alike. So to make sure you're getting authentic Spanish olives, and not "Spanish-style" imitations, look for the Spanish Olive symbol on the bottle.

Because only Spain has made an art out of the growing and curing of olives – so much so that Spain supplies most of the world.

The hot dry climate and mineral rich soil of the Spanish province of Andalusia are ideal for olive groves. Here, tending and curing the olives has been a matter of pride for hundreds of years, and the workers treat the delicate fruit with great reverence.

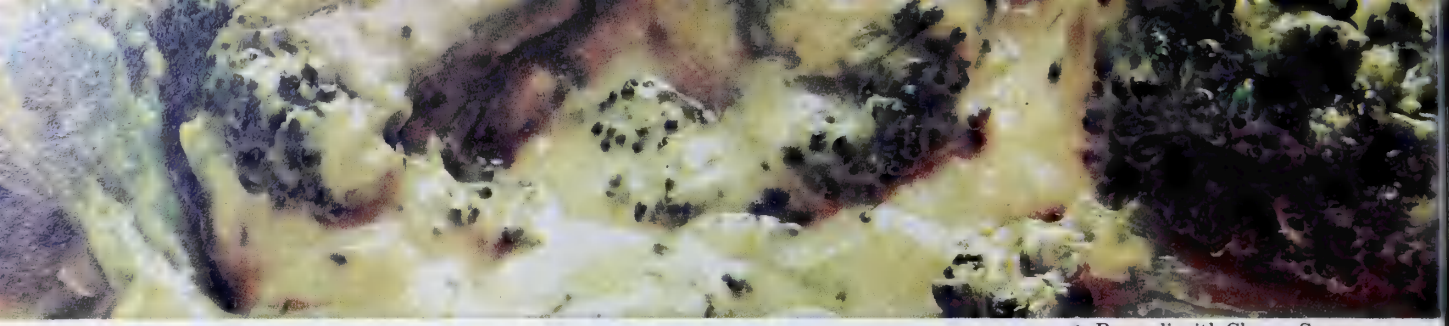
That's why the delicious tangy taste of Spanish olives is so difficult to duplicate.

So make sure the olives you buy have the Spanish Olive symbol on the label or cap. It'll remind you that it takes more than a green thumb to grow a great green olive.



©CEMESA THE SPANISH OLIVE COMMISSION

Spanish Olives. The best olives in the world.



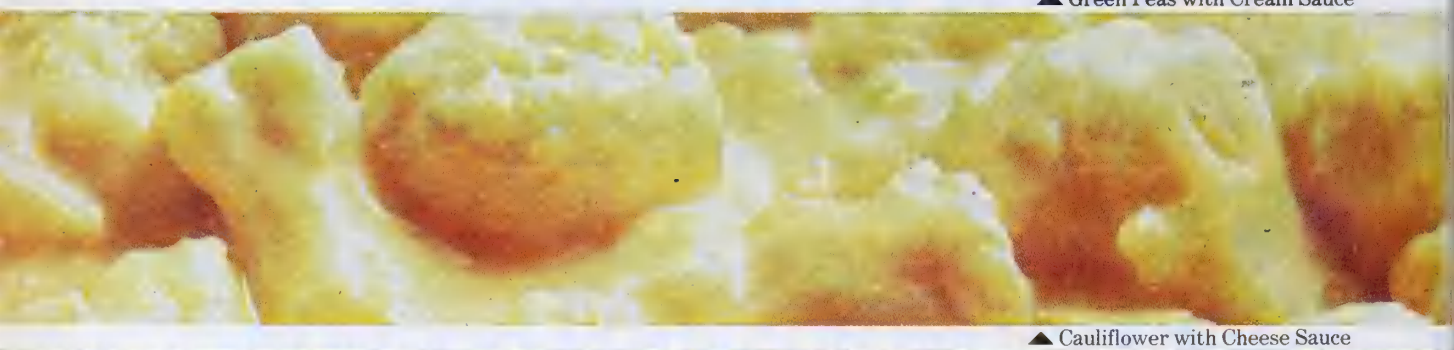
▲ Broccoli with Cheese Sauce



▲ French Green Beans with Toasted Almonds



▲ Green Peas with Cream Sauce



▲ Cauliflower with Cheese Sauce



▲ Creamed Spinach ▼ Small Onions with Cream Sauce





▲ Green Peas and Pearl Onions



▼ Carrots with Brown Sugar Glaze

Birds Eye® Combinations will do almost anything to get your husband's attention.

Does your husband think your vegetables are all as alike as peas in a pod? Even when you're not serving peas? Then you should be serving him Birds Eye® Combinations.

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In short, they are vegetables that your husband absolutely cannot ignore. That's because Birds Eye® Combinations will catch his passing fancy...the kind that makes him keep on asking you to pass the vegetables over to him.



BIRDS EYE®

Birds Eye® Combinations.

The first vegetables your husband might even notice.

bove photographs are approx. 2 times actual size.

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WINE TASTING
continued

and remove saucepot from the heat; let beans stand for 1 hour.

With a fork, prick sausages. Cook in medium skillet until browned on all sides. Drain on paper towel.

After beans have soaked for an hour, add sausages and ¼ pound salt pork to beans. Heat mixture to rapid boil, skimming off any foam. Add whole onions, garlic, pepper and Herb Bouquet; cover and cook 45 minutes. Remove sausages from pot; cut into ½-inch thick slices. Set sausages aside.

Cover and cook beans for additional 30 minutes or until tender. Discard salt pork, onions and Herb Bouquet. Place large colander over large bowl, pour in bean mixture to strain. Reserve both beans and broth. Skim fat from broth (you should have about 8 cups broth). *For meat mixture:* Meanwhile, in heavy skillet, sauté diced salt pork until crisp and brown. Remove salt pork with slotted spoon; discard. To drippings in skillet, add pork and brown well on all sides. Remove with slotted spoon and set aside.

In same drippings, add onions, celery, garlic and carrots and sauté for about 2 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add wine and cook over high heat until it reduces to about half the volume, about 2 to 3 minutes. Stir in tomatoes, thyme, bay leaf, pepper, 1 cup broth and browned pork. Cover and simmer for 1 hour, stirring occasionally. Add sausages to meat mixture and stir until well combined. *To assemble cassoulet:* Into 8-quart flameproof casserole or Dutch oven, spoon beans, then meat mixture. Pour 4 cups broth over all. Cover and refrigerate overnight. *(May be prepared in advance up to this point.)*

About 1½ hours before serving, preheat oven to 400°F. Add 2 to 3 cups broth to casserole, enough to cover beans. Place over medium heat, cover, bring to boil, stirring occasionally. *Topping:* Meanwhile, combine bread crumbs and parsley. Remove casserole from heat and sprinkle crumb mixture on top; dribble on butter or margarine. Bake, uncovered, for 1 hour or until bubbly. Serve immediately. Makes about 12 servings (2 cups per serving). About 850 calories per serving.

**Editor's note:* To make Herb Bouquet, in piece of cheesecloth place: 8 sprigs parsley, cut in half; 2 garlic cloves, unpeeled; 1 teaspoon thyme, 2 bay leaves, 3 celery tops and 1 small whole onion, peeled and halved; tie to form a bag.

MARINATED VEGETABLES
pictured on page 138

A crunchy complement to cassoulet.

Vegetables
- **2 heads (1 lb. each) cauliflower, cut into flowerets (or one 2-lb. head)**
- **1 bunch (2 lb.) broccoli, cut into flowerets**
- **1 pound green beans, ends trimmed and cut into 3-inch pieces**
- **1 pound carrots, cut in 3-inch julienne strips (about 4 cups)**
- **2 cans (14 oz. each) artichoke hearts, drained**
- **½ pound mushrooms, sliced**
- **1 pint cherry tomatoes, pricked with fork**

Marinade
- **1 cup salad oil**
- **1 cup dry white wine**
- **½ cup fresh lemon juice**
- **2 garlic cloves, crushed**
- **2 teaspoons salt**
- **½ teaspoon oregano, crushed**
- **Pinch sugar**

In large saucepan, heat 2 inches water to boiling. Add cauliflower and blan for 1 minute. Remove and drain. Rin under cold water to chill. Drain. Repe blanching broccoli, beans, carrots. Pla all in large bowl with artichoke hear mushrooms, tomatoes.

In medium bowl, combine all ingr dients for marinade; stir until we mixed. Pour marinade over vegetabl and toss until vegetables are well coate Cover and refrigerate at least 2 hou *(May be prepared in advance to th point. Cover and keep refrigerated u to 2 days.)*

To serve, remove vegetables fro marinade with slotted spoon; arrange c platter. Reserve marinade to serve ov vegetables, if desired. Makes about 1 servings. About 170 calories each. (An fresh vegetable may be added or subst tuted for the vegetables used above e.g. asparagus, zucchini.)

FROZEN LEMON-LIME SOUFFLÉ
pictured on page 138

- **8 eggs, separated**
- **2 egg yolks**
- **1⅔ cups sugar**
- **1 teaspoon grated lemon peel**
- **1 teaspoon grated lime peel**
- **⅓ cup fresh lemon juice**
- **⅓ cup fresh lime juice**
- **½ cup heavy or whipping cream**
- **6 strawberries, sliced for garnish**

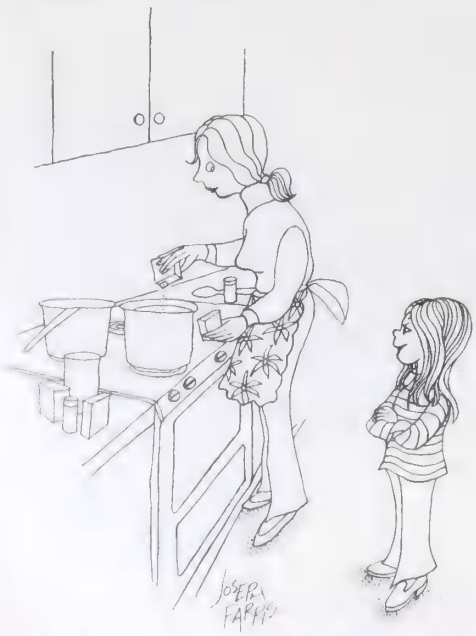
In large mixer bowl with electric mixe at high speed, beat egg yolks (10 in all until light and fluffy. Gradually add 1 cups sugar and continue beating unt light and lemon colored, scraping side of bowl occasionally. Set lemon and lim peels aside. Fold lemon and lime juice into egg yolk mixture.

Transfer egg yolk mixture to a heavy large saucepan. Cook over low heat beating constantly with portable mixe (or beat by hand with wire whisk) fo 10 minutes or until mixture is very thic and creamy. (Mixture will be consis tency of heavy cream and coat back o metal spoon.)

Remove from heat; fold in lemon an lime peels. Cover and chill at least 3 minutes.

Meanwhile, prepare a collar for 5-cup soufflé dish. Fold sheet of waxed pape lengthwise into thirds, long enough t fit around top edge of soufflé dish. Wrap around soufflé dish so waxed paper ex tends 2 inches above rim. Secure with tape. Set aside.

In small bowl, beat heavy cream un til stiff peaks form; set aside. In large bowl, beat egg whites until foamy Gradually add remaining ⅓ cup sugar and continue beating until stiff peaks form. Fold yolk mixture and whipped cream into egg white mixture until well mixed. Pour into prepared soufflé dish. Freeze overnight. *(May be prepared in advance. Cover and freeze up to 1 week.)* To serve, garnish with strawberries. Makes 12 servings. About 200 calories per serving. **End**



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n economical way to build a better breakfast.

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10¢ OFF



10¢ OFF

136 AX 136

on any box of Chex® cereals.

Dealer: For payment of face value, plus 5¢ handling, send to Ralston Purina Company, P.O. Box 1107, St. Louis, Missouri 63188. Coupon will be honored only if it was honored by retailer consistent with the terms hereof and submitted by a retailer of our merchandise or a clearinghouse approved by us and acting for, and at the risk of such a retailer. The obligation to redeem this coupon is expressly conditioned on the retailer showing on request invoices proving purchases of sufficient stock within the past 90 days to cover coupons presented for redemption. Any other application constitutes fraud. This coupon is nontransferable, nonassignable and redemption is limited to one coupon per specified product and size. Any sales tax must be paid by customer. Offer void where prohibited, taxed, or otherwise restricted. Cash redemption 1/20 of 1¢. Limit one coupon per purchase of any box of Chex® cereals. Any other use constitutes fraud. **Coupon expires July 31, 1978.**

10¢ **STORE COUPON** 10¢

Ralston Purina Company 1977.



When it's party time, go with RyKrisp®... the "Go With" snack crack

RyKrisp crackers go great with just about everythi —cheese, salami, shrimp, avocado, tomato, anythi you like to snack on. And this new radish and crea cheese spread is no exception. Whip up a batch f your next party and serve with RyKrisp, the "(With" snack cracker that captures the full rich tas of whole grain rye.

RADISH AND CREAM CHEESE SPREAD

1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese
¼ cup butter or margarine, softened
½ teaspoon celery salt
Dash paprika
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 cup finely chopped radishes
¼ cup finely chopped green onions

Mix cheese, butter, celery salt, paprika and Worcestershire sauce together until smooth. Stir in radishes and onions. Chill several hours to blend flavors. Spread on RyKrisp...the whole-grain rye snack cracker. Makes 1½ cups.

RyKrisp



©Ralston Purina Company, 1976

Oranges

continued from page 137

pepper. Heat to boiling. Cover and simmer 45 minutes, turning occasionally. (Add ¼ cup more orange juice, if necessary, to prevent sticking.) Discard bay leaf. Remove pork chops from pan; keep warm. Mix cornstarch and remaining 1½ cups orange juice until smooth. Add cornstarch mixture to skillet and cook, stirring occasionally, until thickened and mixture boils. Add remaining ½ teaspoon orange peel. Serve sauce over pork chops. Garnish with orange slices and additional grated orange peel, if desired. Makes 6 servings. About 500 calories per serving.

SHRIMP AND ORANGE SALAD
pictured on page 150

Simply shrimp and orange wedges topped with a zesty orange-sour cream-horseradish dressing.

Dressing
- ½ cup sour cream
- 2 tablespoons orange juice
- ¼ cup salad oil
- 2¼ teaspoons prepared horseradish
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon dry mustard
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper, coarsely ground
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- ½ teaspoon dill weed

Salad
- 4 large oranges
- Lettuce leaves
- 1 pound medium-sized shrimp, cooked
- Fresh dill, for garnish

For dressing: In small bowl, combine all ingredients. Cover, refrigerate several hours. Makes about 1 cup dressing. *For salad:* Using sharp knife, cut off orange peel, cutting deep enough to remove all white membrane. Cut along both sides of each dividing membrane and lift out sections from center, keeping sections whole.

To serve, on 6 individual salad plates or bowls, place lettuce leaves, shrimp and oranges. Top with dressing; garnish with dill. Makes 6 servings. About 150 calories per serving.

ORANGE FRITTERS
pictured on page 150

What a terrific idea! Orange section dipped in batter and deep-fried.

- 2 large seedless oranges
- ⅓ cup plus ½ cup unsifted all-purpose flour
- 1 egg, separated
- ⅓ cup milk
- 1 tablespoon orange juice
- ½ teaspoon grated orange peel
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1½ teaspoons melted butter or margarine
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- Salad oil for deep frying
- Confectioners' sugar, for garnish

To prepare fruit, submerge oranges in rapidly boiling water for 3 to 4 minutes. Remove and rinse under cold water. Peel immediately, *(continued*

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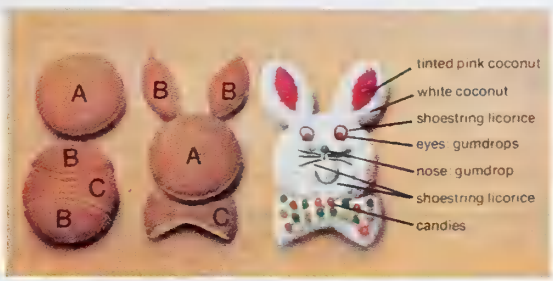
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BAKE SOMEONE HAPPY WITH A BAKER'S COCONUT BUNNY CAKE.

Wouldn't your family just ve this delightful Easter unny! And it's so easy to ake. Just be sure you don't ttle for less than tender, oist Baker's.® People who've mpared say Baker's® tastes esher than any leading and.



EASY BUNNY CAKE

- Two 9" round cake layers cooled
- 5⅓ cups fluffy frosting
- 1⅓ cups Baker's® Angel Flake® Coconut
- Red food coloring
- Pastel gumdrops
- Black shoestring licorice

1. Cut one layer as shown; leave other whole. Tint ¼ cup coconut pink by tossing with red food coloring.
2. Arrange cake, using frosting to hold pieces together.
3. Frost entire cake. Sprinkle with coconut and decorate with candies.

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Oranges

continued

being careful to remove all white membrane. For sections, gently separate into natural divisions, being careful not to break skin. (If there are any seeds, remove by making the smallest slit possible.) Drain on paper towels. Place ⅓ cup flour in paper or plastic bag, carefully add orange sections and shake until well coated; set aside.

In medium bowl, combine egg yolk, milk, orange juice, orange peel, salt, butter and ½ cup flour and stir until smooth. Beat egg white until stiff; fold into batter.

In Dutch oven or large saucepan, heat 1-inch salad oil to 375°F on deep-fat thermometer. Using tongs, dip orange sections, a few at a time, into batter, letting excess drip off. Fry, a few at a time, until golden brown, about 3 to 5 minutes. Drain on paper towels. Repeat dipping and frying with remaining oranges. Let cool 5 minutes before serving. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar. Makes about 20; about 60 calories each.

ORANGE CARROT SOUP
pictured below

Delicious hot or cold.

¼ cup butter or margarine
½ cup chopped onion
4½ cups chicken broth
2 cups cooked, sliced carrots, drained
2 tablespoons flour
1 can (6 oz.) frozen orange juice concentrate, undiluted, thawed
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup heavy or whipping cream
1½ teaspoons chopped chives
Orange slices for garnish

In small skillet, melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add onion and sauté until tender. Into blender container, place onion mixture, 2 cups chicken broth and carrots. Purée until smooth.

In large saucepan, melt remaining 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add flour and cook until smooth and bubbly, stirring occasionally. Add remaining broth and cook until slightly thickened. Add orange juice concentrate, salt, pepper, heavy cream, chives and carrot mixture; stir until blended. Taste for seasoning. Serve hot. (Be careful not to let the soup boil.) Or, refrigerate until well chilled. To serve, garnish with orange slice. Makes 7 cups. About 275 calories per cup.

FISH FILLETS IN ORANGE CREAM SAUCE
pictured below

A delicate, flavorful sauce is the secret of this recipe.

Court Bouillon
1 medium orange
1 quart water
½ small onion, sliced
¼ cup chopped celery
½ bay leaf
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon peppercorns
Orange Sauce
2 medium oranges
2 green onions, finely chopped
¼ cup dry white wine
⅓ cup orange juice
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
1 tablespoon flour
½ cup heavy or whipping cream
2 egg yolks, beaten
1 pound fresh or frozen fish fillets
Parsley and orange wedges, for garnish

Court Bouillon: Cut orange in half. Squeeze juice from one half; reserve juice. Cut other half into slices. Place orange juice and slices in large skillet. Add remaining ingredients. Heat to boiling over high heat. Cover and simmer for 10 minutes. Remove from heat and set aside.

Orange Sauce: Meanwhile, wash oranges and remove peel with a vegetable peeler. Cut orange peel into slivers. (Use oranges for another purpose.) In medium saucepan, combine orange peel, chopped green onions, white wine, ¼ cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon butter, salt and white pepper. Cook over high heat, uncovered, about 4 minutes or until half the liquid evaporates. Strain the liquid and reserve. In heavy, medium saucepan, melt the remaining 1 tablespoon butter, add flour and cook, stirring constantly, until smooth and bubbly. Remove from heat. Add strained cooking liquid, remaining orange juice, heavy cream and egg yolks. Cook over low heat until mixture thickens, about 3 minutes, stirring constantly to prevent lumping.

In small bowl, gradually add some hot sauce to yolks, stirring constantly. Add egg mixture all at once to the hot sauce. Cook sauce until smooth and thick, about 5 more minutes. Remove sauce from heat and keep warm while cooking fish. Makes 1 cup.

To cook fish, heat Court Bouillon to boiling. Reduce heat to low. Add fish, cover and simmer until fish flakes easily when tested with a fork (about 2 minutes for fresh and 4 minutes for frozen fish). Remove fish with slotted spatula or spoon to platter. Serve with Orange Cream Sauce. Makes 4 servings. About 285 calories each.

ORANGE BREAKFAST RING
pictured on this page

Packaged refrigerated biscuits are the base for this yummy, easy-to-do coffee cake.

1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons grated orange peel
2 packages (8 oz. each) refrigerated buttermilk biscuits
⅓ cup butter or margarine, melted
1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese, softened
½ cup confectioners' sugar
1 tablespoon orange juice

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 6-cup ring mold; set aside. Combine sugar and orange peel. Separate biscuits and dip each in melted butter and then coat thoroughly with sugar mixture. Slightly overlapping, place biscuits on side in ring mold slanting at 45° angle. Bake for 30 minutes or until light brown. Invert onto plate immediately and remove mold. Place another plate on top of biscuits and invert again (so browned side is up).

Meanwhile, in small bowl, combine cream cheese and confectioners' sugar. Add orange juice and beat until smooth; set aside. Drizzle cream cheese mixture over hot biscuit ring. Serve warm or cold. Makes 20 biscuits. About 155 calories each.

(continued)



Top left, clockwise: Orange Fritters, Orange Carrot Soup, Fish Fillets in Orange Cream Sauce, Shrimp and Orange Salad and Orange Breakfast Ring.

Orange Mallow Yam Yums

ORANGE MALLOW YAMBAKE

2 17-oz. cans Royal Prince or Princella yams, drained
2 oranges, peeled, sliced, cut in half
¼ cup brown sugar, packed
1½ cups Kraft miniature marshmallows

Arrange yams and orange slices in a 1½ quart shallow baking dish. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Bake at 350°, 20 to 25 minutes. Sprinkle with marshmallows. Broil until lightly browned.

6 to 8 servings





AN ORDINARY PINEAPPLE DEMONSTRATES HOW ARMOUR MAKES AN EXTRAORDINARY HAM.



Sometimes nature makes you work a little harder to get the best tasting foods.

The best part of a pineapple, for instance, is deep inside. And to get it you have to carve away a lot of the outside.

The best part of a ham is the leanest. To get it we carve away two-thirds of a whole ham. What is left is Golden Star by Armour, the filet of ham.

Golden Star is lean, tender, juicy ham that's been carefully cooked for hours in its natural juices to bring out all the delicious ham flavor.

Try Golden Star in the convenient 1½ pound small family size. This little filet of ham can make a big occasion out of any small family meal. It's easy to serve and there's just enough for four very generous servings.

Golden Star by Armour, the filet of ham.

The only thing you'll throw away is the can.



GOLDEN STAR by Armour

Reach for quality. Reach for the stars.

Oranges

continued

ORANGE TEA CAKE

erfect for an afternoon snack or as a dessert with fresh fruit.

ake
1 tablespoon vinegar
⅔ cup milk
½ cup softened butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 tablespoon grated orange peel
1½ teaspoons vanilla extract
laze
⅓ cup orange liqueur
3 tablespoons orange juice
¾ cup sugar

reheat oven to 350°F. Grease 9-inch kugelhopf pan or 9-ch tube pan; set aside.

Add vinegar to the milk and set aside for 5 minutes to sour. a large mixing bowl with mixer at medium speed, cream utter or margarine and sugar, scraping bowl occasionally. dd eggs and beat 5 minutes or until very light and fluffy. ombine flour, salt and soda. To creamed mixture, add flour ixture alternately with milk, beginning and ending with our mixture, beating just until combined. Fold in orange eel and vanilla just until well mixed. Pour the batter into repared pan and bake for 50 to 55 minutes or until tooth-ick inserted in center comes out clean.

or glaze: Just before cake comes out of oven combine in-redients in small bowl. Remove cake from oven and imme-iately invert onto a wire rack. Set rack over piece of waxed aper. Pierce cake with skewer quickly and deeply all over. rush glaze on top and sides of cake. Let cool before serving. Makes 12 servings. About 300 calories per serving. **End**



"Invite everyone. We're having scrambled egg."

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The longer they are the fewer I smoke.

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MENTHOL 120 by KENT

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It's wacky, but it works. Max 120's take longer to smoke so you don't light up as often.

Q. Does White-Westinghouse pack a coupon for Tide in every new automatic washer?

A. Do kids like chocolate ice cream?



Sometimes, kids seem to get more chocolate ice cream on their clothes than in their tummies. That's one reason White-Westinghouse packs a 40-cents-off coupon for Tide in every new automatic washer.

And we think once you try Tide, you'll decide to stick with it. Because Tide really does the job on the kinds of dirt you see so often in your wash. So even when that chocolate ice cream is topped with ground-in dirt that goes right through to the skin, you'll find you can count on Tide to get your wash beautifully clean.

The dirt you see the most is the dirt Tide cleans the best.



This White-Westinghouse Heavy Duty 18 washer has a hand-wash agitator for delicate items like woolens, curtains and lingerie. It also has a Weigh-To-Save™ Lid so you can use the right amount of detergent and water for your washload.

Tide has agreed with washer makers to supply Tide coupons packed by them and to feature their washers in Tide advertising.

The makers of 17 washers pack Tide coupons in every top loading automatic

 continued from page 115

ıen helped each other not be shy when we both were. And ell asleep in one another's arms.

Marcie woke at dawn. "How do you feel?"

"Okay," I answered, reaching for her hand. But knowing lso that my eyes and voice revealed a trace of sadness.

"Do you feel . . . uneasy, Oliver?"

I nodded that I sort of did.

"Because you thought of . . . Jenny?"

"No," I said. And paused. "Because I didn't."

"What are your feelings?"

"Can't you tell?"

I was grinning like an idiot. Couldn't London say at least congratulations"?

"Look, we *like* each other, Doctor. A relationship is in the ıaking. Blood is flowing in a former statue."

"Those are headlines," Dr. London offered.

There was a pause. Why was it he could so well compreend my prior pain and now seemed so obtuse to my euhoria?

We'd left Vermont at 7:45 and reached her baroque apartıent fortress by 11:30. A doorman took the car. I grabbed er hand and brought her to a nice proximity.

"Let's meet for lunch," I said.

"It's lunch time *now*."

"That's great. We're right on time."

"I have a job to go to," Marcie said.

"No sweat, I'm cozy with your boss."

"But you have obligations. Who was guarding civil liberies while you were out of town? Mr. Barrett, go directly to our office and come back for dinner."

"When?" I asked impatiently.

"At nine," she said and tried to move inside.

"Six-thirty," I retorted.

"Half-past eight," she counter-offered.

"Seven," I insisted.

"Eight o'clock's the bottom line."

"You drive a ruthless bargain," I responded, acquiescing.

"I'm a ruthless bitch," she said. Then smiled and sprinted hrough the iron gates of her enormous castle.

I entered what was once my office and was now a huge otanical extravagance. My desk was now a bed of roses.

"Somebody loves you," said Anita, sniffing at the door.

"Was there a card?" I queried, praying that she hadn't pened it.

"On your roses—I mean, on your desk," she said.

I nearly ripped the envelope to shreds while opening it.

"I didn't know your favorite and didn't want to disappoint.

Love,

M."

I smiled and grabbed the phone.

"She's in conference. May I say who's calling?"

"It's her Uncle Abner," I said, sounding as avuncular as ossible. There was a pause, a click and suddenly the boss.

"Yes?" Marcie on the line, her tone extremely crisp.

"How come your tone's so damn crisp?"

"I'm in a meeting with the West Coast managers. I'll call ou back," she said, clearly desperate to keep her image rosty.

"I'll just be brief," I said. "The flowers were a lovely touch."

"That's fine," she answered. "I'll get back to you—"

"And one more thing. You've got the most fantastic body—"

A sudden click. She hung up on me!

The castle of the princess was protected by a regiment. At irst you meet the Keeper of the Gate, who vigorously questions the legitimacy of your presence in the royal precinct. Then, if satisfied, he will direct you to an antechamber where nother guard in uniform is posted by a switchboard.

"Yes, Mr. Barrett," said the warden. His implication was that—to his mind—I'd barely passed.

"That's splendid news," I answered him in kind. "Can you direct me to Miss Binnendale?"

"Cross the courtyard, then the elevator to the top."

"What's the number?" I inquired.

"There's only one apartment, Mr. Barrett."

Seconds later Marcie opened. She wore a kind of silky thing that women wear around the house—if they're the Queen of Sheba. I ran my hands on lots of silky-covered Marcie. Then I offered her the small bouquet of flowers I'd purchased on the corner.

"It's not fancy," I remarked, "but someone bought up all the others in the city."

Marcie took my arm and led me in. And in and in.

The place was so enormous it was disconcerting. Even though the furnishings were all in perfect taste, the woodwork everywhere a masterpiece, there just was too damn much of everything. But mostly a preponderance of space.

"I like your palace," I remarked.

Marcie was amused that I was acting fazed.

"It's tiny, but it's home," she quipped. I think there was an echo in the cavern.

Chow was served in the mahogany-and-crystal dining room.

"Gee, delicious vichyssoise . . . beef Wellington . . . ah, Chateau Margaux '59 . . . this soufflé is fantastic." So much for my effusions. Otherwise I simply ate.

"Oliver, you seem a little quiet."

"I'm speechless at these gastronomic wonders," I said.

She sensed my irony.

"I overdid it, huh?" she said.

"Marce, you didn't have to do a thing. I don't care *what* we eat. It only matters that we're eating with each other."

"Yes," she said.

But I could see she thought that I was criticizing her. I guess I was. I hoped I hadn't made her feel upset.

"Hey—that doesn't mean that I don't like this, Marcie. Really. It reminds me of my home."

". . . which you despised."

"Who said so?"

"You did. Yesterday."

"Oh, yeah."

"My feelings aren't hurt," she said, her feelings obviously hurt. "I wanted to impress you. I don't eat this way too often."

That was a relief to learn. "Well, how often?"

"Twice, since Father died." (That was three years ago.)

I felt bad for asking.

"Have you really only entertained here twice?" I asked.

She nodded yes. "Both times for business."

"How about your social life?" I asked, attempting to be delicate.

"Well," she said, "it's truly fascinating. I come home and jog. Then back to work. My office here has got extensions from the switchboard, so I take the California calls . . ."

"Don't you do anything but work?"

"Marshall McLuhan says, 'Where the whole man is involved there is no work.' "

"No, Marce, you think you're so involved, but actually you're trying to make 'work' anesthetize your loneliness."

"God, Oliver," she said, somewhat surprised, "how can you guess so much about a person that you've barely met?"

"I can't," I answered. "I was talking of myself."

Curious. We both knew what we wanted next, yet neither dared disrupt the conversation.

Finally I had to broach some trivial realities.

"Hey Marcie, it's eleven-thirty."

"Do you have a curfew, Oliver?"

"Oh, no. I also don't have other things. Like clothes."

"Was I coy or vague?" she asked.

"Let's say you weren't crystal clear," I said, "and I was not about to show up with my little canvas overnight bag."

Marcie smiled. "That was deliberate," she confessed.

"Why?"

"A little variation on a theme," she answered. "My friend, I want you to come up to see . . . your shirt collection."

Marcie stood and offered me her hand.

Across the bed were strewn no fewer than a dozen shirts of silk. My size. "Suppose I want to stay a month?" I asked.

"This may sound somewhat odd, my friend, but if you've got the inclination, I've got all the shirts."

"Marcie?"

"Yes?"

"I've got a lot of . . . inclination."

In the bathroom mirror, through the slightly opened portal, I could see the bedroom. Where a wagon entered. Pushed by the maid. Cargo: breakfast.

Marcie was at table. I sat down, clad in merely towel.

"Coffee, bacon, eggs?"

"It's a damn hotel!"

"Are you *still* complaining, Mr. Barrett? Don't eat, if it's too fancy."

"Marce," I said, "this place is strictly for the paleologists. It's full of sleeping dinosaurs. It's closed and dark. Is that what you want?"

She looked at me.

"I want to be with you," she said. She wasn't coy.

"Okay," I said. To give me time to think of what to say.

"When would you like to go?" she asked.

"Today," I answered.

Marcie wasn't fazed. "Just tell me when and where."

"Let's meet at five o'clock in Central Park. The East side entrance to the reservoir."

"What should I bring?" she asked.

"Your track shoes," I replied.

Marcie paused. "And where from there?" she asked.

"Around," I answered, "just the two of us."

I fell 30,000 feet and crashed. I was incredibly depressed. "It's unbearable," I told the doctor. "Couldn't you have warned me?"

Earlier that afternoon, my wild euphoria had started to dissolve into a sadness beyond words.

"But nothing's wrong—" I started. Then I realized how ridiculous it sounded. "I mean things are going well with Marcie. It's just me. I've clutched. I can't go through with it."

There was a pause. I hadn't specified what I could not go through with.

I knew. But it was difficult to say: ". . . taking her to my place. Do you understand? Having somebody in my house and in my bed. Sure, realistically the house is different and the bed is different. Logic says it shouldn't bother me. But it *does*."

Home, you see, is still a place I live with Jenny.

So you see, it's either a dishonest act to one girl. Or betrayal of another.

Dr. London spoke: "Must it be only either/or? Could there be no other explanation for your conflict?"

"What?" I really didn't know.

"You like her," Dr. London quietly suggested.

We had to run in semi-darkness. Which can be lovely when the reservoir reflects the city lights.

Seeing Marcie again, I felt some daylong qualms diminish. She was beautiful. I had forgotten quite how much. We greeted one another (simple kiss on cheek) and then jogged.

"How was your day?" I opened.

"Oh, the usual catastrophes. But mostly thoughts of you."

I fabricated things to say a stride ahead of saying them. And yet, incapable of superficial running conversation, I inevitably focused on the point. I had demanded. She had come. What was she feeling?

"Did you wonder where we would be going?"

"I thought you had the compass, friend."

"Bring any clothes?"

"We can't eat dinner in our track suits, can we?"

I was curious to know how much she'd packed.

"Where's your stuff?"

"My car." She gestured toward Fifth Avenue. "Just an airline bag. It's very practical."

"For quick departures. . . ."

"Right," she said, pretending not to know what I was thinking. We ran another lap.

"I thought we'd go to my place," I said casually.

"Okay."

"It isn't very big . . ."

"That's fine."

"And just make dinner. By ourselves. I'll do the dishes."

"But Oliver," she said, a trifle plaintively, "who'll do the cooking?" On the way to my place we stopped for take-out Chinese food.

Marcie Binnendale was in the kitchenette, pretending she could light a stove.

"You need *matches*, Marce," I coughed. "I'll show you."

"Sorry, friend," she said, "I'm lost in here."

I warmed the Chinese food. Suddenly the telephone. Marcie picked it up.

"Good evening. Yes, that number is correct. It is. He's—who am *I*? How is that relevant?"

Who the hell was at the other end, interrogating my own private guests? I rose and sternly grabbed the phone.

"Yeah? Who is this?"

A silence on the other end was broken by a gravelly, "Congratulations!"

"Oh—Phil."

"Glory be to God," the holy Cavilleri rolled. "Is she nice?"

"Who, Philip?" I retorted icily.

"Her, the *she* who answered."

"Oh, that's just the maid," I said.

"At ten o'clock at night?"

Philip, never one to talk in whispers, had been responding at a pitch so loud, it broadcast through the whole apartment. Marcie was amused.

"Hey," I inquired, so coolly I impressed myself, "when will we get together?"

He ignored my question while pursuing his. "Oliver, I know I'm interruptin', so I'll ask you just one question."

"About our meeting. Phil—"

"Oliver, that's not my question."

"What's your question, Philip?"

"When's the weddin', Oliver?"

He hung up loudly. I could sense his laughter all the way from Cranston.

"Who was that?" asked Marcie, though I'm sure she guessed. "He seems to love you very much," she said.

I looked at her with gratitude for understanding.

"Yeah. The feeling's mutual."

Marcie came and took my hand.

"I know you feel uncomfortable," she said.

"It's sort of crowded here," I answered.

"In your head as well. And mine." We sat in silence. How much had she intuited?

"Anything that brings up Jenny is still agony for you."

I could not refute a single thing she said. "Should I go home?" she asked. "I'd really understand if you say yes."

Without the slightest introspection—for it was the *only* way I answered *no*.

"Let's take a walk. And have a drink outside," she said.

Marcie had this strange take-over manner. I mean I liked er strength. And her ability to cope with situations.

Marcie's car was parked (illegally) in front of my apartment. It was late when we got back. But I felt better.

"Well," she said, "I've walked you home."

Exquisite tact. I had both options now. I also knew which ne I needed.

"Marcie, if you go, you'll sleep alone and I'll sleep alone. hat's inefficient use of bedroom space. Would you agree?"

"I would," she said.

"Besides, I'd really like to put my arms around you."

She acknowledged a coincidental inclination.

Marcie woke me with a cup of coffee. In a styrofoam coniner? "I couldn't start the stove," she said. "I went out to ie corner shop."

Please understand. We aren't "living together." It's true we eat together, talk together, laugh (and disagree) together, sleep together in my basement apartment. But neither party has acknowledged an arrangement. And certainly no obligations. Marcie keeps her wardrobe at the castle and icks up mail and messages when she's exchanging garments. Happily, at times, she also picks up food prepared by her ow underactive staff.

Sometimes she has to work till nearly twelve. I pick her up, ve have a midnight sandwich, and walk slowly home—that , to my place.

Look, the nature of her work involves a lot of travel. The bligatory visits to each branch. Which means at least a week way while covering the East, part of another week for leveland, Cincinnati and Chicago. And of course the Westrn circuit: Denver, L.A., San Francisco. We have a lot of ays together. Now and then we have a week together.

Naturally, I'd like to see her more, but I understand what er commitments mean. The papers ever more decry what ney call sexist-male suppression of his partner's individualy. But I won't be hung with that rap twice. We are, from hat I gather, a modern couple. He works. She works. They hare responsibilities—or lack of them. They show respect or one another. Probably they don't want children.

Actually, I'd like some children someday. And I don't ink marriage is so obsolete. But anyway, the whole discus-on's moot. Marcie's never advocated motherhood or matriiony. She seems pleased with what we have. Which is, I uess, affection bound by neither time nor definition.

None of this is stuff we talk about when we're together. Ve're too busy doing things. To sum it up: a man and woman ynchronized in mood and pace of life. It *works*.

Then why the hell am I not quite as happy as the scoreoard says I should be?

Clearly this was topic number one with Dr. London.

"It's not depression, Doctor. I feel great. I'm full of optiism. Marce and I . . . the two of us . . ."

I paused. I had intended to say, "we communicate incesantly." But it is difficult to pull a fast one on yourself.

". . . we don't talk to one another."

Yes, I said it. And I meant it, though it sounded paraoxical. For did we not—as well our bills attested—gab for ours on the phone?

Yes. But we don't really *say* that much.

"I'm happy, Oliver," is not communication. It is just a estimonial. I could be wrong, of course. What do I know of elationships? All I've been is married.

Yet the funny thing is, Jen and I had so much less in comion. She was passionately unimpressed by sports. When I vatched football she would read a book across the room.

But what the hell, is being man and wife some kind of ducational experience? *Yes*. It means you learn about yourelf from constant dialogue with one another.

Jenny would have nightmares and would wake me up. In those days, before we knew how sick she was, she'd ask me, genuinely scared, "If I can't have a baby, Oliver—would you still feel the same?"

Which didn't prompt a knee-jerk reassurance on my part. Instead, it opened up a whole new complex of emotions that I hadn't known were there. Yes, Jen, it would upset my ego not to have a baby born by you, the person that I love.

This didn't alter our relationship. Instead, her honest qualm, provoking such an honest question, made me realize that I wasn't such a hero. That I wasn't really ready to face childlessness with great maturity and big bravado. I told her I would need some help from *her*. We knew ourselves a whole lot better thanks to our admissions of self-doubt. And we were closer.

Marce and I don't have that kind of conversation yet.

But maybe that's because I have exaggerated expectations. I'm impatient. People who have had a happy marriage know exactly what they need. And lack. But it's unfair to make precipitous demands of someone who has never had a friend that she could trust.

Still, I'm hoping someday she will *need* me more. That she will maybe even wake me up and ask me something like, "If I can't have a baby, would you still feel the same?"

I was pretty tired one night as I unlocked my door. Just then the phone began to ring. I grabbed it.

"Hi, baby—I mean—*Father*. I—uh—thought you might be someone else. (It was Marcie's week to travel the Eastern corridor.)

A pause. "How are you, son?"

"I'm fine. How's Mother?"

"Fine. Um, Oliver, will you be coming to New Haven Saturday?"

I'd forgotten all about the date we'd made last June!

"Uh, sure. Of course."

"Then shall we meet right at the Field House gate? Say, noon? And dinner afterwards, I hope."

Come on, say yes. He wants to see you, you can hear it in his voice. "Yes, sir."

"That's fine. Uh—Mother wants to say hello."

In my family, tradition is a substitute for love. We do not effuse affection on each other. We instead attend the tribal functions that give testimony to our loyalty. The yearly festivals are four: Christmas, Easter and Thanksgiving, naturally. And then that sacred rite of autumn, Holy Weekend. In other words, The Game. Fair Harvard versus Yale.

When I was a child, my father brought me to each clash at Harvard Stadium. His explanations were meticulous. At ten years old, I was conversant with the most exotic signals of the referees. Moreover, I learned how to cheer. My father never screamed. He'd utter things like, "Fine." And if, perchance, our gladiators weren't up to snuff, "Pity."

He had been an athlete, Father. Rowed for Harvard. Earned his *H*. Which gave him the prerogative of football tickets in the best position. Rites of passage passed, I now possess an *H* myself (in hockey). I am thus entitled on my own to 50-yard-line seats. In theory, I could bring my son.

When The Game is held in Cambridge, we have dinner, in the venerable Boston eating institution, Locke-Ober's. When the clash is in New Haven, Father favors Kaysey's. This year, we were seated in the latter, having watched our alma mater bow by 7-0. Play had been lethargic, hence there wasn't too much football to discuss. I was determined not to speak of Marcie.

"How are things?" my father asked.

"About the same," I answered. (I confess, I don't facilitate our conversations.)

"Are you . . . getting out a bit?" He tries to take an interest. I'll concede he tries.

"A bit," I said.

"That's fine," he said.

"Oliver," he said, in that tone which heralded portentous things, "may I be personal?"

Can he be serious?

"Of course," I said.

"I'd like to talk to you about the future."

"What about my future, sir?" I asked.

"Not yours exactly, Oliver. The family's."

I had a sudden thought that he or Mother might be ill or something. They'd announce it to me in the same impassive way. Or even send a letter (Mother would).

"I'm nearly sixty-five," he said. "According to the rules of partnership . . ."

But as he started, I tuned out. For I had heard a sermon from the selfsame text upon this same occasion 12 months previous. I knew the message.

Last year we'd headed into Boston to the favored restaurant. Father chose to park right by his State Street office, home of the sole enterprise that bore our name overtly: "Barrett, Ward and Seymour, Inc., Investment Bankers."

Father pointed upward to the darkened windows and remarked, "It's awfully quiet in the evening, isn't it?"

"It's always quiet in your private office," I replied.

"The eye of the tornado, son."

"You like it, though."

"I do," he said, "I like it, Oliver."

Not the money, certainly. And not the power. What he liked, I think, was the responsibility. To the mills that launched the firm, the firm itself, its sacred institute of moral guidance, Harvard. And, of course, the family.

"I'm nearly sixty-four," my father'd said that night. "And according to the rules of partnership I must retire at sixty-eight." There was a pause.

"We should really talk about it, Oliver."

"What, sir?"

"Who follows me as senior partner."

"Mr. Seymour?" I suggested.

"Yes, but that's if no one took . . . direct responsibility for . . . Barrett interests."

"Well, suppose he did?" The implication was, suppose *I* didn't.

"Well, he has the option to buy out our shares." He hesitated. "But, of course, things wouldn't be the same."

His final phrase was not a sequitur. It was a plea.

"Sir?" I asked.

"The family . . . involvement," Father said.

He knew I understood.

"Think about it."

Although I nodded that night, I knew I wouldn't think about it for a second.

Now, one November later, still the question lingered open.

"Father, I'm a lawyer, and I feel commitments. If you will, responsibilities."

"I understand. But Boston as a base of operations wouldn't totally preclude involvement with your social causes. Quite the opposite, you might conceive of working in the firm as activism from the other side."

I didn't want to hurt him. So I didn't say that what he had called "the other side" was to a great extent what I'd been fighting.

"Father, I appreciate your asking. But I'm sort of, really, well . . . extremely . . . disinclined."

"I understand," he said. "I'm disappointed, but I understand."

"Oliver how sure are you?"

"Marcie, I am positive."

She was waiting when I got back from New Haven, looking like a freshly made soufflé. You'd never think she'd spent the whole day on a flight from coast to coast.

Though the conversation with my father was among a multitude of topics I reported, it aroused her interest.

"You said no, right out of hand?"

"And out of mind," I said, "and of conviction."

"And you're willing to let, well . . . a heritage . . . die out?"

"Some heritage—the pioneering sweatshops!"

"Oliver, that's ancient history. Nowadays a union worker earns fantastic—"

"Look, let's not discuss it, huh?"

"Why not? You're being juvenile! You're like some flaming radical in retrospect!"

Why was she bugging me? Suddenly, the bell! That is, the ringing telephone called the antagonists to neutral corners.

"Yeah, what?" I growled.

"Hey, terrific! She's still there!" a voice enthused.

Philip Cavilleri. And I had to smile.

"Are you checking up on me?"

"You want an honest answer? Yes. So how's it goin'?"

"What's your meaning, Philip?"

"Weddin' bells! When do they ring?"

"Philip, did you call me just to broadcast marriage propaganda?"

"No. Let's talk some turkey. Thanksgivin' turkey."

"Oh." Next week, of course, would be the holiday.

"I want you and that cultured female voice to join my family gathering on the Day of Grace."

"Who's coming to your gathering?" I asked.

"So far, only me," he said.

"Good. Then you can join us here." I glanced at Marcie, who encouraged me while semaphoring, "Who will cook?"

"Marcie wants to meet you," I insisted.

"Oh, I couldn't," Philip said.

"Come on."

"Okay. Can I bring some stuff? Remember, I purvey Rhode Island's finest punkin' pie."

"That's great."

". . . and stuffin', too."

Marcie signaled madly from the sidelines, miming, "All the way!"

"Uh, Phil, there's just one thing. Do you know how to cook a turkey?"

"Like a Turk!" he said. "Oliver—you think she'll like me?"

"Positive."

We at last were signing off. I looked at Marcie.

"Are you glad he's coming?"

"If you think he'll like me."

"Hey—no sweat."

"Wait a minute, Oliver," she said. "Aren't you expected up in Ipswich?"

True enough. Thanksgiving was a Barrett holy day.

"I'll call and say I'm caught up in that school board case that starts on Monday. It's a semi-truth."

And Marcie also had to make some changes.

"I should be in Chicago, but I'll fly here for the dinner and then take the last plane back. Thanksgiving is a crucial day on retail calendars. That Friday starts the sales. . . ."

"Good. It'll mean a lot to Phil."

"I'm glad," she said.

All that week Phil Cavilleri labored ceaselessly preparing festive dainties. And he spent a fortune on investigative calls.

"Does she like walnuts in her stuffin'?"

"Walnuts really turn her on."

And off he went. In the days that followed we had conference calls concerning mushrooms, squash and all the vegetables.

Naturally, I fabricated all of Marcie's big decisions. This was her week for Cincinnati, Cleveland and Chicago.

I cleaned. Phil cooked. I set the table. The banquet was in readiness. Marcie's plane would reach LaGuardia by three. Slightly after two, there was the telephone.

"Oliver?"

"Where are you, Marcie?"

"At the airport. In Chicago."

"Is something wrong?"

"Not here. But there's a crisis in the Denver store. I'm flying there in twenty minutes. I'll explain tonight."

"Is it serious?"

"Yeah, I guess. It may take several days, but if we're lucky we can save the ship."

"How can I help?" I asked.

"Well . . . please explain to Philip. Tell him that I'm really sorry."

"Okay. But that won't be easy."

"Hey, you sound mad."

I weighed my words. I didn't want to aggravate her problems. "Only disappointed, Marce. I mean, we—never mind."

"Say something nice please, Oliver."

"I hope they serve you turkey on your flight."

Philip tried to help me brave it.

"Look," he said, "such things can happen in the world of business. Has she some executive position?"

"Sort of."

"Well, that's to her credit. She's a modern girl. She's an achiever. That's to be proud of, Oliver."

The phone rang once again.

A gentleman inquired, "Oliver, are you allegro or are you just a solo?"

"King" Louis Stein!

"I'm fine, your majesty," I said, "my family is here."

"That's great," the maestro answered. "We wanted to be sure you wouldn't be alone today."

"That's really nice," I said, and felt obliged to add: "Is Jo around?"

"No, she's on duty. Probably having turkey-burgers at the hospital."

"I ought to call and cheer her up."

"That's great," said Mr. Stein, "we'll see you. Happy holiday." Philip Cavilleri was confused.

" 'Your majesty?' " he asked. "Was that a *king*?"

"Not really, Phil," I said, "it was the father of a princess."

"What are your feelings?"

My feelings? Anger. Rage. But also more.

"Confused. I don't know what to feel. Marce and I are on the verge of . . . I don't know."

Yeah, I *did* know, but couldn't say it.

"I mean . . . building a relationship. Or trying to. How can we tell if it can really work if we don't have the time together? I'm not the slightest bit religious, but if I thought we'd be separated Christmas Eve, I'd—"

Maybe cry? I'm sure that even Jack the Ripper spent the Yule with friends.

"Look, the problem's serious. I mean the Denver store's got shaky management. Marcie *had* to go—it's her job! I'm not complaining. Awright, sure I am. But I'm the one who's immature. . . ."

Maybe I should be *there* to back her up. A little personal support. God, I know what it would mean to me. And if I did, she'd really know—

"I think I ought to fly to Denver."

Then I realized this was Friday.

"On the other hand, next Monday I'm supposed to go to trial against that school board."

Pause for introspection. Weigh your values, Oliver.

"Awright, I could give the ball to somebody else. Marcie's more important!"

I was convinced by my argument. I think.

"I fly to Denver, right?"

I looked at the doctor. London pondered, then replied, "If not, I'll see you five o'clock on Monday."

By 9 P.M. I was at the Palace, Denver's venerable hostelry. I knew her suite from all those phone calls. I knocked. A man appeared. If I may say, a very handsome man.

"May I help you?"

"I'd like to speak to Marcie," I replied.

"I'm afraid she's busy at the moment."

With what? What had I stumbled into?

"What is it, Jeremy?"

"Nothing, Marcie. A mistake."

He turned to me again.

"Jeremy, I'm no mistake," I said. "My parents wanted me." Either the effect of wit, or else the menace in my tone made Jeremy step aside and let me enter.

The living room was wall-to-wall gray flannel. Which is to say, executives were sprinkled everywhere.

At a desk was Marcie Binnendale. I'd caught her in the flagrant midst of . . . business.

"Do you know this gentleman?" said Jeremy.

"Indeed," said Marcie, smiling. But not flying to my arms—as I had dreamed en route.

"Hello," I said. "I'm sorry if I interrupted."

Marcie looked around, and then said to her platoon, "Excuse me for a moment."

She and I went to the corridor. I took her hand, but Marcie gently kept me from a grasp of more.

"Hey—what are you doing here?"

"I thought you'd need a friend. I'll stay until you settle things."

"But what about your lawsuit?"

"You were more important." And I grabbed her waist. "I can see you're busy, Marce. But look—just take your time, and when you're finished, I'll be waiting in my room."

"This could last forever. . . ."

"Then I'll wait forever."

Marcie dug the sound of that. "Okay, my friend." She kissed me on the cheek. And then went back to her affairs.

"Oh, my love, my Aphrodite, my exquisite rhapsody . . ." Jean-Pierre Aumont, a Foreign Legion officer, was romancing some desert princess. It was after midnight and this ancient movie was the only game in town on Denver television.

Until a knock. Thank God.

Marcie was tired looking, and her hair was semi-loose. The way I liked it.

"How's it going?"

"It's a hopeless mess. But I sent everybody home." She flopped onto the bed and looked wearily at me.

"You big, romantic fool. You punted that important case?"

"I had priorities," I answered. "I just felt you needed someone . . . to be there with you."

"It's nice," she said, "it's crazy, but it's awful nice."

I got onto the bed and took her in my arms.

In roughly 15 seconds we were both asleep.

I had this dream: that Marcie slipped into my tent and while I slumbered, whispered, "Oliver, we're gonna spend the day together. Just the two of us."

When I awoke I saw a dream come true. Marcie stood there, dressed for snow. "Come on," she said, "we're going to a mountain."

"But what about your meeting?"

"It's with *you* today. I'll meet the others after dinner."

"Marcie, what's got into you?"

"Priorities," she smiled.

It was Wednesday evening by the time we got back to New York. The line for cabs was endless. At last our turn arrived. "I won't go to Queens," the driver growled.

"I won't either," I replied, "so let's try 23 East 64th."

"Let's try 504 East 86th." This was Marcie's startling suggestion.

"Who lives there?" I asked.

"We do," she smiled.

"We *do*?"

She explained en route. To say the least, it took me by surprise. In military terms, it's called a DMZ—the area where neither army can deploy its forces. This was Marcie's notion in selecting an apartment that would be not hers, not mine, not even ours, but rather neutral territory.

Okay, that made sense. My rathouse was a bit too much. And she had stood the test of grime.

"Well?" said Marcie.

Unequivocally, the place was great. I mean it looked exactly like those perfect layouts in Binnendale's.

"Well?" said Marcie, clearly wanting me to burst into song.

"It's unreal," I said. And wondered why I felt like we were on a stage set, reading from a script. By her. And why that should make any difference.

"What are your feelings?"

Dr. London hadn't changed his methods in my absence.

"Look—we share the rent."

Come on, I told myself, who pays is not a feeling. And it wasn't even what was really on my mind.

"It isn't ego, really. But the way she likes to . . . manage both our lives. . . ."

A pause. "Look, I don't need a decorator. Jenny bought us beat-up chairs and tables and a creaking bed for ninety-seven bucks! But we were *happy* and I never really noticed. Yeah—I noticed when the bed leg broke—'cause we were in it. And we laughed."

Another pause. Oliver, what is it that you're saying? I think I'm saying that I don't like Marcie's new apartment. 'Cause when I have to think, I go back to my old basement. Where, when Marcie's out of town, I still bunk out.

And inasmuch as we are in a Christmas countdown situation, Marcie is conspicuously absent. In Chicago at the moment. And I'm feeling lousy, even though I now have *two* apartments to be lonely in.

Here's the problem Doctor (I am talking to myself, but since I value my opinion, I refer to me as doctor). God—in his capacity as judge of the celestial court—has affirmed the following as law: *Thou shalt be home for Christmas.*

I may be easy on some other of the good Lord's legislation, but I bend to this one.

But there's the problem. Where is home?

Christmas can't be spent in Cranston as of late. My friend there says he's joined an over-40's cruise instead. It is Phil's impression that he's made things easier. But he sails off and leaves me on the dock of a dilemma.

Ipswich, Massachusetts, where my parents live, lays claim to being home for me.

Marcie Binnendale, with whom I live when she's in striking distance, argues that the stockings should be hung on 86th Street.

I would like to be where I won't feel alone. But somehow sense that both those options offer merely half a loaf.

All right, here's a compromise, Christmas spent with Marcie. But in Ipswich, Massachusetts. Falalalala lalalala.

"Mother, uh—it's about—uh—Christmas."

"Oh, I do hope *this* time—"

"Yes," I instantly assured her, "we'll be there. I mean—uh—Mother, may I bring a guest?"

"Yes, of course, dear."

"It's a friend."

"Oh," Mother said, unable to conceal emotion (not to mention curiosity). "That's fine."

". . . from out of town. We'd have to put her up."

"That's fine," said Mother. "Is it someone . . . that we know?" In other words, who is her family?

"No one that we have to make a fuss for, Mother. . . ."

That would fake her out!

"That's fine," she said. "We'll look forward to you and Miss—"

"Nash. Marcie Nash."

"We'll look forward to your visit."

It is mutual. And that, as Dr. London will attest, is quite a feeling. Why?

I could imagine Marcie's thoughts.

Why has he invited me to meet his parents? And for Christmas. Is he getting . . . "serious"?

And yet she never brought it to the surface and inquired: "Oliver—why did you ask me?"

I'm glad. For frankly, I'd have answered, "I don't know."

I was also hasty in the self-deceiving message I transmitted to my brain: It's just a friend you happen to be going with and Christmas happens to be now. There's no significance and no "intention" whatsoever.

Like hell.

Oliver, you know exactly what it means when you invite a girl to meet your parents. Over Christmas.

Why do I still care what Mom and Dad think?

Do you love her, Oliver?

It's too complicated for a simple yes or no.

Then why am I so sure I want to *marry* her?

Because . . .

Well, maybe it's irrational. But somehow I believe a real commitment would provide the catalyst. The ceremony would evoke the "love."

"Mother, this is Marcie Nash."

"We're happy, Marcie, you could be with us," my mother said. "We've looked forward to meeting you."

"I'm grateful that you asked me down."

Eye-to-eye with artificial smiles, these well-bred ladies mouthed the platitudes that save our social structure.

Father entered and they ran the selfsame gamut. Then, since—by the rule book—Marcie *must* be tired, she ascended to the guest room for some freshening.

We sat there, Mother, Father, I. Would Marcie ("Charming girl," said Mother) be too weary to go caroling? It's awfully cold out.

"Marcie's tough," I answered, maybe meaning more than just her constitution, "she could carol in a blizzard."

At 7:30 we joined two dozen of the Ipswich high-class riffraff by the church. Our oldest caroler was Lyman Nichols, Harvard '10 (age 79), the youngest, Amy Harris, merely five. She was the daughter of my college classmate, Stuart.

In recent years I'd come to think of all this singing stuff as kind of hokey camp. But now, tonight, I grew aware of generations. Not those before me. I had caroled once with fervor as a kid. But here was a phenomenon which changed the whole perspective. Stuart, like me, had been a snotty preppie, then a pompous Harvard twerp. But he was now a normal adult and a parent. His little daughter Amy was caught up in Christmas with supreme excitement.

I suddenly was palpably aware of motion in my life. I *felt* time passing. And my heart was sad.

By nine, we'd all but finished our appointed rounds and as tradition bade, concluded at the Barrett manor.

"I loved that, Oliver," Marcie said, and took my hand.

I think my mother noticed. And was not upset. My father was, if anything, a trifle envious.

We trimmed the tree and Marcie complimented Mother on the beauty of the ornaments. She recognized the crystal of the star.

("It's lovely, Mrs. Barrett. It looks Czech."

"It is. My mother bought it just before the War.")

As they draped the strands of popcorn and cranberries on e branches, Marcie coyly noted, "Someone must have *ved* to make those garlands."

"My wife's done little else all week."

"Oh, really." Mother blushed.

I just sat there thinking: Marcie is romancing them.

Half-past eleven, tree all garnished, gifts beneath. On the ading we bade one another happy dreams of sugarplums.

"Good night, Marcie," Mother said.

"Good night and thank you," echoed back.

"Good night, dear," Mother said again. And kissed me on e cheek. A peck which I construed to mean that Marcie issed.

O.B. III and wife departed. Marcie turned.

"I'll sneak into your room," I said.

"Are you absolutely crazy?"

"Hey, Marce, it's Christmas *Eve*."

"Your parents would be horrified," she said.

And with a hasty kiss upon my lips she disengaged and sappeared. I went to bed confused about what I was oping to receive for Christmas.

Good morning! Merry Christmas!

Mother gave my father yet another batch of ties. They looked very much like every year's. But then so did the dressing gown my father gave my mother.

I got half a dozen of whatever ties the rooks man said were right for youth.

Marcie got the latest Daphne du Maurier from Mother.

I had spent my annual five minutes at Christmas shopping nd my gifts reflected it. My mother got some handkerchiefs, ıy father yet more ties and Marcie got a book: *The Joy of 'ooking*. (We'll see how she reacts.)

The tension centered on what our guest had brought.

To start with, Marcie's offerings had not, like ours, been rapped at home. They had been swathed professionally (at ou-know-where) in California.

Mother got a light blue cashmere scarf. ("You shouldn't ave.")

Father got a bottle of Chateau Haut Brion '59. "What plendid wine," he said. ("You shouldn't have.")

I received a pair of gloves. Though they were elegant, I till resented wearing Marcie's present at arm's length. It vas too damn impersonal.

To top it off, or rather bottom it, I got what I had always otten from Father. I received a check.

Pre-dinner, Father cracked open a bottle of champagne.

"To Marcie," said my mother.

We feasted, everything aplenty.

"Marcie, would you like to take a walk?" my mother asked fterward.

"I'd love to, Mrs. Barrett."

That left my father and myself.

"I'd really like some cool air, too," I said.

"I wouldn't mind a walk," my father answered.

As we put our coats on, and walked out into the winter rost, I was aware that *I* had asked him for this promenade.

"She's a lovely girl," he said. Unasked.

But yes, I think that's what I hoped we would discuss.

"Thank you, Father," I replied, "I think so, too."

"She seems . . . fond of you."

"I'm . . . sort of fond of her," I said at last.

My father weighed each word. He wasn't used to my *re-eptiveness*. Conditioned by the years of my hostility, he oubtless thought I'd turn him off at any point. Thus he ared to ask me, "Is it serious?"

We walked along. At last I answered quietly, "I wish I new."

"Is there . . . a problem?" he inquired.

I looked at him and nodded silently.

"I understand," he said.

How? I haven't told him anything.

"Oliver, it's not unnatural that you would still be grieving." Father's insight took me by surprise.

"No, it isn't that," I said. "I mean, I think I'm ready for . . ." Why was I telling this to *him*?

He didn't press. He waited for my thoughts to be completed. After several moments he said softly, "You did say there was a problem?"

"It's her family," I answered.

"Oh," he said. "Is there . . . resistance?"

"On *my* part. Her father—"

"Yes?"

"—was Walter Binnendale."

"I see," he said.

And with those simple words concluded the most intimate communication of our lives.

"Did they like me?"

"I would say you snowed them."

We had reached the Massachusetts Turnpike. It was dark.

"Are you pleased?" she asked.

I didn't answer. Marcie had expected verbal cartwheels.

"What's the matter, Oliver?" she said at last.

"You were courting them."

She seemed surprised that this had irked me.

"What's wrong with that?"

I let a little temper show. "But why, dammit? Why?"

"Because I want to marry you," she said.

Fortunately she was driving. I was stunned by the directness of the words. But then she never minces them.

"What have I done precisely to make you mad?"

We had stopped for coffee.

I longed to say, it's what you haven't done.

I started, "We've just spent two weeks apart. Even though we both were busy, I dreamed all that time of getting back with you—"

"Oliver—"

"I don't mean just in bed. I mean I craved your . . . company. The two of us together. . . ."

"Oh, come on," she said, "it was a Christmas madness up in Ipswich, Oliver."

"It's not just this weekend. I mean all the time."

She looked at me. I had not raised my voice, but still betrayed my fury.

"Ah, we're back to all my voyages these past few weeks."

"We're not. I mean the next ten-thousand weeks. . . ."

"Oliver," she said, "I thought what made us work was that we each respected that we had career commitments, too."

She was right. But just in theory.

"Hey—try reaching for 'career commitments' when you're all alone at three A.M."

"Hey," she softly answered. "I have. Lots of times."

"How do you deal with it?"

"I tell myself I have no choice.

"Do you *believe* yourself?

I sensed hostilities at hand, a kind of Armageddon of the lifestyles.

"What do you want from a woman, Oliver?"

The tone was gentle. And the question loaded.

"Love," I said.

"In other words, a clinging vine?"

"I'd settle for a few more evenings in the same apartment."

I would not be philosophical. Or let her in any way invoke the nature of my marriage. Jenny also worked, dammit.

"I thought the two of us were happy as a couple."

"Yeah, when we're *with* each other. But Marce, it's not an inventory you replenish just by phone."

The irony of my commercial metaphor was unappreciated.

"You are saying one of us should tag along and be the other's nanny?"

"I would—if you *needed* me."

"Good God, I just came out and said I want to marry you!"

She looked tired and annoyed. We started toward the car.

"Oliver," said Marcie.

"Yeah?"

"Isn't it just possible that you're upset in retrospect? I mean, because they did like me. And didn't jump for joy when you brought Jenny home?"

"No," I said. And buried her remark a million fathoms deep.

Marcie, to her credit, is a fighter.

All throughout our Christmas–New Year's truce, I sensed her inwardly preparing for a new campaign. The foe, of course, was her own instinct to mistrust the world. And mine.

Anyway, as much as possible she stayed at home and tried to run the show by phone. No easy trick with that post-Christmas lunacy. But still she did.

Then she sprung the big one on me New Year's Eve. We were readying for the Simpsons' party.

"Are you prepared for a commitment, Oliver?"

"Like what?" I asked, a trifle wary.

"Time together."

"Oh?" I answered guardedly.

"How about a little trip? In February?"

"And I suppose you've chosen where." Don't be sarcastic, Oliver, she's worked at this.

"Stay loose—and keep an open mind," she said. It's true I have to check the Hong Kong fashion show and see some people—"

"Hong Kong!"

She had caught me with the carrot of the Orient! My smile was hemispheric.

"So you dig, my friend?"

"You said you have to work," I answered with suspicion.

"To merely show one's face is not exactly work. Besides, the week before is Chinese New Year, we could have a solo celebration. Then en route home we'd stop off in Hawaii."

What a New Year's proposition!

"Well . . . ?" she said.

"I like it, Marce. Especially Hawaii. Quiet beaches. Moonlight walks. . . ."

"A sort of honeymoon," she said.

Intriguing phraseology.

I don't remember much about Hong Kong. Except it was the last time I saw Marcie Binnendale.

John Alexander Hsiang was there to meet us. Clearly, he was Number One for Marcie's matters in the Colony. He was late thirtyish, his outfit British and his accent U.S.A. ("I went to B-school in the States," he said.)

Less than 20 minutes after we had landed, we were crossing Hong Kong harbor from the airport to Victoria, where we'd be staying. The conveyance was a helicopter. And the view spectacular. The city was a diamond in the darkened China Sea.

I couldn't see the outside of the villa in the dark. But it was lush as Hollywood within. The place was halfway up the peak. Which meant the backyard vista was incredible.

"Who owns this pleasure dome?" I asked Marcie.

"A landlord. We just rent it by the year. We've got a lot of people coming in and out. It's more convenient if we keep a place."

"What do we do tomorrow?" I inquired.

"Well, in just about five hours, a car will come to take me to our offices. John will be at your disposal. You can see the sights with him. The Tiger Gardens, markets. Maybe spend an afternoon out on an island."

"You really know Hong Kong."

"I've been here many times," she said.

"Solo?" I inquired, unable to disguise my flagrant jealousy.

"Not just by myself," she answered, "desperately alone. The sunsets do that to you."

Good. She was a neophyte to sharing sunsets. I would teach her that. Tomorrow.

Naturally, I bought a camera.

John transported me next morning to Kowloon, where I got loads of photographic apparatus at a steal.

"How do they do it, John?" I asked. "The Japanese equipment is cheaper than in Japan. The French perfume is cheaper than in Paris!"

"That is the secret of Hong Kong," he smiled. "This is a magic city."

First I had to see the flower markets in their New Year glory. I bought a big bouquet for Marcie. Then back to Victoria. The ladder streets. A spiderlike bazaar. We went to Cat Street where the vendors in the red-draped booths hawked *everything*.

And then he drove me to the villa.

"Marcie, it's a dream," I said.

Half an hour later we were on the water. As the sun was sinking. We were riding in a junk to Aberdeen, the "Floating Restaurants." Illumination everywhere.

"A million lights shall glow," said Miss Binnendale. "We've only started, Oliver." We dined by lantern light on fish that had been swimming till we chose them.

The setting was so storybook, our text inevitably was banal. Like what she did all day.

She had lunched with all the bureaucrats from finance.

"John Hsiang is cute," I said, "and he's a stimulating guide. But I won't climb up Mt. Victoria till I can hold your hand on top."

"I'll tell you what. I'll meet you there tomorrow just to watch the sunset."

"Great."

"At five o'clock," she added, "at the peakest of The Peak."

We kissed and floated.

How to fill the day till twilight on the top of Mt. Victoria?

Well, first there was shadow boxing. Then John suggested that we see the jade collection at the Tiger Gardens.

Fifty-seven color pictures later, we were drinking tea.

"What does Marcie do today?" I asked John.

"She's meeting with administrators from the factories."

"Do Binnendale's own factories?"

"Not really 'own.' We simply have exclusive contracts. It's a vital factor in our operation. Hong Kong is the clothing center of the world today. It has the edge."

"What 'edge'?"

"The people. Or, as you say in the States, the people-power. U.S. workers get per hour what a Hong Kong man gets for all day long. Others even less. . . ."

"What others?"

"Youngsters don't expect a grownup wage. They're very happy just with half. The end result's a lovely garment, F.O.B. New York at a fraction of U.S. or European price."

"I see, that's cool."

John seemed pleased that I had grasped the intricacies of the Hong Kong "edge." Frankly, this had not been trumpeted in all my tourist office blurbs, so I was glad to learn.

And, as I discovered from my further questions, it was not just lots of wetback labor pouring in from China (I had read of that). Simply stated, Hong Kong has an over-large supply of people-power.

"For example," John explained, "when two men want a single job, they can agree to split the wage. This way they both get work."

"But that means each one works full time and gets half pay," I said.

"They don't complain," said Mr. Hsiang.

"I don't see how the unions could allow it."

He could see I was naive. "There *(continued on page 203)*

"You say Secret anti-perspirant is strong enough for a man?"

"Right. But it's made for a woman. Sorry fella."

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To our young friend Gladys (Price-less) Gibbons.

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ONEIDA

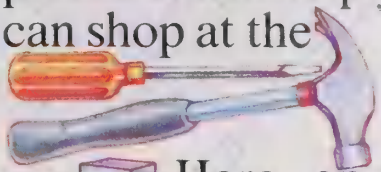
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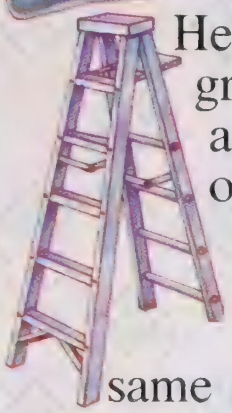
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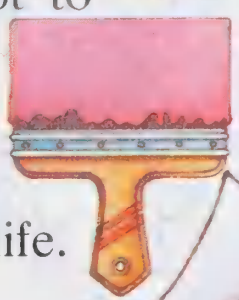


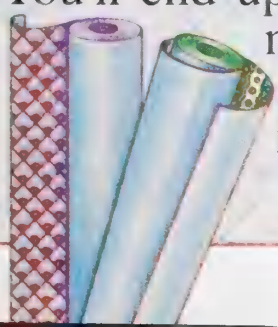
You, too, can be a handyperson! You, too, can fight the home humdrums by making changes this spring in the place in which you live. Even with a battered budget, you can add color, comfort, convenience to one or more rooms that seem to cry for attention. Even if you're not the greatest artisan on the block, the new easy products will help you get the job done... and you can shop at the Home Centers and get expert advice. Involve the whole family: make it a joint project. Here, on the following pages, are some great ideas to sharpen your redecorating and home improvement appetite. Get out the ladder; get out the tools. Start with a corner, expand to the whole house. This is no year to stare at those same drab walls, to look out of those dull windows, to cope with that cramped kitchen. Somebody's got to start the ball rolling: let it be you! You'll end up with a happy and more valuable house. And you'll be renewing your interest in life.











Drawings by Rainbow/Grinder



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Home Improvement

continued

READY, SET, BEGIN!

Every project, from a mere paint job to a major overhaul, has three important prerequisites: planning, talent, money.

Let's explore them one at a time, beginning at the beginning with a plan. You have to know what you're doing before you can estimate either the cost or the kind of talent it's going to take.

Masterminding a plan

Even if you're only going to rearrange the furniture, you need a master plan. Certainly a major remodeling project demands one, whether or not you ultimately call in an interior designer, an architect or a contractor. Before you touch the telephone, have your ideas firmly in mind and down on paper.

Where do you get those ideas? Plagiarize! Inspiration is all around and free for the looking. You'll find good, adaptable ideas in:

- Furniture and department store model rooms
- Magazine articles
- House tours
- Home Centers
- Kitchen remodelers' displays
- Period rooms in museums

Since an idea is only as good as its execution, you should be familiar with all the remodeling and redecorating products new on the market. We'll keep pointing them out in the pages of t article. You may discover others throu advertisements, from a satisfied frie or simply by browsing in your neighb hood Home Center.

Putting your plan on paper

It's easy to draw a plan. Only four to are essential:

- Tape measure
- Squared drawing paper ruled off ¼ inch equals 1 foot
- Sharp pencils
- Ruler

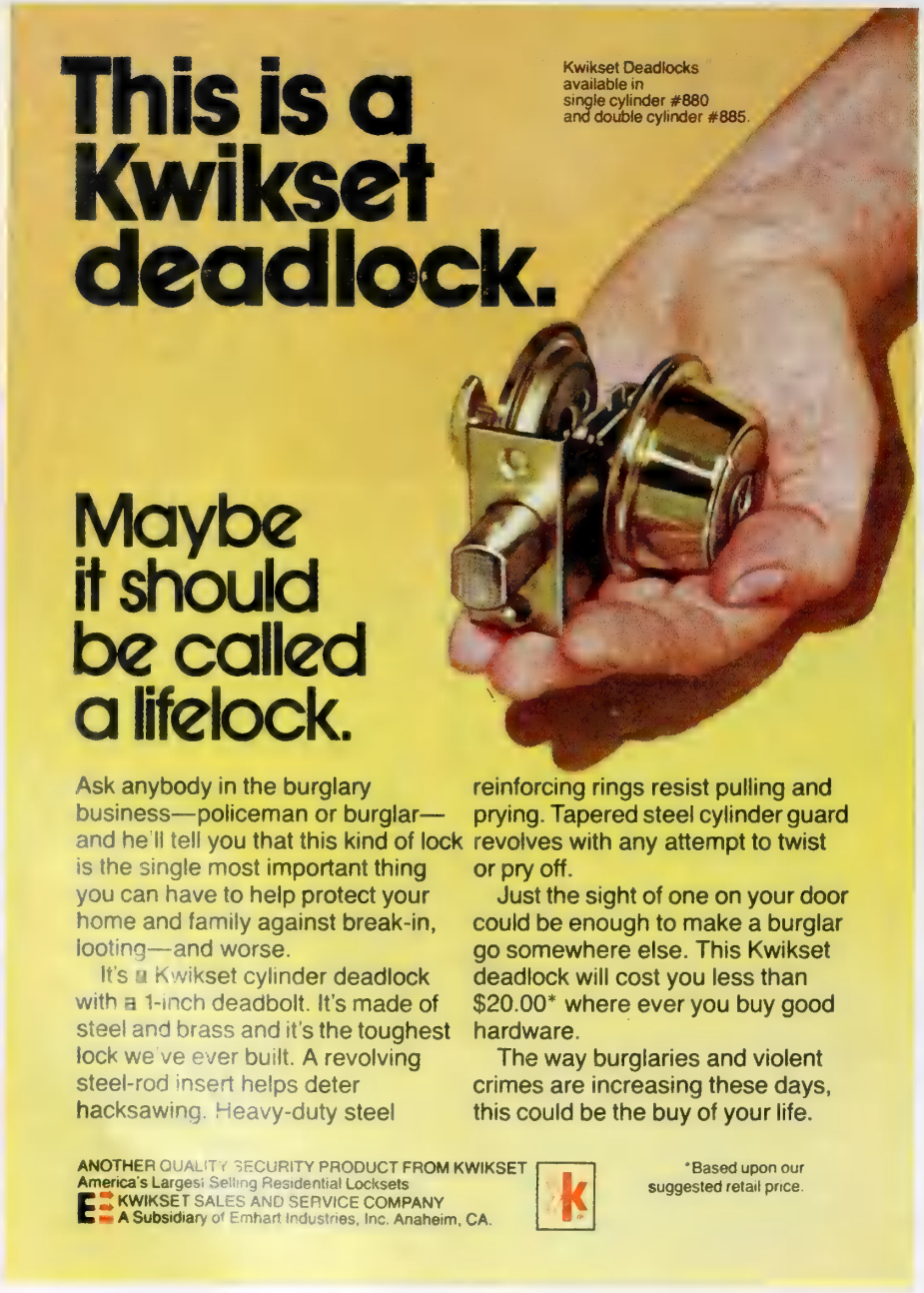
Here's a short course in how to dr up an acceptable plan.

- **First, room measurements.** Inclu every jog, projection and recess; m sure the width and location of windo doors, closets. Be sure to note which w each door opens and how much swi space it requires; include such ov lookables as the fireplace hearth a projecting heat registers. Also measu and make rough sketches of the fur ture you plan to keep.
- **Next, an accurate floor plan.** Tra fer your measurements to the squar drawing paper, letting each ¼-in square equal a foot. Use heavy doub lines for walls, three light ones for wi dows, open spaces for doors. Write the measurements of each element. I clude doors' swing space and any spa required by floor-length draperies. Y will also want to note the height of wi dow sills, ceilings, chair rails and buil ins. Mark the location of telepho connections (with black triangles) a of electrical outlets (a circle with tw lines through it for ordinary househo current; a circle with three lines for 22 volt outlets).
- **Finally, the fun part.** This is whe you begin visualizing your plans for r modeling or rearranging. Tack yo completed floor plan to your drawin board, then bring up lots of tracing p per. Use as many sheets as you need t try on your ideas. Now's the time t change your mind—later, changes can b costly.

When you're satisfied with your ne plans, transfer everything to a fres sheet of squared paper. If a wall is to b removed, indicate with broken line new walls with double lines shaded i

You can now use your complete plans to begin construction, if you ar undertaking the project yourself. Or, yo can turn them over to your contracto for final inspection and suggestions. He in turn, may have a draftsman who ca produce even more finished plans an working drawings based on your plans Sometimes there's no charge for this se vice if you hire the same contractor t do the job.

Still another option: find a consultin architect to evaluate the plans and offe his own suggestions. He may even im prove on your design. *(continued*



Congoleum

Seamless flooring: elegant, wall-to-wall beauty; a durable no-wax, seamless surface that's easier to keep clean. And seamless installations are easier to do yourself. Only Congoleum offers this, in widths that range from 6 to 15 feet. High quality, high fashion, seamless flooring—in a spectacular variety of no-wax colors and patterns.

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A no-wax floor stays fresher looking longer, usually with just sponge mopping. In time a reduction in gloss will occur in areas of heavier use. We recommend Congoleum Vinyl Dressing to provide a higher shine, if preferred. (Complete maintenance and warranty information available through your local Congoleum retailer, in the Yellow Pages under "Floor Materials", or by writing Congoleum Consumer Affairs, 195 Belgrove Drive, Kearny, N.J. 07032.)

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Pattern shown #45000, available in 6' & 12' widths

Home Improvement

continued

Whatever the source, you must have plans and specifications of any project that involves changes in the house structure, plumbing, wiring or heating before you can get a required building permit from your local building department.

Plans for rearranging

Draw the pieces of furniture you plan to keep, in scale, on the squared paper, then label, color to match the actual pieces and cut them out. Now you have dollhouse furniture to work with on your in-scale room plan. Such fingertip rearranging is very easy on your back, but before you push, ponder these pointers for successful room arrangements:

- **The rooms' function.** What kind of a life does the room lead? A living room can be fairly static with simple in-out traffic flow. Or, it can be a multi-purpose room where the family relaxes, enjoys meals, plays games, watches TV and creates a constant flow of traffic in several directions.
- **Your habits.** What kind of a life do you lead? Entertain a lot? Gather around the piano? Eat in front of the fireplace? How you live in a room will affect the kind of furniture you select and the pattern of traffic in the room from door to closet, from door to door, etc. Before you place your furniture, pencil in arrows to indicate traffic directions. Those arrows can bend somewhat, but don't try to reroute things too drastically from the natural paths.
- **A focal point.** It should be a major feature in the room: a fireplace, a picture window, a handsome painting. Find your focal point, settle the largest piece of furniture first, then group the others around it.
- **Conversation.** Seating pieces should be close enough for quiet talk.
- **Convenience.** Every chair needs a nearby table for ashtrays, etc.
- **Lighting.** Each seating piece should have a nearby source of good light.
- **Clearance.** Plan traffiic lanes at least two feet wide; allow three-foot clearances at doors.
- **Balance.** Don't force all your big upholstered pieces into one grouping and don't use all your patterned upholstery at one end of the room, leaving all the plain pieces at the other. Remember to include some vertical pieces for visual balance—a grandfather clock, long wall-hanging or potted tree.
- **Function.** An oft-used desk does not belong near the TV. Dining chairs need room to push back. Beds should have someplace near their heads to put glasses, books, etc. It's mostly common sense.

Once you've settled on an arrangement that's both attractive and functional, trace your furniture cutouts on your floor plan. Indicate the pieces you now see that you need with dotted lines, and take the plan in hand when you set out to shop for them.

WILL THE REAL DO-IT-YOURSELFER PLEASE STAND UP?

Doing-it-yourself has become a great part of the American way of life. As more and more manufacturers recognize this trend, they are continually refining their products to make them more suitable for the home craftsperson. Stroll through any Home Center and you'll see a dozen do-it-yourself ideas down every aisle: prepasted, pretrimmed, strippable wallcoverings that go up without a wrestling match; resilient floorings that cut with ordinary scissors and lie obligingly smooth on your kitchen floor; lightweight urethane beams that look quite like the real, hand-hewn thing, yet balance on your fingertips.

A word of caution

Don't be overzealous. Know your limits. There are times when you may be tempted to bite off more than you can do. Be honest about your abilities and admit that you need professional help:

- When the task is such a large one it's bound to eat up all your weekends and spare moments for the next several months. You'll grow to resent being trapped by your own good intentions.
- When the project will upset the entire household, e.g., redoing the bathroom or kitchen. The best candidates for do-it-yourselfing are the basement, attic or garage.
- When you can't count on help. An extra pair of hands gets the job done three-to-four times faster.
- When you have to lay in special, expensive tools, especially tools you may seldom need again.
- When you cannot obtain materials at prices comparable to the professional's, who buys in large quantities.

What pros to call in

Depending on your project, you may need to lean on professional help from an architect, an interior decorator or an interior designer, a contractor or builder, a plumber or an electrician. Let's consider each category.

Architects. The ultimate source of aid in big remodeling projects, an architect can take the idea in your head and transform it into reality, handling every detail along the way. He can provide plans, work up specifications for materials, guide you to a good contractor and supervise the work along the way to make sure it follows the letter. For such complete service, most architects expect to be paid a percentage of the total cost of construction, somewhere around the 25 percent mark. *(continued)*

Come on over to your nearest Ethan Allen Gallery:

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ANCHORAGE — Nerland's Ethan Allen Gallery
FAIRBANKS — Nerland's, Inc.

ARIZONA
PHOENIX — The Manor House
TUCSON — Georgetown Manor

CALIFORNIA
BAKERSFIELD — Summers Carriage House
BELMONT — Biagi's Carriage House
LA MESA — Carriage House Interiors
MILL VALLEY — Yeager's Carriage House
MOUNTAIN VIEW — Carriage House
NORTHRIDGE — Valley Manor
PASADENA — Jamestown Manor
SACRAMENTO — Kincaid's Ethan Allen Gallery
Kincaid's Home Furnishings
SAN BERNARDINO — Carriage House of San Bernardino
SAN DIEGO — Carriage House Interiors
SAN JOSE — Georgetown Manor
SANTA ANA — Georgetown Manor, Inc
SANTA ROSA — Yeager's Carriage House
STOCKTON — Georgetown Manor
TORRANCE — Carriage House
VENTURA — Traister's Ethan Allen Gallery
WEST LOS ANGELES — Tradition House
WHITTIER — Georgetown Manor, Inc

COLORADO
BOULDER — Homestead House
DENVER — Homestead House
FT. COLLINS — Homestead House
GREELEY — Homestead House
LAKEWOOD — Homestead House
LITTLETON — Homestead House

IOWA
BURLINGTON — Carriage House
CEDAR RAPIDS — The Carriage House
DES MOINES — Carriage House
FT. DODGE — Newton's Carriage House
WATERLOO — Carriage House

KANSAS
HUTCHINSON — Adams-Parker Furniture, Inc.
KANSAS CITY — Falconer's Carriage House
PRAIRIE VILLAGE — Pilgrim House
WICHITA — Hughes Georgetown Manor, Inc.

MINNESOTA
DULUTH — Sagen's Tradition House
EVELETH — Lester Sagen, Inc
MANAKATO — Landkamer Carriage House
MINNETONKA — Concord House
MOORHEAD — Simon Furniture
ST. PAUL — Swenson's Carriage House

MONTANA
BOZEMAN — Vaughan's Furniture Co
GREAT FALLS — Carriage House of Montana, Inc.
KALISPELL — Bitney Furniture

NEBRASKA
LINCOLN — Davidson's American Showcase
NORFOLK — Ballantyne Furniture Co.
OMAHA — Carriage House
Davidson's Furniture

NEVADA
LAS VEGAS — Fischer's Ethan Allen Gallery

NORTH DAKOTA
FARGO — Simon's Ethan Allen Gallery

OREGON
PORTLAND — Georgetown Manor

SOUTH DAKOTA
RAPID CITY — Midwest Furniture

UTAH
OREM — Carriage House
SALT LAKE CITY — Carriage House

WASHINGTON
BELLINGHAM — Levins, Inc
LYNNWOOD — Carriage House
SPOKANE — Tradition House
TACOMA — Ralph Johnson's Carriage House
TUKWILA — Carriage House
YAKIMA — Ferguson's Carriage House

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Ethan Allen Galleries
COME ON OVER TO OUR HOUSE

Home Improvement

continued

Suppose you want an architect only as a consultant to make sure your ideas are sound before you or your contractor go to work on them. Obviously, this is the less expensive route and the logical one to take if your remodeling project is fairly minor. Many architects will take on such consulting work for an hourly fee, up to around $25. But not all like to work this way; if you have trouble finding such an architect-consultant, check with the nearest chapter of the American Institute of Architects (IA) for their recommendations.

Interior designers. Not to be confused with "decorators," these are the professionals who literally design a plan to make everything in your home work together. (A decorator is more likely to be the person who carries out the designer's plan: painting, carpentry work, carpet-laying, etc.) If you want a qualified professional, one with school accreditation and a certain amount of experience, look for an interior designer who wears the initials ASID behind her name. That means she's a member of the American Society of Interior Designers and conforms to certain standards set by the association.

Many good designers do not belong to ASID, of course. Many department and furniture stores offer the services of a designer (usually free) if you follow through and buy a certain amount of the merchandise they suggest.

Working arrangements and fees vary greatly with individual designers. Many will work as consultants for an hourly fee (figure at least $25). Others charge an overall design fee; still others take their money as a percentage of everything you buy through them.

Contractors. The nuts-and-bolts, boards-and-nails people you need when you're not carrying out your home improvement project yourself. A good contractor knows where to get the right materials and the right workmen—plumbers, electricians, etc.

He understands the building regulations in your locale and will obtain whatever permits are required. He will also handle the job in a businesslike manner, beginning when he says he will, keeping to projected schedules and leaving your home in good order when he's finished.

In short, a good contractor will make your remodeling dream come true . . . if you take the proper precautions:

TOOLING UP FOR THE TASK

Every one needs a chest of basic tools. The list is mercifully short.

- **Hammer.** Buy a good one the first time around and you should never need another.
- **Saws.** The all-purpose, two-foot-long kind for wood, plasterboard, etc. There's a new one available with built-in 90-degree square and 45-degree miter guides on its handle. Your tool chest should also include a hacksaw for cutting through metal: nails, heavy wire, cable and such.
- **Measuring devices.** To meet all your needs, buy both a folding wood rule and a flexible steel tape.
- **Drill.** Unless you're incurably timid and long on muscles, bypass the old hand-cranked version and go for an electric drill. Fairly inexpensive (they range from under $15 up), an electric drill assures a neater, easier job, and is no more frightening or dangerous than, say, an electric mixer.
- **Screwdrivers.** Start with at least one with a blade about 3/16 inch wide to fit most standard screw heads. Eventually you will be confronted with a Phillips screw (has an X on top) and will need to add a Phillips screwdriver.
- **Pliers.** Regular mechanic's pliers with double-jointed jaws will handle most household tasks. For small, tedious places, get a pair of long-nosed pliers, too.
- **Wrench.** One adjustable open-end wrench with jaws that open to about 3 inches will meet most needs. You can work up to larger jaw sizes if larger problems come along.
- **Threaded awl.** Invaluable for starting holes for small nails, cup hooks screw eyes, etc.
- **Utility knife.** Look for one with a blade that adjusts for different cutting jobs.
- **Wood plane.** A basic block plane about 6 inches long is about right for most small wood-smoothing jobs.
- **Staple gun.** A super tool for scores of tasks, from fabricking a wall to slip-covering a dining chair seat. Now there's an electric staple gun (for under $45) that shoots five different sizes of staples at the touch of a finger. As more specialized projects come along, consider renting the necessary tools before plurging on one-time expense.

HOW MUCH PAINT?

To estimate the paint you need to give a room one coat:

- Measure the perimeter of the room; add all sides.
- Measure ceiling height.
- Multiply perimeter by ceiling height to get the square footage to be painted.
- Label on paint can should indicate the number of square feet your paint will cover (or consult paint dealer).
- Do not deduct for windows unless they add up to more than 100 square feet.
- To determine the number of gallons you need, divide the number of square feet to be painted by the number of square feet each gallon of your paint covers.

IMPROVING YOUR OVERHEAD: ALL ABOUT CEILINGS

As the fifth wall in your room, th ceiling is too important to be overlooke in your decorating plans.

Paint: Fast and easy

Paint is the simplest refreshment for ceiling that's in good shape. As a rul that paint is white because it makes th ceiling look higher and reflects ligh back down into the room where yo need it.

However, if you want the opposite e fect—a lower ceiling, a cozier room—us dark colors.

Bless modern technology, there's new textured paint that works wonde on a less-than-lovely ceiling. It rol right over fine cracks, spots and blem ishes, concealing such problems und an interesting, sand-like texture. Mad of fast-drying latex emulsion, the pain comes in seven colors. Other textur paints invite you to create your own su face designs: press them with a spong with wet burlap, swirl them with a sti brush or comb.

You may be a whiz on walls, bu painting overhead has some pitfall Here's how to avoid most of them:

- Use latex paint. It shows fewer la marks than oil base (alkyd) paints.
- Always paint the ceiling befor you go to work on the walls.
- Use a roller with a long handle ex tension so you can paint standing on th floor.
- Paint ceiling moldings first (t match ceiling unless you want the con trast), then brush a 2-foot-wide strip o paint around edge.
- Roll paint from dry section of cei ing into the still-wet edges, then ro crisscross strokes for best coverage.
- Avoid spatters: never let the rolle spin freely.
- If you insist on painting with brush, use two ladders bridged by walk-along board.
- Brush paint from wet edges to dr area to eliminate brush marks.
- Be stingy when you dip your brus —only one-third the way up the bristles

Wallpapering overhead

Wallcoverings can create super look and simultaneously conceal all sorts o problems. Your best bet is a cloth backed wallcovering with a matte-finis vinyl face. Plain, glossy surfaces wi only accentuate any irregularities.

Limit your venture to small rooms especially if you've never tackled suc an overhead undertaking before. Basi cally, papering a ceiling is just like pa pering a wall, with one *(continued*

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Will this window blind ever be faked successfully?

The blind is the most functional of all window coverings. But it took the Riviera to prove, in thousands of homes, it could also be discreetly slim and beautiful.

Then came the knock-offs, as they're called in the trade. The fake blinds that looked like Rivieras but weren't built like Rivieras.

Today the counterfeits are so widespread, we feel compelled to tell you how to spot them. Of course, this also gives us the opportunity to emphasize three of the many Riviera points of superiority, and may even discourage the counterfeiters.

1. Slats less than 1" wide can be copied. But the copies don't come in more than 100 lead free colors like the Riviera. Many of these are available with a neutral white on the outside.

2. The Riviera's installation brackets feature a unique safety-hinged latching so even an energetic youngster simply will not be able to pull the blind down.

3. The patented Guardian Tilter and the other moving parts in the head of the Riviera are guaranteed for the life of the blind.

We seriously doubt whether there will ever be a completely successful imitation of the Riviera. That would require a manufacturing philosophy like Levolor's: quality before all else. And that isn't the way counterfeiters think about their business.

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To find your nearest Riviera dealer call (800) 447-4700

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Home Improvement

continued

tricky factor added in: gravity. You can defy it successfully if you:

- Have a helper to hold up loose ends as you go.
- Work across the width of the room, never down the length.
- Don't try to match ceiling pattern with both side walls. Usually it can't be done without turning wall pattern upside down.

Other top ideas

If you love the look of a beamed ceiling but your home is far removed from early America, help is as close as your nearest Home Center. Lightweight polyurethane beams can be applied to almost any ceiling. They look hand-hewn and rustic but cut to size with an ordinary saw and hand-press easily in place with tinted-to-match adhesive. Even suspended ceilings pose no problems: the beams are held by special metal clips that snap on the ceiling grid.

You can choose beams in several widths, wood tones and surface treatments, from rugged axe marks to only slightly knotty. Some come in new short lengths that make it easy to tote them home and handle during installation.

Mirror tiles can create an expansive feeling in a room. So can stainless steel tiles, brushed to a soft finish or polished to a high gleam. Smallish bathrooms, especially, profit from such sparkling ceilings. The idea's also effective in a dark, narrow hallway, or in a living room with a window view worth repeating.

Use clear, smoked or tinted mirrors, depending on the atmosphere you're after. You'll find them all in your Home Center, too, usually packaged with a dozen 12 x 12-inch tiles to a box, complete with instructions for cutting and self-sticking mounting tabs. Ignore those, especially in a steamy bathroom. Adhesives made for ordinary ceiling tiles should do the trick: it's strong and sets up fast, so you won't have to stand around with your arms overhead forever.

Salvaging a ceiling

When your old one's beyond redemption by surface measures, think tiles. You can have the look of wood planks, embossed plaster, brocade or carved paneling, and it can be done in a weekend, so easily do the new tiles go up. There are three basic systems:

- **Direct application.** Glue or staple tiles directly to any reasonably level ceiling. The tiles interlock neatly via built-in tongue-and-flange edges.
- **On furring strips.** If your ceiling's in poor repair, you will need a grid of 1 x 3-inch wood strips to hold the tiles. Nail up the strips, spaced so tile edges can be stapled to a strip.

(continued)

The Story of the Ugly Chair.

Contour® THE CHAIR LOUNGE THAT HELPS PEOPLE FEEL BEAUTIFUL!

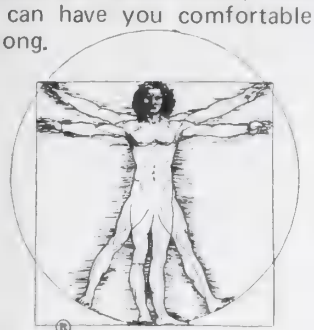
Not that everyone thinks the Con-ur Chair Lounge is ugly, mind you. olks across the country have been uying them for, maybe, twenty-five ears. And there must be a million milies now who bought them be-use they liked their looks. . .and ter discovered they had bought not st another pretty piece for the living om or den. . .but almost a new way life.

How important can a mere chair be your life style? For the answer to at, you'll have to look beyond the ual ideas of what a chair should look e. What you really must consider is hat it was made to do for you.



Picture that conventional easy chair your living room or den. Then try to gure out how you can rest your head. / slouching down so you're resting e bulk of your body weight on your ine? That's not going to be com-rtable for very long.

What do you do with your legs? oss them? Then recross them? Rest em on the cocktail table? On an-her chair? Or on an ottoman? All these positions tend to restrict cir-lation or result in the concentration an undue proportion of your weight a single area of your body. None of em can have you comfortable for ry long.



ONTOUR® IS THE WORLD'S ONLY 'OU" SHAPED CHAIR.

Man has been making chairs of ery description for thousands of ars. But not until recent times has yone thought of making a chair that will conform to the contours of the human form. Not until Contour Chair designed its chair lounge with you in mind was there any form of seating that takes into account the way nature had fashioned your body.

Contour® provides full support to your head in any position.

Because the Contour Chair Lounge is available in a size that is compatible with your height, because it curves to provide gentle support for your head and neck, there is no longer the need for tensing your neck muscles while you're trying to relax. And this support is maintained in any chair position — upright, fully reclined . . . and in all positions in between.

Contour® provides gentle support for the small of your back.

In addition to relieving you of the usual body weight pressures on the lower back and thighs, the "kidney roll" design feature provides gentle support for the small of the back.



In Upright Position — only 31.4% of body weight supported by hip area.

In Semi-Upright Position — only 32.8% of body weight supported by hip area.

In Reclining Position — only 23.8% of body weight supported by hip area.

Contour® elevates your knees in a "floating" position, raises and supports your legs.

In a Contour Chair Lounge, the legs are always fully supported and comfortably raised. . . even above the body level. . . and for as long as you may desire.

Choice of single or two-seater Cuddler® models available with automatic push-button position changer, automatically changes your body position from "head high" to "feet-up" without effort.



Contour Chair Lounges come in your choice of a wide range of colors, fabrics and styles.



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• **Suspended-grid.** A metal framework, suspended on wires from the old ceiling, forms a grid into which the tiles are simply dropped. Great for a basement ceiling plagued with pipes and such, since the tiles push out for access. Suspended ceilings also offer a short cut to lowering a ceiling, say in an old kitchen you want to cozy up.

Panels for suspended ceilings come in standard 12 x 12-inch tiles and in multiples of 12 inches, up to 24 x 48 inches. Installation procedures vary; your Home Center will have manufacturer's instructions for the type you buy.

A final plus. However you install it, a tile ceiling has important acoustical and insulation properties, and they can be scrubbed or painted so your new ceiling stays new looking for a long, long time.

WALL TALK

Walls are the background for everything else you put in a room. If they're just standing around enclosing space, consider ways you can make your walls live up to their decorative potential:

• **Paint.** Canned magic and easier than ever to use.

• **Wallcoverings.** Hanging them is simpler than you may think, and the category is much broader: paper, vinyl, fabrics, straw mats, almost anything you like can make effective wallcoverings.

• **Paneling.** Here, you can have real wood or less-expensive look-alikes, plus panels that emulate leather, fabric, brick or stone.

• **Brick and stone.** Lightweight versions of the real thing you can mason yourself.

• **Moldings and beams.** Architectural interest by the linear foot. A good way to bring traditional beauty back to bland modern rooms.

Paint it new

Paint has always been the do-it-yourself decorator's best friend, one of the easiest and quickest ways to refresh walls, floors and furniture. Everybody knows that, but everybody may not be aware of the innovations on paint dealers' shelves today. There are paints and painting tools for every surface: paints that cover cracks in ceilings; paints that look like sand or stucco; paints you "sculpt" with a comb, brush or patterned roller to achieve other interesting textures; paint products that "sand" old surfaces for you; new paint "brushes" that aren't brushes at all but flat pads. Browse the paint section of your Home Center. Read labels, ask questions, pocket color chips and manufacturers' literature. The more you know about the paint products available today, the better choice you'll make for your own home.

There are two major categories of paint, both available in flat, semi-gloss and full-gloss finishes:

• **Latex paint.** Thinned with water, easy cleanup, quick drying, little odor. On glossy surfaces, prime first with flat paint, or use sandpaper or a commercial deglosser to insure adherence.

• **Alkyd paint.** Thinned with turpentine or paint thinner. Most alkyds take three–four hours to dry and must be cleaned up with solvents.

To meet specific needs, you'll find:

• **Epoxy enamels.** Very tough, long-lived, scrubbable. Worth their extra cost for hard-use areas—hallways, playrooms.

• **Deck enamels.** May be latex, alkyd or (toughest) polyurethane. For decks and floors, as name implies.

• **Metal paints.** Shrug off rust. Use as first coat on radiators, pipes, other raw metal surfaces.

• **Lacquer.** Very fast-drying. Can be dull or high-sheen. Spray lacquers are easiest to use.

• **Clear finishes.** Shellacs and varnishes. Use to seal or protect furniture, stairs, floor. Finish with paste wax.

• **Stains.** For a natural wood finish. Oil stains brush on, wipe off. A new latex stain rubs on like furniture polish, cleans up with soapy water.

Paint tricks

Before you put away your paint, look what else it can do:

• **Paint a "brick" floor.** Bevel the edges of a sponge with scissors. Dip sponge in paint, blot excess on newspaper, press flat on floor to paint bricks.

• **Decorate a door.** Paint panel edges one color; mask off with tape while you paint the rest of door.

• **Paint the great pretenders.** Marble, leather, slate, wood graining can be created with special products and how-to instructions from your paint dealer.

• **Stencils.** This early-American favorite is enjoying an updating for today's floors, walls, furniture, even window shades. Many designs come in precut kits (at your art supply store). To make your own, use cardboard or special stencil paper. Trace pattern, cut out with utility knife, paint (acrylics are good) through openings with stencil brush.

• **Wall graphics.** Paint power at its most dramatic! Try freehand animals on a nursery wall, or create your own graphics anywhere. Sketch design on paper ruled so 1 inch equals 1 foot. Pencil 1-foot grid on wall, transfer design, square by square. Use masking tape to insure even outlines as you paint.

Wallcoverings

We can no longer just say wall*paper*. Today's wallcoverings include:

• **Vinyl.** Vinyl coatings on paper, vinyl laminated to paper and cloth, and self-adhesive vinyl that simply presses in place.

• **Fabrics.** Slubby linens, hefty-tex tured glasscloth, hemp and burlap, nor woven fabrics made with polyester fibe brocades and damasks that aren't fra gile fabrics at all, despite their looks.

• **Foils.** Decorative, very thin met sheets with paper or fabric backing.

• **Cork.** The real thing with all i natural texture and depth.

• **Murals.** Antique engravings of Eu ropean scenes, painted scenery and dra matic wall-size photographs give you room a new point of view.

There's a look for every wall. Don choose yours until you've investigate them all. And don't limit yourself to co ering the entire wall. For interestin effects with wallcoverings:

Use borders only, around ceiling lin windows and doorways.

Create separate panels of wallcove ing, framed in glued-on braid or narro wood moldings.

Wallpaper a dado where none exis and cap with a chair rail molding.

Cover stair risers.

Cover furniture, eyesore doors t blend into rest of wall.

Fabrics

Not all wallcoverings come in stan dard rolls. Sheets offer exciting wall dressing. Use them, or any fabric yo love, for a wall treatment that also add insulation and sound absorption. Fabr can be pasted up (use canned vinyl ad hesive) or stapled flat on the wall. O shir it, either on round wall-mounte rods or with a gathering cord. That wa you can staple it in place.

Take rush floor mats out of conte and staple to the wall as a handsom background for today's natural lool Painted, the matting becomes a richl textured wallcovering.

Paneling

Paneling is the time-honored way to ad the warmth of wood to your walls. Yo can still have real hardwood paneling of course, but technology has adde many other good looks to paneling yo can install yourself.

Panels made of plywood and hard board come in standard 4 x 8-foot sheet and in a variety of wood grains. Then are also panels that look like hand troweled stucco, weathered wood glazed ceramic tiles, brick, leather, mar ble, cork. Some panels come with pre carved moldings and decorative inlays Others look and feel like fabrics but ar clad in vinyl or acrylic to shrug off har use in kitchen and bath.

You can even panel your room i weathered barnboard: specially treate boards that come in bundles of random width, 8-foot-tall planks.

Mini-panels

Fairly new to the do-it-yourself scene mini-panels are extra easy *(continued*


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to install singlehandedly. Some of the new panels come in single planks a mere 16 inches wide. One comes as a kit of 16-inch planks just 32-inches long, designed for paneling a wainscot.

Another system features small fiberglass brick panels: interlock and nail panels on wall, then squeeze in the grouting that makes the bricks look real.

You can also brick a wall the traditional way—one brick at a time—but these are very untraditional bricks. Only a quarter-inch thick, they can go up on walls that couldn't take the weight of real bricks.

The same idea applies to thin, individual fieldstones you can mason.

Moldings and beams

Our efforts to streamline interiors have all but eliminated the wood moldings our grandparents took for granted. Now we're wanting them back, and manufacturers are responding with packaged decorative moldings that can enliven plain walls and furniture. They're inexpensive and easy to glue or nail in place.

Don't overlook the potential of larger wood moldings, available by the foot at most Home Centers. Used alone or in various combinations, they bring back architectural interest to today's oversimplified interiors.

LIGHT UP YOUR LIFE

There's no need to go on living in the dark ages when a bright new world of lights and lighting fixtures is as accessible as any other home furnishing.

According to lighting experts, we should allow one watt of incandescent light for every square foot of floor space, up to three watts per square foot if ceilings are extra high and walls are dark.

Experts at the American Home Lighting Institute also tell us that the average home has no more than 13 lighting fixtures. The Institute recommends 26. One easy way to increase the number of outlets is with a new power strip that mounts to wall or baseboard. Plug it in, then you can plug individual appliances anywhere along its length.

A word of caution: be wary of overloading your wiring system. If lights flicker, the TV winces or radio fades when an appliance is turned on, have an electrician look over your wiring.

Sources of light

- **Lamps.** Table and floor lamps are available in styles and sizes to suit every need, every decorating taste. Buy table lamps in scale to the table they'll sit upon; tall enough so you don't look down on the bulb when you stand, short enough so you don't look up into it when you sit. Allow 38 to 42 inches from shade bottom to the floor for table lamps, 47 to 49 inches for floor lamps. As a rule, a shade should be two-thirds as tall as the lamp. Remember that opaque shades will pool the light, while translucent ones diffuse it evenly over the area.
- **Chandeliers and hanging lights.** Again, proportion is important. Use a smallish fixture in a small room and vice versa. Exposed bulbs should be low in wattage to avoid glare and always hung above eye level, between 30 and 36 inches above a dining table. Consider a dimmer for all hanging lights. They are inexpensive and easy to install yourself.
- **Ceiling fixtures.** Today, this can include recessed downlights in the ceiling and surface-mounted track lights, both good for general lighting and for focusing light in a specific area, e.g., on a wall of art works or on kitchen work counters. Several track lighting kits are available to the do-it-yourselfer; simply set the track into the ceiling and run the cord down an inconspicuous corner to a plug.
- **Task lighting.** This means extra light where you need it. In the kitchen, you can buy plug-in fluorescent fixtures that mount under a counter. High-intensity or specially designed lamps are available for desk use (always provide general lighting, too, to avoid eyestrain). Small, snap-on decorative lamps are made to work with perforated shelf-mounting strips. A horizontal version of the same idea clips over the shelf itself.
- **Self-lit furniture.** Already on the market are lighted breakfronts, desks, bookcases, display shelves and sculpture pedestals. You can make your windows self-lit, too, by installing lighting in cornices over draperies.

ALL IN THE FAMILY ROOM

Family rooms are as old as early America. Back then, the one large space where the entire family lived, played and ate was known as the "keeping room." Granted, those early settlers had little choice about such togetherness since their homes were seldom more than a room or two in size.

Today, we are blessed with several possible locations for family rooms:

- **Basement.** Space down under is too often left fallow, occupied by only the furnace and laundry equipment. Whether or not you can remodel your basement into a family room depends on the problem all such underground areas are subject to. If your basement is damp, cure that before you even consider remodeling. Waterproofing compounds may do the trick, or you may need the services of a professional. From there on, the magic words in basement remodeling are "below grade." Before you buy floor tiles, paint, carpeting, paneling, any decorative surface covering, make sure it can be used in a below-grade area.

Family rooms at basement le should be kept light and bright to co pensate for the lack of windows. Pai in cheerful colors used over everythi (pipes, ducts, ceiling joists, *everything* can be the least costly, most satisfacto decorating route to take. If you want finished ceiling, acoustical tiles are good answer since they can be stapl right to the existing joists. Baseme ceilings are notoriously low, so ga headroom by recessing lighting fixtu between the joists when you add t tiles.

Furnishing a basement family roo requires only standard common sen guidelines: make it comfortable and ea to maintain. Opt for upholstery made vinyl or heavy-duty fabrics with soil-r pellent surfaces. Use carefree wall-cove ings, such as vinyl-coated paneling th wipes clean, or beautifully textured e terior cedar shakes that are inherent easy to maintain.

- **Attic.** Look up for extra space. Ev a small, slant-sided attic has the pote tial to become a pleasant retreat. Y can enlarge the space by adding a dorm er, but it's expensive and requires raisin the roof, literally. Talk this one ov with an architect, as well as a contracto Left unaltered, attic space can be ve appealing with its angular, under-eav ceiling, especially when you emphasi the ceiling-scape with all-over-pattern wallcovering.

If you want more light and air tha attic windows normally offer, consid adding a larger, new window (a sto product off your dealer's shelf). Or, mo dramatic still, cut a skylight between th ceiling joists.

An attic room can become a hideaw study, a mini-family room, and, course, a guest room. Consider a co vertible sofa. Or dress the bed—mattres box spring and all—in one of the new be sacks, a quilted, fitted cover that mak an unmade bed easy on the eyes.

Often, you can reclaim an attic fo living and still have your storage spac Where walls slant dramatically, only th center section may be tall enough fo people. The long, low, side sections ca be walled in to make super storage spac or a natural spot to tuck in the TV o stereo equipment.

Two considerations for remodeling a tic space as living areas:

If the only access has been a drop down folding stair, you will have to fin space to add a conventional stairway.

You should provide an alternate wa out. Fire codes may require it. Th solution may be as simple as an escap ladder kept within reach.

- **Garage.** Another at-hand source o family room space may be occupied b your car at the moment. An attache garage, heated and semi-finished inside is half-way to becoming a spacious fam ily room. Take out the *(continued*









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Home Improvement

continued

garage door and bring in a stock pictu window. And do leave the rafters ope for a dramatic cathedral ceiling.

LIVING ROOMS: ROOM FOR LIVING?

Living rooms fall into two categorie one earns its name as a comfortabl busy room where the family truly live the other is more akin to the parlor yesteryear, a room reserved for com pany or for the most well-mannere family gatherings. Your lifestyle will di tate the kind of living room you hav If your family does its real living in den or separate family room, you a free to express a love for delicate fal rics, fine furniture and fragile colors your living room. But often, such lu ury can't be indulged in this space-sh era. Apartment dwellers, especiall must decorate to create living room that can stand up to activity and sti keep their company manners.

First step in living room planning therefore, is understanding the wa your family functions, and the space has available to do it in. Next, analyz that space itself and all the elements a ready in it. Remember, walls define a area, floor decor is dictated by your life style and windows are decorated aroun their anatomy.

FLOORS

Floors and their covering are the un derlying star of your decorating scheme Let's examine all the possibilities.

Rugs and carpeting

There is a difference: rugs are usuall small and loose-laid, as in area rugs. Ca peting can be installed wall-to-wal thanks to modern equipment that ca make what's called broadloom. A room size rug can run wall-to-wall, too, bu usually it's not permanently installed (plus at moving and cleaning time).

The mood you're after in a room an the amount of wear are major factors i choosing a carpet. Generally, plush an low-pile surfaces in solid colors tend t feel more formal than shags, multi-col ored twists or loops. But the latter ma wear better in heavily trafficked area like halls and stairs.

Three factors determine wearability the **density** of the pile, the **height** of th pile and the **fibers** used to make it. T test the first two characteristics, ben back a corner: the denser and deeper th pile, the better. To compare fibers, ex amine the carpets in the showroom an study the glossary below.

Here, at a glance, is what you should know to buy wisely.

- **Construction.** More than 85 per cent of the carpets made *(continued)*

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For each load be *sure* to use **1.** the same amount of dye; **2.** the same amount of fabric; **3.** the same *color* fabric; **4.** the same amount of hot water; **5.** at the same temperature; **6.** for the same length of time.

If there's a chance that you'll run out of really hot water after the first load, wait awhile to do your next load. It's important, because fabric that's dyed with cooler water will be a little lighter in color.



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Home Improvement

continued

in America today are tufted, *i.e.*, made on many-needled machines that insert pile into the backing. Next most popular method is woven (Axminster, chenille, velvet and Wilton). Needle-punched construction is flat, felt-like; often used for indoor-outdoor carpets. Fusion-bonded carpets are fairly new; surface pile is fused to a vinyl backing. Knitted carpets are least common, generally have flat, low-pile surfaces.

• **Surface textures.** Level-loop pile has a smooth, long-wearing surface. Multi-level loop pile produces a sculptured look. Cut piles (tips of the loops are sheared off) have surfaces ranging from smooth velvet to extremely nubby, depending on the twist given the yarn. A Saxony has a plush surface where each yarn end stands out. Shags feature long, loose surface yarns. Combinations of cut pile and loop pile in different heights create any number of surface textures and designs. Flat weaves, with almost no surface texture, are enjoying new favor with today's emphasis on ethnic floorcoverings.

• **Fibers.** We all understand and appreciate the warmth and wearability of wool. Man-made fibers do cause confusion, however. Those you'll encounter in carpet-buying include: acrylics (light, bulky, feel like wool); nylon (strongest, resists soil, cleans easily); polyester (uniquely lustrous, not static-pron olefin or polypropylene (popular kitchen and indoor/outdoor carpetin

Installing carpet

You can do it yourself, especially w self-sticking 12 x 12-inch carpet squa and rolls of carpet that come in m ageable 12-foot widths. Check the car section of your Home Center for ins lation kits, including carpet tape, se sealer, knife and cutting guide.

Padding adds extra life and luxury your carpet. Some carpets come alre backed with bonded sponge rubber foam, obviating extra padding.

What's new underfoot

Some of today's best looks don't any of the above categories. Sisals a straw mats have moved into year-rou use. Other rugs are merely painted trompe l'oeil style. Try a freehand ze (no endangering a species), or use stencil (store-bought or cut from ca board) to paint both the rug and border. Deck or acrylic paints work b on wood floors. Best bet for concrete latex paint. Always protect floor pai ings with clear polyurethane.

Still more freewheeling rug ideas clude fabric and wallcovering on floo Apply with vinyl paste; protect w polyurethane.

And consider the fun of inlaying f needlepunched carpets with patte cut from contrasting color carpets. C holes for designs with a utility knife a drop in the contrasting inlays.

Resilient floorings

Once confined to kitchens and seldo seen areas, resilient floorings are n welcome anywhere in the home. A with good reason: they come in sco of handsome styles to suit any need, th wear extremely well and can be as cu as carpeting when they're backed w foam. A new, important plus: so resilient floors never, never want to waxed.

Resilient floors come in two for 12 x 12-inch tiles and sheet goods, wh may be as narrow as two yards to m things extra easy on the do-it-your installer. Either way, most resili floors contain vinyl, usually in combi tion with asbestos: the more vinyl, more expensive the floor, and the long wearing.

Resilient floors can go down over a old surface—wood, tiles, concrete long as it's level, smooth and cle (otherwise, you may need a new p wood subfloor).

For a long time, tiles were the easi resilient floor to install yourself, espec ly the self-sticking kind. Now there' challenger in roll goods, a flooring simple that can be folded up, carr home under one arm and quic stapled in place. *(continu*

Maybe he should wish for a new power plant.

hing won't make it so. But if he had an adult's
lerstanding, and could take a peek at his future,
ower plant is what he might wish for.
He'd see that some parts of the U.S. face serious
rtages of electricity as early as the late 1970's.
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nts, as rapidly as possible—because they take
) years to complete.
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l factories will have power to operate by the time
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CAN THIS KITCHEN BE SAVED?

Last year an estimated four million kitchens were re eled by professional kitchen contractors at an ave $4,400 each. And that doesn't include any do-it-yo undertaking. There's good reason for all this activit pleasant, well-planned kitchen both improves the quali your family life and enhances the resale value of your h Unless you are overly extravagant, you can expect t cover the money you spend remodeling a kitchen nc you sell the house later.

Remodel or redecorate?

Almost any major change in a kitchen will be costly, for the do-it-your-selfer. Maybe all you really need spirit-lifting face lift: new flooring, new wallcovering, cabinets or a change of countertop coverings.

- **Floors.** Since there are no cracks to collect crumbs spills, resilient sheet floors make good sense in kitchens the other hand, resilient tiles are generally less expe and may be better suited to your purposes. If your bu allows, look into ceramic tiles. All three floor mate come in a wide and inspiring array of patterns and co Buy the best quality you can afford, since a kitchen flo usually a busy thoroughfare.
- **Walls.** If you paint, opt for a semi-gloss or high-g enamel; it will stand up to repeated scrubbings. For same reason, choose vinyl or vinyl-coated wallcoveri Easy-clean woodgrained wall paneling can impart cou coziness and convenience to any kitchen. You can also l panels in cheery colors and floral prints, either protecte a plastic coating or actually printed on plastic and l nated to a sturdy backing of hardboard or more pla The point is, such panels will keep their fresh good l through the most harrowing cleaning.
- **Countertops.** Laminated plastic, the easiest ch overall, comes in a variety of colors, patterns and textu including woodgrains and the look of leather. It can be stalled with contact cement by any reasonably handy ho owner. The one drawback to plastic laminates: they n not be completely heat-proof. For counters near the st consider surfaces made of ceramic tile, stainless stee laminated wood butcher block, which doubles as a chopp block.
- **Cabinets.** We're hovering between redecorating remodeling when we talk about new kitchen cabin Custom ones built in your kitchen can cost up to $200 running foot, while good-quality stock cabinets that co knocked-down will come in at about $50 a linear foot (if you supply the labor to put them up). Factory-bu stock-size cabinets can bring a variety of new personali to your kitchen, from French to early American to mod depending on their wood-tones, hardware and door desig

Of course, you can always put new faces on your kitchen cabinets. Paint is quickest: use semi- or high-g enamel and scrub off every trace of grease first. Cabir can also be renewed with vinyl wallcoverings or fabric spruced up with painted stencils (protect with polyu thane). Some manufacturers offer replacement doors to old cabinets in a new mood. A simple change of hardw works wonders, too.

- **Furniture.** You may buy ready-made answers to ma kitchen redecorating problems in regular furniture sto Small-scaled tables and chairs in wood, plastic lamina and vinyls look dining-room handsome, but are right home in the kitchen habitat. Counter stools have be styled up, too, and a rolling cart topped with handso butcher block is double-duty furniture that makes gr sense in a storage-shy kitchen. *(continu*



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Home Improvement

continued

▪ **Storage.** When you choose new cabinets, look over and inside all the offerings in your Home Center or kitchen designer's showroom. You'll find serendipitous storage built in: slots for large trays, shelves for small appliances, lazy Susans for spice jars. You can also add new convenience to your existing cabinets with inexpensive plastic storage items: drawers that mount under cabinets, door caddies for cleaning supplies, space stretchers for stacking dishes. . . .

▪ **Lighting.** It's woefully neglected in many older kitchens. You'll need several fixtures, not just a center ceiling light, to make all areas safe and bright. Consider fluorescents that mount under cabinets. Add a hanging fixture over an eat-on counter. Sink spotlights in the ceiling or bring in track lighting that can be focused anywhere you want it.

A word about wiring: when you remodel, add more if you need it, and you probably will with today's proliferation of appliances.

▪ **Appliances.** New looks and new convenience are constantly updating the standard kitchen appliances. There's a stove-mounted solid-state "computer" you can program for proper cooking times and temperature; a refrigerator gone chic behind a black acrylic panel door; dishwashers that can cope with the most impossible pots and pans. Along with such "basic" appliances, there are new labor-savers on the kitchen scene we hadn't even thought of a decade ago: trash compactors, open grills, microwave ovens, a new unit that mounts flush in a countertop to power blend, also a companion mixer and other attachments.

▪ **Remodeling help.** Major remodeling projects in the kitchen should be tackled only by do-it-yourselfers with proven expertise. Others should rely on professional kitchen designers and remodelers. Check the Yellow Pages for members of such trade associations as the American Institute of Kitchen Dealers or the Council of Certified Kitchen Designers.

WINDOWS: OPEN TO IDEAS

Windows are the eyes of your room. They come in all sizes, shapes and locations, each with its own challenge at decorating time.

Window wardrobes

Whatever your window style, there's one major rule to keep in mind when you set out to dress it: form must follow function. Windows are there to admit light and air. Unless your view is downright offensive, never treat a window so you interfere with its function. Another point is privacy. There are times when you'll want to shut out the world.

Draperies, curtains and cafés are the most popular window dressings. St and fabrics are as unlimited as imagination. For instance, you can l the headings of your draperies pi pleated, shirred, box-pleated or st hung. Draperies may draw on trav rods or hang stationary, held gracef back at the sides. Draperies and c can be teamed up with each othe with many of the other window i offered here. Let your individual win and the mood you want to give room help narrow down the option

In general, draperies are more for than curtains (which are usually shel curtains are more formal than ca Swag-and-jabot treatments, corn and valances also tend to feel more the formal side (cornices are based a wood frame; valances are made fabric). But here again, there are ceptions that belie the rule.

Fabric window treatments can bought ready-made or custom orde to fit your windows. And only basic s ing skills and patience are required make your own, thanks to sewing available today: tapes that make pi pleats automatically, for example.

Hardware

If you have an idea for an unus window treatment made of fabric, th is hardware to make it all possi Check the stock on your dealer's shel or ask him to help you custom or what you need to fit your exact wind

If you're sewing your own wind treatments, shop for and install the ha ware first; it facilitates measuring fabric and sewing to fit. In fact, some today's decorative hardware can be important part of your window dr Too handsome to cover up, rods and brackets come finished to look l wrought iron and rich metals. Or cho wood rods and rings in natural or pain colors compatible with both traditio and contemporary rooms. Hold-ba add a final decorative touch to si swept draperies. You'll find chai elongated brackets and shaped brack in period designs and in simple wo and pewter finishes. *(continu*

MEASURING FOR FLOOR AND CARPET TILES

Resilient floor tiles and carpet tile come in one-foot squares.

- To find the square feet of floo space you are covering, multiply th length of one wall by the length o the adjacent wall.
- Figure any alcoves separately using the same method, then add t total above.
- Buy the same number of tile as you have square feet to cover, plus approximately 10 percent more t allow for fitting and replacement later.

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Top to bottom: Aquarius Centerpiece, $48. The Patriots Bowl, $105. Lido Salt & Pepper Mill Set, $53. Monticello Server, $31. Small Swan, 4" tall, $13. All except the swan are trimmed in 24-karat gold.

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The prices shown are suggested retail prices only.

Home Improvement

continued

Shades

That old favorite, the roller shade, is inexpensive and effective, both for function and fashion. Roller shades are easy to install, easy to maintain, easy to customize with colored tapes, with fabric cutouts and trimmings applied with white glue. Use your embroidery skills to decorate open-mesh shades, or paint plain window shades. Use a stencil if you don't trust your artistic abilities. In either case, acrylic paints work best; avoid all-plastic shades, which may be damaged by the paint.

To customize a shade with fabric, look for a kit that lets you laminate it yourself for a fraction of the usual cost. With the kit, you simply peel off the plastic backing and press on your fabric. Another innovation is a shade you can adjust on the spot to fit windows of various widths. The roller compresses and the shade itself peels away in strips until you reach the width you need.

The only hard thing about today's window shades is choosing among them. Do you want to filter the light or block it completely? Want the roller reversed and hidden? How about a shade hung upside-down so it pulls up for privacy without blocking the light? Or shade-cloth cut into vertically hung strips, somewhat like a large Venetian blind hung sideways? It's an idea born for offices and gaining favor on the hom for its compatibility with contem furnishings.

Other kinds of window shades investigating are woven wood, Au and Roman shades. The latter m expensive to buy ready- or custom- consider sewing your own with s ring tapes.

CURE A TEPID BATH

Baths are usually such small room respond dramatically to the least decorative attention. A new rug, covering or lighting fixture can g bath—and you—a fresh outlook o inexpensively and easily.

Only you and your budget can d when a bath can be warmed up such minor decorative touches and it really cries for a major overha new flooring, new walls, new fix Home building experts warn that i cost more to redo an old bath comp than to build a new one, since you add in the tearing-out charges fo fixtures. Explore the options with liable plumber or home remodele specializes in baths. Check the Y Pages for leads. Members of the A can Institute of Kitchen Dealers wil their talents for storage and space ning to bathrooms, too. As you planning your "Project: New B keep two major cost factors in min

- You save a bundle by locat brand-new bath as near as possib existing plumbing lines.
- If you decide to replace old fi and update your present bathroom to locate the new ones in the same tions.

Here's a quick rundown of some ingredients you can have in you newed or all-new bath:

- **Flooring.** Carpet offers the c est, easiest change-of-face. *(conti*

MEASURING FOR DRAPERIES

Buy and install drapery hardw first, then use it as a measu guide for draperies.

- Wall-mounted drapery r should be long enough to a "stackback" space allowances sides so entire window is clea when draw draperies are open. H much stackback depends on typ pleats and bulkiness of drap fabric.
- Easy way to measure for d ery width: measure the rod itself, cluding side returns. Double or sheer fabrics) triple the meas ment. Allow 3 extra inches for ce overlap on draw draperies and 4 5 inches for side hems.
- To measure for fabric len on regular draw draperies, begin inch above top of rod. Add 7 inc for hems.



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Model SM-2D high-style wall mount with chrome accent

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THE SHOWER MASSAGE
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Home Improvement

continued

Make sure it's moisture-proof; indoor/outdoor carpeting is a good bet. So is the toss-in-the- washer kind that comes in kits up to 6 x 9 feet, or in 6-foot-wide rolls. Resilient floors take naturally to baths. If your old floor is in good shape, either tiles or sheet flooring can be laid over it. The latter may be a better choice, since there are no seams for water to seep through. Ceramic tiles are the most expensive material for bathroom floors, but they come in such handsome colors and styles, you may be tempted to bend your budget. Unless you have installed floor tiles successfully before, you'll have to add professional workman's charges to their overall cost.

• **Walls.** You can always rely on paint for a fast bathroom face lift. Semi-gloss or gloss enamel wears best in moisture-prone baths. You can even paint over old ceramic tiles, if you hate their current color and if they are in good condition. You'll need epoxy paint and patience—it's a tedious job. Vinyl and vinyl-coated wallcoverings are perfect for bathroom use; apply with moisture-resistant paste to be sure it's steam-proof. Technology has given a great new twist to the time-honored wallcovering for bathrooms: ceramic tiles.

Now they come on sheets pre-grouted with silicone, so even the less daring do-it-yourselfer can apply tile to a bathroom wall. Another technological umph has produced plastic lamin panels and fiber glass panels that cover up problem-prone old walls your choice of scenics, rich color even butcher block patterns.

• **Fixtures.** You have a pleasant in store if you haven't shopped for b room fixtures lately. Colors are dra ic, shapes are graceful, cabinet styl varied as the furniture made for the of your home. Many of those cabi come unassembled to save you mo Similarly, new shower units and tub closures are designed as install-th yourself packages. Refresh your counter tops with handsome new pla laminates that can look like mar slate and other luxury materials. don't overlook decorative hardware accessories: sculptured faucets, to racks, shower curtain rods and ring

New sliding (safety) glass sho doors are designed to mount on your tub. One version features a full-len mirror as a door panel. Mirrors are h to get too many of in a bath, and the a variety to choose from: three-v folding mirrors; mirrors on self-lit m cine chests; a myriad of traditional modern styles to carry out your de rating theme.

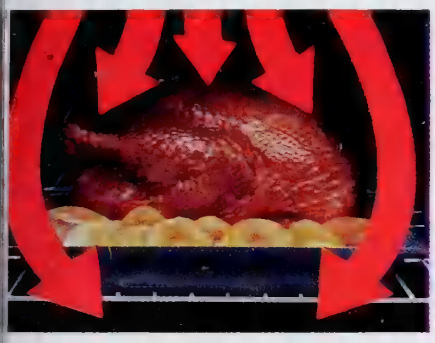
• **Lighting.** You need at best sources of light in a bathroom: cei ceiling and wall-mounted near the r ror. In general, you'll find that incand cent lights are softer and more sati ing than fluorescent, which tend to cool side. If your bath tends to the c side, too, consider a heat lamp or co bination ceiling light-heater. The even a three-way fixture to give light, heat and an exhaust fan. A fa a must, by the way, in every windo less bath.

• **Accessories.** Shelving, stora shower curtains and linens may co under the heading of "accessories," they are far from optional. To br extra towels into arm's reach, mo tiers of wall-hung shelves (clear acry is new and handsome). If you're addi a new vanity cabinet to your lavato check its under-basin storage potenti Brand-new and easy-to-mount exte able shelving can increase your lin closet space. Or, if you lack a closet together, spray-paint baskets contra ing colors and use to hold linens.

• **Shower curtains.** A super do-yourself project with a giant bath she towel, or with bed sheets. They a wrinkle shedders, colorfast and give l of fabric mileage for your money. C sheets to fit between shower rod a floor, then use a grommeter (availab inexpensively at sewing notions cou ters) to insert large grommets in t hem. Follow the spacing in a sto bought plastic liner. Add trimming, t backs, perhaps a fabric-covered corni board to wrap it all up. **En**



Cook up to twice as fast. Save up to half the gas.



Tappan Convectionaire®. It sends high-speed hot-air currents right into the food.



Here's a totally new way for you to cook. A new gas range from Tappan, with a new kind of oven. High-speed hot air currents penetrate food immediately. You don't even have to preheat. You save up to half the time, up to half the gas. Your food even tastes better—browns beautifully but retains the flavor and juices. Doesn't dry out. Your steak tastes as though you grilled it outdoors. You can bake an oven full of potatoes in 30 minutes. Biscuits in eight minutes. There's pilotless ignition, too. An automatic timed broiler at handy waist height. An automatic and self-cleaning oven. If it's time to replace your old gas range, then it's time to see the Convectionaire® gas range. You can see it at your Tappan dealer. It's a product of gas industry research and one more way to use gas wisely.



better taste

no preheat

AGA American Gas Association



TAPPAN
Appliances



Spending big money on dirty clothes, that's not Pearl's idea of a thrill.

Basically, there are two kinds of washers — the top loaders that everyone else makes, and the front loaders like this that White-Westinghouse makes. They're the new generation, and these kids are real savers.

They're tighter with my money than I am.

Look what my front loader saves me when stacked up against four major top loaders. This stingy rascal used 34% less water, took 67% less detergent, used 67% less bleach. . . and that's for a big 14-lb. load.

Sure beats getting agitated.

With my washer, clothes get naturally tumbled, lifted up and dipped in and out of that sudsy water at least 52 times a minute. And they get deep rinsed not just once but an extra tim These clothes come clean — permanent pres knits, everything a top loader can do. It's eve got a built-in scale to weigh each load for yo

They build them like they used to

To stand up over the years and not give you grief. And they back them with their Sure Service* wherever you live in the U.S. So if you want laundry equipment to last, yo listen to Pearl. Did I mention the matching d in white, goldtone, coppertone or avocado?

* For warranty information see your White-Westinghouse dealer.

White-Westinghous

We still build them like we used to

One of the White Consolidated Industries. WCI

PATTERN INFORMATION AND BACKVIEWS:

Wedding Day Fashions To Sew

PAGE 120: Bridal dress, as pictured, and back-tied sash, VOGUE #1576, requires 6¾ yards of 44—45 inch bordered fabric, and 4½ yards of lining. (For extra fullness as shown, we added about one yard to skirt of dress and used gathering instead of inverted pleat). Mother-of-the-Bride's two-piece dress, SIMPLICITY #7467. Top needs about 2½ yards (we added about 5 inches to sleeves for wrist length); skirt requires 4⅛ yards. Each Bridesmaid's dress, VOGUE #9568, requires 5 yards fabric, 2½ yards lining and 7½ yards trim. Maid of Honor, VOGUE #9731, dress requires 6¾ yards of fabric, 4¾ yards of lining. Flower Girl dress and pinafore, BUTTERICK #5279. Dress requires 2¾ yards and pinafore 1½ yards for size 6.

PAGE 122: Bride's dress, McCALL'S #5374, needs 4 yards of napped fabric and 5 yards trim. Bridesmaid's two-piece dress, VOGUE #1646, requires 4½ yards fabric, 3½ yards trim. Child's dress, VOGUE #1631, 2¾ yards fabric and 2 yards trim for size 6.

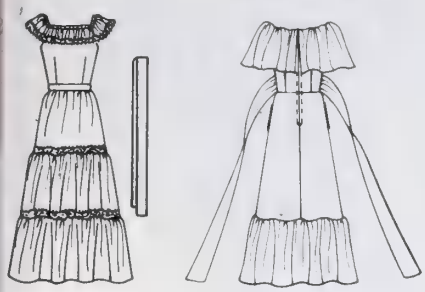
All yardage approximate. Based on Miss size 10 and 44—45 inch fabric unless otherwise noted.



VOGUE #1576



SIMPLICITY #7467

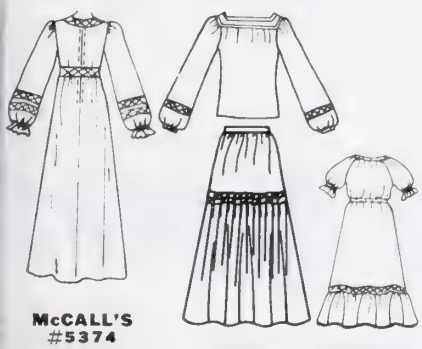


VOGUE #9568

VOGUE #9731



BUTTERICK #5279

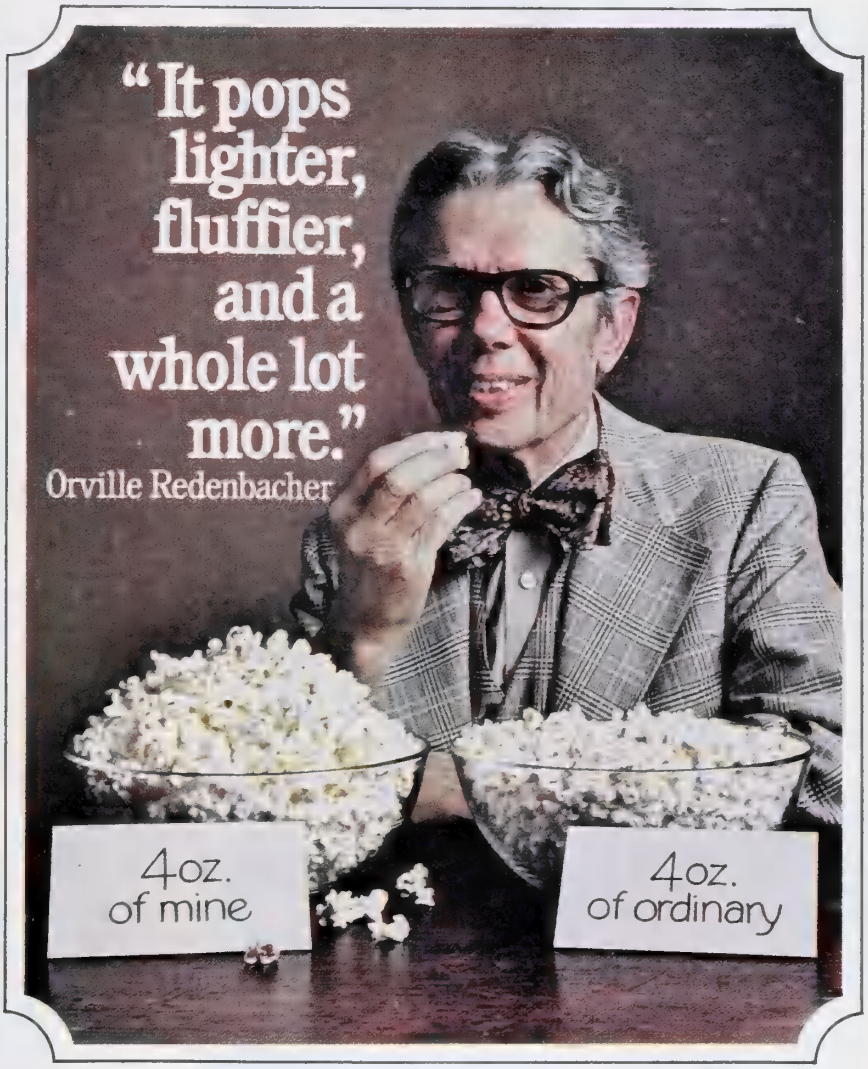


McCALL'S #5374

VOGUE #1646

VOGUE #1631

"My Orville Redenbacher's® Gourmet™ Popping Corn will bowl you over!"



See this? My Gourmet Popping Corn pops a lot bigger batch than you get from ordinary popcorns. Fact is, it pops up so light and fluffy, you'll be "bowled over" before you know it.

You won't leave a lot of unpopped kernels in the bottom of the bowl either. That's because my select Number One Quality kernels are carefully tested for perfect popping qualities. Every one should explode into a tasty little morsel.

Please try my Gourmet Popping Corn. It pops so much more and tastes so much better, your family will say it's the best popping corn they ever ate.



You'll like it better...or my name isn't Orville Redenbacher.

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"I'm a Thinner."



Keep in trim and play to win.
That's my way of thinking.
I'm really in to thin.
My figure. My clothes.
Even my cigarette.
Silva Thins 100's.
Long and thin in looks.
Lower in tar than
many filter 100's.
Think about it.



In menthol too.

Silva Thins 100's

Filter: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Menthol: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MESSAGE OF EASTER

continued from page 107

sult of these crippling inner flaws, one of the disciples had st denied his precious association with Jesus. Unresolved d destructive angers had just caused James and John to sh out in hatred against a village that had been inhospitable their leader. And because that village had rejected them, ey felt frightened and defeated and their spirits needed aling. But the physician who could have cured them had en murdered.

But it was *not* over!

Something happened that was forever to re-label that black iday, the day Jesus was crucified, into "Good Friday." nd that something, the Resurrection, still brings hope to the peless. For three days after His death He was alive again, ore alive than He had ever been.

Each of us has had our bad Fridays: when someone has ucified our hopes, when one close to us has scorned our ve, when our hearts have worn the black band of betrayal, when we have sold our integrity for 30 pieces of silver. I can remember how, after years of companionship with sus Christ, my own warm, secure life was suddenly de-royed by my emotions of outraged anger and bitterness. ntil I was emotionally crushed by my closest friend, I had idea these awful negative emotions were within. I found yself totally unable to forgive. My negative attitudes were inforced by my persistent negative thoughts. All joy in ing had been crowded out by my nurtured self-pity. This an easy trap into which to fall. All one has to do is focus the momentary crisis and ignore the blessings and lessons e can learn in tragedy.

The Christ in my heart—who earlier had given me hope d filled my life with joy—now seemed to be impotent, life-ss. My disciplines of prayer and study, which had been so lpful in enabling me to cope with everyday problems, now emed useless and empty. I needed to love again, but I uldn't. I needed to feel Christ's love, but my emotions emed to say that He was dead. My own heart, in the depths my despair, echoed His words, "My God, my God, why ve you forsaken me?" His suffering seemed to reflect rather an redeem my suffering. Within His pierced heart, I saw y own heart pierced and broken. I felt my *(continued)*



STONEWARE SALE!
MARCH 20, THROUGH APRIL 23, 1977

Now you can own amazingly durable, handpainted stoneware for only $45.00 45-piece set

Save 9 to 35% a set. Sears wonderful stoneware. So durable, you can take it from oven to table to freezer. And, of course, it's dishwasher safe.

Choose from six handsome, handpainted patterns. All full 45-piece sets. All just $45.00* at savings from 9 to 35% at most Sears larger stores from March 20, through April 23, 1977.

Only at Sears

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MESSAGE OF EASTER

continued

mind tortured by the thorny thoughts of unrequited bitterness. I could not remove them. God only knows how hard I tried.

In the midst of agony, few can lift their hearts in transmuting praise to God. Often they can only ask the question, "Why?" But in honest seeking, the heart will always find that God's answer is, "Because I love you."

Into the dark night of my soul came a friend. "Christ is alive and He can give you new life." He told me Jesus would meet me in the midst of my pain if I was ready to invite Him into my pain. He also told me that Christ's healing love could remove the hurts that had occurred throughout my life, even into my early childhood. He told me that Jesus could walk with me along forgotten paths of emotional pain and injury that had caused my present pain.

At that time I had lost my faith. When I didn't have the faith to believe, my friend offered to believe for me. He presented me before his Jesus and in this presence I began to sense that my broken heart was going to mend. I began to respond to life again.

What I learned that day was that the risen Christ comes alive to us only when He is really alive in others. And when I responded to the living faith I saw in that friend, my own faith in Christ was resurrected. And I have vowed to share my experiences with those who know the story but do not know the reality of the risen Christ. I am convinced that most people want to believe, but they have been given an historical review rather than a living witness. This awareness made me want others to know what I had discovered.

Shadows recede

That discovery began when the Son began to rise within me. As He had promised, the shadows began to recede. I now knew what it was to believe. Behind the commonly used word "believe" is the root meaning, "to be and live." To believe in Christ's resurrection means that we have met the One who is able to enter into the dark labyrinth of our sin-scarred past and, step by step, to heal and to transform. To experience His resurrection means that we now believe in life, that we begin to believe in ourselves because we have an eternal purpose. We begin to sense deep within that because Christ lives we can live—and can live through anything. A joy and confidence is born out of the knowing that no matter how terrible that "anything" may be, the same God who brought Jesus out of death into life will transform our grave moments into pos tive experiences.

Jesus' interest in us does not sto when we are born again. As eternall significant as such an experience is, the must be the ongoing development of ou deep mind so we may more fully giv expression to the gift of life. So whe one's love for God becomes stron enough, one has the power to transfor problems into blessings. Without th creative encounter with Christ, we re main one of the millions of living-deac These are the people who see themselve as the constant victims of circumstance —especially the circumstance of deatl When once we have come up out of thi morbid mental trap we begin to see wha life is under every circumstance.

Life is a divine drama

Life was not meant to be squandere on the trivial or demeaned by the vile It is not a soap opera; life is a divin drama to be lived to the fullest. Eacl person is given the days of their year in order to respond to a God who is love and to appreciate the value of relation ships with others. We were given eye to see beauty and to rejoice in it, to see evil and to will that it be destroyed. Ou ears were meant to hear the music o the spheres and to respond to expres sions of love and cries for help. They were not created to be filled with the strident sounds of arrogance or the de-



fter cake, after cake, after cake,



basing whines and curses of dead men who are not yet buried. Our lips were meant to speak of faith, hope and love; they were meant to communicate, not just to talk. The wages of these sins against the gift of life is death—walking, breathing, living death.

Life outside of God's love has been favorably publicized. "Exciting," "thrilling," "the 'in' thing," are just a few of the Madison Avenue pitch words used to describe it. But the truth is that "goodless" and "lifeless" are synonymous. There was a point in my life when I had everything. And yet I had nothing. I was a joiner of clubs and groups but I was so lonely. I had every physical necessity of life and most of its luxuries. But when your heart is breaking, what is the value of a beautiful house you can't make a home, a fine reputation you can't accept or lovely children to whom you can't relate?

I was reflecting this mood of despair when a spiritual leader expressed his admiration of me. This triggered in me a violent sense of self-contempt. I verbally exploded into an ugly review of every major sin I had ever committed. His response was lighthearted laughter. He then repeated his original affirmation of the spiritual beauty he said he saw in my life. When I returned to my room, I continued to struggle with my feelings about myself in light of his glowing reflections about me. In both of the major moments of spiritual awakening in my life, it was the faithfulness of a friend, reflecting the love of the risen Christ, which made Him available to me in my times of need.

This friend didn't know it, but that was the first time I could bring myself to believe that God could love me. I thought to myself, if he could hear my description of me at my worst and still love me unconditionally, surely God's love was greater and He loved me too. I found that without the great love Jesus brings to the living dead who work and play on earth, their existence grows increasingly more "weary and stale." Without the transcendent meaning of the Resurrection, death and taxes are the sum of life's certainties. But, after enduring life for so many years, enjoying life was a priceless gift. In time I grew to realize that it wasn't life's enjoyments, but life itself, that was the great gift.

The highest office

Frequently we are reminded that high office and fame carry with them great responsibility. This is true. But this observation tends to obscure the fact that life itself is the highest office in the world. Every individual is a child of God. There is no higher role than this. And it demands highest responsibility. That is what makes Christ's words, "Because I live you shall live also" so significant. He conquered death so that we could conquer deadly patterns of mind and heart.

In a Western state, there is a couple whom I have come to know who beautifully exemplify this truth. The husband, a tall, brawny, sensitive person, is a successful businessman. But alcohol almost destroyed his life. For years he toyed with total disaster. He would remain sober for days and then become roaring drunk. He confided that many times he had torn up the house in a drunken rage. He would become sick and lie on the floor vomiting. His petite, lovely wife, usually assisted by one of her two daughters, would clean him up and put his 240 pounds into bed. "The reason I whipped my alcoholism," he said, "is my wife. How many times did I wake up out of a drunken stupor only to see her lying next to me and to hear her say, 'It's nice to have the real you back again'? It was her unconditional love that saved my life," he confided.

The wife of this alcoholic did not know the psychological details of her husband's sickness. Alcoholism usually is a condition born out of early emotional needs. Rejection from one or both parents is a contributing factor. Moralizing—a lot of thou-shalt-nots—from the family or the community increases a feeling of self-contempt and guilt, which then seeks relief through alcohol.

But the wife did not need to know

(continued on page 200)

etty Crocker® Frosting Mix is perfect every time.



Say goodbye to scratch frosting surprises.

Batch after batch, the good taste of Betty Crocker Frosting Mixes never varies. You get the same smooth texture, cake after cake, after cake, after cake, after cake, after cake...

Ralph Nader reports

Fish has protein, vitamins and not much fat. Sometimes, it also contains poisons and cancer-causing chemicals. A report on fish contamination and what you can do about it.

Americans eat nearly three billion pounds of fish every year. It is time we learned what else we may be getting with that fish.

Freshwater fish are the most immediate concern. The Great Lakes and our rivers are laden with heavy metals, lethal pesticides and other harmful chemicals. In some areas, the cumulative effect of these poisons has either destroyed the fisheries or made their product so dangerous to consume that harvesting has been prohibited by law. Despite its authority to control the disposal of toxic substances and to require testing of new chemicals, the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) reported last year that 45 states will not be able to meet "fishability" requirements by 1983.

Even with the hope of future progress, there is the problem of the lasting effects of present and past discharges and runoffs. For example, among the most pervasive fish contaminants are the notorious polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs), which are widely used in industry. More than 150 million pounds of PCBs have been released into the land and water—and twice that amount dumped in landfills, with possible seepage into rivers and lakes.

In 1974, the Fish and Wildlife Service found PCBs in 90.2 percent of the fish samples taken from this country's 12 major river systems. In 60 percent of the fish, the PCBs were at "biologically significant levels." The effects of PCBs on animals and humans are frighteningly diverse. Birth defects, skin cancer and loss of muscle coordination are some results. In laboratory tests, rhesus monkeys, fed smaller quantities of PCB than the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) allows in fish that are deemed fit for human consumption, produced 58 percent fewer offspring than a control group—and the offspring produced were smaller in size.

Still, PCBs are accumulating in the striped bass of the Hudson River, the carp of the Ohio, the yellow perch of the Merrimac, the smallmouth buffalo of the Yazoo, the salmon of Lake Ontario and the lake trout of Lake Michigan. PCB waste from power plants on the Hudson River showed up so strongly in fish that New York State banned commercial fishing along the entire river.

PCBs are only one example of man's myopia. Kepone, a deadly ant and roach poison, was dumped for years into Virginia's James River by two chemical firms. Commercial fishing is now endangered in this river, which flows into Chesapeake Bay. Toxic bluefish are now showing up in the bay and beyond. And Mirex, a cousin to Kepone, was dumped carelessly into Lake Ontario and has caused seven species of fish to be declared unsaleable. Mirex, a cancer-causing insecticide, is also extensively used in the South to combat the fire ant and, according to the National Cancer Institute, is now present in the fatty tissues of one of every three Southern residents.

DDT, although finally under tight restrictions, persists in the environment. Other chemical contaminants absorbed by fish are chlordane, heptachlor, dieldrin and toxaphene. Although fresh waters bear the immediate brunt of many pollutants, they also flow into oceans, which can only handle a limited amount of toxins before they become harmful to human beings and marine life. Oceans are directly violated by the dumping of sludge, toxic chemicals and radioactive materials—and, of course, oil spills.

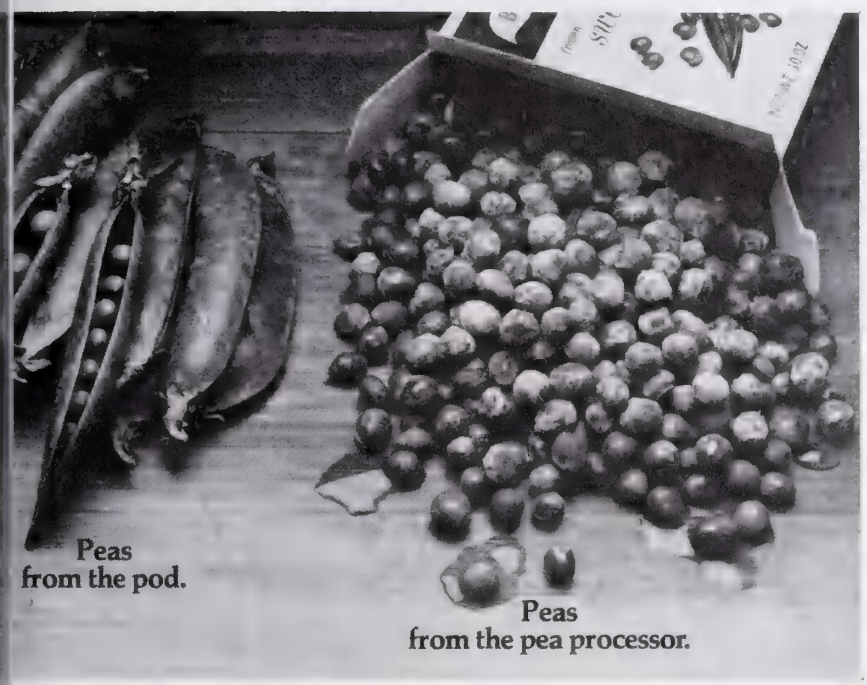
But water pollution is only one aspect of the fish quality problem. The other is unsanitary handling at processing plants.

In 1969, the U.S. Senate Commerce Committee revealed that the marketplace offered perch fillets containing parasites, frozen breaded shrimps containing bacterial filth, dried fish containing maggots and crabs containing salmonella. FDA spot checks found processors exposing fish to flies, roaches, rust and grossly improper employee practices. Even some fish processors testified to the need to clean up the less responsible segments of their industry. During the Nixon Administration, a number of senators called for a mandatory, continuous fish inspection law such as those enacted for meat and poultry plants. Seven years later, no such law has been passed.

Presently, the federal safeguards for consumers are modest. The FDA has very limited resources to test fish samples prior to sale. The National Marine Fisheries Service inspects the plants of those fish processors who have voluntarily entered into an inspection program. But, according to the Service's chief, Tom Billy, only 75 out of 1,800 processing plants, comprising about 30 percent of all seafood processed in America, have elected to pay for this periodic inspection. Billy proposes a mandatory plant surveillance program that would establish minimum requirements for sanitation and quality control. He believes an informed public will soon demand government-graded fish. These standards also will have to be applied, he says, to imported fish (which amounts to 60 percent of all fish consumed in the U.S.) Billy wants 25 percent of the imports sampled, instead of the present 8 percent, and he would like foreign governments to adopt inspection systems certified by the U.S.

Maintaining a wholesome fish supply is one of the nation's great health crusades. For information on what can be done to get effective fish inspection legislation, write to Sen. Warren Magnuson, Chairman, Senate Commerce Committee, U.S. Senate, Washington, D.C. 20510, and to the Clean Water Action Project, 1910K St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006 (about enforcement of the 1972 water pollution act). **End**

"Dear General Foods, Nothing you do to a pea going to make it a better pea. So why do anything?"



Peas from the pod.

Peas from the pea processor.

re makes sensational peas.
rtunately, Nature has a very
a distribution system. It's called
re, the peas are right there in
r you to pick. But what if you
on a farm? Or what if it's Feb-
l you live in North Dakota, and
art of Nature still making peas
and miles away?
t we do to foods to solve prob-
his is called *food processing.*
eas is one kind of processing. So
n egg or canning pears.
urse, there are other kinds of
essing far more complicated
e. There are processed foods that
cked from any plant (imitation
r example, or powdered orange
foods that weren't just *changed*
sing, but *created* by it. These
another story, too long to tell
ll do it in a future ad.) The main
at we're able to take for granted
pply of peas, orange drinks,
other foods. But we wouldn't
hing like that ready supply if
have food processing.

What's processed food?

processing is everything you do
make it easier to use, or
ting, or longer-lasting, or safer,
ver.

Of course, it's impossible to process food without changing it in some way. The whole idea is to make sure that after the processing is over, more benefits than compromises have resulted from it.

Take breakfast cereals. Almost all major food companies, ourselves included, process their cereals—and as a result, you have flakes, puffed grains, and a variety of tastes and textures you might not have otherwise. But the same process that gives you this variety may also remove some of the vitamins from the grains. So as part of the processing of our Post® cereals, we restore the key vitamins that were taken out. (And then some: we add enough of several essential nutrients so that you get the amount breakfast should supply—1/4 to 1/3 of your daily requirements of them.) The resulting cereal is good-tasting, available in many varieties, and nutritious—which is a greater array of benefits than might result from cereals made from the same unprocessed grain alone.

In short, processing can't work miracles. Once the grains have grown or the pears have ripened, all the miracles have already taken place. But processing *can* help deliver those miracles—and our Birds Eye® frozen peas are a good example.



When you can pears, you process them.

What we do to the peas you eat.

From the day our peas are planted, careful records are kept of how much heat, sunlight, and rain they get. When the peas are almost mature, sampling teams check the fields constantly, to determine the precise time the peas will be ready. And at that time, they're picked.

Next the peas are shelled right in the field, and then rushed to the freezing station. Then they're tested for tenderness. Finally, they're washed, blanched, and frozen. The entire process is usually over within four hours. Unless you raise your own or live on a farm, it's almost impossible to get "fresh" peas that fresh.

This process results not only in fresh peas, but delicious ones. Peas contain a natural sugar that can begin to turn into starch shortly after they're picked. Since we freeze ours so quickly, they don't have much chance to lose flavor or get tough. And they don't suffer the nutrient loss that "fresh" peas can during distribution.

Whenever we process a food, we do it with the same concern for the food that we show towards our peas.

Nobody makes food, peas included, the way Nature does. And getting you that food in its most delicious, nutritious and convenient form is what processing is all about.

For more information.

We hope this brief study of food processing gives you a better idea of how and why food gets processed.

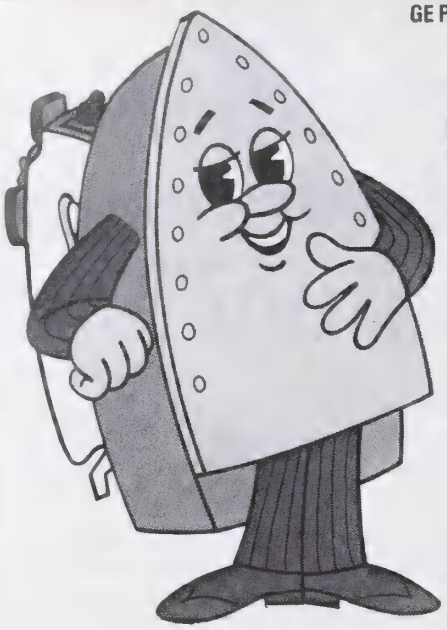
If you have any questions about it, please ask us. Just write to Miss Peggy Kohl, V.P., Consumer Affairs, G.F. Consumer Center, White Plains, N.Y. 10625.

Our reasons for telling you all this are a mixture of helpfulness and pride in our products. The more you understand about food, the better off you'll be. And the more you understand about our food, the better off we'll be.

GF GENERAL FOODS

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GE PRESENTS SELF CLEAN II® IRONS:



"If your iron's giving a spotty performance, try me!"

My unique self-cleaning system helps prevent brown-spotting and choking. It uses most tap water. And it makes me Number One in steaming life of all leading brands of self-cleaning irons, as proved in hard-water laboratory tests.



SELF CLEAN II®

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MESSAGE OF EASTER

continued from page 197

these things. She knew how to respond to her husband with love. She saw beyond the momentary madness caused by alcoholism to the man she knew her husband to be. Her faith in Christ gave her faith in her husband. She unconsciously affirmed, "Because Christ lives, my husband will live also." With singlehanded determination she gave unconditional, tender love to her husband. When he was most ugly and cruel, she, with rare lapses into anger or self-pity, poured compassion and tenderness on him. She became the personification of Jesus' love. She was able to walk back into his love-deficient past and fill the emotional vacuum in his heart that he had been trying to fill with alcohol. Her persistent caring wore down the wall he had erected to keep people out. At last his defenses collapsed and she could embrace the love-thirsty little child in that big man. When this thirst was quenched the need for alcohol disappeared. Again, she was the risen Christ to her husband! Did He not come to this man in the person of his wife?

I don't know anyone who feels worthy of the role of stand-in for Jesus. But that is what each of us becomes when we give our lives to Him. I understand t the first title used by the church in Ro for priest or minister was *pontifex*. T meaning of *pontifex* is "bridge-builde They were seen as those whose purp was to span the gulf between the liv Christ and the lost and broken peo who felt alienated from God and l That is an appropriate description all who can say, "I know Christ pers ally. I know His story. I know about life and death and resurrection. But more important is the fact that I kn Him and I want to have the privilege introducing Him to others." Then can begin to build bridges between brokenhearted and the healing heart Christ. We can span the abyss betwe the torment of the emotionally troub mind and the peace of God that pas all understanding.

If we will to love deeply enough can even bridge the gulf between t hate that threatens to destroy our wo and the love that caused Jesus to all Himself to be destroyed by our e That kind of bridge is not built easily. is erected brick by careful brick as become those "living stones" describ in the Bible. We must lay down our liv in so many unspectacular ways: cari for the aged, remembering the forgott people, feeding the hungry of body a soul, while not neglecting the daily, lo key mission of making our home, off or place of livelihood just a little m happy and comfortable because we a there, silently sharing the love we d covered just beyond the entrance to empty tomb. E

Ruth Carter Stapleton, evangelist a author, is the younger of Preside Carter's two sisters, and a freque speaker on the subject of "inner healin —in which she combines religious fa with psychological principles. She is t author of "The Gift of Inner Healin and the forthcoming "The Experien of Inner Healing" (Word Books, Wa Tex.). She and her husband Robert, veterinarian, have four children and grandchild.



"Well, I'll be moseying along. If you want me, I'll be out West somewhere."

OF BREAD . . . AND LOVE

By Gladys McKee Iker

Break bread . . . and by itself
It spreads . . . divides and scatters
On the plate, becomes
On checkered cloth or fine linen . . .
crumbs,
Feast for robin or the least sparrow.
And so with love, proffered
By smallest gesture, smile or touch,
Its certain sun warms the chilled heart,
Looses from loneliness, makes joy from sorrow.
Bread and love interlace, shaping
The essence of grace.

Benson&Hedges 100's

ahead
gh.
ur turn
l come.

at's the breaks.



Regular and Menthol
in soft and hard pack

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If the wine you cook with can't stand the heat, it shouldn't be in the kitchen.

The heat of your stove could cook the flavor away. And instead of the aroma and taste you planned on, you could have a blah meal on your hands. Especially if you're using an everyday table wine, or a fragile import.

Holland House has put a stop to that with wines that are at home in the kitchen. Imported wines with the kind of rich, robust flavor that can enhance any dish you create. Unlike some cooking wines you've heard about, Holland House takes great care in selecting only those wines with enough character for cooking, yet delicate enough to be savoured in the eating.

So next time you're cooking a hamburger, lobster thermidor or almost anything else, splash, baste or pour the Holland House Cooking Wine of your choice. You'll find Holland House Red, White, Sherry or Marsala at food stores everywhere.

It figures the wine that can stand the heat of your kitchen will also do some pretty great things for your food.

CHICKEN PARISIENNE

2-4 whole chicken breasts, halved
Salt & pepper to taste
3 Tablespoons butter or margarine
1 small onion, sliced
1 cup sour cream
1 cup fresh mushrooms, sliced
1 10¾ oz. can, Cream of Chicken soup
½-¾ cup Holland House Sherry Cooking Wine

Season breasts with salt and pepper. Melt butter or margarine in a skillet or frying pan; brown chicken on both sides. Arrange chicken, onion and mushrooms in a casserole or baking pan. Mix remaining ingredients together in a separate bowl; pour over chicken. Bake in 400° oven for 40 to 50 minutes. Serves 4.

COOKBOOK OFFER: Write for "Cooking With Wine," a colorful, 136-page cookbook with hundreds of recipes from appetizers to desserts. $1.50 cover price, yours for only 50¢. Send 50¢ with your name, address, and zip to: Holland House Cooking Wines, P.O. Box 2008-P, Pittsburgh, Pa., 15320.





Imported
Holland House Cooking Wines
The wines that were made to be eaten.

TEACHERS OF THE YEAR

continued from page 42

LAURIE NEEPER

in "I can." Her success extends to other teachers, to parents and to the community; all begin to understand and accept with pride the special children in their midst. As one mother says, "Maurice was lost and didn't know what he was looking for. Mrs. Neeper helped him find it." In this case, "it" was a scholarship to Peabody Music Conservatory. Maurice auditioned with the show tune "You'll Never Walk Alone." As he hit the last high note, he was singing from the hearts of all John Archer students who know that Laurie Neeper is walking beside them. ★

ANDREA PETERSEN

his world, but to open the whole world to him."

The wonder lies in gentle interrelationships, because the school and the community are one. Young and old share their lives out of mutual need. "Every classroom could be a community," Andrea Petersen says, saddened by the depersonalization in urban schools. "If only teachers would reach out and touch!"

The Chippewa community has bestowed its highest honor upon Andrea Petersen—a tribal eagle feather. She says of it: "The spirit of the Chippewa has touched my soul." ★

DAN ZEUTENHORST

done homework and broken appointments require lessons in accountability that he takes time to teach—whether it keeps him after school or tied up on weekends. Parents thank him for this, especially the father whose deaf son Dan worked hard. "He gave my boy all the help he needed to understand—and then made him produce just like the other kids!"

"If Dan does it," a faculty member says, "you know it's going to be done right." Dan Zeutenhorst is not only a special teacher in Yakima, he is by consensus, "a special human being." ★

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Another example: Gym-Dandy's Bodygard™ slide platform is suspended at 4 points from that same sturdy top bar. So it can't sink or sag, the way ordinary slides can.

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GYM-DANDY®

For nearest dealer, dial Toll Free 800-243-6000 (in Connecticut, 1-800-882-6500).

OLIVER'S STORY

continued from page 162

are no unions in Hong Kong. There are no strikes. The workers *want* to work."

"Hey, John, I'd like to see a factory. Is that possible?"

"With thirty thousand in Hong Kong, it's very possible. They range from fairly big to only family size. What would you like?"

"Well, how about a mini-tour of Marcie's?"

Nothing in his attitude could indicate that John imagined I was edgy, curious and on the verge of anger.

The first stop was a Kowloon neighborhood you don't find on a Hong Kong postcard. Crowded. Dingy. Sunless.

"Station Number One," said John, "making shirts."

We walked inside and suddenly I found myself back in the nineteenth century. In Fall River, Massachusetts.

It was a sweatshop. There's no other word, it was a sweatshop. By *anybody's* definition. Cramped and dark and stuffy. Crouched over sewing machines were several dozen women working feverishly. This is how it must have been in Amos Barrett's factories.

"The shirts they make here are terrific," John remarked. A supervisor scurried up to welcome John and me. And then we toured.

The supervisor chattered in Chinese. John told me he was proud of how efficiently his ladies could produce the goods.

He stopped and pointed to a female figure feeding shirtsleeves swiftly to the jaws of a machine.

"Look. Fantastic double-needle stitching. Highest quality. You just don't get that in the States these days."

I looked.

Sadly, John had picked a poor example. Not of workmanship, but of the worker. "How old is this little girl?" I asked.

The moppet sewed on deftly, paying us no heed. If anything she picked her pace up slightly.

"She fourteen," the supervisor said.

He evidently knew some English.

"John," I said, "this kid is ten at most."

"Fourteen," the supervisor parroted. And John concurred.

"Oliver, that is the legal minimum."

"I'm not disputing law, I'm simply saying this girl's ten years old!"

"Look," John said. "she does a fourteen-year-old's job."

"And gets how much? You said they pay youngsters half."

"Oliver," said John. "she gets ten dollars every day."

"Oh, fine," I said, and added, "Hong Kong dollars. That's a *dollar-eighty* U.S. bucks, correct?"

He nodded.

I needed air. "Let's go," I said to John.

The explanations for the things we do in life are many and complex. Supposedly, mature adults should act with logic, listen to their reason. Work it out before they act.

But then they maybe never heard what Dr. London told me once. Freud himself once said that for the little things in life we should, of course, react according to our reason.

But for really big decisions, we should heed what our unconscious tells us.

Marcie Binnendale was standing 1,800 feet above the Hong Kong harbor. It was twilight. And the candles of the city were beginning to be lit. The wind was cold. It blew the hair across her forehead in the manner I had often found so beautiful.

"Hi, friend," she said, "look down at all those lights. We can see everything from here."

"I saw enough this afternoon. With John."

"Oh," she said.

Then gradually she noticed I had not returned *(continued)*



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OLIVER'S STORY

continued

her smile of welcome. I was looking her, wondering, was this the woman had almost . . . loved?

"Something wrong?" she asked.

"Everything," I answered.

"For instance?"

I said it quietly. "You've got litt children working in your sweatshops

Marcie hesitated for a momen "Everybody does it."

"Marcie, that *is* no excuse."

"Look who's talking," Marcie a swered calmly, "Mr. Barrett of the Ma sachusetts textile fortune!"

I was prepared for this. "That's n the point."

"They took advantage of a situati just the way the industry is doing here

"A hundred years ago," I said. wasn't there to say it made me sick."

"You're pretty sanctimonious," sh said. "Just who picked you to change th world?"

"Look, Marcie, I can't change it. B I sure as hell don't have to join it."

Then she shook her head. "Oliver, th bleeding liberal number is a pretext." did not reply. "You just want to end And you're looking for an excuse."

I reflected. All I really knew was was anxious to depart.

"Maybe," I allowed.

"Then why not have the guts to sa you just don't like me?" Marcie's co was melting. She was now upset. N angry. Yet not quite in full control of a her fabled poise.

"No. I like you, Marce," I said. "I ju can't live with you."

"Oliver," she answered quietly, "yo couldn't live with *anyone*. You're still s hung up on Jenny, you don't *want* a ne relationship."

I could not respond. She really hu me by evoking Jenny.

"Look, I know you," she continue "all your 'deep involvement with the i sues' is a great facade. It's just a social acceptable excuse to keep on mourning

"Marcie?"

"Yes?"

"You are a cold and heartless bitch

(continue

Journal Shopping Center

DECORATING: THE BEDROOM: PLACE OF MANY MOODS

PAGES 116–117: Fabrics: "Sumatra," shirred on the walls and made into ruffled draperies for bed and windows; "Bali," used for curtains beneath the draperies at the head of the bed and for window shades (laminated, using Stauffer Chemical Company's do-it-yourself Tran-Lam), and "Singapore," mounted flat on the wall (with Scotch Brand Spra-Ment adhesive), are all 54" wide cottons in tussah colorway by Bloomcraft. Carpet: "Delovely," 12' wide, 100% nylon face, in Colonial buff, with a rainbow inset in front of the windows that combines "Rare Editions" in candid orange and "Delovely" in camel and oyster, all by Bigelow. Bed: Beautyrest Back Care II mattress and box spring by Simmons, made up with eyelet trimmed sheets, pillowcases, dust ruffle and comforter in champagne color "Trousseau Lace," a 50/50 blend of cotton and polyester, by Fieldcrest. Antique brass floor lamp with tent-shade, style #1059, and classic vase table lamps in peach with matching parchment shades, style #1024, by Joe Head, Inc.



If you use any oil but Planters, your Trout Bretonne won't taste like the Sans Souci's.

Sans Souci's Trout Bretonne

4 10-oz. trout
½ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup Planters® Peanut Oil
¼ cup margarine
2 cups sliced fresh mushrooms
1 tbs. lemon juice
12 cooked shrimp, cut lengthwise
Parsley

Coat trout with flour, salt, and pepper. Sauté in Planters Oil until well browned on both sides. Place on oven-proof platter and heat in 375° F. oven for 5 minutes or until done. Sauté mushrooms in same skillet. Stir in margarine, lemon juice, and shrimp; heat through. Pour over fish and sprinkle with chopped parsley.



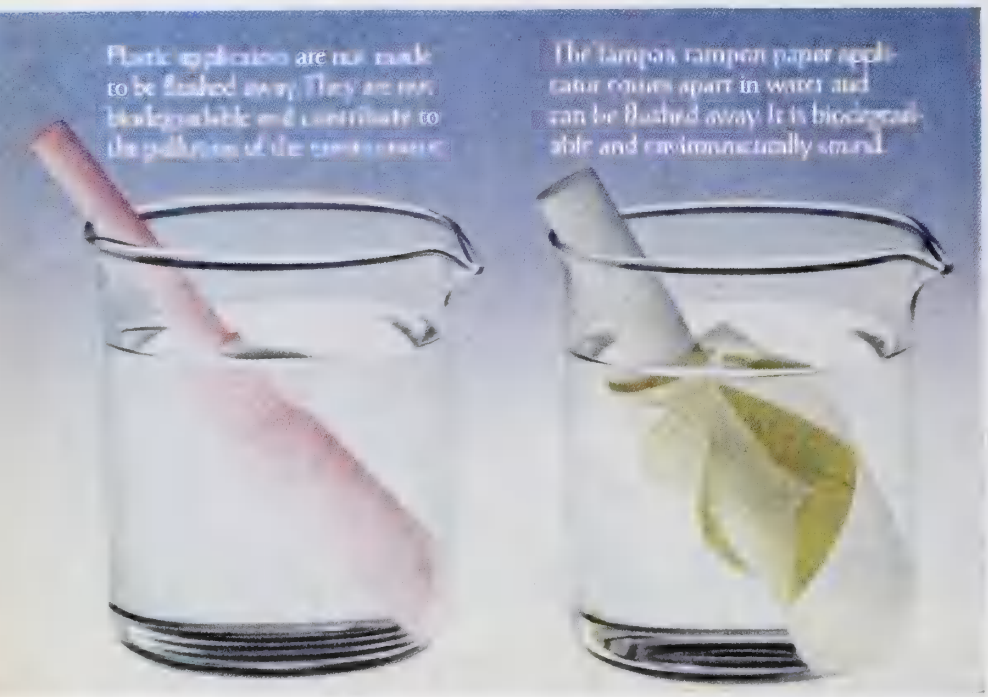
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TAMPAX® tampons

MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

The internal protection more women trust

OLIVER'S STORY

continued

I turned and started off.

"Wait, Oliver."

I stopped and looked around.

She stood there. Crying. Very softly.

"Oliver . . . I need you—"

For a moment I did not know what to do. I looked at her. I knew how hopelessly alone she felt. But therein lay the problem. So did I.

I turned and walked away. Not looking back. Night had fallen. And I wished the darkness could have drowned me.

"What is your opinion, Doctor?"

"I think lemon meringue."

Joanna Stein, M.D., reached out across the counter and then placed a piece of pie upon her tray.

It was two weeks after I had gotten back. I'd spent the first days feeling tired, then the next few feeling angry. Then, as if returning to square one, I just felt lonely.

With a difference.

Two years ago, my grief had overwhelmed all other feelings. Now I knew that what I needed was the company of someone. Someone nice. I wouldn't wait or wallow.

My only qualm in calling up Joanna was having to concoct some story to explain why I'd been out of touch so long.

She never asked.

I invited her to dinner. She suggested lunch right at the hospital. I leaped an here we were.

We asked each other how we'd bee and gave replies with vague detail We'd both been working hard, extrem ly busy. And so forth. She asked abo my lawyering.

Then I asked about her doctoring.

"I finish here in June, thank God."

"What then?"

"Two years in San Francisco. At teaching hospital."

San Francisco is, I very quickly ca culated, several thousand miles fro New York City. Oliver, don't you da fumble this one.

"California's great," I said, to stall f time.

Then my mind absorbed her com ment on my last remark. I someho hadn't fathomed it at first.

"It's not just California," Jo had a swered, "there's a guy involved."

Oh. A guy. It stands to reason. Li goes on without you, Oliver. I wondere if my face betrayed my disappointmen

"Hey, I'm glad to hear it," I replie "A doctor?"

"Sure," she smiled, "who else would meet on this job?"

That's enough of jealous prying, Ol ver. Now show you're cool and chang the subject.

"How's King Louis?"

"Crazier than ever," she replie "They all send love to you and tell yo any Sunday—"

"Great. I'll come sometime," I lie Our hour soon was up.

"Good luck in San Francisco, Jo," said in parting.

"Please keep in touch."

"Yeah. Sure," I said.

Three weeks later came a turning poin

After years of threatening to do s Father actually turned 65. They held celebration in his office. My plane w late because of snow.

Mother stood at Father's side recei ing envoys from the far-flung Barre enterprises. Even someone from the te tile union. I could easily distinguish J mie Francies. He was the only gue who didn't wear a Brooks or J. Pre suit.

"Sorry you were late," said Jami "wish you coulda heard my speec Look—the members all pitched in."

He pointed at the boardroom table a fancy clock.

"Your father's a good man. Yo should be proud," continued Jami "I've sat around a table with him near thirty years and I can tell you that the don't come any better."

I just nodded. Jamie seemed intent o giving me a replay of his testimonial.

"Back in the fifties all the owners ra like rats and set up plants down sout They left their people high and dry."

That's no exaggeration. *(continue*



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OLIVER'S STORY

continued

New England milltowns nowadays are almost ghost towns.

"But your dad just sat us down and said, 'We're gonna stay. Now help us be competitive.'"

"Go on," I urged him, as if he needed prompting.

"We asked for new machinery. I guess no bank was nuts enough to finance him. . . ." He took a breath. "So Mr. Barrett put his money where his mouth was. Three million bucks to save our jobs."

My father never told me this. But then, I'd never asked.

"Of course, the pressure's really on him now," said Jamie.

"Why?"

He looked at me and spoke two syllables: "Hong Kong."

"Yeah, Mr. Francis," I replied, "that's wicked competition."

As well I knew.

"I'd use stronger language if we weren't in your father's office. He's a really good man, Oliver. Not like—you should pardon me—some other Barretts."

"Yeah," I said.

"In fact," said Jamie, "I think that's *why* he's tried to be so [illegible] to us."

Suddenly, I looked across the room and saw a wholly different person where my father had been standing. One who'd shared with me a feeling I had never known he had.

But *unlike* me, had done much more than talk about it.

Justice triumphed in November. After several seasons of our discontent. Harvard beat Yale in football: 14–12.

"That was fine," said Father as we drove downtown.

"Not just fine—fantastic!" I replied.

The surest sign of growing old is that you start to care about who wins the Harvard-Yale game.

Father parked the car near Sta Street in his office lot. And we heade toward the restaurant to feast on lobste

Our conversation was conspicuous football-oriented. Father never had and I sensed never would—ask me tl fate of the relationship with Marcie. N would he broach the other subjects assumed taboo.

And so I took to the offensive.

"Father?"

"Yes?"

"I'd like to talk to you about . . . T Firm."

He glanced at me. He didn't smil But it took every muscle in his body restrain himself. Athlete that he was, wouldn't break his stroke until crossed the finish line.

This was no sudden whim. And yet never told my father by what comp cated paths I had arrived at the decisi to be . . . part of things. For it had tak time to work it out.

Unlike my usual decisions, I had po dered every day (and night) since returned from Father's party more th half a year ago. To start with, I cou never love New York again. It's not city to cure loneliness. And what needed most was to belong. Somewhe

And maybe it was not just that I car to see my family with different ey Maybe I just wanted to go home.

I've tried to be so many things so f just to avoid confronting who I am. A I am Oliver Barrett. The Fourth.

November 1976

I've been in Boston nearly five yea now. At first I worked in tandem wi my father till he left the firm. And at t start I do confess I missed the legal tion. But the more I got involved, t more I found that what we do at B rett, Ward and Seymour is importa too. I mean the companies we help float create new jobs. And I'm pro of that.

The Wall Street Journal does mention all the enterprises *(continue*



"Did you hear a twig snap?"

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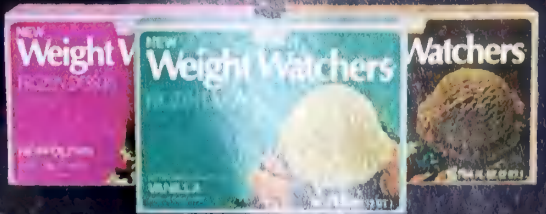
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OLIVER'S STORY

continued

we have financed. One omission was Phil's Bake Shop . . Ft. Lauderdale. The gray and cold of Cranston winters to Phil and Florida was just too tempting.

He calls me once a month. I ask about his social life, av that there are many eligible ladies in his area. He ducks question with a "time will tell." And quickly turns the sub to *my* social life.

Which is pretty good. I live on Beacon Hill, that legend cornucopia of recent college graduates. It's not too diffi to make new friends.

And, of course, I'm still in touch with all my old frie The Simpsons stay with me when they're in Boston.

Steve reports Joanna Stein has married Martin Jaffe, I gather is an ophthalmologist. It's reported that they're liv on the coast.

According to a little squib I read in *Time*, Miss Binnend has recently re-wed. A guy named Preston Elder ("Thi seven, Washington attorney").

I suppose the matrimony epidemic will eventually st me. Of late, I've seen a lot of Annie Gilbert, who's a dist cousin. At this point I can't say if it's serious, but we do sh a lot of interests.

So life is challenging. The days are full. I get a lot of sa faction from my work. Yes, Barrett that I am, I like respo bility. Both my parents are pleased.

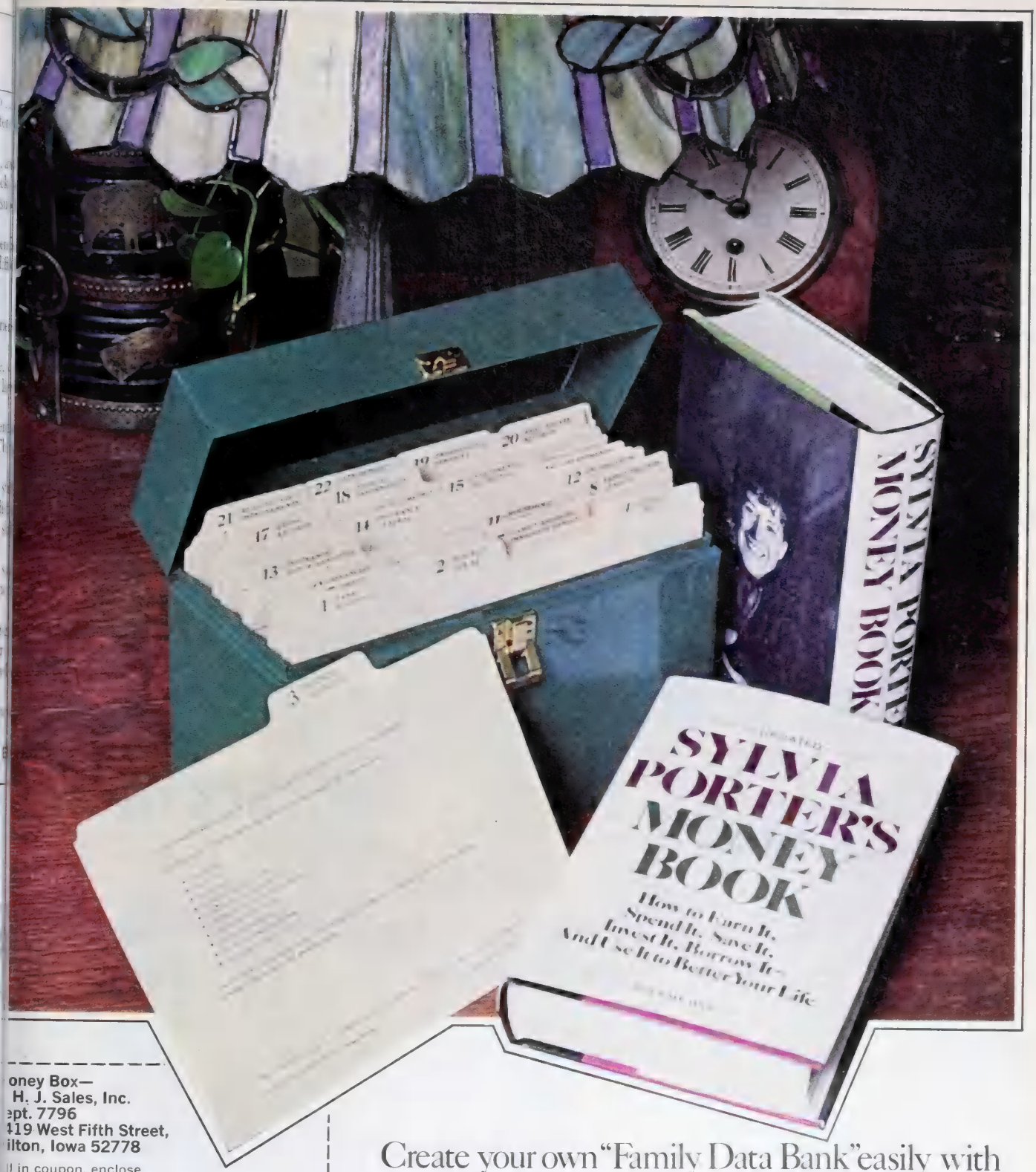
I'm still in shape. I jog along the Charles each evening

If I go five miles, I get to glimpse the lights of Harv just across the river. And see the places I had walked w I was happy

I reminisce to pass the time. Tonight I asked myself w I would be if Jenny were alive.

And then I answered: I would also be alive.





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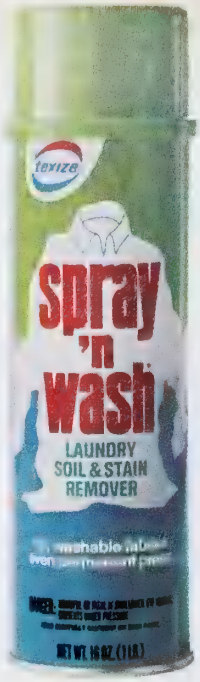
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This provided her with the separateness from Father t she found essential. If he wanted her at his side on any casion, she could choose to be there with him or not, depe ing on her inclination. When the prospect appealed to she was quick to cancel a conflicting commitment on calendar. If she had no desire to be involved, she would "Oh, dear, I *should* like to be with you, but I'm afraid that *quite* impossible," citing an obligation she had sought herself. The excuse was valid and ready-made, politeness been preserved and the fabric of a disjointed marriage intact.

I thought of these things as the funeral train passed thro Garrison, Beacon, Poughkeepsie, then switched onto the ing at the little Hyde Park station. A half-dozen horses w hitched to a waiting caisson. I rode with Mother in an a mobile, that crept along as the cortège moved to the bea muffled drums.

Eyes unfathomable

Widow's black made Mother's face seem gaunt and low. The veil reached only to her forehead, leaving her jestic, dark-blue eyes uncovered. The look in them was fathomable. She did not weep, then or later. She was as as stone except, once again, for the constant flexing of fingers. She had withdrawn completely into herself, as I seen her do before in times of interior conflict between o whelming emotions. She spoke not a word.

With Anna on one side and me on the other, she wall head bowed, through the entrance in the towering hem hedge into the myrtle-bordered rose garden to which Gra in straw hat and gardening gloves, had given her perso daily care. Ahead of us, eight servicemen of matched he carried the coffin on the final few yards of its journey.

No one sensed what Mother had really endured. Pe would praise her courage, but they had no *(continu*

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

continued from page 92

specifications for his tombstone several years before: "A plain white monument—no carving or decoration—to be placed over my grave, east and west, as follows: Length 8 feet; width 4 feet; height, 3 feet. Whole to be set on marble base extending 2 feet out from monument all around—but said base to be no more than 6 inches from the ground." There was to be "no device or inscription except the following on the south side: FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT 1882—19—."

Mother had already reached one decision about her future; she would not return to live in the Hyde Park house. It had been Granny's before she died and left it to Father. The presence of our commanding grandmother was almost tangible within walls. It never felt like home to Mother.

As a young wife, she had consistently bowed to Granny's whims. The seed of independence began to germinate, I believe, when Mother learned of Father's original involvement with Lucy. As soon as my brother Johnny was old enough to be sent to Groton, she started with great deliberation to create a separate existence for herself—"to use my own mind and abilities for my own aims," as she put it.

As First Lady, she was not content to be only the president's helpmate. The objectives he chose were his, not hers. So was the pattern established to meet physical limitations of a man almost literally tied to his chair. To be independent, she must have an environment of her own. She found it in the apartment she rented in New York City. And she constructed independence in another way by maintaining a whirlwind round of appointments, speaking engagements and out-of-town travels that filled most of her time.

Here are two.



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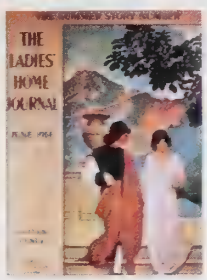
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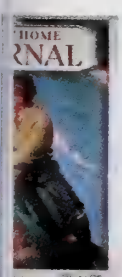
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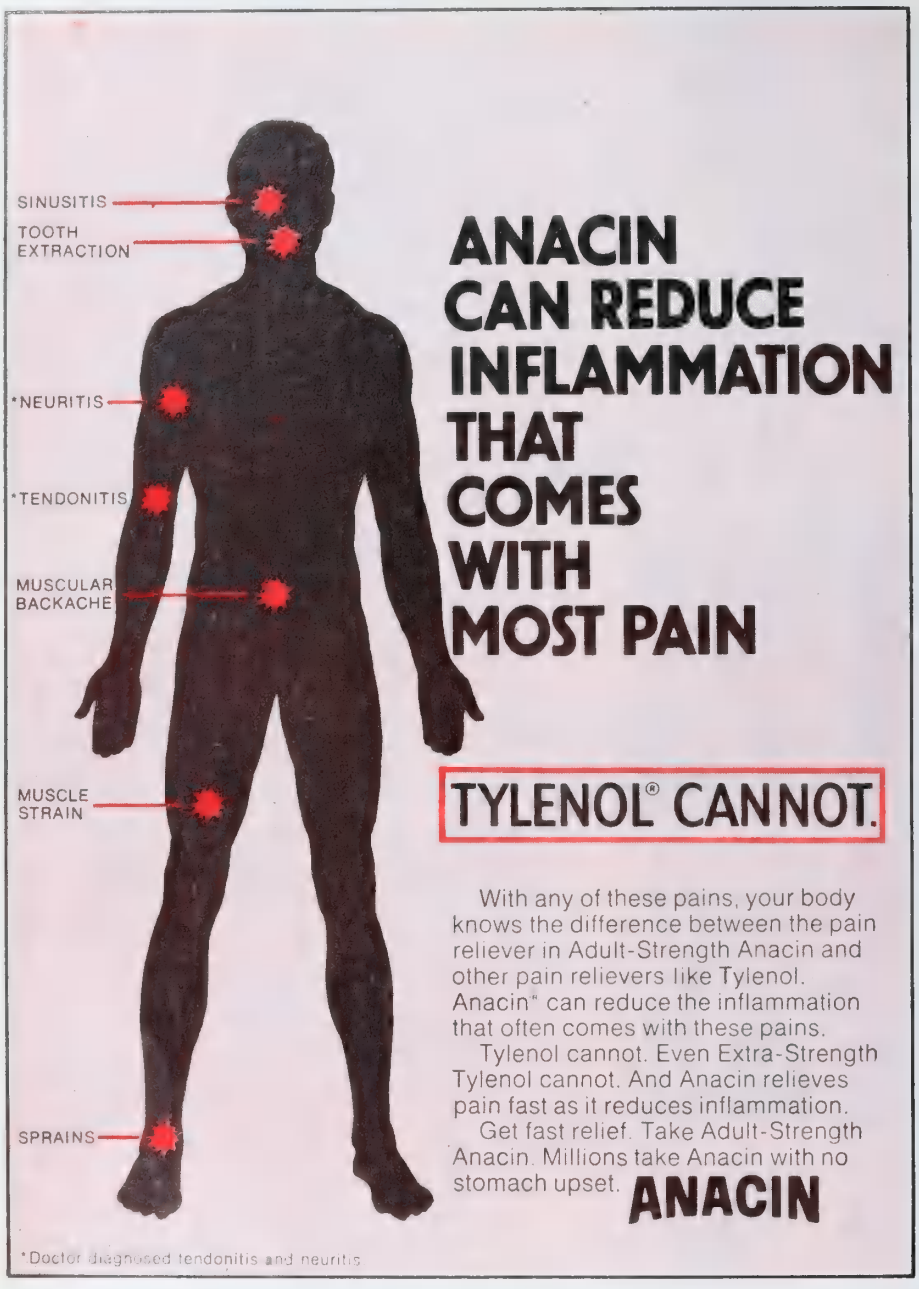
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ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

continued

inkling of the degree of discipline she had demanded of herself. One cover-up had fallen apart. Mother's own magnificent effort had unraveled completely.

She turned over in her thoughts the events of the past three days, struggling to place them into perspective before trying to evaluate their significance. What had driven Father to act as he did? Where did the responsibility lie? Could there have been a happier outcome to her marriage?

Before many more days had elapsed, we sat together in her latest New York City retreat, apartment 15A at 29 Washington Square West, which she had rented for the past year.

She had reached some conclusions about the circumstances surrounding Father's death, and she wished to share them. "Do you recall the talk we had when you were home last November, Elliott?"

"Every word of it."

"You mentioned that Father had been telling you how he hoped he and I might spend more time together?"

"That is correct." I teased her a little. "He also said, if you remember, 'I only wish she wasn't so darned busy!' "

There was no answering smile. "I also hoped that the day would come when we could make a fresh start. He grew *alone* after Missy died."

"You wanted to go to Yalta with h didn't you?"

"He thought there might be *diffic ties* with Mr. Churchill and Mars Stalin, and I would be in the way think Anna must have been a comf to him, though."

"I guess she was."

"I should have tried much *harder* help him all through this awful war used to pray every night that he wo be spared to carry on, but he did know that. He did *so* want to see a g peace."

"I don't think the end is far off Germany. I'm not sure about the Pacifi

She was too absorbed in her thoug to be turned to a different theme. "C I was pigheaded! Unbending during those years since the first war. Alw so insistent on doing what *I* wanted do."

"Father could have tried harder, t you know. He kept too many thi from you. Maybe the habit was hard break."

"You mean what happened at Wa Springs? I have thought very hard ab that. I can only blame my own pighe edness, not Father. Neither can I bla Polly nor any of them. It was really responsibility."

"And Lucy Rutherfurd?"

"She deserves forgiveness as much anyone."

I fancied that I could make it eas for her by introducing a touch of goss "Did I ever tell you I used to know h son, Winthrop III? I met him when was a single sculler with the Penn A letic Club. It was he who got me to t up single sculling on the Schuykill Riv He trained me for months—that wo be 1930. *His* coach had been Jack Kel Wintie and I discovered that Father a Mrs. Rutherfurd had known each ot once, but that was all there was to it."

Wishes for courage

But she was not really interested what I was saying. "If only I had fou the *courage* to talk to Franklin as wanted to do. I could have said, 'Let bury this whole matter and begin o again together. I ought to have do that when I said I would. But I left too late. I contributed to his loneline I should have shared his burdens."

The person she blamed for Fathe dying was herself. She found it imp sible to form any other judgment. T guilt remained for the rest of her li She felt certain that had she support and comforted him, they might ha shared some autumn years content wi each other's company. Atonement what she accepted as a sin of omissi was to drive her on the course that ma her perhaps the best-loved woman in t world.



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Meanwhile, combine 1⅓ cups water, 1 finely diced carrot, ⅓ cup finely dic green pepper, 1 small onion, grated, and ½ teaspoon salt in a saucepan. Bring t boil. Stir in 1⅓ cups MINUTE RICE.® Remove from heat; cover and let stan minutes. Stir in ¼ cup of the salad dressing. Add remaining dressing to a mix green salad. Serve fresh fruit for dessert with your favorite beverage. (Make servings.)



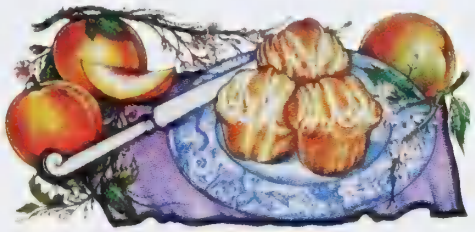


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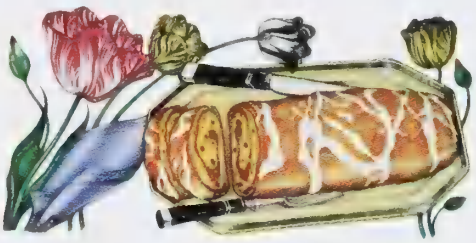
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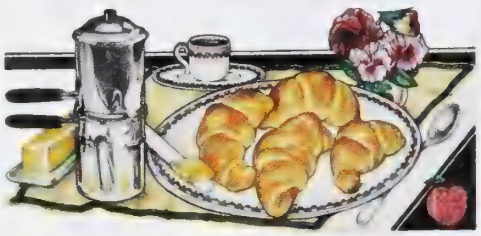
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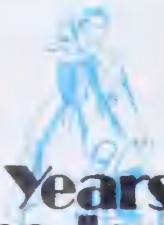
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75 Years Ago in the Journal

The April 1902 issue of the Journal *featured a tribute to Alice Roosevelt, 18-year-old daughter of the new President, Theodore Roosevelt. Today at 93, Alice Roosevelt Longworth is still in the news, her irreverent pranks and quips having established her as a Washington legend. Could this demure girl, described in the 1902* Journal, *be the same Alice whose father declared, "I can either run the country or control Alice—but not both"?* Alice Roosevelt is a typical American girl in the best sense of the term: modest, self-reliant, democratic. . . . Although she is slight—and in this respect differs from her father—she possesses an erectness and suppleness of body that betoken vigorous health and good physical training, which qualities manifest themselves in a fondness for outdoor exercise and all forms of wholesome athletic sport. . . . The outdoor country life at Oyster Bay, the Roosevelts' private home, is largely responsible for the healthy tastes, habits and aspirations that make Alice Roosevelt the typical American girl of sane ideas.

There is no task . . . that the White House employees would not perform to please Miss Roosevelt. The only trouble they say is that she so rarely asks a service from them that it is hard for each one to get a turn. . . . On festive occasions the past winter she asked their advice as to the best or easiest way to get around the house, so as to cause the least disturbance among the throngs who were at the moment the guests of her father and mother. Her polite replies are the strongest reasons for the respectful admiration on which each man prides himself.

The Journal *gave its readers a glimpse of another legendary woman when it initiated a serialized version of Helen Keller's "The Story of My Life." The first installment began: "In the story of my life here presented to the readers of the* Ladies' Home Journal, *I have tried to show that afflictions may be looked at in such a way that they become privileges." In the following excerpt, Miss Keller writes of herself at age five, her need for a teacher—and the advent of Anne Sullivan.*

The desire to express myself grew. The few signs I used became less and less adequate to convey these wants. My failures to make myself understood were invariably followed by outbu of passion. I felt as if invisible h were holding me, and made frantic forts to free myself. I struggled—not struggling helped matters, but the s of resistance was strong within m generally broke down in tears physical exhaustion. If my mother pened to be near, I crept into her a too miserable even to remember cause of the tempest. After a while need of some means of communica became so urgent that these outbu occurred daily and sometimes ho

My parents were deeply grieved perplexed . . . Dr. [Alexander Grah Bell advised my father to write principal of the Perkins Institutio Boston, the scene of Dr. Howe's g labors for the blind, and ask him had any teachers competent to b my education. This my father did mediately, and in a few weeks t came a kind letter from Mr. Ana with the comforting assurance th teacher had been found. This was summer of 1886. But Miss Sullivan not arrive until the following March

Then I came out of Egypt and s before Sinai, and a power di touched my spirit and gave it sigh that I beheld many wonders. And the sacred mountain I heard a v which said, "Knowledge is love light and vision."—K. J. Gill

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DRUNKEN DOCTORS

continued from page 94

lier. "I'd see a patient," he said, "and ask, 'Joe, what are you doing in the spital?' And he'd say, 'What's the tter, Doc? You operated on me last ht.'

"I've sure scared hell out of some tients]," this doctor declared.

Dr. Paul H. Ohlinger, a successful in- nist in Orange, Calif., who is a recov- d alcoholic, told me of times he went bed dead-drunk and the telephone g. He'd switch on the light and carry a conversation with a patient. After nging up, he couldn't remember what d said. "Did I tell her to rush to the spital and meet me in the emergency m right away? Or did I say take two birins and call me in the morning? I uldn't know and I'd be ashamed to l her back and ask her."

According to Dr. Bissell, "Most alco- lic doctors go through long periods of ial drinking like everybody else. Then tle changes begin to make their nking different from other doctors'. some point, they become dangerous patients, less acute in their diag- ses, less effective in their prescribing. ey fail to keep up with new medical velopments."

If the drinking gets extreme, Dr. Bis- l declares, the alcoholic physician ne- cts his patients in more direct ways. e repeatedly misses appointments at office. He fails to order the labora- y tests that patients should have. He esn't show up at the hospital to make unds."

A young Navy doctor who was under atment at the U.S. Navy's Alcohol habilitation Service in Long Beach, lif., wistfully echoed Dr. Bissell's re- rks. "I'd hate to tell you how often e postponed surgery—even in critical ses—because I had the shakes," he d.

Results can be tragic

The results can be tragic. A Florida man told me that she phoned her nily physician one afternoon when r husband had a heart attack. The ysician didn't return her call because was on a drinking binge. Before the ctor sobered up, the man was dead d his funeral long past. The physician s not even aware of his patient's ath. "I'm not saying that our doctor uld have saved my husband's life," the man said. "But, who knows, maybe could have helped him."

Most alcoholic physicians experience e agonies of the damned themselves. 50-year-old Michigan urologist told that he became a confirmed alcoholic medical school. (According to Dr. ssell, that's where most physicians rt drinking.) This man quickly began to pop pills, too. He used to drink a quart of gin or vodka and take 25 to 30 Seconals (sleeping pills) a day.

On one occasion, he became so depressed that he locked himself in his bedroom and set out to commit suicide with a .38 caliber automatic pistol. However, he noticed a bottle of liquor on a dresser and he drank it instead of shooting himself. Afterwards, he declared, "In a drunken stupor, I decided if I couldn't shoot myself, I should shoot something. So I emptied the .38 caliber automatic into my house—with people in the house."

Most alcoholic physicians deny to themselves and everyone else that they have a drinking problem. Dr. Ohlinger, for example, suffered frequent blackouts and convulsions but never once attributed them to his excessive drinking. "I only take a couple of highballs at night to go to sleep," he told the specialist he consulted about his blackouts. He said he was utterly astonished when he was put in the alcoholic ward at Mayo Clinic. He thought he had a brain tumor.

Dr. Bissell recently concluded the broadest scientific study ever made of alcoholism among physicians. She interviewed in great depth 98 physicians of all ages and specialties who were recovered alcoholics. Her findings were startling.

She discovered that it is often the students who were at the top of their medical school classes who become alcoholics. Of all the specialties, she found, psychiatry seems to produce the most alcoholics. Obstetrics/gynecology comes next. Pediatrics has the fewest.

About half of the alcoholic physicians in Dr. Bissell's group also got hooked on narcotics or "soft" drugs like amphetamines. Seventy-seven of the 98 physicians were hospitalized a total of 627 times for their alcoholism. Fifteen had attempted suicide. The 98 had accumulated a total of 219 arrests and 170 jailings. Twenty had periods of unemployment. Five were forced to earn a living outside of medicine. One worked as a porter, another as a dishwasher.

To Dr. Bissell, the most shocking revelation was how often the colleagues of these doctors ignored their difficulties. Only eight of the alcoholic physicians in her study ever lost their licenses. Merely 20 had their hospital privileges revoked; 33 were never even reprimanded by their colleagues for performing surgery, administering radiation therapy and otherwise practicing medicine while drunk.

Why would doctors deliberately shut their eyes to the actions of their alcoholic colleagues? In the words of the AMA Council on Mental Health, "Physicians strongly resist recognition of the fact that any of their number can become ill." Furthermore, most physicians don't want to be bothered with helping an alcoholic physician. He is too much trouble. Dr. Malcolm C. Todd, an ex-president of the AMA, ruefully said as much: "Who wants the difficult job of dealing with this unwilling, arrogant, bright and socially powerful patient?" he asked. "I suspect that when a physician begins to deteriorate, most of us would rather he went to someone else."

Dr. Robert C. Derbyshire, secretary-treasurer of the New Mexico Board of Medical Examiners, who is known for his crusades to make the medical profession guard the public *(continued)*



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DRUNKEN DOCTORS

continued

against disabled, senile and incompetent physicians, told me that his board finds it virtually impossible to get doctors to complain about their alcoholic colleagues.

Not long ago, the New Mexico board brought charges against an obstetrician for blatant drunkenness in a small-town hospital. But it wasn't his fellow-doctors who turned him in after a series of near-disasters in the delivery room. It was a nurse-anesthetist. "I couldn't stand it any more," the nurse-anesthetist said to Dr. Derbyshire. "I saw this man doing terrible things in the delivery room and it had to stop."

When the case came to trial, not one doctor on the hospital staff would testify against the obstetrician, although they'd all personally seen evidence of his misconduct. "We finally convicted him on the testimony of six nurses," Dr. Derbyshire stated. "We revoked his license. But, more often than not, our hands are tied. We can't move against dangerous doctors because the other doctors don't report them."

There is no authoritative explanation why so many physicians become addicted to alcohol. Most experts attribute it to the stress, worry and overwork that are endemic to the medical profession. But Dr. G. Douglas Talbott, a psychiatrist on the faculty of Emory Medical School, who heads the Disabled Doctors Program of the Medical Association of Georgia, thinks there's more to it than that. "It's an attitudinal thing," says Dr. Talbott, himself a recovered alcoholic. "I call it the *Titanic* syndrome. We physicians have had too much training. We think we know too much about the drug alcohol ever to get hooked on it. Just as everyone thought the *Titanic* was unsinkable, we think we are unsinkable. But we're not—and we go under, too."

Rehabilitation possible

Ironically, many alcoholic physicians could be successfully rehabilitated if only they'd get help. "Alcoholism is one of the most treatable diseases we know," Dr. Ernest P. Noble, director of NIAAA, says. Dr. Bissell has been achieving considerably better than a 50 percent recovery rate with alcoholic physicians at the Smithers Center in New York. The Center detoxifies its doctor-patients, then gives them a combination of group psychotherapy and educational training in the hazardous effects of alcohol. It makes wide use of AA techniques of group support for each alcoholic as he (or she) tries to quit drinking.

Dr. Talbott also reports excellent results with the rehabilitation program he runs for the Medical Association of Georgia. His is a tougher approach. Each alcoholic physician who enrolls in it must sign a contract agreeing to stop practicing medicine until the MAG Disabled Doctors Committee consents to his resuming it. He must pledge to abstain absolutely from alcohol or any other mood-changing drug. After detoxification, he must come with his spouse to a group therapy session once a week for at least a year. As each alcoholic physician recovers, he is sent to "skid row" to treat alcoholic derelicts. "He is acting as a physician again and getting back his dignity," Dr. Talbott explained. "Then he can see, clear as light, what might have happened to him."

There was a time when the AMA was loathe to admit any shortcomings in the medical profession. No longer. "We urge that steps be taken to identify all doctors with a drinking problem," Emanuel Steindler, director of the AMA Department of Mental Health, declares. "We want their right to practice restricted until they are competent again. At the same time, we want to help them win back their competence. We have two goals. One is to protect the patient, the other to help the sick doctor as a hum being."

The AMA has proposed legislati that would empower state boards medical examiners to suspend the licen of an alcoholic physician before, not a ter, he does damage to some patient. is sponsoring conferences througho the nation to alert physicians and me cal students to the danger of alcoholis At its behest, many state and local me ical societies have formed special co mittees to investigate complaints abo alcoholic physicians. Some have set "hot lines" that wives, colleagues a patients can call to obtain help for alc holic doctors.

Under the Medical Association Georgia plan, any person may telepho a 24-hour "crisis line" to report a ph sician with an alcohol problem. A tho ough but unobtrusive investigation immediately conducted. If the inform tion proves to be true, two physician usually recovered alcoholics, visit t doctor and suggest that he start trea ment for his alcoholism. If he refuses if he fails to complete the treatment su cessfully, MAG can recommend to t State Licensing Board that his licen be revoked. It is rarely necessary to that far, Dr. Talbott says.

What should you do if you belie your doctor is drinking too much for h good and yours? Most patients mere switch doctors when that happens. Ho ever, NIAAA's Dr. Noble says, "You' not doing your physician a favor if y ignore his alcoholism. You can befrie him far more by reporting him to t proper authorities so he can obtain t help he desperately needs."

Clues to M.D. alcoholism

How can you tell if your doctor h turned into an alcoholic? Dr. Noble h listed some clues: 1. His breath oft smells strongly of alcohol in the mor ing; 2. His eyes are often red and h often looks hungover; 3. His han shake; 4. He misses many appointment 5. His memory fails; he asks you t same question again and again, for i stance.

"Obviously, it is not easy for a l person to make a diagnosis of alcoh ism," Dr. Noble states. "But you do have to make the diagnosis. All you ha to do is call the situation to the attenti of the proper authorities."

If you are confronted with this pro lem, Dr. Noble recommends that y write the National Institute of Alcoh Abuse and Alcoholism at: Alcohol, B 2345, Rockville, Md. 20852. You'll g a personal reply suggesting the be course of action in your state.

Meanwhile, remember this. An alc holic physician is a sick man who d serves sympathy. As Dr. Bissell declare "Alcoholism is a diagnosis, not an acc sation." **En**



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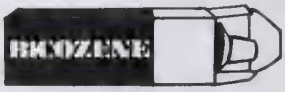
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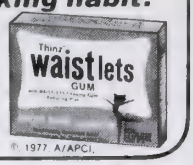
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DIFFICULT MAN

continued from page 65

sink into your favorite chair. Instead, you find out I've made arrangements for us to go to a dinner party."

When you reflect your husband's mood in this way, according to Dr. Ginott, he's likely to say, "Well, give me a few minutes to pull myself together and I'll be all right."

Dr. Ginott and her late husband, Haim Ginott, developed these techniques of communicating in a caring way in their work as therapists. "Not many of us learned to talk this way wh we were growing up," she says. "B anyone who is willing can learn the tec nique and use it to make a better life f themselves and their family."

THE BLOB

Living with him is like living with dishrag. He'll do anything you want e cept make a decision. "What movie you want to see?" "Which apartment you like?" "Where shall we take our v cation?" You have to decide. Then lets you know how wrong your decisio were. Passion? He never shows it. H walks away from any show of feelin He seems to make love as a duty. H a wallflower at the party of life.

What you can do. "A wife often d lays confronting her husband with h unhappiness," says psychologist Gue ney. Then a minor incident will trigg an angry outburst, when she yel "You're so wishy-washy! What kind way is that for a man to act?" Feelin unjustly attacked, he will be so busy b ing defensive that he will not exami fairly anything she says.

The wife needs to honestly analy her feelings and then present them that—her own feelings. Says Dr. Gue ney, "You can be the world's leadi authority on a subject when you sta things strictly in terms of your own pe ceptions. If you avoid trying to clai the real nature of a situation but stick how *you* feel about it, your partner less likely to feel as if he is being charg with a crime."

"I feel like I'm caught in a trap," wife could say. "You leave the decisio up to me and after I make them, yo object. Then I feel stupid." Having e pressed one feeling, the wife should sto and give her husband a chance to te how he feels. As they go back and for with short statements, each one emph sizing feelings, they probably can rea a point of being open to suggestions f change.

The wife could say, "It would mal me feel so good if I heard from you mo often when you like something." Or sh could propose that they take turns ma ing decisions. "I'd like to go out th Saturday night. Would you decide wh we'll do?" One way of encouraging hi to make more decisions would be commend him strongly on the ones h does make.

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My studies pointed more and more nutrition. Major nutritionalists port that protein with the right mbination of amino acids that similate easily is important for uscle and body tone and in fact thout proper protein, muscles can tually become smaller. Further udies indicate it is practically possible to build any part of the dy without proper nutrition. Then I started reading books garding protein and its effects on e body and the bustline in specific. e more I read the more my hopes were reinforced that it could be possible for me to have a beautiful bustline without the undue stress on exercise. After conferring with my husband he referred me to several manufacturers of protein supplements.

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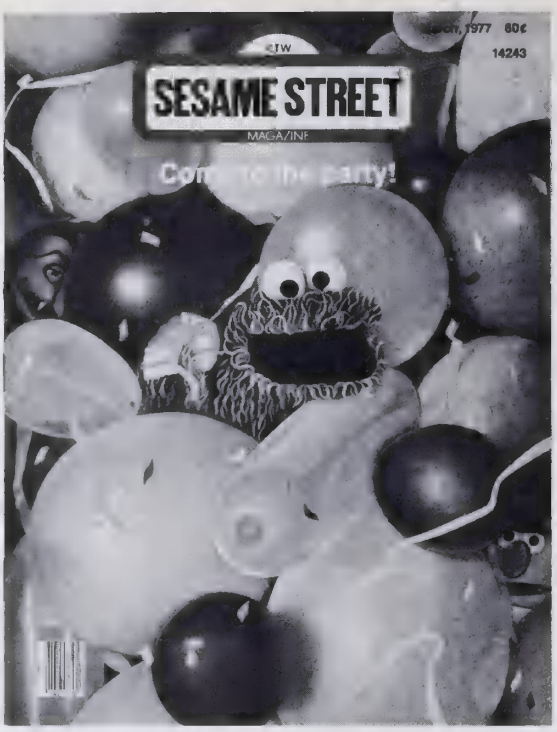
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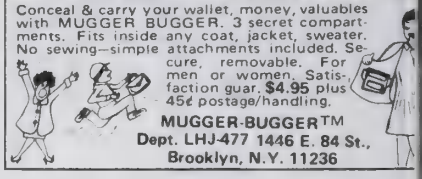
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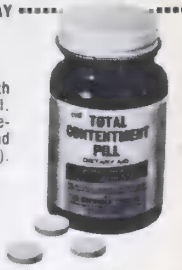
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DIFFICULT MAN

continued

whole neighborhood?" When you finally replace your threadbare winter coat, he asks, "Didn't it have at least another season in it?"

What you can do. A wife can understand the fears behind her husband's reluctance to part with money without making his fears her fears. She has to assert her right to be an equal partner in the marriage. No matter how she asserts this right and no matter how slowly she starts getting out from under the thumb of a miserly husband, she has to expect some conflict.

Wives rock the financial boat in different ways. Women who have not been earning money may decide to go out to work or fit into their at-home schedule some income-producing activity, like typing, baking or a small, home-based business. Then they say, "I will not account to you for any of this money. We can talk about which bills I'll be responsible for, but once we decide, I don't want you to question me."

Edna confronted Norman in another way. One week when she had a bad cold she asked him to do the marketing. She noted—without saying anything at the time—that he had spent $10 more than he expected her to spend for a week's groceries. A couple of days later, Edna said, "I'd like to talk to you about setting up a new budget and letting me take the responsibility for handling more of our money." Norman had a new appreciation of what Edna had been doing so far and was ready to talk to her as he never would have, had his consciousness not been raised by his own experience.

THE WORKAHOLIC

He lives to work. His job comes first—before you, his children, his health. When a colleague phones him at home, dinner congeals on his plate; his daughter waits, tools in hand, to finish a carpentry project; even your lovemaking gets interrupted. Social life consists of evenings talking shop with business associates. He hasn't taken a vacation in five years. To your protests he answers, "But darling, I'm doing it all for you and the children."

What you can do. Jean Baer, author of *How To Be an Assertive (Not Aggressive) Woman*, emphasizes, "This man has probably been this way all his life, and you're not going to change the pattern of a lifetime. So you want to focus on what you *can* change. Think of three well-defined things that you want from him, and then be specific in asking for them."

Pick a good time to talk, and when you bring up your requests, incorporate one of Dr. Guerney's principles, to *state the positive aspects of your wish,* the loving feelings that are on "the other side of the problem-coin."

You might say, "I'd like to ask for three things from you. So many people would like to know you better. How about going out with new people—no business pals—two Saturday nights a month? And the kids love talking to you about their activities. Can you take the phone off the hook every night between 7 and 9, so we can all count on some uninterrupted family time? And then there's us. We have such fun together and we hardly ever get a chance to be alone any more. Wouldn't it be delicious to take a weekend away, just us two?"

All your requests will be open to negotiation, and even if you don't get all that you asked for, you'll probably end up with more than if you had never asked.

THE CHARMER

For him, life is a magic show. Problems will disappear, money will pop out of his sleeve, the sawed-apart lady will put herself back together. He refuses to accept responsibility. He calls you at your office at 4 o'clock to tell you he's bringing five out-of-towners home to dinner. He lends his friends money even when it means your account will be short. When Tommy's teacher recommends testing for a learning disability, he pooh-poohs, "What are you making such a fuss about? He'll grow out of it."

What you can do. In some important emotional ways, this man still reacts as a child. Just as a mother refuses to let her baby bite her or pull her hair, the wife of an immature man can refuse to let herself be victimized by his irresponsibility. She has to be the adult.

"The wife of an irresponsible m needs to keep one step ahead of hir says Dr. DeFries. "If money is a pro lem, she has to make sure she gets to before his friends do. She also needs set very firm limits to let him know wh she expects."

Wilma told Ted that she needed day's notice to entertain dinner gues The next time he brought people hor at the last minute, she met him at t door, with her coat on, and said che fully, "I made reservations at that n little Italian restaurant. I hear it's grea Next time, when he telephoned her a P.M., she told him, "I can't cook for co pany on such short notice. So I'll j stay in town for dinner, and you figu out some way to feed your guests wi out me." Wilma no longer feels she h to rescue Ted from his impulsivene and unless she is directly involved she fuses to worry about the consequenc

The wife of a difficult man will alwa have a difficult task before her. S must walk a fine line between loving a understanding him—and loving a helping herself. She has to use all h resources to maintain their relationsh and her own psychological integrity. the game worth the candle? Is he wo so much effort? No one ever has the swer for anyone else.

Only she can decide. Only she c cast a discerning eye on the balan scale of their relationship. Only she c decide whether the parts of him that precious to her outweigh the parts him that are painful. Once she ma that judgment, though, it will be eas for her to find the will and the stren to build a good life with this man, wh she has chosen above all others. E



"I can't eat because I'm on a diet, I can't drink because of my ulcer and I can't be merry because I'm a grouch."

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First Lady Rosalynn Carter and her daughter Amy

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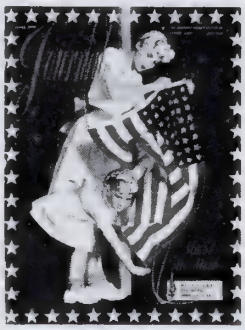
In 2 Tbsp. butter or margarine lightly brown rice and vermicelli from 1 pkg. Beef Flavor Rice-A-Roni. Add 1 lb. ground beef; finely crumble and continue browning. Stir in 2½ cups hot water, 1 (2 oz.) can sliced mushrooms, contents of Beef Flavor Packet, 1 tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper. Cover and simmer 15 minutes. Cool slightly; stir in 2 well-beaten eggs. Fill 9" unbaked pie shell with Rice-A-Roni mixture. Garnish with 3 slices bacon. Bake on cookie sheet at 400°, 20-25 minutes. Serves 4-6.

VOL. XCIV, NO. 5
MAY 1977

LADIES' HOME **Journal**®

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Editor's diary

By Lenore Hershey

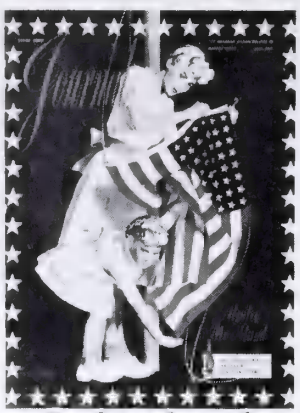


ROBB ROUNDUP

Starting on page 112, you'll find a fascinating collection of Mother's Day tributes. Of the celebrity essays, the most meaningful to me is the one Lynda Robb wrote about "Nini," her mother Lady Bird Johnson. And it gives me a chance to talk about Lynda, a young woman whom I've known for 14 years—and who, in a way, I think of as an auxiliary daughter.

I first met Lynda and her sister Luci when they first moved into the White House with th father, and when they were still breaking awa from the image of Texas teen-agers. I lived through Lynda's romance with a movie star, saw her bloom into young womanhood and breathed a sigh of relief when former Marine Charles Robb, handsome and intelligent, came upon the scene. From the White House wedding on, I've watched the Robb family grow and mature through the years. Lynda is now 33, poised, knowledgeable and a skilled reporter. Her own two daughters, Lucinda Desha, 8½, and Catherine Lewis, 7, are chips off both family trees. Chuck Robb, who is an attorney, was graduated from the University of Virginia Law School, and is currently running in the primary for the office of Lieutenant Governor of Virginia. Lynda is back on the hustings, campaigning—repeating the performance she's been giving ever since she stood on tables at the age of six, singing, "Vote for Lyndon B. Johnson." Now the routine includes parties in the Robbs' home in McLean, Va., statewide swings, and speeches. "It's different," says Lynda. "There's no power base this time, and it's hard work. But Chuck's a true-blue Virginian, he'll make a fine lieutenant governor, and I'm going to help him get the nomination and win the election."

Will Lynda herself ever run for anything? She doesn't think so now. But with an auxiliary mother's sense of pride and prophecy, I think she will some day. There may still be a Johnson heir in Congress, or even the White House. And her initials are L.B.J.R.!



JOURNAL TRADITION Mother-daughter covers are nothing new to the *Journal*. Longtime readers will remember (left, July, 1942) the famed Al Parker cover illustrations, all 35 of them, that ran from 1939 to 1952, and which followed the chronological adventures of a young mother and her attractive daughte This month, we return to the tradition with th Thornton Utz painting of Rosalynn and Amy Carter. (More about the artist on page 112.) The original of the painting will be presented by the *Journal* to the White House. ALERT: Next month, we will announce our 1977 Wom of the Year. Keep tuned for the excitement on this.

For those of you who submitted entries to the win-a-weekend-with-Arnold Palmer golf event, winners have already been notified. A report will appear in an upcoming issue. To those of you who replied to the *Journal's* call for citizen action against Violent Crime, we're readying the results for presentation in Washington, and will be back to you on that, too.


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What's happening

By Gene Shalit



Gene talks with two stars-forever: Ethel Merman and Mary Martin. Plus the low-down on new books and movies

Beverly Sills, the opera star with sparkle to spare (she rarely spares it) now soars to stardom in her new taking-off TV talk show. So when I hear her guests are those Broadway musical *Grande Dames* (pronounced DAMES), Ethel Merman and Mary Martin, I disguise myself as a false eyelash and slip into NBC's Makeup Room 3-A.

It is as narrow as a pantry with mirrored walls, crowded with hairdressers, makeup artists and producers. Exuberant Beverly (her friends call her Bubbles) is in the far barber chair having herself made more lovable by Bobbie Armstrong, the cosmetic ace who makes up Jane Pauley for *Today*. In the adjoining chair, very erect, is Ethel Merman: "I'll do my *own* hair," which she *does* while turning to me, "Who does *your* hair?" General merriment by all present. "Is Mary here yet?" Ethel calls out.

"Were you and Mary Martin ever rivals?" I ask.

EM: Never. We're two different *types*. I'm brassy and gutsy, and Mary is the sweeter type, more ethereal. How *could* we be rivals? We never competed for the same show, although Mary took *Annie Get Your Gun* on the road when I was still playing it in New York. We've been friends for years. If she lived in New York we'd be closer. It's pretty tough to get to Brazil for lunch."

A sudden happy clamor, Mary arrives, Ethel fairly leaps from her chair in greeting. Mary Martin, 62 and sexy still, very red lips, twinkly eyes, goes straight into a barber chair. Her biggest hits were *South Pacific, Sound of Music, Peter Pan*. I ask which one she loves the best. She doesn't even have to think: "*Peter Pan,*" she says. "I loved it too," says Beverly Sills. I turn to Merman. "*Gypsy,*" she says. "Always will be. It gave me a chance to prove that I could *act.*"

GS: "Favorite song?"

EM: "Can't. Can't differentiate among the cream of the crop. When you've got Gershwin writing for you and Cole Porter and Irving Berlin and Dorothy Fields and Arthur Schwartz and Julie Styne, it would be unfair to any of them. But I must say *one* thing: the song that I give credit to for putting me on the *map* is *I've Got Rhythm* and Gershwin gave me that. If is weren't for *Rhythm* I wouldn't be here talking to *you.*"

This month Mary Martin and Ethel Merman appear together for the first time ever on the Broadway stage—one night only (May 15) to raise money for the Museum of the City of New York. And then what?

EM: "My autobiography. I hope it's out by Christmas."

GM: "What are you calling it?"

EM: "*Merman.*"

GS: "Merman?"

EM: "What do you *think* I'm gonna call it, *Shirley*?"

THE TALKIES

Suddenly the screen is swarming with women. After years of lamentations for the ladies—*Where Are the Parts for Actresses?*—a score of the best score: Liv Ullmann, Sissy Spacek, Talia Shire (three among my favorites). Now comes *Welcome to L.A.*, an unwelcome movie that *does* at least have roles for *women:* Ms. Spacek, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, *(continued)*

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What's happening

continued

Sally Kellerman and Viveca Lindfors. They do their best in portraying women who live their lives in emotional desolation. The Los Angeles of this film is lyrically described thus: "Where the air was thick and yellow, with the stale taste of decay."

Welcome to L.A. is a minor league *Nashville*—the same kind of disjointed episodes with some of the same characters—Keith Carradine again singing, Geraldine Chaplin again a forlorn figure with a wandering mind and ubiquitous notebook—all groping through a world of rock music and rocky marriages, never knowing who's in their beds until they turn the covers back. Women deserve better. So does *everyone* who goes to movies.

DANDY DELIGHT

Much better than Lily Tomlin we're not likely to get this year: she is touching and bizarre in *The Late Show*, a neat mystery comedy co-starring Art Carney. *The Late Show* is not about television. It is one of the dandiest delights I've seen this year. Art Carney plays an aged and aching private detective who limps (but only when he walks). On the other hand, he can't hear very well. When one of his dearest friends is murdered, Carney is determined to track down the killer. He meets a woman who wants to hire him to find the man who stole her cat. Finding a cat sounds ludicrous, but Carney takes the case because he suspects the woman's a catspaw. She is played by Lily Tomlin, and she is a wonderfully controlled eccentric character.

The Late Show has tension, tenderness, humor, plenty of plot. Carney won an academy award for *Harry and Tonto* (*that* was about a cat, too) and he's just as good this time around. An actress less gifted than Lily Tomlin might have turned her role into a shambles. Robert Benton wrote the movie and directed it. I salute him.

RUN FROM FUN

Dick and Jane and Spot spot the screen in *Fun with Dick and Jane*. I guess they put in the word *fun* to tip-off the audience, which might not otherwise suspect that its supposed to be a comedy. Dick is George Segal and Jane is Jane Fonda, a suburban couple short on money and snappy dialogue. When Dick (that is, George), is fired from his executive job, Jane (that is, Jane), become robbers: They steal from stores, from a motel and finally from his former boss, played by TV's Ed McMahon. Segal and Fonda are sunk by this meager movie. Run Dick. Run Jane. Run. Away from this film.

UNDELIVERED PROMISE

Marlo Thomas (see what I mean about actresses having leading roles all over the place?) is even unluckier than Jane Fonda. Thomas promises but never delivers in *Thieves*, which takes a series of cheap shots at New York. I am fed up with people who think Manhattan is some sort of jungle. Many other cities have crime statistics that make New York seem like paradise and, in many ways, New York *is* paradise. I mean, how would you like to walk around downtown Detroit at night? Check your local FBI for *those* figures, folks! Calm down, Gene, and tell us about *Thieves*. Marlo Thomas plays a young teacher married to Charles Grodin, a young teacher. They have lost the key to their wedlock and their romance has been ransacked. I'm told *this* one is supposed to be a comedy, too, but it has the sublety of an anvil dropped from the seventh floor. Can this marriage be saved? Can this *movie* be saved? Alas, it is deceased. Its only moments of life occur when Irwin Corey comes on screen. This brilliant comedian, philosopher and very sane madman is *alive*. This cannot be said for any of the other characters. *Thieves* steals our time.

DIRTY!

Slap Shot stars Paul Newman, player-coach of a professional hockey team that loses most of its games. It is one of the filthiest-mouthed movies with a major star I've ever seen (or heard). The movie is rated R, a reprehensible rating considering the coffluence of vile talk and hockey violence. Any parent who allows her young children to see *Slap Shot* should be slapped.

LOOKS AT BOOKS

What are people reading? What will they be talking about? *Oliver's Story* by Erich Segal, right here in the *Journal*. Erich told me that this sequel to *Love Story* finishes the matter—he has purged himself of the demon that demanded a final resolution, and there'll be no third volume in the story of O and his Jennie. . . . Dan Rather, the former White House correspondent for CBS, has written a first-rate autobiography with an unworthy-of-him title, *The Camera Never Blinks*. This is a full-scale story of one man's eventful life, told with plenty of incident and feeling. It will be a big book this summer: Book of the Month Club has taken it on. . . . John LeCarre, author of *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, has a new suspense novel that insiders call his best book ever. It's *The Honorable School*, a thriller about British and American espionage, starring George Smiley, who was also the central character in *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*.

Now how about a good piece of nonfiction for young readers? At some point in the life of every child, parents get uh-oh-here-it-comes question: "May have a pet, pleeeeeeze?" (Fooled yo If you have no desire for a doggie c cattie, here's a suggestion: *tropical f* No paper training, no take-him-out-f a-walk, no shots. But setting up aquarium is more than a matter throwing a bunch of fish into a bucke water. And *A Great Aquarium Book* Jane Sarnoff and Reynold Ruffias, tel beginner what it *is* a matter of. The b *looks* nifty and is filled with facts: called "neons" are very popular they're *not* suitable starter-fish, si they "often get a disease for which th is no cure" . . . a 20 gallon tank is best begin with . . . feeding should take pl at the same time every day . . . y shiny new tank should stand filled-a fishless for a week. This book seems me to be just about perfect: loads of sential information written simply, cle ly, charmingly and illustrated w scores of cutesy color drawings. Its e phasis is on fish-as-living- things, and as short-term toys or ornaments, wh helps to make *A Great Aquarium Bo the* aquarium book for children. The say tanks. **E**

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

Cousin, Cousine, the story of the love o husband and wife, has captivated all Am ica. Enchanting and joyous.

Freaky Friday, squeaky clean fun from D ney, takes a madcap look at a mother-dau ter relationship. What a pleasure *good* D ney can be.

The Front is insubstantial—a thin gr when star Woody Allen isn't on screen. movie set in the Joseph McCarthy 1950's.

Idi Amin Dada is a rare look at the dicta of Uganda—a man who is part buffoon, p menace. A remarkable record.

The Incredible Sarah pretends to be a bi raphy of Sarah Bernhardt. But despite presence of star Glenda Jackson, the mo rings like plastic glass.

King Kong ends atop New York's Wo Trade Center, which is big and flat, just l the movie.

Network, as in TV, is ridiculous with auth Paddy Chayefsky hitting as many as typewriters at once. A satiric stew.

Nickelodeon furthers the decline and fall Peter Bogdanovich as a director of note.

Providence has a stylish script, impeccal performances, glorious photography. Har somely directed by Alain Resnais.

Rocky is one of my favorite movies of t year, a movie to make you feel good over. It's about people you'll *care* about.

St. Ives stars Charles Bronson. If you enj him (as I do) you'll enjoy this private e movie with Bronson in charge all the w

The Seven-Per-cent Solution in a comed mystery involving Sherlock Holmes a Sigmund Freud, all adding up to 100 p cent entertainment.

The Shootist is touching and strong, with exceptional performance by John Wayn Jimmy Stewart and Lauren Bacall also st

Silver Streak begins as a romantic come aboard an express train, but ends up as loafing local.

The Slipper and the Rose is good news f anyone with fairy tale hearts. Lavish Ci derella story with music.

Small Change is an utterly charming ch dren's story from François Truffaut.

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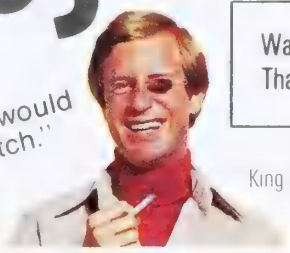
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Ralph Nader reports

Termite control: how not to get ripped off

The solution to termites can be worse than the problem—unless you find an exterminator who won't poison your home or break your budget.

Jenny H., a 56-year-old widow, had her house treated with dieldrin to eliminate the termites that had infested her home. The pesticide fumes were so strong that she became ill and had to move in with her daughter. Months later, when she returned home with a friend, they both became ill. Mrs. H. then had to sell the contaminated house at a great financial loss.

Caveat emptor (buyer beware) is still the rule when seeking pest control. Termite extermination requires that potentially dangerous chemicals be pumped through holes in the ground and remain there for 20 years or more. Too often the exterminators handling these toxic pesticides are incompetent or dishonest. Thus homeowners should know how to find a qualified exterminator and how to keep termites from invading the house in the first place.

Termites eat grass, leaves and dead wood. Subterranean termites—the most common type in the U.S.—need soil moisture to survive. They can establish their colonies under a house only if untreated wood touches the ground or is accessible to the ground through cracks in the concrete foundation. Consequently, to keep termites out of your home, wooden porches or steps should rest on solid concrete, door and window frames should not touch the soil, and firewood and trellises should not connect the ground to the woodwork. Further information on termite-proofing is available by writing the U.S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C. 20250 for Home and Garden Bulletin No. 64, *Subterranean Termites*.

Sometimes termite infestation can be controlled by removing superficial woodwork and other ground/wood contacts, but when the situation calls for more drastic measures, an exterminator is needed. Exterminators use such pesticides as chlordane, heptachlor, dieldrin and aldrin, all of which have been banned for other uses besides termite control because they have caused cancer and other chronic toxic effects in test animals. These pesticides are approved for termite control because, when properly used, they never come in contact with human beings. It is the improper use of these pesticides that causes danger and thus mandates the need for a qualified exterminator.

Mrs. Neil K. of Oklahoma says chlordane was permitted "to seep into the basement to such an extent that there was pooling of the milky white liquid on the floors and tables, and dripping from the ceilings." She suffered liver damage and lung problems, and had to take a four-month leave of absence from work.

The fact that an exterminator is state certified is no guarantee of safety. The federal government requires that each state administer some kind of certification program to users of certain hazardous pesticides. But these programs can be as simple as memorizing the correct answers to an exam. In some cases, all an applicant has to do is declare himself competent. Also, only one member of each company need be certified. Other employees technically need only to be working under his "supervision," a condition satisfied if employees know where to call the supervisor if they have a question.

Thus you should investigate a number of exterminators before selecting one. This will enable you to compare the amount of employee training and supervision as well as the fees and warranties offered. The consumer should also be certain that any chemicals used are pumped directly into the ground with no residue left in or around the house.

Termite control is expensive and the profit motive can tempt an unscrupulous exterminator to overcharge or to treat a house when there is no evidence of infestation. Fees vary widely. Jim C. of California received estimates from two companies for treatment of possible termite infestation. One company quoted a $2,050 price tag while the other offered the *same* treatment for $340. Of course, the cheapest is not always the best. Cutting corners is characteristic of some companies. The FHA requires termite control on any new house that it finances. Bids are accepted for the job and usually the lowest bidder wins the contract. This competition tempts some exterminators to place a low bid that gets them the job, but not enough money to do it properly. They either dilute the chemical or simply treat a smaller area. In either case, the treatment is incomplete and will not protect the homeowner for as long as it should.

Different exterminators guarantee different periods of protection, anywhere from five years to the lifetime of the house. But if the job is done properly, the treatment should be effective for at least 20 years.

Exterminators also offer a variety of contracts. Sometimes a warranty that includes annual inspection can be purchased for a set fee. Then if termites are found, further treatment is provided for an additional fee. Unscrupulous companies have been known to require treatment at an additional cost, even though there is no evidence of infestation. In cases where the consumer refused the additional treatment, companies sometimes invalidated the warranty.

Finally, houses that have wells close by should not be chemically treated for termites because the drinking water could become contaminated. Also, houses that rest on layers of gravel or on soil that cracks when dry are subject to this same danger of contaminated drinking water. In these cases, structural methods alone should be used for termite control. **End**

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Can this marriage be saved?

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

Self-centered Ben ignored his young wife. So she tried an affair to attract his attention.

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit, educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was Dr. Edward Peacock.

Paul Popenoe, Sc.D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board
American Institute of
Family Relations

KATHY'S STORY

"I'm quite sure Ben and I still love each other, but for a year we've been living apart by mutual consent—and the trial separation hasn't brought us a bit closer," 22-year-old Kathy said woefully. A small, blond, working wife, she had flown from Chicago to Los Angeles with her husband, a computer expert, to devote the weekend to intensive marriage counseling.

"Although Ben refuses to discuss my behavior with me, I know I've hurt him badly," Kathy continued in a sad, bewildered voice. "I've been unfaithful more than once—but I desperately want Ben to forget the past and for us to get things straight again. I just don't see how I can make it without him.

"From the night the two of us met four years ago—I was an eighteen-year-old high school senior and he was twenty, a college sophomore—I felt certain that we were destined for each other. We met at the main public library in Chicago. I was researching a paper and Ben showed me how to put together a bibliography.

"Both he and I are studious; both of us were earning top school marks. Both of us play the guitar, and our astrology signs are complementary; he's a Virgo, I'm a Capricorn.

"That same week, Ben introduced me to his family. I got on great with his parents and sisters. Actually, I love and admire Ben's mother far more than I do my own—and no wonder! My Mom is mean, lazy and always in bed—pretending to be sick so someone else will be forced to do her work.

"My mother—and my father, too—were always determined to deprive me of an education because they don't think girls are smart enough for college. I was the only girl in a family of four boys, so my parents tried with all their might to turn me into a kitchen drudge. Before and after school, I was supposed to cook, clean, do all the housework and never mind my lessons.

"Except for my high school counselor and my girl friend Helena, I'm sure I would have wound up as an early dropout. My I.Q. isn't that great; I'm not nearly as smart as Ben. I need encouragement to feel confident and to do well at studying or anything else.

"When I introduced Mom to Ben, she immediately sensed the threat of losing my services. She got horribly sick—the psychiatrist paid by Pop's union insurance said it was psychosomatic—and for weeks she kept me busy nursing her. Ben and I stayed in touch by phone.

"As soon as I began to see Ben again, Mom and Pop staged a terrible scene and forbade me to go out with him. We paid no attention. Mom then telephoned Ben's home and told his mother a pack of lies about me, implying that I was no good and untrustworthy. Thank goodness, she got a quick brush-off.

"We were married that September—perhaps too soon, I now think—with Helena as my maid of honor. Mom refused to attend, but my brothers acted as ushers and poor Pop, who now does most of the family housework, came to the reception."

Kathy paused. "Everything seemed to start okay for Ben and me, sexually and otherwise, except we were pinched for money. I enrolled in college with a complete scholarship, but my stipend didn't cover lodging for a married couple, so Ben, who had a part-time job, rented us a slummy, unfurnished apartment off campus.

"I also worked part-time as a stenographer. Ben used his parents' wedding check to buy second-hand furniture, a bed, chairs and a sofa. He picked out the things without consulting me, things I disliked, and I secretly wished he'd allowed me to have some say in such an important matter. But he seemed to think his taste was superior to mine and I had to agree he was probably right. The atmosphere was great, but somehow I felt I'd been pushed out of my own home. It seemed like the whole place represented Ben—not me—that I didn't belong there.

"My boss, Spence, probably guessed how shut-out I felt. Anyhow, he donated a surplus office table for our apartment, but Ben said the piece was too big and traded it for a dinky lamp table. I was so upset I told Ben he'd made a stupid exchange. He stalked away without a word, but I knew my popping off had made him mad and I was sorry I'd done it. I remember the incident clearly because it was our first quarrel.

"Not long afterwards, at Ben's suggestion, we stopped taking guitar lessons together on Friday evenings. The sessions, a lot of fun for me, were supposed to improve my technique since Ben required no extra training. It was *(continued on page 20)*

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PRESENTING THE FRENCH VANILLA COW.

Can this marriage be saved?

continued from page 16

obviously no pleasure for Ben to p with me. So I gave my guitar to brother, who shares his musical tale and both of them were so pleased t I felt repaid for the sacrifice.

"But then Ben suddenly took ou bank loan without my knowledge a signed up for a course of flying lesso Not only did the loan shatter our bu et, but the flying lessons were schedu every weekend and robbed us of very small amount of time we had b able to spend together.

"When I complained bitterly ab his financial stupidity and selfishn Ben just smiled—the way he smi whenever I got up my nerve and s gested that he hang up his own clot and put away his laundry instead leaving all the domestic chores for

"Not that we ate in the apartm very often. Unless a crowd was invi in, Ben was practically never home; was too occupied with his classes, job, his guitar, his flying lessons. sexual relationship virtually dis peared. Before our first annivers rolled around, it seemed as if we w completely out of touch. We were communicating at all.

"My freshman marks were so poor scholarship wasn't renewed. As us Ben placed at the top of his class. the end of my sophomore year, the y Ben graduated with honors, I asked h whether he thought I ought to drop of college and take on a full-time jo hoped he would urge me to stick w college, and maybe offer to help w some of my tough assignments. Inste he said the decision was strictly up me. His indifference broke my heart.

"Next day I discussed the probl with my boss. Spence said I was bright to need a B.A. degree, and would be delighted to hire me full-ti at double my previous salary. I was h py to accept. Spence's sympathy a encouragement boosted my ego trem dously and helped me over my dis pointment at my scholastic failure.

"Still and all," Kathy said very slow "I wasn't the least in love with Spen But one Friday afternoon when Ben v at the airfield and expected me to co and watch him solo, I stopped Spence's apartment to pick up some tra typing work. We had a drink. Th a second drink. Well, I never did go the airfield. Eventually, I let Spe make love to me. I have no excuse the way I acted, no explanation.

"I waited up for Ben that night, tending to tell him everything, hopi he would guess. He didn't. Nor did ask why I hadn't come to watch him s He acted like it didn't matter. *(continu*

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Can this marriage be saved?

continued

"I didn't sleep that night. I turned and tossed and I worried until dawn. Many of the wives I knew were carrying on relationships outside marriage, and they felt easy in their minds, or so they said. I never did feel easy about having sex with Spence, although I kept doing it. In a way, I felt sophisticated and a little thrilled by the forbidden, but a lot of the time I felt terribly guilty and ashamed.

"Then, one Sunday morning, Ben skipped flying and stayed home. We were closer than we'd been in months. I couldn't hold back the truth. I blurted out that I had slept with my boss.

"Ben didn't seem particularly upset or disturbed, though perhaps he was. He's a hard person for me to read. For a minute he was very quiet, then he asked if I wanted a divorce. I was shocked. 'No,' I said, in a big hurry. I told him Spence and I weren't a bit in love.

"Ben then asked if I was willing to quit my job and I said, 'Of course.' We had a long talk, the longest of our marriage. I promised that if I ever felt attracted to someone else in the future, I would tell him the instant it happened—before anything physical occurred.

"The next day I quit my job. Afterward, I found work with the telephone company, assuming that my life with Ben would smooth out and be the same again, or might improve. I was wrong.

"According to Ben, he was unable to trust my promise to be honest with him about my feelings. He was certainly honest with me. One night he confessed that he felt a strong sexual attraction for Helena, my old school friend.

"At first I wasn't jealous or unhappy. Indeed, I felt rather pleased—as though Ben and I were on the same level emotionally, subject to human temptation like other people and better able to understand each other's feelings. Anyhow, I told him that I was attracted to a new supervisor at the telephone company—and had been for several weeks.

"Ben and I had another long, long talk. It was then that we decided on a trial separation, to test the value of our marriage. The idea was for us to find out how well we got along without each other. I haven't done well at all. I usually see Ben once or twice a week on working days. But he spends all his weekend time with Helena and I go mad with loneliness. Helena is now his live-in girl friend and I'm afraid he wants to marry her. He has begun to suggest that we might as well make our trial separation permanent, which is practically the same as requesting a divorce."

BEN'S TURN

"At this stage I see no advantage in a divorce, particularly since Kathy an have no children and want none," s 24-year-old Ben, a medium-set man w taffy-colored hair and mustache. "Bu might be a good idea for us to apply a legal separation and abide by the c ventions like ordinary citizens. It wo probably help my career.

"Kathy seems to think I may be thi ing of marriage again. She's wrong. N ther Helena nor I are interested i permanent relationship. She intends enter an Eastern college this Septemb her application has already been acce ed. It's true that I have good reason be grateful to Helena. These past f months, she has gone all-out to help recover from the bitter disillusionm and pain I suffered at Kathy's hands.

"I don't wear my heart on my slee I was the oldest son in my family, a Dad taught me not to be a crybaby was expected to stand up like a man a provide an example to the younger ki

"Perhaps because I failed to rant a rave, Kathy may not realize how deep I was hurt by learning she had tumbl into bed with her boss. What makes t whole thing so incomprehensible is th Kathy insists she still loves me, will ways love me, and didn't give a h about Spence.

"Nevertheless, she casually slept w the guy, knowing damn well he was n torious for playing the field. Althou Spence and I travel in different circl last summer I heard vague hints co cerning him and Kathy. I ignored the

"But then I noticed Kathy was unus ally quiet around the apartment. As rule she chatters a blue streak, especia if I'm trying to study. Next I noticed th Kathy had stopped quizzing me abo the exact date I would complete my f ing lessons. Kathy hates to have me f but from my earliest boyhood I alwa longed to earn my own pilot's license used to dream about the fun and exci ment Kathy and I would share on wee end flights—my pride in piloting her.

"Last August I got my pilot's licen I invited Kathy to watch me solo. S didn't show up, which seemed od Stranger still, a few days later she r fused to accompany me on a weeke flight to visit my family in Arizon Kathy is fond of my parents, or she us to be. They are still very fond of Kath and very sad about what's happened

Ben paused a long moment. "After flew to Arizona by myself, I follow some advice Mom gave me. The n weekend I washed out my usual Sund visit to the airfield and stayed hom Mom said Kathy would probably l pleased to have me around for a chang but she didn't *act* pleased. She was r served and distant, not like herself at a

"After breakfast, I took a shower whi she put on her makeup at the medici cabinet. Suddenly, for no particul reason, *(continued on page 21*


Announcing new
Winston Light 100's.
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When men have women bosses

By Letty Cottin Pogrebin

What happens when the "man at the top" is a woman? A fascinating report on the office lives of female executives —and the men who work for them.

"I'd never worked for a woman before so I looked back at my past relationships to get a clue about how I'd get along with a woman boss. When I thought about it, the last time I had a power relationship with a woman, the woman was my mother."—*David Schneiderman*

"If Harold says, 'Your check is in the mail,' the clients don't give him an argument. A male voice still carries much more authority than a female voice in this world—even if the man is a secretary."—*Betty Anne Clarke*

"I've never dated one of my male subordinates. When a company is a family, dating within it is like incest."—*Esther Margolis*

"Years ago, my mother was in the office while I was giving some directives to one of my male managers. When I finished, Mom apologized to him. She said: 'Don't pay any attention to Dotty. She was always bossy!' "—*Dorothy Chappel*

Although these women and men each make a different point, their comments add up to a single theme: When men work for women, the cultural norm is reversed. And no matter how "sex-blind" the parties claim to be, there are still moments when they are made intensely conscious of the male-female dynamic.

Nearly all of us were raised to think men are the dominant sex, the take-charge personalities, the rightful occupants of the executive suite. What happens when the "man at the top" is a woman?

"Power drives out sex," says sociologist Rosabeth Moss Kanter, author of *Men and Women of the Corporation*. "The position a woman occupies is more important than the fact that she's a woman. If her job carries real power, then both male and female subordinates respond with respect and productivity. No one wants just a nice boss. We all want someone who can back up promises and get us rewards."

During my interviews, Dr. Kanter's statements proved out, along with several other generalizations:

- Women executives who feel powerless tend to exhibit controlling, bossy behavior; those who feel secure in their jobs can afford to be more generous with their employees.
- Professionalism overshadows traditional sex roles. Confident achievers have no need to play mother, sister, weakling or flirt—nor to pander to the male ego. Most men who work for highly capable women see their bosses as mentors, not sex objects.
- Once a woman acquires high status and reputation, she doesn't have to keep proving herself. The older she is and the more experience she has, the more comfortable she is with authority.
- Younger men have less trouble accepting women in decision-making positions than do men over 40.
- Both women bosses and male subordinates disapprove of romantic liaisons across the status lines.
- During the job interview, most women used to routinely ask male applicants if they'd mind working for a woman. In the last year or two, this question has virtually vanished.
- Men who work for women are often teased or questioned by other men, in a "Who-wears-the-pants-in-your-office?" vein.
- Most women executives still value male-female courtesies and do not see etiquette as an obstacle to a woman's being taken seriously.
- Many men, with experience working under both sexes, claim that women bosses are less threatened by ambitious underlings.
- Women executives report that male staffers generally ask for raises and promotions on the basis of need (mortgages, kids, bills) while women subordinates negotiate according to what they think they're worth.

These generalizations are confirmed, and sometimes contradicted, by the people who live the male-female dynamic daily.

Dorothy Chappel, Vice President for Human Resources at the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U.S., has been managing men since the early '60's. "The male ego is irrelevant," she says. "I use logic, not 'femininity,' to persuade them to my point of view. They know I might ride them hard, but I'll never undercut them."

Among the 43 people reporting directly to Dorothy are two key men, Jim Hughes, 36, director of planning, and Pete LiPuma, 40, assistant vice-president. Pete feels that his natural acceptance of his work situation is partly due to the respect he has for his wife, who is now pursuing a career of her own.

According to Dorothy, the only time sex consciousness arises is when the men perform "the niceties" that she enjoys—like opening the door for her. Jim agrees, but adds, "I'd open doors for a male boss, too."

While her own department hums along without sexist static, sometimes there is *outside* interference. Once, when she and Pete were entering the elevator, Dorothy got an electric shock from the rug. She commented to Pete that she had the same problem with her carpeting at home. A male passenger in the elevator turned to Dorothy's subordinate and said, "The next time she asks you for a raise, tell her she doesn't need it if she can afford new carpeting."

Charlotte Curtis, associate editor of *The New York Times*, receives rave *(continued on page 38)*



Presenting Sears Open Hearth Country Home. Come inside and save.

Generations ago, Country American craftsmen designed furniture rich in both charm and durability. Today Sears recalls this design in the Open Hearth collection of Country American furniture, carpeting and accessories.

In the next twelve pages, we've gathered the collection together in an Open Hearth Country Home. And nearly everything is on sale. So come inside and save.

Sears

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Come inside and save $3.00 sq. yd. on Soft Shadows III carpeting. Now just $8.99.

Also save $20 to $120 on many living room pieces.

Sears creates a comfortable Country American setting in the Open Hearth living room. And most everything is on sale now.

Soft Shadows III carpeting is 100% nylon pile. That's the most durable carpet fiber there is. And it's available in fifteen colors (you'll see more of Soft Shadows III in the next few Open Hearth pages).

Also save $100 on the three-cushioned living room sofa. It's accented with pine and pine veneers and covered in a wide selection of colors and fabrics. Then it's treated with Scotchgard® Brand fabric protector.

So let us entertain you with savings throughout the Open Hearth living room, available now at most Sears large stores.



Save on Open Hearth living room furniture:

Floral sofa	reg. $499.95	Sale $399.00
Floral chair	reg. $329.95	Sale $289.00
Floral ottoman	reg. $139.95	Sale $ 99.00
Sofa sleeper (not shown)	reg. $619.95	Sale $499.00
Recliner	reg. $269.95	Sale $239.00
Drawer end table	reg. $149.95	Sale $129.00
Cocktail table	reg. $149.95	Sale $129.00
Roll-top desk	reg. $399.95	Sale $369.00
Grandmother clock	reg. $599.95	Sale $549.00

Save on Open Hearth carpeting:

Soft Shadows III (per sq. yd.)	reg. $11.99	Sale $ 8.99

Save on Open Hearth accessories:

Field of daisies painting	reg. $39.99	Sale $34.99
Countryside painting	reg. $39.99	Sale $34.99
Rustique draperies (50"x84")	reg. $19.99	Sale $14.99
Spindrift sheer panels (40"x81")	reg. $ 4.49	Sale $ 3.36

(Other paintings plus other drapery and sheer sizes also on sale.)

All prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

Sears Open Hearth Country Home. Only at **Sears**

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SALE
April 24
through
May 21, 1977



Come inside and save $150 on Sears Open Hearth Bedroom. Now just $749.

In keeping with well-designed Country American furnishings, Sears presents the Open Hearth bedroom. It's furniture built for durability with tongue-in-groove and mortise-and-tenon construction. Plus 26-step finishing, from staining through hand rubbing for a smooth and glossy finish.

The bedroom sale price includes the cannonball bed (full/queen size), a triple dresser with deck mirror and the large chest. It's available now at most Sears larger stores. Sears ≠ Best

Save on Open Hearth bedroom furniture:

Sale set includes cannonball bed (full/queen size), 60" triple dresser with deck mirror and large chest	reg. $899.95	Sale $749.00
Nightstand	reg. $139.95	Sale $129.00
Rocking chair	reg. $149.95	Sale $129.00

Save on Open Hearth accessories:

Mirror sconce	reg. $16.00	Sale $12.99
Lancaster Patch draperies (50"x84")	reg. $18.99	Sale $14.99
Lancaster Patch comforter (full size)	reg. $32.99	Sale $29.99
Lancaster Patch pillow sham (standard size, each)	reg. $ 7.49	Sale $ 5.99
Lancaster Patch sheet (twin)	reg. $ 4.99	Sale $ 3.99
Lancaster Patch sheet (full)	reg. $ 5.99	Sale $ 4.79
Lancaster Calico dust ruffle (full size)	reg. $14.99	Sale $12.99

(Other sizes of Lancaster Patch and Lancaster Calico merchandise are also on sale.)

All prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

Sears Open Hearth Country Home Only at **Sears**

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Come inside and save $200 on Sears Open Hearth dining room. Now just $899.

Every meal is a special meal in Sears Open Hearth dining room. And the special low price includes the oval table with two leaves, four side chairs, and the buffet with hutch top.

Craftsmen create each fine piece from northern pine and guide it through 26 finishing steps to highlight the wood grain and protect the surface. The outcome? A dining set built for durability.

Come see the dining room at most Sears larger stores. And find savings as special as your Open Hearth meals.

Sears ★ Best

Save on Open Hearth dining room furniture:

Sale set includes oval table with two leaves, four side chairs, large buffet with hutch top	reg. $1099.95	Sale $899.00
Arm chair (not shown)	reg. $ 100.00	Sale $ 90.00
Dry sink	reg. $ 299.95	Sale $269.00

Save on Open Hearth carpeting:

Soft Shadows III (per sq. yd.)	reg. $11.99	Sale $ 8.99

Save on Open Hearth accessories:

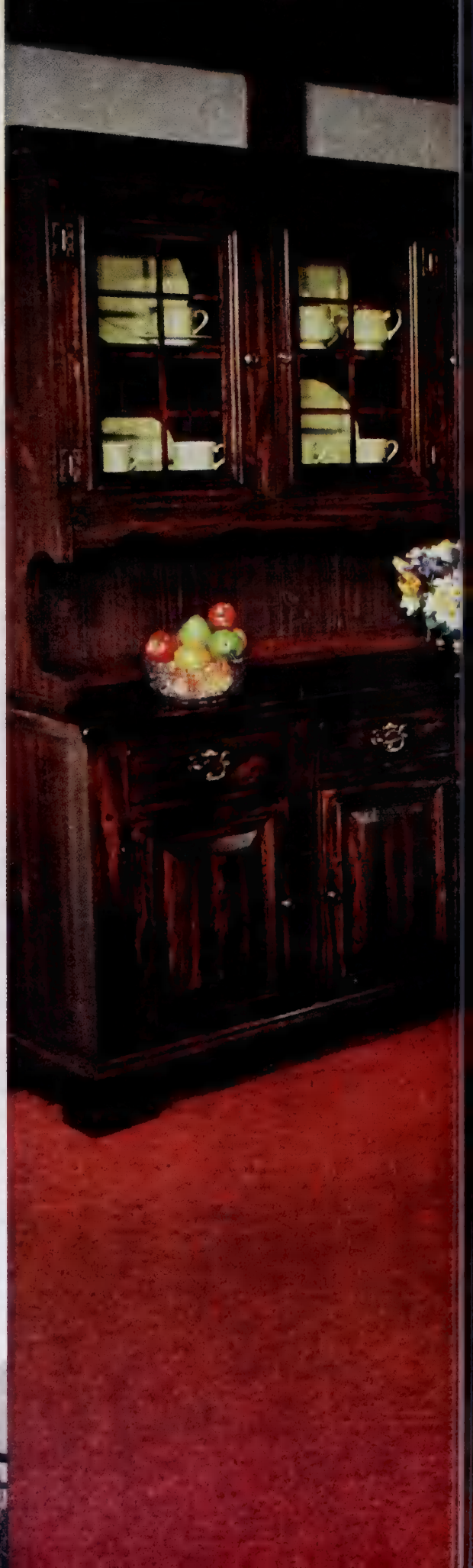
Wall shelf	reg. $22.00	Sale $17.99
Wall sconce	reg. $16.00	Sale $12.99
Mums painting	reg. $29.99	Sale $24.99
Gramercy draperies (50″x84″)	reg. $19.99	Sale $14.99
Rustique sheer panels (40″x84″)	reg. $ 4.98	Sale $ 3.98

(Other paintings plus other drapery and sheer sizes also on sale.)

All prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

Sears Open Hearth Country Home Only at Sears

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SALE
April 24
through
May 21, 1977



Come inside and save $50 on Sears Open Hearth family room sofa. Now just $379.

The Open Hearth family room sofa is built to stand up to the active family's lifestyle. That means a thick-cushioned, pine-accented sofa covered in Herculon® olefin for time-resistant wear (available in five colors).

Many other family room pieces are also sale priced. They, too, are built for durability with tongue-in-groove construction. Plus laminated table tops for easy upkeep. Come see the livable, durable family room, available now at most Sears larger stores.

Sears ✱ Best

Save on Open Hearth family room furniture:

Sofa	reg. $429.95	Sale $379.00
Matching chair	reg. $239.95	Sale $209.00
Cocktail table	reg. $ 99.95	Sale $ 89.00
End table	reg. $ 89.95	Sale $ 79.00
Game table & four chairs	reg. $599.95	Sale $535.00
Bar and two bar stools	reg. $429.95	Sale $387.00
Door bookcase	reg. $229.95	Sale $209.00
Open bookcase	reg. $199.95	Sale $179.00
Mates desk	reg. $239.95	Sale $219.00

Save on Open Hearth accessories:

Ulticraft tile (per tile)	reg. $ 1.39	Sale $ 1.09
Schooner plaque	reg. $49.99	Sale $39.99
Accent lamp	reg. $49.99	Sale $39.99
Table lamp	reg. $69.99	Sale $59.99

All prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.



SALE April 24 through May 21, 1977

Save $30 on the mates bed. Now just $189.

Save $20 on many other pieces.
Sears has created a very special room to delight your children with its design and you with its durability. And almost every piece is on sale now.

The mates bed is as tough and sturdy as your kids. And its two roomy drawers will please you both with extra storage.

Or choose from many other teen bedroom pieces, on sale now at most Sears larger stores.

Save on Open Hearth teen bedroom furniture:

Mates bed & 2 drawers	reg. $219.95	Sale $189.00
Four-drawer chest	reg. $139.95	Sale $119.00
Student desk	reg. $139.95	Sale $119.00
Desk hutch top	reg. $139.95	Sale $119.00
Single dresser	reg. $139.95	Sale $119.00

Save on Open Hearth accessories:

Accent lamp	reg. $49.99	Sale $39.99
Rustique bedspread (twin size)	reg. $29.99	Sale $23.99
Rustique drapery (50"x84")	reg. $19.99	Sale $14.99

(Other bedspread and drapery sizes also on sale.)

All prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

Sears Open Hearth Country Home. Only at Sears

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Come inside and save on Sears Cape Cod curtain. Now as low as $2.99.

Sears translates sunny country mornings into a sunny country window in the Inheritance Cape Cod curtain. Five sizes are now on sale. Sizes that come in up to eighteen attractive colors to brighten most any decor.

The Inheritance Priscilla is also on sale in six sizes and colors. Both the curtain and the Priscilla are available now at most Sears larger stores or in the catalog.

Save on Open Hearth accessories:

Inheritance curtain (84"x24")_reg. $3.98 Sale $2.99
Tablecloth (52"x70")_____reg. $9.99 Sale $7.99
(Other curtain and tablecloth sizes also on sale.)

Save on Open Hearth kitchen furniture:

Round table and four
chairs_____reg. $529.95 Sale $449.00

All prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.



Save 20% on Sears Colormate bath towels. Now just $3.19.

Sears plump, thirsty Colormate towels are luxurious cotton velour on one side and thick cotton terry on the other. And they come in up to fifteen colors plus many coordinating stripes and patterns.

Colormate accessories—bath rugs to shower curtains to other towel sizes—are also on sale for 10-25% off at most Sears larger stores.

Save on Open Hearth accessories:

Colormate towel (bath size)____reg. $3.99 Sale $3.19

Double shower draperies (69"x72")_____reg. $24.99 Sale $19.99

Bath rug (24"x36")_____reg. $ 5.49 Sale $ 3.99

(Other Colormate towel, shower drapery and rug sizes plus other accessories also on sale).

Federalist decorator accessory:

Pitcher and basin set_____$20.00

All prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

Sears Open Hearth Country Home. Only at **Sears**

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OPEN HEARTH

Come inside and save $10 to $20 on Sears Federalist dinnerware. Now as low as $39.99 per 45-piece set.

Make mealtimes memorable times with Sears Federalist dinnerware, a traditional ironstone design in white, butter cup yellow, Country French blue floral and the tiny yellow blossoms of Petit Flora. All four patterns are on sale now in 45-piece sets.

Then mix and match accessories from the Federalist collection. Complement each dinnerware set with everything from coffee mugs to soup tureens. Or take your Federa pattern throughout the house in an array of decorator ac sories, from vases to candlesticks to lamps.

Recall with Sears the age-old style of hurricane lam Choose milky white hobnails. Or a rose design (in th colors). Or the Federalist pattern—Country French or F Flora—you chose in the dinnerware. Each comes in th sizes available now at most Sears larger stores.

Save on 45-piece Federalist dinnerware sets:

White Federalist	reg. $49.99	Sale $39
Buttercup yellow	reg. $59.99	Sale $39
Petit Flora	reg. $69.99	Sale $59
Country French	reg. $79.99	Sale $59

Federalist dinnerware accessories:

White Federalist pitcher	$ 8
White Federalist tea pot	$10
Buttercup yellow mugs (set of four)	$10
Buttercup yellow soup bowls (set of four)	$ 9



it Flora covered casserole	$19.00
untry French soup tureen	$48.00
untry French mugs (set of four)	$12.00
leralist decorator accessories:	
ttercup yellow chimney candlestick	$16.00
ttercup yellow ashtray	$ 5.00
it Flora planter	$14.00
it Flora vase	$ 9.00
untry French pitcher and basin	$25.00
leralist lamps:	
ite Federalist table lamp	$29.99
ttercup yellow accent lamp	$19.99
ttercup yellow swag	$29.99
it Flora table lamp	$39.99
untry French accent lamp	$29.99
rs hurricane lamp collection:	
se table lamp (pink) or swag (yellow)	$39.99
Rose accent lamp (blue)	$29.99
Hobnail table lamp or swag	$39.99
Hobnail accent lamp	$29.99
Petit Flora table lamp	$49.99
Petit Flora accent lamp	$39.99
Country French table lamp or swag	$49.99
Rose pattern decorator accessories:	
Pedestal candy dish (pink)	$17.00
Basket (pink)	$16.00
Small vase (blue)	$11.00
Large vase (blue)	$17.00

All prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

Sears Open Hearth
Country Home
Only at Sears

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The working woman

continued from page 24

notices from the men who work for her: David Schneiderman, assistant editor; Howard Goldberg, chief of production; and Philip Drysdale, editorial intern. Given Charlotte's theory of management, it's no wonder. "Most people in newspaper work function best with the least amount of supervision," she says. "I think women behave differently as managers than men. We operate as a team, not a hierarchy. I stress that everyone should be able to do everything, so that if I go down in a plane, the Op-Ed Page still gets out. We're all tough on each other, but there's real affection among us, too."

David Schneiderman describes the fine line between affection and authority: "Writers and editors will come into the office and kiss Charlotte hello. Though I'm as close to her as anyone, I think certain rules are important—and one of them is you don't kiss your boss. But if I left this job tomorrow, I'd come back and kiss Charlotte hello.

Power symbolic and real

"Charlotte Curtis is indisputably the most prominent, most powerful woman at the *Times*," David continues. "She's the only woman on the masthead. Her power is both symbolic and real. Her special role is 'Chief Woman,' so whatever she does is highly visible. It's hard for her to ask us or the copy people to do something for her. The male editors have had mothers, wives and secretaries doing their errands or picking up their dry cleaning so they take service for granted. One previous boss had to ask me how to make a long-distance call. He didn't even know how to change a typewriter ribbon. Charlotte does everything herself. I don't think she's clear about how to be a boss. Maybe that's why she's such a good one."

"As an Asian-American, I wasn't raised with the feminine mystique, so I have no difficulty playing the active role," says Shirley Young, executive vice president at Grey Advertising and supervisor of 57 people, including four male vice presidents. Eighteen years of experience have taught Shirley that men aren't always tough and women aren't always sensitive. "Emotion isn't a sex-linked trait. Both sexes cry, but I think men cry from frustration and women cry over injustice."

Frances Simmons, merchandising vice president for Alexander's Department Stores, has been in retailing for 38 years —long enough to have spawned dazzling careers for several of the men who worked under her. One of these is Theodore T. Bierman, now president and chief executive officer of Loveman's Department Store in Birmingham, Ala. "Twenty-five years ago, you couldn't be as casual about working for a woman as men are today," he says. "I was conscious Frances was a woman because she was often torn between the store and her family. If her kids were sick, she'd go home early and then overcompensate by throwing herself into her work. She was an outstanding merchant, and working for her was a post-graduate course for me. I think Frances could be president of any store in the country, and if she were a man she would be."

"Being a man in the agency business is a plus," claims Harold Schmidt, secretary-assistant to literary agent Betty Anne Clarke. "Around here, a woman assistant is assumed to be a secretary, while a male secretary is assumed to be an assistant." Wherever women have male secretaries, the men seem willing to bring their bosses' coffee, but the women seem less likely to expect such amenities. "My coffee appears on my desk," says Betty Anne. "I never ask for it. And I wouldn't ask any secretary to run a personal errand. I'd pay a messenger to do it."

Two black women, each of whom runs a multi-racial firm, express very different viewpoints. Willie L. Lewis, president of Foxx-Lynn Electrical Contractors, hasn't found racism or sexism among the hard hats. "I used to get a few wolf whistles on the construction sites, but that died down when the telephone and gas companies put women in the field. Now I'm not an oddity."

Willie was the only woman interviewed who felt occasionally she has to play to the male ego. "If I have a job to get done, I might have to turn on the charm and tell the guys how much I need them. When they feel like my protectors, they feel better about putting out."

On the other hand, Barbara Proctor, president and founder of Proctor and Gardner Advertising, says, "I used to push from behind; now I've learned to pull from out front. The recessive fer posture doesn't work when you're a b and coy game-playing doesn't help n either. When the masculine chara stop, a man's true strength can devel

Barbara was 34 when she started agency in 1970. "In those days," laughs, "it was hard to know wheth had trouble with men because of race, sex or age. Today there are hurdles. If a man mulls over a decis they say, 'He's weighing the options a woman does it, they say, 'She c make up her mind.' "

"Travel is the biggest problem ar because we're meeting strangers," George Miller, Barbara's executive president. "Some people have obv hangups because I'm white. Others me Mr. Proctor or call her Mrs. Mi or just assume she must be working me. When she pays the bills or wh defer to her on a decision, eyebrows ri

Melvin West, art supervisor for La ette Electronics, fondly remembers four years when he worked under J Thursh, creative planning manager J.C. Penney. "When I first got out school, I thought I knew everything, I saw Jane as bitchy and strong-head Luckily, I kept my mouth shut and ears open, because she ended up tea ing me the business."

Esther Margolis, vice president Bantam Books, supervises 35 people, cluding four male managers. A com tent, demanding boss, Esther feel man's prejudices are *his* problem. Sh more sensitive to young women v look to her as a role model. She doe mind being considered tough and sh comfortable about setting high standa —in both performance and appearan "I had to speak to one of my assista who came up from the accounting partment, where he never wore a tie a jacket," she says. "I insisted he d presentably so he could represent company in the business community made the same demand of a woman w wore a halter-neck blouse. Seduct

(continued on page 1



"If you don't mind, I'd like to get a second opinion."



hen, few careers gave women the opportunity to supervise others.

You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS

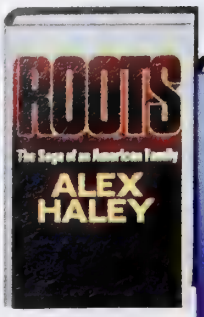
Slimmer than the fat cigarettes men smoke.



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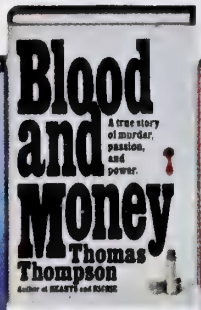
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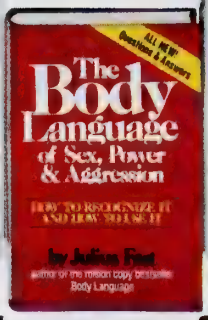
0943 $12.50



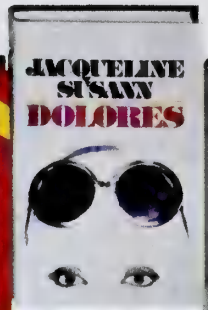
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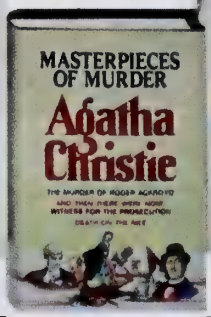
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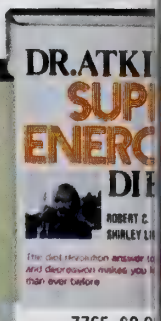
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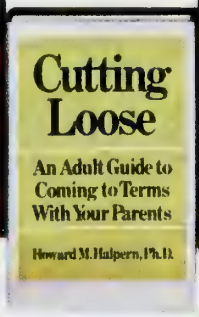
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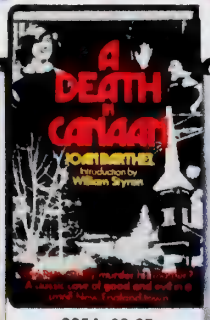
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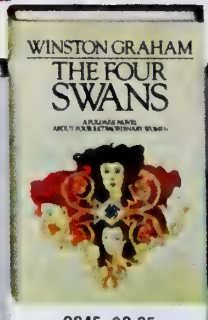
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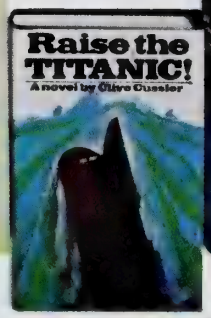
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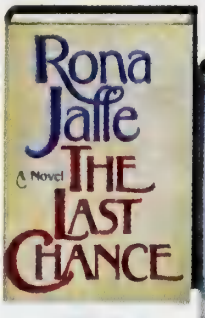
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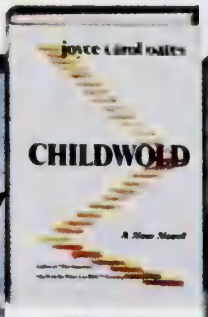
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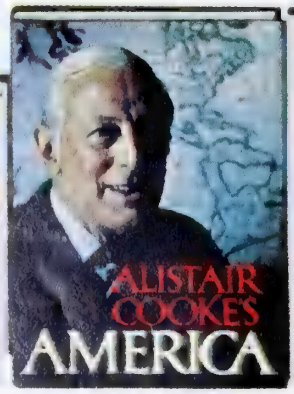


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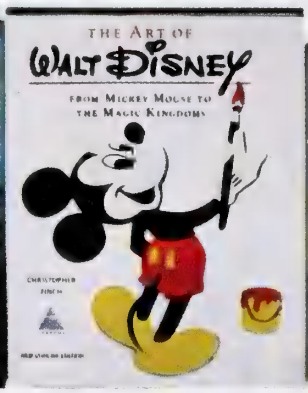
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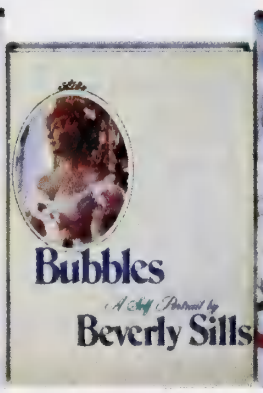
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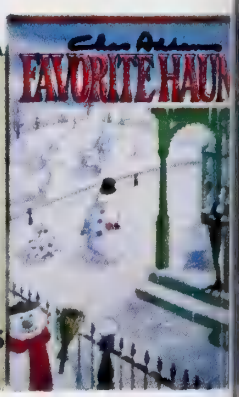
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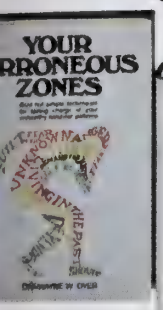


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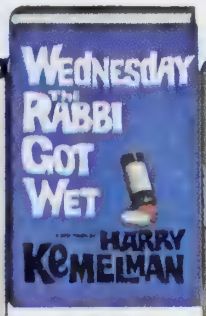
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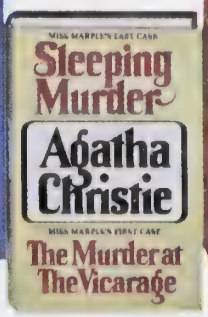
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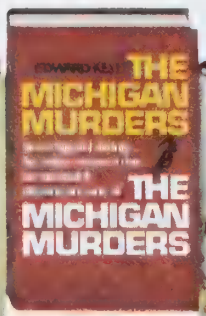
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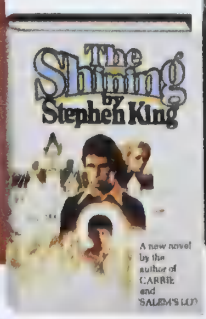
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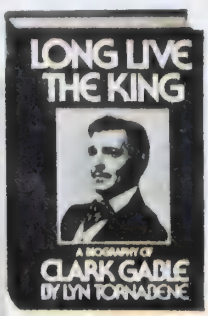
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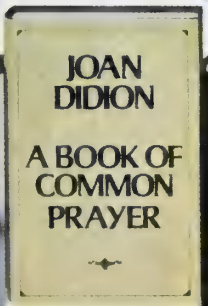
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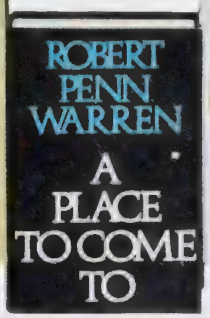
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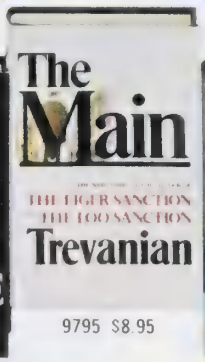
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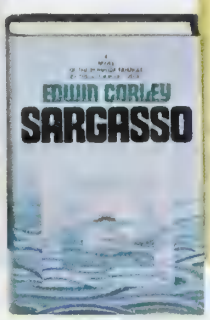
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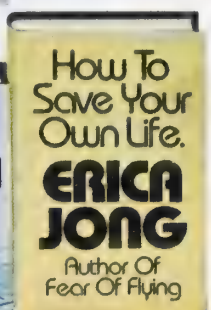
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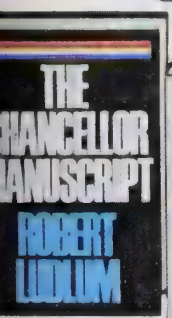
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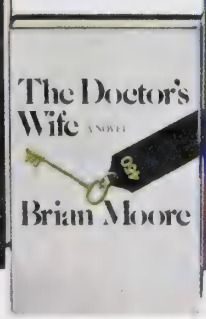
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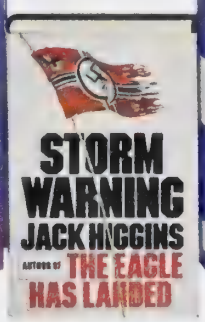
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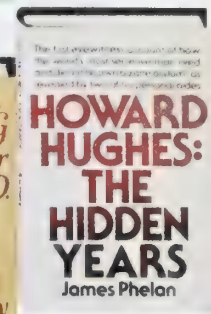
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SCRAPPY'S MIRACLE



Scrappy was spunky. So was her dog. A short story for anyone who loves children, animals and stubborn courage. By Theodore Taylor

As we slipped on toward the glistening runway, I'm sure I anticipated one or more niggling problems at home, a feeling likely shared by some of the other hearth-bound businessmen on this Friday commuter aircraft. Insurance broker, I'd been away six days, sufficient time for some minor crisis to develop. Termites that only Kay could see. Or Luke's latest school debacle or John's firm belief that he was an expert driver simply because he'd recently obtained a learner's permit. Or Scrappy's inability to cope with life in general at the age of ten. She was a perplexing special case, going from one chasm direct to another. Her main talent seemed to lie in whistling. Her favorite was "The Colonel Bogey March" from *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, which she tweeted idly and endlessly, until one of us would yell for peace. Poor Scrap got the butt of everything. However, when I was away, unless disaster occurred, Kay did not usually mention these normalities in our daily call. Thankfully, she always saved them until the arrival proceedings were over—change of clothes, look at the mail, a good gin martini in hand.

All that done quickly, we were in the kitchen about thirty minutes later when Kay said, with evident concern, "We think there's something wrong with the dog." She was frowning slightly, examining Friar Tuck Golden Boy in a clinical manner.

I sighed. In three-year-old prime, the dog was haunched on the kitchen floor, staring at nothing in particular, a great golden animal with almost human qualities. Half an hour earlier, he'd nearly bowled me over, 90 pounds of licking, shoving, affectionate canine.

"All right, what's wrong with him?" I asked, in a tone full of doubt.

Kay took a chair and placed it down firmly about four feet from Tuck, on a line with the door. "Okay, go over to the door and call him."

I did exactly as instructed. Tuck bounded up and away, banged squarely into the chair, knocking it over as if he hadn't seen it; recovered, then veered around it, and stood by my feet, looking up, awaiting the next command. My stomach flopped.

Kay brushed past me to open the wooden door, exposing the screen. There was a large hole in the wire mesh. She said, nodding down, "His head went smack through it Wednesday. Scrap was going out and called him. He didn't even know the door had closed. He ploughed through it."

I looked at Tuck closely. His eyes seemed to be clear enough. But was he blind?

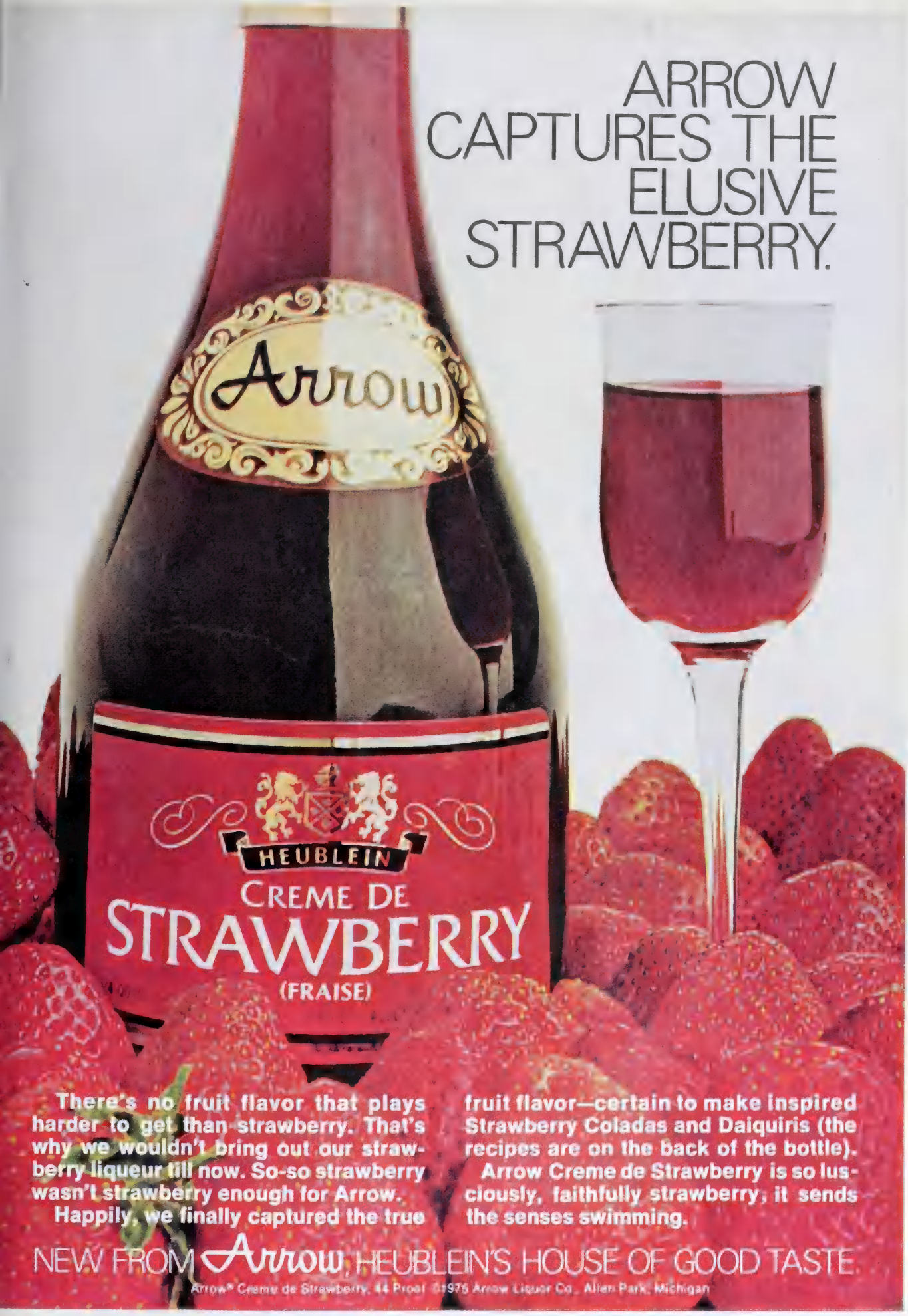
Scrap began to weep. Why was it always Scrappy?

A long gap must be filled here. All parents like to think that their daughters are pretty but our Scrap—our Helen—was very plain. Her mouth was a bit too large for her jaw and she had to wear thick glasses. Recently into braces, she wasn't at all pretty like her mother. Her nickname wasn't from fighting ability but from playing with scraps of cloth when she was much younger. She was inclined to be withdrawn, and almost any solid defeat sent her into troubled seclusion.

Tuck joined us as a six-pound pup, with curious, alert eyes and huge paws, indicating he'd be a large fellow some day. His mother, Ch. Maid Marian Golden Girl was of Labrador stock and the father, Gold Mack, from pictures we saw, was a big-chested Lab with eyes that expressed great intelligence and good humor. He had noteworthy papers from the kennel club but papers and bloodlines actually meant very little as we had no intention of showing the hound; pet and needed companion for Scrap was the sole purpose. Tuck moved into Scrap's room when he was about three months old and although she swore he slept on the rug, there was never a night that we did not catch him curled up on her bed.

By the time Tuck was eight months old, we saw how he'd look for the rest of his life: powerfully built, with a wide chest and massive head, which he carried with the air of a lion. *(continued on page 48)*

Illustration by Charles Santore


ARROW CAPTURES THE ELUSIVE STRAWBERRY.
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There's no fruit flavor that plays harder to get than strawberry. That's why we wouldn't bring out our strawberry liqueur till now. So-so strawberry wasn't strawberry enough for Arrow.
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Is Looking Younger Important to You?

It's quite possible to be so wrapped up in the intriguing business of day-to-day living that you can go for months (maybe even years!) without giving much thought to how young—or old—



you look. Then something happens that reminds you that the years are indeed passing, and with them that youthful look that you may take for granted.

What occurred in your life? Did you and a classmate out of the past browse through your highschool yearbook and giggle, a little wistfully, at how you'd both changed? Or did the clerk at the supermarket checkout call you "Ma'am" for the first time?

If you've faced your own private little moment of truth, the time has come for you to discover the secret of a mysterious beauty fluid that can help you look younger. How can this be? This remarkable fluid eases the dryness that accents the little wrinkle lines that can appear unexpectedly soon. Women from around the world have shared the secret benefits of this skin-cherishing liquid, known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.

Smooth Oil of Olay over your face and throat. A profusion of pure moisture, tropical oil and precious emollients seem to disappear into your skin as you watch. The beauty fluid works with nature in its own mysterious way to ease the dryness that can too easily cause you to look older than you like. Perhaps even older than you are.

You'll notice your skin become softer and smoother within moments after gentling on Oil of Olay. And there's a marvelous renewed radiance and dewy glow you might not have believed you'd see again. The beauty fluid quickly eases dryness so those little lines can become less visible the very first day. It's a change noticeable to other people even though no one may comment. (Are they being tactful? Or perhaps mildly envious?)

Oil of Olay penetrates your skin astonishingly quickly, without leaving a greasy afterfeel or look... just a lovely lustre. The beauty lotion helps maintain the natural moisture balance of your skin, letting it become wonderfully softer, smoother, younger looking.

Now that you know about Oil of Olay and its beautiful benefits, join the devoted users who make it a part of their beauty ritual every day and night. Smooth on first thing in the morning, after you've washed or cleansed your face. Because fast-penetrating Oil of Olay doesn't leave a greasy afterlook or feel, you'll find it marvelous under cosmetics. Or, if you prefer a natural, un-madeup look, the beauty fluid gives you a glow, while letting your skin live in a moist climate of its very own. Gentle on again at bedtime, to let Oil of Olay cherish and pamper your skin into quiet hours of sleep. It's nice to know as you slip into bed that there's no shiny look, but rather a fresh, appealing dewiness.



Morning and night won't be the only times you'll choose to apply Oil of Olay. Any time your skin feels dry (after washing with soap, when you've been out in windy weather, even after using some of the cosmetics you love best) is the ideal moment to let the beauty fluid importantly raise your skin's moisture level.

Is looking younger important to you? When you face that question for the first time, how nice to know that Oil of Olay® is there to help.

SCRAPPY'S MIRACLE

continued from page 44

Yet there was a silly flaw. Friar T Golden Boy had a "Dudley nose," a tinct pinkish tinge mixed in with brown on the bulb above his nos Despite every other perfection, Dudley nose prevented him from ing the Labrador elite. We laug about it.

Soon, it seemed that some par Scrappy was blossoming with the turing of Friar Tuck. We'd watch yellow dog and the tiny girl with s brown hair go off together. Some ch cal had definitely mixed, and thin l Scrap was beginning to come out of shell and into her own. She was disp ing confidence for the first time in life.

Though we never mentioned i Scrap, nor the boys, Kay and I both a bit easier about her excursions aro the neighborhood and some dista away once Tuck was fully grown.

Protective and obedient, Tuck however, a very free spirit. Each day took off on a jaunt, sometimes goin much as three or four miles away. he was always safely home by th when Scrap whistled in from school.

I mixed another drink, needing "This happen this week?"

Kay shook her head. "I don't th so. Scrap and I talked about it. probably been bumping into things two months. We just haven't noticed

"He still go off on those walks?"

She nodded. "But not as far nov followed him yesterday. He just circ the block, sniffing his way around."

I said, "Okay, we'll take him to doctor in the morning."

Ophthalmic examination comple about noon that Saturday, Dr. Tinsr straightened up and said, "Scrap, I h to be honest. He has disintegration the retina, the part of the eye that ceives images." He was a young vet, an excellent one.

Scrap seemed to shrink, fighting tears. I quickly put my arm around shoulder. "He's going blind?" I asked

Tinsman nodded.

Scrap forced herself to ask, "C you do something?"

The vet gazed at her with sympa but answered, "I'm afraid not." Fo moment, I wanted him to lie. But knew Scrappy; Tuck had been his tient since a pup. Though frail, Sc was durable.

Throughout all this, the dog with Dudley nose sat patiently on the steel table, mouth open, breath gently, tongue unrolled, *(continu*

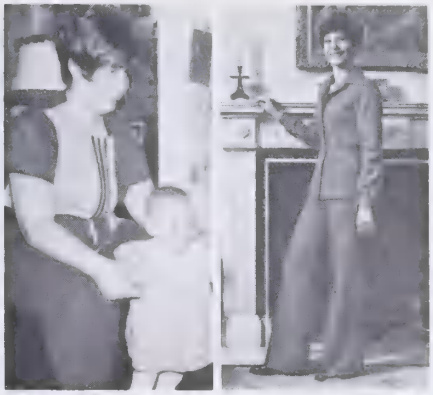
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The Ayds Plan worked for Shirley Wentz, pictured at upper left. And it could work for you too.

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SCRAPPY'S MIRACLE

continued

perfect teeth shining; a picture of good health. He'd turned his head toward the voice that had long been familiar, and seemed to be eyeing her, awaiting her order to leap down and be off.

"Are you certain that nothing can be done? An operation, maybe?" I asked, not really caring what it would cost.

"Doubtful," he said.

"We're willing," I said, hoping to give Scrap a thread to hang on to.

"Stay here," he replied, and stepped out of the examination room, returning in a few minutes with a thick brown book, a volume of *Canine Medicine*. He read from it in a matter-of-fact professional voice.

In all instances, the symptoms follow a remarkable pattern of regularity. At first, the animals are shy and exhibit defective vision at dusk, at night or in dimly lighted places, bumping into objects and moving with caution. . . . Eventually, there is no response whatsoever to light stimuli. . . . There is, to date, no known treatment that will slow the progress of retinal atrophy or effect a cure. . . .

He closed the book and added gently, "I'm sorry, Scrap, but it isn't fair to Tuck unless you know the truth."

I didn't want to talk about alternatives just then, lengthen heartbreak, so I said to her, "Let's go home. We'll work it out."

She went up to the table and hugged Tuck, but miraculously kept herself in tight check until we got into the car. Then nothing that I could say helped at all. She sobbed.

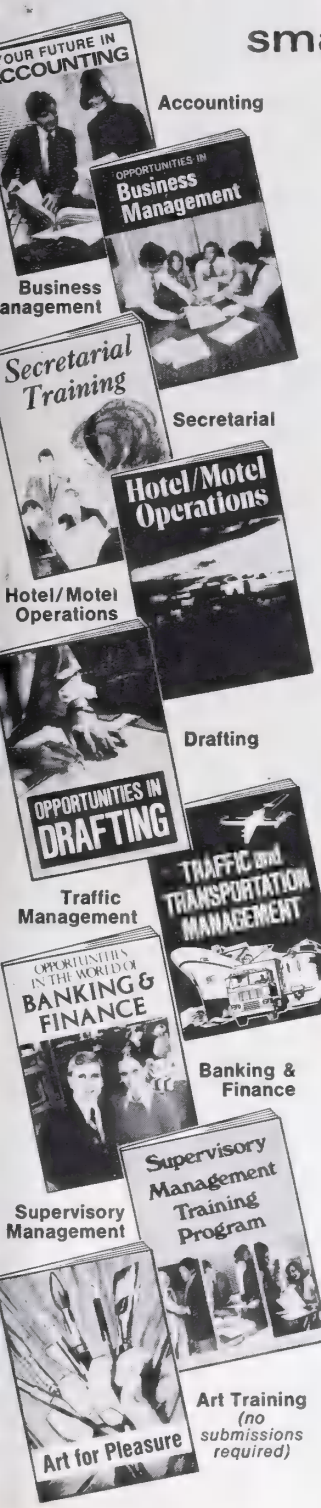
Admittedly, there was deep gloom in the house that weekend and Scrap did not leave Tuck's side, that I can reca Now realizing that he saw only d blurs, at best, she begged him not to off on his safaris. Hollowed out insi she walked him miles on the leash. N once did we hear that shrill whistling.

Over the next three months, duri which Friar Tuck became complet blind, we began to understand just h much he depended on smell and sou He moved around with greater c now, sniffing ahead suspiciously, nose low to the ground, calling on son thing in his brain to warn him when solid object loomed. It worked, to a gree. But there were times when we winced as his head rammed a tree wall. When it happened, he seemed be embarrassed, turning his cloudy ey toward the object. Had he been conte to stay in the backyard or house, Tu probably could have adjusted to his n life. But that free spirit, that urge to

(continued on page 5

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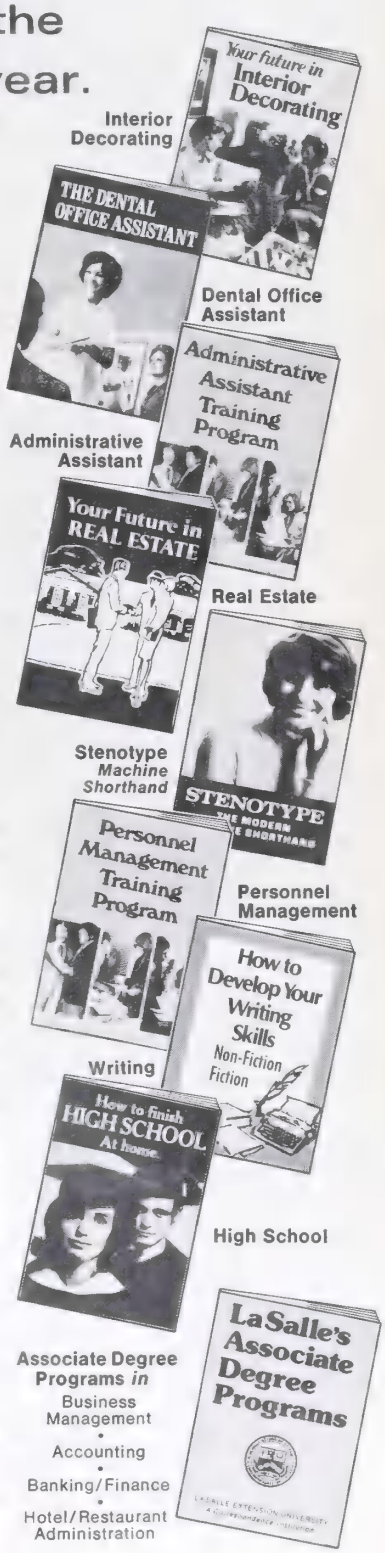
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SCRAPPY'S MIRACLE

continued from page 50

plore, was stronger than any fear of blindness. He still roamed.

Then, in early July, the thing we had all dreaded finally occurred. Scrap came home from a swimming lesson and looked around for old Dudley nose. He was off on his jaunt, and she soon spotted him, fiddling around, on the opposite side of the street, about a half-block up. Not seeing the car hurtling from behind her, she called for him. Her warning yell came too late. There was a sickening thud and soon Kay had Tuck on Dr. Tinsman's steel table again.

That night, with a bruised but lucky Lab sleeping a few feet away, I said to anguished Scrap, "You'll have to keep him on a rope unless you're around."

"He'll die if we do that," she cried.

"He'll die if we don't," Kay replied.

The rope lasted less than 24 hours. Friar Tuck chewed through it and bounded over the gate and went his usual way. Then I bought a heavy chain and finally the freedom loving dog with the pinkish nose and sightless eyes was contained. Much more than contained, within a few days he seemed to lose his desire to live, as well. He sprawled out listlessly or slept, except for the times that Scrap walked him, and she must have trod a thousand silent miles the rest of that hot summer. She blamed herself for the accident, and in a way, for the hated chain. Six or eight hours a day were unselfishly devoted to Tuck.

Scrap apparently did a lot of thinking on those walks, yet we were hardly prepared when, one evening, she said, slowly and thoughtfully, "I have to start school in two weeks and Tuck needs someone to take care of him."

Startled, Kay asked, "A dog sitter?"

"We can't do that, Scrappy," I said. "He'll be okay until you get home every day."

"I don't mean a dog sitter, I mean a dog for the blind." She couldn't have been more serious.

I'm sure my mouth dropped an inch.

"You've got to be kidding," John exploded, and Luke said disparagingly, "Scrap, those are for people. Don't you know that?"

Lips pursed, she gave them a look of utter disdain as if Tuck were definitely *people*.

It was one of those moments when Kay and I wanted to laugh and cry at the same time.

The whole idea was ridiculous, of course. Luke was perfectly right. Guide dogs were for humans, not animals. Besides that, the chances of Friar Tuck taking directions from any dog were nil. Yet when someone like Scrappy was involved, things were undertaken even when failure was guaranteed.

Three days later, we pulled into Companion Dogs for the Blind in San Gabriel. I'd reluctantly made an appointment but hadn't told the "truth," which sat regally in the back seat with Scrappy.

A half-block from the school and breeding farm, set in green lawns, I was tempted to make a U-turn, but now parked in front of the administration building, hoping that whoever we talked to would understand and not laugh or be insulted. Also hoping that she'd change her mind, I rotated in the seat and said to Scrap, "Just look at all this. It's for people with a serious problem."

Scrap answered firmly, "Tuck has a serious problem, too."

Kay glanced at me and sighed. "Well, it won't hurt to try."

Ushered into the office of a Louise Gaines, a silver-haired lady, assistant director of the school, I took a deep and somewhat guilty breath, then asked, "Do you ever sell any of these dogs?"

"Oh, my, no," she answered. "We breed them here, train them and then lend them to the masters or mistresses. There's no charge. We're supported by donations. Is a member of your family involved?"

Before I could answer, Scrap blurted, "Yes. My dog."

Mrs. Gaines blinked but recovered quickly. "I'm so sorry to hear that," she said soberly.

"Isn't there even one you could sell us?" Scrappy asked, almost feverishly.

We all then listened as the pleasant silver-haired lady took a long and careful time to explain how the dogs were trained and how it cost almost $5,000 to produce each human-dog team, and no matter the cost, the contributors would be outraged if it was known a dog had been sold. Additionally, she'd never heard of a companion dog being teamed with a blind dog.

To her everlasting credit, Scrap understood but was totally defeated once again when Mrs. Gaines finished the explanation. Scrappy's final grand solution to the whole problem had just been shattered. Yet she bravely said, "Wouldn't you like to see my dog? He's in the car."

Mrs. Gaines smiled. "I'd like very much to see him. I'm fond of all dogs."

As Scrappy opened the rear door, Friar Tuck jumped down, tail thrashing, happy grin on his face. "This is Tuck," said Scrap, with evident pride.

Tuck turned the great leonine head and slate-gray dead eyes toward Mrs. Gaines as she struggled to speak. "He's a beautiful dog," she murmured.

"And a good dog," Scrap added, emphatically.

"And nothing can be done to help him?" Mrs. Gaines asked us, thoroughly shaken.

"No. We've been through that," I said.

I thanked the silver-haired lady fo giving us her time and we left Sa Gabriel, not saying much. Tuck wa again committed to the chain, probabl for the rest of his life.

Two months went by, and I do thin that Scrap was learning how to adju even if Tuck couldn't, when an une pected call came from San Gabriel. Ka took it and then phoned me at the offic

"Have you told Scrappy?" I asked.

"She isn't home yet."

An elderly blind man, a bachelor, ha died, leaving behind a female Germa shepherd companion about six years ol She was almost too old to start re-trai ing for a new master or mistress—th dogs usually worked for about eig years—and Mrs. Gaines wondered we'd be interested in providing a goo home for Daisy. Kay said we'd be ver much interested.

That night, as Mrs. Gaines parked i our driveway, we were all at the fro door within seconds.

Daisy didn't leap out of the car. Sh got out very sedately and stood by Mr Gaines' legs. She had a calm nobilit looking around casually.

They came up on the porch and Mr Gaines, smiling widely, said, "Here your lady."

Scrap sank to her knees beside th companion dog.

Inside, Mrs. Gaines said, "Let me tal for a few minutes, and then you can as any questions that you want." Daisy sa by her chair, surveying the room. W were awed.

During the next half hour, we learne much about the German shepherd. She' been spayed early, then had spent a yea with a farm family to accustom her t people; had been painstakingly trained then had the same master from the tim she was two years old until he died. Sh was in excellent health and might liv until she was 12 or 15.

"But I have no idea that this wi work. Your dog may resent her, may re fuse her. Or she may not want anythin to do with him. And if it doesn't wor out, I want you to promise me you'll ca immediately. We'll take her back an find another home for her."

We promised.

"And don't expect miracles," sh warned Scrap.

Our daughter then made an impas sioned speech, vowing we'd all take car of Daisy; that Daisy would have th best home in the world; that miracle wouldn't be expected, which wasn quite true.

Then we went out into the backyard to be greeted by a deep growl fro Friar Tuck Golden Boy. He was sniffin the air; staring at the dog smell wit

(continued on page 60

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Spending your money

By Sylvia Porter

The skyscraping cost of raising a child in New York. How much life insurance is enough? When to update your will. Doublechecking the value of your home.

We're planning to have our first baby in the next year or so and to bring him or her up in New York. Our friends say we're crazy to think we can afford to rear a child in a city apartment. Do you have any estimates on how much it costs to support a child in the style I've described?

According to the Community Council of Greater New York, the cost of providing for a baby during its first year of life in New York City is now around $1,840 compared to a first-year cost of under $600 in 1958, a more than three-fold increase in 18 years. This is at a so-called "moderate living standard," and applies to young people like you—living in rented apartments, using public transportation, etc.

If your child was born in New York City today, the cost of maintaining your youngster through age 18 (1995) at the same moderate level would be close to $85,000, the Council figures. And then, on top of all this, you must add the cost (thousands of dollars per year) of sending even one child to college plus extraordinary medical/dental expenses and the many other advantages parents try to provide for their children.

My mother says she will be 65 this summer and eligible for full Social Security benefits, too. But she has no birth certificate to prove it. I've tried in vain to trace her birth date through the usual channels. It could be very costly to us because we are her sole support.

The U.S. Bureau of Census could document her age (but not her exact birth date) to the first 10-year census after her birth. That would be entirely acceptable to the Social Security Administration and other agencies or organizations offering benefits to those 65 or older. Send $7.50 for a form to the Personal Census Service Branch, Bureau of Census, Pittsburg, Kansas 66762. The branch will search two censuses for her and will send back a transcript of its findings to you.

I'm fascinated by the "duty-free" shops at airports. Do they really offer such good bargains?

Yes, because they charge no local taxes. But don't buy blindly, and compare prices. A bottle of brand-name Scotch might cost $4.50 in London's Heathrow airport, $6 at New York's Kennedy and $10 at a regular liquor store in the United States. Or a bottle of brand-name perfume might cost $10 at a Paris shop, $15.30 at Paris' Charles de Gaulle airport and $19 at Kennedy's duty-free shops. However, be skeptical about "duty-free" signs in shops abroad. All this means is that, as a nonresident, you pay no local tax.

I'm graduating soon from a two-year business school course, but I want to become far more than a secretary to a big boss. Any inside tips?

Choose a field in which your special talents can be quickly measurable. Sales would be a good example. Your secretarial skills may help you break in, but then break out at your first opportunity and try for a top-notch record. If your contribution can be measured at the cash register—and in sales, it will be—you'll be on your way up. Or, consider a field in which you'll become noticed just because you are a woman. And as a woman on the ladder of achievement, dress up to your role. Don't be "trendy"; wear what is clearly identifiable as "good taste." Your clothes need not be expensive, but they can help separate you from the other women in your firm.

What's the average amount of life insurance a family carries? My husband has $15,000 of life insurance to cover our family?

His coverage is below that of other typical American families. That average is now almost $30,000, just about equal to two years of the average family's spendable income. A more adequate total would be equal to four or five years' income. Your husband is taking great risks with your future protection.

We are buying our 18-year-old son a new car, and we are wondering how to register it in order to keep insurance premiums as low as possible.

Register the car in your husband's name. That won't spoil your son's sense of pride in owning the car, but it will slice 15 percent off your auto insurance premium. (This applies to any young man under age 25.) If your son is on his school's honor roll or the equivalent of an honor roll, that also may cut your auto insurance by 20 percent. Check with your agent, too, on insurance premium reductions available to you if your son does not drive the car to work, or if he gets married and is switched into the category of an adult. Incidentally, register all your family's cars in one name.

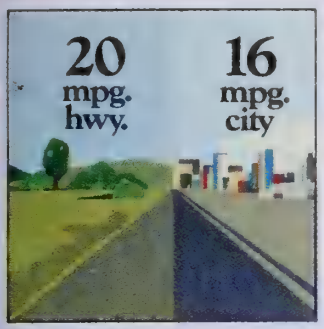
It seems to me that I have read the sentence "inflation is running at an annual rate of 6 percent" hundreds of times. But exactly what is meant by "an annual rate of 6 percent"?

It means that the overall rate of price rise in a typical marketbasket of goods and services bought by a city family has gone up 6 percent over a year's span. Prices of some items have climbed more than 6 percent; some items, less. On average, the rise has been 6 percent. An "annual rate of 6 *(continued)*

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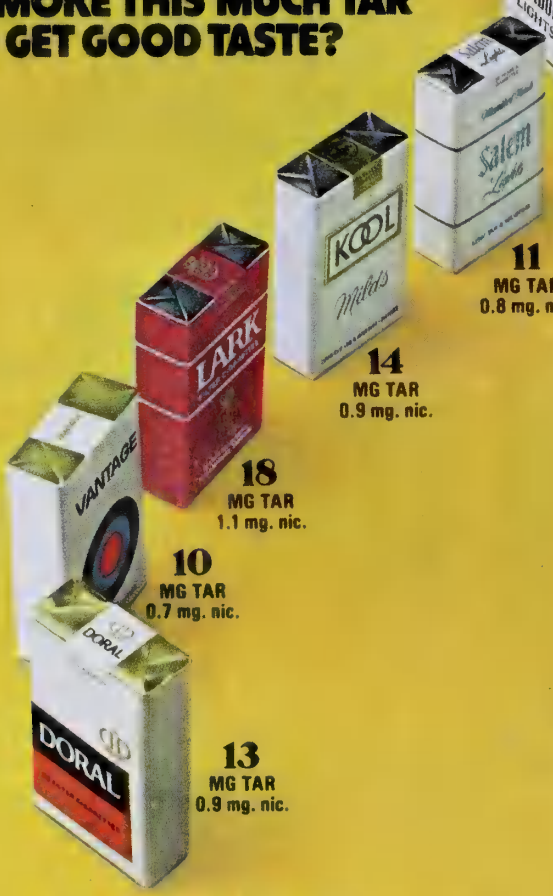
*The mileage you get will vary depending on your type of driving, driving habits, car's condition and available equipment. Mileage ratings are lower in California. All comparisons relate to 1976 full-size Chevrolet wagons.

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Spending your money

continued

ercent," if continued, would pile each ar's 6 percent on top of the previous ar's 6 percent. And *that* would mean at the marketbasket of goods and rvices priced at $100 in 1974 would st you almost $180 in 1984, more than 20 in 1994.

ow often should my husband and revise our wills? The only change nce we updated our wills—ten ars ago—is we've moved to Flor-a. Does that make any difference?

very well could make a difference! ake sure that your will's terms are en-ely in accord with Florida's laws, well as state and federal laws.

Actually, an updating is overdue. ur will should be reviewed at least ce every five years. Other points to eck: if you are no longer on friendly ms with the executor you chose, con-der naming a new one; if your spouse s changed his or her will since you d, check how this might affect yours; you have bought or sold property or ner significant assets since making out ur wills, this might require changes in th wills. And, your wills almost cer-nly need updating if there have been jor family changes since you wrote em: births, marriages, etc.

y husband and I are convinced at our house is far undervalued in r homeowners insurance policy d that we must increase our in-rance to protect ourselves. I don't ust the estimates we get from our vn agent. They seem so much big-r than our present coverage. hat's the best way to check?

ur insurance agent's estimates may em too big to you, but odds are that is much closer to the correct totals an you think. Home replacement costs e rising much faster than the general lation rate. Your homeowners policy ay be frighteningly out of date. To uble-check his figures, you might call professional appraiser, who will set a placement value on your house for a e ranging from $50 to $250. Or a local me builder with whom you have a ationship may set a replacement cost no charge, strictly as a favor. Rating vices, such as GAB Business Services ., Princeton, N. J., will furnish you th forms for computing replacement sts. Other rating services provide a nilar service through insurance agents. so, for about a 3 percent premium arge, you can get an inflation guard dorsement on your homeowners policy at raises your coverage 2 percent a arter automatically. **End**

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Mrs. V.M., Fredrickstown, Ohio

There's no confusing color chart with Lady Grecian. The one clean clear liquid works whatever your original color was. Just comb it through daily until the gray disappears. Then once a week or so keeps your beautiful natural looking color. And no dyed look because Lady Grecian works with the natural chemistry of your hair to retain a natural blend of shades.

▪ *Dear Barbara:* **I've used haircoloring, about 10 years—all kinds. They look fake, dry my hair and split the ends. And I hate those messy touch-ups. Can I switch without waiting til the old color grows out?**

Mrs. L.D., Hallstead, Pa.

Yes indeed. Lady Grecian Formula is compatible with any haircolor you may have been using. It's gentle because it has *no damaging peroxide* so your hair will be softer, healthier. Dry split ends begin to disappear and switching's really easy. Just use Lady Grecian on the gray root area til it blends in. And *no more tiresome touch-ups.*

▪ *Dear Barbara:* **I'm just beginning to get gray, but I don't want to get into complicated haircoloring. Will Lady Grecian work on just a little gray?**

Mrs. B.D., Bowie, Md.

Oh, it's especially good for early gray, because it colors only the gray...And it's so simple, no messy dye. Just comb a few clear drops through the gray til it blends with your natural color. Or, you can even make highlights.

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To find out how Lady Grecian Formula will work for you, just send $1 with your name and address to the above address.

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SCRAPPY'S MIRACLE

continued from page 54

those marble eyes, tense and suspicious. No other dog had ever come into that yard without challenge.

Scrap released him from the chain and we held our breaths as he sniffed the new member of the family.

Daisy took a long look at him and Mrs. Gaines said quietly, "I think she knows he's blind."

Winter was on us now and the afternoons were short, allowing only two hours after Scrap returned from school to begin her training sessions, if that's what they could be called. During the first week, Tuck mostly ignored Daisy, though he snapped at her several times. It only happened when they inadvertantly bumped. She took it in stride.

In fact, nothing flustered her. She settled in from the first night, sleeping on Scrap's rug, wisely letting Tuck occupy his usual place at the end of the bed. It almost seemed that she purposely avoided taking over any of his favorite sleeping spots; was careful not to come near him at feeding time.

Scrap went ahead with determination. There was no instruction book for what she was doing; no advice anyone could give her. There were moments, though, looking out of the kitchen window, when I wanted to brain Tuck. One Saturday morning, I watched and listened
Scrap said, "Now, Tuck, put your he
against her flank and we'll walk aroun

He sat in stony defiance. She pul
him erect. "Put your head against
rump," she ordered as Daisy stood
tiently. Shoving the big head o
brought a snarl and bared teeth.

"I'd really like to kill him," I said

"Don't let it bug you," said Kay.
goes on every day."

Scrap walked the dogs together, h
ing that maybe Tuck would voluntar
get the idea that unflappable Daisy
there for his benefit. She was certai
willing but it was muleheaded T
who refused all help. He was blind
more ways than one.

By Christmas, we decided it would
work; at least, not the way Scrap inte
ed. We told her that she should give
and just let the dogs be companions,
Mrs. Gaines had suggested.

Going back into her shell, Scrap
stopped the backyard training, mai
I think, because she didn't want to k
repeating failure under the windo
John and Luke reported that she
trying to train the dogs out in the pa

One Saturday in the middle of F
ruary, almost a year from the date t
Kay had first noticed Tuck's proble
Scrap asked Luke to go to the park w
her. About eleven o'clock, he came ru
ing into the house breathlessly.

He said. "You have to go out. Ri
now. Scrappy's marching home."

"She's doing what?" I asked.

"You'll see," he panted, a huge g
on his face.

John was off playing basketball
Kay and I went out and stationed o
selves, with Luke, on the grass
above the sidewalk. He said, "Loo
and we pointed our noses toward
Beverly Boulevard intersection wh
traffic was whizzing by. There she w
on the curb, the two dogs behind her

Luke waved and yelled, "Do it Scra

The light turned and the cars stopp
and knobby-kneed, four-eyed Scrap
stepped off proudly, the dogs followi
her. Even a half block away, we co
see that Friar Tuck Golden Boy had
head pressed firmly against Dais
right rump.

On they came, Scrap taller than w
ever seen her; Daisy with her head h
high. Tuck's was up, too, even thou
grazing her flank. He wasn't about
lose his dignity.

Then we heard the whistling of "C
onel Bogey," as sharp and shrill as o
Scrap could do it. Hitting the chorus
she triumphantly passed us, Scrap w
striding out, arms swinging, the troo
strutting behind.

Kay clasped my hand and we alm
stood at attention. It was Tuck's
prieve. It was Scrappy's miracle. E

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HOW TO OVERCOME SHYNESS

Find it hard to make new friends? Here, a psychologist offers easy, proven ways to build a more poised, confident you. By Philip G. Zimbardo

Ever arrive at a party to discover the only person you know is the hostess—and she's not in sight? "Who are you?" someone asks, and only invisible butterflies come out of your mouth. Or have you stood in an elevator right next to the president of the company—your heart pounding, your palms dripping and your voice barely capable of squeaking a faint "Hello"? If you've experienced these or similar traumas, you've experienced the agony of shyness. Shyness can vary from occasional feelings of awkwardness in the presence of certain people, to torturous episodes of anxiety that totally disrupt a person's life.

In a survey of more than 4,000 people, more than 3,200 (80 percent) reported that they were shy at some point in their lives, and of these, 1,280 (40 percent) now considered themselves shy. Thus four out of every 10 people you meet, or 84 million Americans, are shy. The majority of these people are only shy in certain situations with certain types of people. They never learned the basic social skills and how to use them. Thus they have trouble meeting people, can't speak up in a group and get nervous at parties.

At one time, psychologists concentrated on tracing the problems of the shy to deep-seated pathological-emotional-motivational states. But today, instead of analyzing the oedipal complex of someone who is afraid to go on a job interview, for instance, some psychologists concentrate on giving that person the specific skills to have a successful interview. And the specific skills to overcome shyness are what this article will reveal.

Most advice to rid you of shyness comes under the heading of assertiveness training. Whenever I talk about assertion techniques at the Shyness Clinic at Stanford University invariably a voice is heard complaining that there already are too many aggressive bodies pushing their weight around. But to be assertive is not to be selfish, pushy or insensitive. Assertive people get a fair share of what life has to offer by communicating their needs, relating to the needs of others and choosing a lifestyle.

Before listing specific techniques, there are some general rules basic to combating shyness and making you more effectively assertive.

The first is the need for *action*. The drive isn't always there because anxiety, boredom and passivity generate more fatigue than the heaviest labors. But you will discover untapped sources of energy when you are doing what you want and reaping rewards for your actions.



The second is the importance of *role playing*. Given a part to play, shy people can step out of their timid selves by pretending to be someone else. You are not vulnerable because the "real" you is not being evaluated. Often shy people are too concerned that their actions do not reflect their real selves. But once having played the role, it is part of you. Research has shown that enacting a role different from your usual one results in corresponding changes in attitudes and values.

"I found that my shyness and embarrassment vanished when I assumed a role in a play," said a 50-year-old shy woman. "It was not me on the stage, it was someone else—and a chance to shed the uncomfortable me. This saved the shy me from serious emotional trouble and provided me with personal rewards and feelings of significance and achievement."

When role playing, you probably will find it useful to base your act on a script prepared in advance. Visualize the specific assertive actions you will engage in. In front of the mirror, rehearse specific lines, gestures and movements. Remember to speak so you'll be heard. Later on, when "stagefright" disappears, you can try more spontaneous, improvised performances.

Also, when it's time to put on your performance, *look as good as you can*, even better than you usually do. Get a haircut that is good for you—not just the latest style. If you don't use makeup, you might try using a little to highlight facial assets. Figure out which clothes look the best on you; if you don't know, ask your friends. Make sure what you're wearing is clean and neat. When you dress assertively (and comfortably), you will start *feeling* more assertive—and it will be even easier to pursue the following techniques to overcome shyness.

MAKE A CONTRACT WITH YOURSELF

To impose demands on yourself for an improved lifestyle, write out an explicit contract specifying:

1) The changes you want to make.

Decide on realistic changes. Talking to a group of 400 is not a realistic goal for someone who is afraid to meet one person. You might want to divide your goal into smaller, more manageable parts. For instance, if you'd like to make more friends, perhaps the first step would be to say hello to four new people this week.

2) How you will monitor yourself.

Keep a chart or a journal to note your progress. Or ask friends to monitor you.

3) How you will reward yourself as you fulfill each part of the contract.

"Every time I say hello to someone new, I will feel good inside and reward myself with a bath or a long walk or a movie." Be ready, willing and able to reinforce any and all behavior that meets (or exceeds) your desired standards of performance. It is especially crucial not to be stingy when it comes to dispensing rewards to yourself. Praise yourself profusely: "That was a good thing I did," "I'm pleased by the way I went about that."

4) How you will know when you've completed the contract.

Set a deadline: "At the end of next week I will have said hello to four people and be ready for the next step in making friends."

5) What you will do if you fail to meet the contract.

Choose a punishment and make it stick. Cleaning the basement, raking leaves and straightening out the silverware drawer all qualify.

You can base a contract on any or all of the activities *(continued)*

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If you didn't have any Pyrex® ware, what would you make for dinner tomorrow night?

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Not lasagna.

What's lasagna without tomato sauce? Unfortunately, the acid in tomato sauce leaves some cookware pitted. And if it sits around in the wrong pan too long, its flavor will turn. But Pyrex ware lets you cook, serve and store lasagna that's truly "bellissima."



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CORNING

HOW TO OVERCOME SHYNESS

continued

listed below. These activities are designed to increase your stock of social skills so you can relate more effectively to the people in your life. Take the ones that are most important to you and design a program to accomplish each one. With concentration and practice, these skills will become second nature.

If you have a hard time talking to *anyone*, try some of these exercises:

PHONE CONVERSATIONS

- Call information and ask for the telephone numbers of people you want to call. Besides getting practice in talking to strangers you'll know you have the correct number. Also, thank the operator and note his or her reaction.
- Call a department store and check on the price of something advertised.
- Call a radio talk show to say you like the programming and ask a question.
- Call a local movie theater and ask for show times.
- Call the sports desk at the local newspaper and ask for the scores of a basketball, baseball or football game.
- Call the library and ask for some information you'd like to have.

You can use the phone to get yourself talking to someone while still remaining anonymous. Gradually, you can transfer this experience to calling people you want to contact and to greeting people on the street, as in the next exercise.

SAYING "HELLO"

For the next week, greet every person you pass on the street, in your office or at school. Smile and say, "Hello, nice day," or some other short greeting. Since most of us aren't used to being greeted on the street, you may find that some people do not respond, but in most cases you'll get an equally pleasant response.

ANONYMOUS CONVERSATIONS

A good way to practice your conversational skills is to strike up a conversation with strangers in such public places as grocery store lines, theater lines, a political rally, the doctor's waiting room, a sports event, the bank, the PTA, church, the library.

You can start the conversation with the *common experience* you are sharing:

"This line is so long, it *must* be a good movie," or "I had a horrible time parking around here, do you know a good place?" or "Is that a good book (good buy, etc.). I've never read it (tried it)?"

GIVING AND ACCEPTING COMPLIMENTS

An easy way to start conversations and to help others as well as yourself feel good is to give compliments. You can compliment someone's appearance ("I like your suit," "Your hair looks great"), skills ("You are an excellent gardener"), personality traits ("I love your laugh, it's infectious"), or possessions ("What a terrific car"). To get into a conversation, simply add a question: "What a terrific car. How long have you had it?" or "You're an excellent gardener. What do you do about bugs?"

Learn to enjoy the compliments made to you. If someone says, "I like your suit," don't say, "Oh, this old thing. I should throw it away." This makes the other person feel foolish. At the very least, say, "Thank you." The best reply would be to add some positive feelings of your own. "Thanks. I like it, too," or "That's nice of you to say."

For the next two weeks, try to give at least three compliments a day—and keep track of the compliments made to you. Let yourself feel good about them, and show the person who compliments you that you really appreciate it.

You might also try complimenting people who you admire but who probably don't get many direct compliments because of their position of authority or power. As an example, try complimenting a teacher on a good lecture, your parents on a good deed, your boss on some action taken.



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MEETING PEOPLE

Try to meet people. At first it's quan- y that's important, not quality. Go to ices where you feel the most comfort- le: the supermarket, a book store, the rary, a museum. Strike up at least one nversation wherever you go. Then anch out and try places that interest u but that aren't as "safe" as your com- table spots: a coffeehouse, a writer's rkshop, a hiking group, a woman's dy group, a "Save the whales" group. art at least one conversation using ur mutual interests. If you feel uneasy, te a friend at first.

When you go to parties or other ent's, get your friends to introduce you *their* friends. Be alert for others who l welcome your approach.

Plan to go somewhere at least three nes a week for the next month. Decide ek by week where you will go and o you will go with. If you plan to in- e friends, get them to agree in ad- nce. After each experience, write wn where you went, what happened d how you felt. Figure out what made ur experiences positive or negative d work to improve them.

HAVE SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT

To get into good conversations, you ust have something to say. Keep yourself informed. Read newspapers and/or newsmagazines. Know what the political situation is nationally and/or in your city and state. Read movie and book reviews; then go to movies and read books. Be knowledgeable on political, cultural or scientific topics. Take notes if you wish.

Come up with four or five interesting or exciting things that have happened to you recently. Turn them into brief stories by practicing in front of a mirror or with a tape recorder. Practice telling interesting stories that others have told you.

Jot down jokes if you feel comfortable telling them; but remember the punch lines or don't tell jokes!

See how many different stories you can tell other people in the next week. Gradually expand the number of stories you can tell. Always evaluate the appropriateness of your material.

STARTING A CONVERSATION

So there you are at the library, adult education course or dinner party. How do you start a conversation?

First, choose someone who looks approachable. He or she may be smiling at you or sitting alone or wandering around. Don't approach someone who's obviously busy doing something else.

When choosing a way to start a conversation, select the one that is most appropriate to your situation and that is most comfortable for you. Practice in front of a mirror or with a tape recorder. Then go out and try the following conversation starters to see which ones work best—and why.

1. Hello, my name is. . . . Introduce yourself and then exchange information on where you live, what you do, your family, etc. This is best for gatherings where everyone is a stranger.

2. Compliments followed by a question: "This is a great drink. How do you make a tequila sunrise?"

3. Requesting help. Make it obvious that you need help and that the other person can provide it. "Can you show me that dance step?"

4. Self disclosure. You'll find that when you make an obviously personal statement, it will elicit a positive, sympathetic response. "I'm not sure what I'm doing here, I'm really quite shy," or "I just got a divorce and feel a little shaky."

5. Normal social graces can start a conversation. "May I light your cigarette?" or, "Looks like you need a fresh drink. Can I get you one?"

6. If you're at a total loss, you can always fall back on some trite, but workable openers: "How do you like this weather?" or "Do you have a match?"

KEEPING THE CONVERSATION FLOWING

Once you've started a conversation, you can use any of *(continued)*



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HOW TO OVERCOME SHYNESS

continued

several techniques to keep it going.

1. Ask a question that is either *factual*, "How did the Dodgers do yesterday?" or *personal*, "Do you think Cyrus Vance will be a better secretary of state than Henry Kissinger?"
2. Offer one of the personal stories or opinions you've practiced telling.
3. Get the other person talking about himself or herself. "Where did you grow up? Do you like your work?"
4. Express interest in the other person's expertise. "How does a book get published?" or, "How do you start a day care center?"
5. Most important, share your reactions to what is taking place at that moment. What are you thinking and feeling about what the other person has said or done?

ACTIVE LISTENING

Become an *active* listener by paying attention to what people say. You can pick up lots of information and personality clues by listening carefully to conversations or discussions. Remember to:

- Give clear clues that you are paying attention—verbal ones: "Yes," "Uh, huh," "I see," "That's interesting," "Incredible," "Really?" and nonverbal ones: lean forward, sit up, stand closer, nod appropriately, etc.
- Do not make assumptions about motives and the person's inner states without checking them out: "It seems to me that you are really feeling hurt by not being invited to the party. Is that so?"
- Active listening also involves identifying with the other person's situation whenever possible. Or recasting what you've heard into an experience you can relate to: "I've never been in the army, but I can relate to following petty orders that are meaningless. When I worked as a camp counselor . . ."
- When you're in a conversation, don't hesitate to ask for clarification if you don't understand something. People often enjoy explaining things to others.

"SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU"

The rhetoric of leave-taking is a complicated ritual that has considerable significance for interpersonal relations. How you part from another person, and the manner in which you bring a conversation to an end, can either help your next encounter or undo all your efforts.

When you are finished saying all you have to, or when your allotted time is up, you must signify that you are about to go. However you do this, three messages must be conveyed: you will be leaving soon, you have gotten pleasure or benefitted in some way from the talk, and you hope there will be further contact in the future. There are several ways you can do this:

Reinforcement—short words signifying your agreement to the last thing the person said: "Sure," "Okay," "Right," etc.
Appreciation—a statement of pleasure: "I really enjoyed talking to you."
Completion sentence—"That's about it."
Nonverbal actions—Breaking eye contact, moving legs or feet toward the exit, leaning forward, smiling, nodding, handshaking—all say you are ready to leave.

Watch how your friends, acquaintances and people with whom you interact end *their conversations*. Right after you take your leave, write down all you recall saying or doing in the last minutes. Decide which leave-taking signals are clearest, feel most comfortable to you and seem to leave the other person feeling positive about the conversation with you. Work them into your personal rhetoric of goodbye.

BECOMING A SOCIAL ANIMAL

Here are a number of exercises that will help you get used to socializing. Choose several of these to accomplish in the next week. Start with the easiest and progress to those that are more difficult for you. Record your reactions to each of these exercises as well as the reactions you've elicited.

1. Introduce yourself to a new person in your office building, the grocery store or in a class.
2. Invite someone who is going your way to walk with you.
3. Ask to join the bull session you see in progress. If you're in an office, join a coffee-break talk group.
4. Ask someone you don't know if you can borrow ten cents for a phone call. Arrange to pay them back!
5. Find out the name of someone (opposite sex) in your office or class or social club. Call him or her on the phone and ask about the latest work issue, class assignment or upcoming event.
6. Stand in a line at a grocery store, bank or movie. Strike up a conversation about the line with whoever is near you.
7. Converse with the gas station attendant as he is filling the gas tank and checking the oil.
8. Sit down beside a person of the opposite sex in a bus, class, movie, theater, etc. Make some sort of opening commentary.
9. Ask three people for directions. Talk with one of them for a minute or two about something other than the directions.
10. Go to a jogging track, beach or swimming pool. Converse with two or three strangers.
11. Notice someone who needs assistance in your neighborhood, class or office. Offer to help.
12. Carry a copy of a controversial book with you for one day. Count how many people you can get to start a conversation over it.
13. Throw a small party (three–five people). Invite at least one person you don't know well.
14. The next time you have a problem find someone in your office or neighborhood who is not close to you, and ask his or her advice.
15. Invite someone out to lunch or someone you have not eaten with before.
16. Say "Hi" to five new people today who you would not usually greet. Try to provoke a smile and a return "Hi" from them.

FRIENDS FROM ACQUAINTANCES

Of the people you know only casually, which ones would you like to be close to—to have as friends? Decide on several whom you will make a serious effort to get to know better. Write down everything you think you know about each person, and what you have in common. Decide on possible conversation topics and natural openers. Prepare for how to make a brief initial contact by phone call or face-to-face. Be sure to identify yourself and announce that you want to chat for only a short time to get some advice, to check something out, to share something that he or she might

(continued on page ...)



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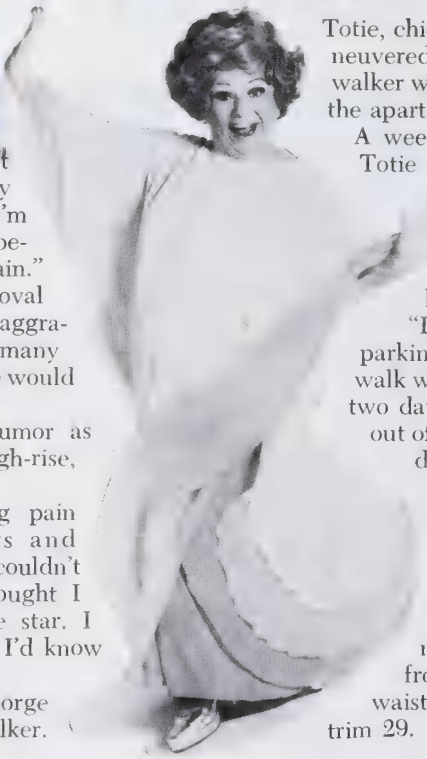
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HEADLINERS

THE HAPPY COURAGE OF TOTIE FIELDS

How an indomitable trouper lost her leg—and found the will to laugh again.
By Stephen Decatur Scott



Rapping on her new prosthetic left leg (she had been fitted for it only four days earlier), Totie Fields said, "I'm a two-legged person now. You can't believe how wonderful it feels to walk again."

Totie, 46, underwent surgery for removal of the leg last April, after phlebitis aggravated a severe circulatory problem. For many months it was touch and go whether she would recover or ever walk again.

But today, Totie sparkled with humor as she happily chatted away in her high-rise, Beverly Hills apartment.

"I had been in such excruciating pain in the hospital that the doctors and nurses didn't believe it when I said I couldn't get out of bed," she said. "They thought I was making excuses and playing the star. I told them when I was ready to walk, I'd know it. So now I'm ready."

Totie demonstrated. Her husband, George Johnston, produced an aluminum walker. Totie, chic in a red sweater and black pants, maneuvered herself into position. Then, grasping the walker with both hands, she moved slowly about the apartment, concentrating on her balance.

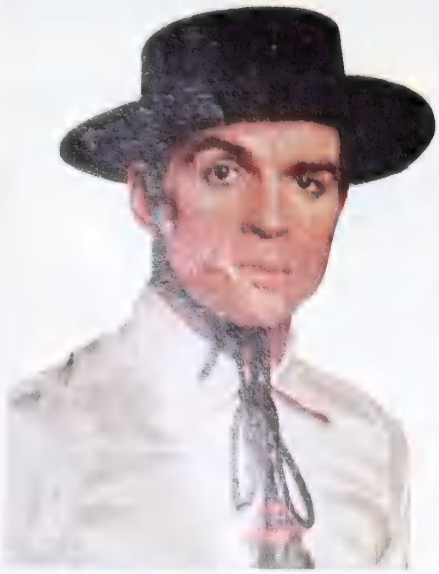
A week earlier, a medical specialist advised Totie it would take four weeks to master the artificial leg and walker. The comedienne laughed and within minutes was scooting around the room on her own while the doctor looked on in astonishment.

"I made it from the doctor's office to the parking lot," said Totie. "And I'm learning to walk without a limp, too. I went to see the doc two days later and he said my new knee was out of whack. He said, 'Let me get my screwdriver.' That blew my mind. Imagine, fixing my knee with a screwdriver."

Red-haired Totie isn't the same chubby woman audiences have come to know and love in night clubs and on TV. She lost 78 pounds during the ordeal of six operations and eight months of hospitalization. She has gone from 191 pounds to a svelte 117, with her waistline diminishing from 48 inches to a trim 29. *(continued)*

NUREYEV AS VALENTINO

The world's greatest dancer plays the world's greatest lover.
By Jim Watters



Photograph of Nureyev by Steve Schapiro/Sygma

His dancer's veins pulsate against his white tights, and chalk-white makeup cannot conceal Rudolf Nureyev's fiery eyes and flashing nostrils. He is playing Valentino in the movie based on the life of the 1920's heartthrob—but Nureyev is, clearly, still the magnificent Russian dancer who revolutionized ballet in the West.

Director Ken Russell doesn't welcome visitors on his sets, so journalists are soon ushered off, despite earlier invitations. But I've already heard stories of Nureyev's aloofness with cast and crew. Rudi *is* in a strange environment, in a new capacity as a legitimate actor, but this has nothing to do with his cool exterior, his remoteness, the arrogant personality traits—all basic ingredients that have charted his legend.

Two days lapsed before I was allowed on the movie set again, this time only if I hide from Russell's eye range and bide my time in hopes Nureyev will loosen up and talk. En route to Blackpool, the film company stops for a one-day location site in Woking, a dismal industrial town an hour out of London, and I get my chance.

Sitting in an open field, with Woking's greenish Mosque looming in the background, Nureyev looks like one of his Tartar ancestors. Spread out from his folding chair is the "What Becomes A Legend Most" Blackglama mink, his reward for breaking the sex barrier by becoming the only male ever to grace those famous fur advertisements. Nureyev mumbles "Hello" while makeup is dabbed on the scar on his upper lip. "What do you want to know?" he asks, then gulps, "I don't like to talk to strangers."

He's been giving the same interview for 15 years, he declares haughtily. "It is always the same, then no matter what I say, everyone goes and digs up the garbage." His complaint does not sound convincing in his nonresonant, soft, almost accent-free voice. The scar looks deep and old, the result of a dog bite when he was 13. "The cameras pick up everything, and I worry about my scar. In dance films, you don't notice it. Sometimes I'm uncomfortable looking at myself on film. In dance I'm checking the movement, how good it is, but here the acting is different." *(continued)*

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TOTIE FIELDS

continued

"I didn't realize I was losing all this eight in the hospital until they got me o and my nightgown kept falling off," ne said. "After seven and a half months bed, I weighed myself. I almost faint- d. I thought, *Oh my God, I must have ied.* Now I'm finding that a thin Totie just as funny as a fat Totie. Being fat sed to be my handicap; now it's my leg.

"I knew my sense of humor was still tact when my friends welcomed me to n Murray's three-day birthday party r my new leg. Steve Lawrence and ydie Gorme bought a bottle of vintage hateau La "Foot" Rothschild. Don ickles and Danny Thomas were there, o. Somebody said they were glad to e me back on my foot. They all told ne worst, most tasteless foot and leg kes I ever heard. For dinner they rved me a plate loaded with chicken gs. Jan said I was the greatest 'sitdown' mic in the business.

"Well, you have to have the right atti- de. I can't dwell on my leg. I don't ant an ounce of sympathy from my iends—just love and jokes. I've fought r my own personal comeback by find- g humor in all of it."

Totie said her spirits were generally high through the long months—except one day just before she was told her leg would be amputated.

"I was in the intensive care unit, sound asleep,' she recalled. "When I woke up, my whole family was standing around the bed. No one was smiling. I told myself, *This is it. It's all over.* And it wasn't a bad way to go, lying comfortably in bed with all my family by my side.

"I motioned to George and he came closer. I told him, 'This is it. Right?' George screamed, 'No! I swear to God!'

"I said, 'You never lied to me before. I'll take your word for it.' "

George was present when the doctor told Totie that her leg had to be amputated. "All she really wanted to know," said George, "was if she would be able to work again. When the doctor assured her she could, Totie said, 'Let's get it over with.' "

Totie pokes fun at her operation, but losing her leg has affected her life deeply. She is as full of gags and one-liners as before, but there is a new wisdom, too. "I see life a little differently now. I have a different set of values than I did before. I don't waste time on nonsense when I can see beauty in the flowers, trees and in the faces of people around me.

"Laughing saves me, too. If I took the amputation seriously, everyone around me would be sad. It's not too bad to lose a leg. I had two of them. But I only have one sense of humor to lose. My father was blind. I learned from him that you only feel sad for people in pain. He wasn't in pain. Neither am I. I feel terrific every morning when I get up.

"My whole life before was thinking about what I was going to eat. Now I'm never going to gain weight because of this prosthesis. I can't waver more than two or three pounds or I'll need a new leg. I won't have time for that because there's too much to do. I'm already booked up for 1977. This month I go back to work at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas, exactly a year after my operation. I've gone from a wheelchair to this walker. Next I trade the walker for crutches and then a cane. But when I walk out on that stage, you can bet I'll be walking all on my own—without a cane, without a limp."

Totie patted her husband's hand affectionately and asked for the walker again. "Let me walk you to the door," she said. "I'm a comedienne, but I'm a woman first, last and always. You know what I wanted to do the minute I got this new leg? Rush down to Saks to try a new dress on my new figure!" **End**

NUREYEV

continued

Originally he was offered only a small art in the film—Nijinsky. "I liked that ttle part when I was given the script," ureyev says, "and I agreed to do it. ut then, and I don't know why—you ust ask Ken—he came back and said, Vhy not the title role?' "

Nureyev made a monumental decion to take time away from dance for ting. What if the film flops, like so any Russell epics? What if he can't ndle dialogue convincingly, hams it , is amateurish? Nureyev swears that didn't concern himself with such estions. Ultimately, he rationalized it a new-fangled working vacation. The st half of 1976 had been a killer, and ough the critics were kind and the ma- rity allowed he was dancing better an in any recent season, Nureyev had heduled one marathon after another. ne stretch included 48 performances 47 days—and then, too, he had a bout pneumonia. The dance critics, obssed with that mythical turning-point e of 39 (Nureyev's age), wondered print if Rudi would fall victim to Scott Fitzgerald's maxim that there e no second acts in American lives.

Nureyev refuses to pay heed. "I don't e to relax, no. I don't like vacations, ver. I agreed to the movie after I calated the time. Ideally, the movie nedule should be a month shorter for me. Still, I do classes and I work at the barre everyday. Filming is tiring, the hours are long, but I never complain. I like work, I love rehearsal and I'm as disciplined an actor as I am a dancer." Self-doubts? "Well, some movement on stage is stronger than in film, but dancers, if they are sensitive, can act."

When she first saw Rudi dance years ago, Marlene Dietrich predicted this step. "His face is one of the most expressive on the stage today," she said, "and he could be one of the great actors of the time. The director who gets him first is going to be very lucky indeed."

Twilight of dancing life?

But critical enemies have hinted that, for Nureyev, approaching the twilight hours of his dancer's life, this film assignment may simply be a graceful way to relinquish his ballet crown, officially passing it on to the newest golden boy, Mikhail Baryshnikov. "Ridiculous, I'm not giving up my dancing. I've had other film offers, going way back. A Nijinsky film I would have done, but it ended up in the courts. Tennessee Williams even wrote a play for me called 'This Is . . .' but they wanted to do it on Broadway or the West End and I wanted to do it small, like at the Young Vic here. Roman Polanski has talked about a movie also."

Before completing *Valentino* last fall, Nureyev went into rehearsal for his new production of *The Nutcracker* at Covent Garden, working and rehearsing night and day. He'd also like to do a film version of this production—his film of *Don Quixote* is often cited as an outstanding example of filmed theater and dance. As he rattles off his 1977 schedule for America, Austria and Australia, I recall recent headlines: "Nureyev Feels The Chill of Age and Drives Himself Even Harder."

He gets genuinely irritated by reports of his retirement. "It is idle gossip and wishful thinking on somebody's part," he snaps. "How can I speak of retiring when I tell you all my plans? And people do not realize that after doing ballet, nothing is tough. I can act and direct—opera, plays, movies. I could do it all. But right now I will continue to help make ballet digestible to some who would not have the appetite before. Maybe I'm squeezing too much out of myself, but I like it."

If retirement rumors rile him, his own bad press is next on the list. He grits his teeth. "I should have sued *People* magazine. They say I go to pornographic movies. I like movies, I could see two films every night, and I love the theater, too, and then I sit and watch TV. But pornographic—I'm not against them, but I don't go. Then these lies, you see, get syndicated. It is so depressing and you Americans, you are always grinning, anyway, like Carter and Smiling Jack. Of course I believe that freedom of the press must be maintained at any price, but why am I the victim?"

When I ask if there is anything he would offer about his *(continued)*

NUREYEV

continued

private life, and his friends—to set the record straight—he begins his first smile. "Well, my personal life is going well. What is private anyway? I do all the things people should do—I relax, I have sex, I go to bed. The basic needs are always fulfilled, I assure you. When I go home very late at night, then I take care of myself." He relaxes a bit talking about movies—he has seen Valentino films, but since he looks nothing like the original, he will not attempt to copy the facial features. He likes Marilyn Monroe, the way she moved, and is fascinated by her tragedy. On the other hand, he doesn't like musicals like *Promises, Promises* or Neil Simon's straight plays, either.

How does he describe himself? Is he an intellectual? "Well, I am sort of an exotic type, is that it? Is that what you want me to say? More important, though, I can assure you my life won't be wasted, however it turns out."

With that, Nureyev swirls his mink around his shoulders (confiding, as he does, that Blackglama was chintzy—"I had to buy my own mink hat") and chatters away in Italian with his one constant companion on the movie set, an Italian masseur named Luigi.

It was 1961 when the 23-year-old Nureyev, an independent type who was always giving the Soviet authorities a headache, fled Russia to the loving arms of the West. By no coincidence, that date also marks the re-emergence of the male in modern ballet, the beginning of a dance renaissance in America.

Nureyev was larger than life, and through the sheer force of his personality he changed the whole world's attitude toward male ballet dancing. His photograph, taken by Avedon, vied in popularity with Elvis posters. As a culture hero, he gave new life to the career of Margot Fonteyn, the greatest of ballerinas, who found a second youth with her bold, brazen partner from the East. As one critic said, "Nureyev arrived like a comet, exploded everywhere and brightened the skies for everyone."

Carries no passport

He surely must have reveled in the fame—who wouldn't, having escaped a bleak, barren Russia where he grew up in one-room, dirt-floor poverty? But he has never called his departure a defection, and for that reason does not carry a passport. He uses only a piece of paper for customs, listing his residence as Monte Carlo, where he bought an unimpressive, furnished home in the early 1960's. "You can't change passports like a new suit," he has told friends, and even confided that he hopes to return to Russia once his mother and sister have moved to the West.

A few friends have visited his family behind the Iron Curtain and report that Farida Nureyev, his mother, is "as strong as a 20-troop army. She once had to fight off a pack of wolves miles from her home while out hunting for a few potatoes to feed her loved ones." Last year Nureyev appealed to the British government to help get an exit visa for her. The Soviet government at one time allowed his mother phone privileges at their expense, since Nureyev is not considered a political problem. More recently, since they've left Leningrad and returned to their former homes in the Urals, he has had trouble reaching his relatives.

His Mongol heritage surfaces when Rudi's temper explodes; many a hostess, reportedly, has witnessed a flying plate. Some still consider him nothing but a country clod, a great artist, yes, but a Russia-style hillbilly at heart. "He's Slavic to the bone, with tremendous pride and no self-pity," explains Monique Van Vooren, the blond actress who's a Rudi-follower and confidante. When in New York, he often lives at her apartment. "He's totally stoic," she told me, even in the face of pain. Though a millionaire several times over now, he doesn't really care about money.

Monique thinks Nureyev will always be a loner and doubts he could count five or six close friends. "He's happy to read and read, he's like a sponge, or watch TV all night long. He can't sleep, he has insomnia. And he doesn't want anyone to clean his room when he stays with me. He likes it messy, no fuss. And as for people saying he is so narcissistic, they don't really know him. He never takes more than three minutes in the shower, five minutes to dress and d everything. He combs his hair in th elevator." His eating habits are just a plain. "Red meat and tea, and his drink ing habits keep changing from Scotc and Coke to vodka to some type of len onade with a ghastly taste. But," Mo nique adds, "I've never seen him drunk.

The fact is, Nureyev gives 99 percen of his life to dance and the other on percent to the rest of life. This make it practically impossible to have any sor of lasting relationship with friends. H has been romantically involved wit several people, supposedly beginning i Paris with a Chilean beauty and million airess named Clara Saint. Today the are no longer friends. He was highly in sulted when his friend Lee Radziwi interviewed him on TV and asked him i he would ever marry. "One doesn't ex pect such silly questions from an ol friend," he growled.

Monique Van Vooren thinks "it is bes for him to be unhappy. Thank Goo otherwise his genius would be ruine You have to understand his genius i physical, his art limited by time. Late he can change, but now he must danc and dance. He's this great phenomeno of nature filled with inborn knowledge and that is a burden as well as a gift."

Unlike Valentino, the ambitious bu weak movie idol he is now portraying Nureyev is a towering figure in mid-20t century art. That he may end up a movi star after his true career has ended is no such an unhappy thought. Films thriv on personality, and few are more vivi than his. Nureyev one day shocked hi friend Monique when he promised her in all seriousness, "There will come moment, but I shall die the day I wan to!" Spoken like a real legend. **En**



"The sky fell on me. Do I have a case?"



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EAT AND GROW BEAUTIFUL

A noted nutritionist tells how adding the right foods to your diet can mean healthier, prettier hair, skin, etc. By Melva Weber

Lorraine's once-glorious red hair was faded and dull. "Let's talk about diet," said Dr. Neil Solomon. "Your blood test indicates a lack of vitamin B_{12}. First, look over this list of foods. They're rich in B_{12}. Choose two or three foods that you like well enough to eat fairly often, then try them in the amounts I'll prescribe. And come back for more tests in four weeks."

No, this is not the latest magic-diet fad. It's a medical checkup to discover "subclinical" nutritional deficiencies—shortages that don't create real illness or disease, but may keep you from looking and feeling your best. Dr. Solomon believes in food therapy for a whole range of "beauty problems" caused by the lack of some important food element. When the absent nutrient is put back into the eating pattern, the results *are* visible.

In Lorraine's case, she included high B_{12} food such as shellfish, fish, eggs and milk in at least two meals each week. Months later, the brilliance of her hair had returned.

"You can, indeed, eat and grow beautiful," says Dr. Solomon, who maintains a private practice that concentrates on problems in nutrition and endocrinology. "Of course, for a severe nutritional deficiency, I prescribe heavy replacement doses, even injections, of the missing nutrients," Dr. Solomon explains. "But in what I call my 'eat and grow beautiful' cases, I prefer to correct problems with food alone. That way, patients build better diet habits—and the foods they select are part of the eating pattern for life. The 'cure' is permanent."

Pretty—and pretty sad-looking, too! That was tired, lethargic Carol. Dr. Solomon's examination pointed to a shortage of vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin—an unusual deficiency these days. Because skin manufactures vitamin D, with the help of a bit of sunlight, and because milk is enriched with vitamin D, most people now get plenty of this vitamin. But Carol simply didn't get out in the sunshine, and she never was a milk drinker. Lacking the energy to exercise, she tried to curb a weight problem with what Dr. Solomon described as "a perfectly screwy diet."

Carol agreed to drink skim milk regularly—and to diet sensibly. She also agreed to get out in the sun for brief, but regular periods. Nine weeks later, she reported to Dr. Solomon, her lassitude was gone. She felt wonderful and seemed more attractive.

Vitamin D-fortified milk, either in skim or low-fat form, has multiple benefits, Dr. Solomon says. "The essential job of vitamin D is to help utilize calcium, not just to benefit bones and teeth, but to assist every cell in the body—especially the nervous system. Many people believe calcium is needed only during the growing-up years. Not so. Hard, bony tissues are dynamic: they keep breaking down and building up, cell by cell. Thus they require calcium, among other nutrients, all the time. Milk supplies vitamin D and calcium (a perfect pairing since each requires the other to metabolize properly), protein and other vital nutrients. Skim milk has all the good nutrition of whole milk (except less vitamin A) and only about half the calories."

Shani's skin was too oily, and seemed to be getting oilier. When she learned about Dr. Solomon's plan, she asked if it might work for her. Poor skin is often a symptom of a shortage of riboflavin (vitamin B_2). Shani's blood test confirmed this. One excellent source of riboflavin is liver; a 3½-ounce serving provides three times the suggested daily allowance.

Shani switched to two beef liver meals a week, although without even trying, she would get riboflavin in a wide variety of other readily available foods—cheese, milk, poultry, enriched cereals, eggs.

Her oily skin began to clear up, and after eight weeks her complexion was healthy and normal. Liver earns a top rating for other nutritional benefits. It contains generous amounts of vitamin A (also good for skin), iron, protein, vitamin B_3, and vitamin C.

Mildred had a skin problem similar to Shani's—excessive oiliness and a tendency to erupt into pimples. But she didn't have the same nutritional problem. Mildred lacked vitamin B_6. When B_6 levels are low, premenstrual problems—such as puffiness in the face and ankles, water retention and depression—may get worse.

Mildred added one serving of pork and two bananas to her diet each week. She also took note of other B_6-rich foods: liver, veal, milk, lima beans, potatoes, oatmeal, wheat germ and yeast.

Four weeks later, Dr. Solomon checked to see if Mildred's vitamin B_6 level was normal. It was. Her skin was clear and she felt marvelous.

Recent medical discoveries have extended our knowledge about vitamin B_6. Because it is found in so many foods, doctors and nutritionists rarely looked for B_6 deficiencies in well-fed Americans. The Pill changed that. Both pregnant women and oral contraceptive users need ten times the average amount of B_6, so deficiencies are now more common. The discoverer of vitamin B_6, Dr. Paul Gyorgy, believes the official requirement for it should be elevated from about two and one-half milligrams to as much as 25 milligrams daily. He feels this is *(continued)*

Souped up salad.



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ut them on. Start with a Lipton®
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nvelope Lipton Onion or
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ups (16 oz.) sour cream
lk
medium bowl, blend soup mix with
ream. Stir in ½ to ¾ cup milk,
nding on consistency desired. Store
ed in refrigerator, mixing well
e serving. Makes about 2½ cups.

For some tasty variations, add the following:

Thousand Island:
½ cup catsup and ¼ cup sweet pickle relish

Golden Cheddar:
½ cup shredded cheddar cheese

Tangy Blue Cheese:
¼ cup crumbled blue cheese

Creamy Herb:
¼ teaspoon each tarragon and basil

Delicious Dill:
½ teaspoon dill

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The soups you cook with. From Lipton.



EAT AND GROW BEAUTIFUL

continued

important not only for pregnancy and Pill-related needs, but to insure health in the aging process.

The requirement for another important B vitamin, folic acid or folate, increases just as dramatically when oral contraceptives are used. Mary felt and looked droopy. Tests showed nothing seriously wrong with her—except fatigue and a mild case of anemia.

Dr. Solomon took Mary off the Pill. After a few weeks of eating asparagus, spinach and liver, her folic acid levels were back to normal. Then, at Dr. Solomon's direction, she resumed taking the Pill, a step which might have lowered her blood folate levels again. But the dietary supply of folic acid was apparently enough. Twenty-two weeks later, still taking the Pill, Mary's blood level of folate remained normal.

With millions of women using oral contraceptives, it's more important than ever for women on the Pill, as well as women who are pregnant, to understand and use protective foods as a regular part of their diet. Folic acid is abundant in leafy vegetables. Other excellent sources are liver and yeast. Lesser but still valuable sources of folic acid are soy, kidney and navy beans, green vegetables, nuts and whole-grain ce
Because cooking destroys some o
folic acid in foods, it's wise to use
raw foods when possible.

Beautiful teeth can be threatene
faulty eating, Ann found. Her gums
easily and began receding. They d
oped infections, and she had early s
toms of pyorrhea, a gum disease.
dentist found extensive tooth dar
And her husband told her, gently,
her breath was sour. That did it.

Ann had low vitamin C levels.
didn't care for citrus fruits and j
and didn't know about other sourc
ascorbic acid (vitamin C's other na
With Dr. Solomon's guidance, she l
eating green vegetables, broccoli,
cabbage, green peppers and other
C sources. She found she liked la
quarters, a bright-tasting salad herl
an extraordinary source of vitami
Raw, red sweet pepper and hot
peppers also helped her load up on
min C.

Today Ann eats venturesome, hi
salads several times a week—red
green shredded cabbage, peppers,
coli, dock leaves, sorrel, cauliflo
She's discovering new and delig
fresh greens and herbs, and her s
include other super-nutritious ing
ents: raw mushrooms (for trace m
als), pumpkin seeds (phosphorus),
tage cheese (high in protein) and
ley (vitamin A). Her gum and b
problems cleared up. So has a tend
to bruise easily, a symptom she al
took for granted.

Face tells

Jackie's face was trying to tell
something. Persistent blackheads
pimples were making her miser
Blood tests uncovered a minor lac
vitamin A. A more serious defici
would have affected the mucous m
branes of her nose, throat and eyes

It's easy to spot A-rich foods by
color. The general rule is: if it's
gold or dark green, eat it. That goe
carrots, spinach, parsley, golden-fle
cantaloupe, kale, broccoli, turnip g
and lettuce with dark green le
Excellent vitamin A sources in
colors are milk, butter, eggs, ki
and liver.

Eating steamed spinach and a poa
egg twice a week for seven week
turned Jackie's vitamin A levels to
mal, and her skin cleared up. "Jus
minding myself to eat these foods n
the difference," she said. "Beauty ad
on food ought to emphasize more
just how to lose weight."

Dr. Solomon concurs. In fact,
guided efforts to lose weight are res
sible for many of the nutrition-rel
beauty problems he sees. "A redu
diet may be short in vitamins and

(continued on page



Hey Diddle Diddle 10″ x 18″



Noah's Ark 15″ x 15″



Humpty Dumpty 11″ x 14″



Old Woman in Shoe 12″ x 20″

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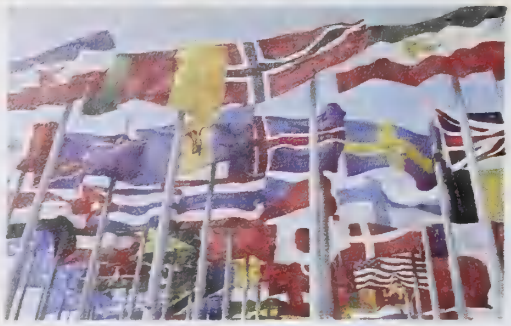
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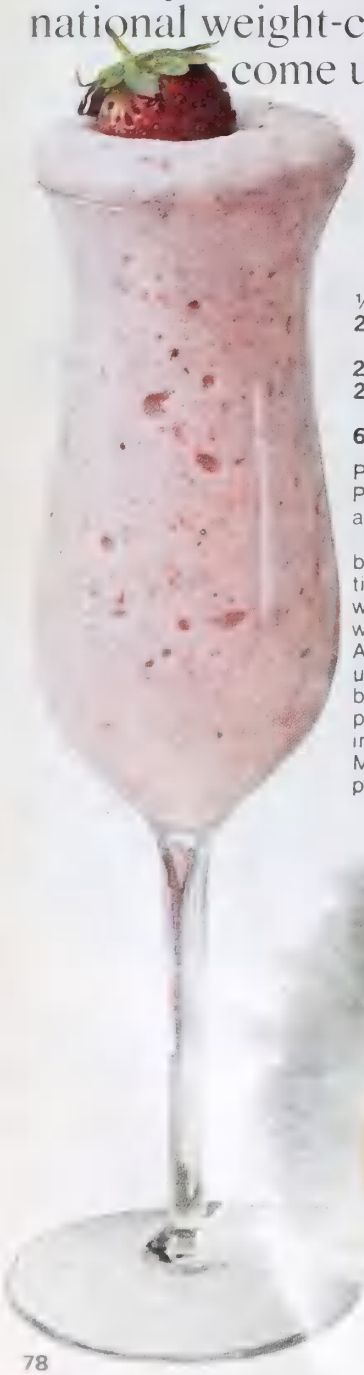


HOW TO DIET IN SIX LANGUAGES



Ethnic cooking usually means expansive (as in your waistline) cooking. That old feeling of pushing yourself away from the table, instantly five pounds heavier. Not any more. The Diet Workshop, a national weight-control program, has come up with a set of delicious international recipes. All are wonderfully familiar and comforting, yet adapted to a sensible, lower-in-calories diet plan. Here and on the following page are six easy favorites, worldly-wise combinations of good health and good taste, to help start you off with some new traditions.

Food photographs by Irwin Horowitz. Flag photograph by CUNY/FBG.



NETHERLANDS
Strawberry Whip

- ½ cup evaporated skim milk
- 2 cups fresh or frozen unsweetened strawberries
- 2 egg whites
- 2 packets granulated sugar substitute (equal to 4 teaspoons sugar)
- 6 strawberries, for garnish

Pour skim milk into small metal pan. Place in freezer until ice crystals form around the edge, about 30 minutes.

Meanwhile, place strawberries into blender container; cover and blend until smooth. In small bowl, beat egg whites until stiff. Fold purée into egg whites. Whip chilled milk until foamy. Add sweetener and continue beating until thick and fluffy; fold in strawberry mixture. Pour into 6 individual parfait glasses or dessert dishes. Serve immediately or refrigerate for 1 hour. Makes 6 servings. About 40 calories per serving.



FRANCE
Tuna Stuffed Mushrooms

- 24 large mushrooms
- 1 tablespoon dried onion flakes
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- 2 tablespoons water
- 2 slices white bread
- ½ cup skim milk
- ¼ teaspoon garlic powder
- Dash white pepper
- 1 can (3½ oz.) water packed tuna, drained and flaked
- 1 ounce (¼ cup) sharp Cheddar cheese, shredded
- Paprika, for garnish

Clean mushrooms with damp cloth. Remove stems and set caps aside. Chop stems. In saucepan, combine stems, onion flakes, parsley and water. Cook until stems are tender, about 5 minutes.

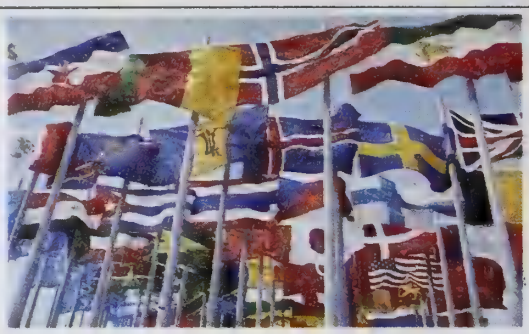
In blender container, place bread and milk; purée for 30 seconds, until mixture is smooth. Add to mushroom mixture in saucepan and stir over low heat until thick. Add garlic powder, pepper, tuna and cheese. When cheese melts, stir; remove from heat and cool.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Fill mushroom caps with tuna mixture, arrange in baking pan. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake 15 to 20 minutes until filling is heated through. Serve hot. Makes 24 mushrooms. About 30 calories each.

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HOW TO DIET IN SIX LANGUAGES





GREECE
Mixed Greens with Yogurt Dressing

- 1 cucumber, peeled, seeded and diced
- 1 green pepper, seeded and diced
- 3 green onions, diced
- 1 garlic clove
- 1 teaspoon seasoned salt
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 1 cup plain yogurt
- 6 cups torn Boston lettuce
- 2 cups torn watercress

Into blender container, place cucumber, green pepper, onions, garlic, salt and lemon juice. Cover and blend until smooth. Add yogurt and stir until well mixed.

In salad bowl, combine lettuce and watercress. Serve with dressing. Makes 8 servings. About 30 calories per serving.



ITALY
La Strata

- 1 pound lean ground beef or veal
- ¼ cup minced onion
- 1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
- 1 teaspoon basil
- 1 teaspoon chopped parsley
- ¼ teaspoon oregano
- Dash garlic salt
- Dash pepper
- 1 can (4 oz.) mushrooms, drained
- 1 package (10 oz.) frozen chopped spinach, thawed and well drained
- 8 ounces low-fat cottage cheese
- 4 ounces skim milk mozzarella cheese, shredded

Preheat oven to 375°F. In medium skillet, sauté ground meat and onion until onion is tender and meat is browned. Add tomato sauce, basil, parsley, oregano, garlic salt, pepper and mushrooms. Combine spinach and cottage cheese. In 8-inch square baking dish, arrange in layers spinach mixture, meat mixture, then mozzarella cheese. Repeat layering, ending with cheese. Bake 15 to 20 minutes or until hot and bubbly. Makes 4 servings; 445 calories each.

MEXICO
Green Bean Chili

pictured on page 78

- 2 pounds ground veal
- 1 large red onion, chopped (1⅓ cups)
- 2 small green peppers, chopped (1 cup)
- 2 cans (16 oz. each) French-style green beans, drained
- 1 can (18 oz.) tomato juice
- 1 teaspoon garlic powder
- 3 tablespoons chili powder
- 1 teaspoon ground cumin
- 2 packets granulated sugar substitute (equal to 4 teaspoons sugar)
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

In medium skillet, brown veal. Remove veal from skillet with slotted spoon; discard fat and wipe skillet with paper towel. Return veal to skillet. Add remaining ingredients, stirring well. Cook uncovered for 30 minutes or until thick, stirring occasionally. Makes 6 servings; 395 calories each.



JAPAN
Barbecued Shrimp

- 1 pound (about 24) uncooked medium-sized shrimp
- ¼ cup soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons tomato juice
- 1 tablespoon water
- 1 tablespoon cider vinegar
- ½ teaspoon ginger
- Dash cayenne pepper
- 1 packet granulated sugar substitute (equal to 2 teaspoons sugar)
- 1 garlic clove, crushed

Peel and devein shrimp. On each of 4 skewers, thread 6 shrimp; place on broiler pan. In small saucepan, combine remaining ingredients and heat to boiling. Reduce heat and simmer 3 minutes, uncovered. Brush shrimp thoroughly with sauce. Broil 4 inches from heat for 2 minutes on each side or until tender. Baste frequently with sauce. (May be grilled over charcoal fire.) Makes 4 servings. About 110 calories per serving.

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The Other Princess Grace



A noted novelist visits Princess Grace and finds laughter and tears beneath her serene armor of "glacial perfection."

By BUDD SCHULBERG

When I was invited to write the scenario for a television special on the life of Princess Grace of Monaco, my gut reaction was: What an odd bit of casting. I write about prizefighters, brawny longshoremen, the fight for survival in the inner cities. I root for underdogs.

Princess Grace wasn't exactly my idea of an underdog. Her father was rich and she is immaculately beautiful. Her career from Philadelphia to New York to Hollywood to Monaco seemed to be up, up, *up* to the top of the mountain. For a child of Hollywood who had been raised with—and, accordingly, took a rather dim view of—movie stars, and of establishments in general (from film moguls to European royalty), a pilgrimage to the crystal chandelier world of Princess Grace Patricia Kelly Grimaldi of Monte Carlo would not seem to be my cup of tea, or, should I say, my Venetian glass of champagne.

Is that a nice way to talk about a princess? A princess, especially an American born princess, is the stuff and the fluff of fairy tales. Hans Christian Anderson (with an assist from F. Scott Fitzgerald) should be writing this story instead of a follower of the fight game, a self-appointed expert on Muhammad Ali.

But it's a little late in the day for Anderson or Fitzgerald. And so. . .

Once upon a time there was a beautiful Irish-American girl whose grandfather had sailed as an immigrant boy in search of his fortune in the New World. If we had told John Henry Kelly as he stepped off the gangplank of a creaky old sailing ship in Boston that his granddaughter would return to the Old World and become the Princess Grace married to Rainier III and help to rule a sovereign principality from a 200-room palace that is one of the most majestic living museums in all Europe, that sturdy greenhorn would have put us in our place.

Grandfather Kelly made his way in the green world of 19th-century New England. His sons moved on to Philadelphia, where they prospered. Patrick, the oldest, made a success of the construction business and Grace's father, Jack Kelly, went to work for him as a hod-carrier and a bricklayer. A fierce second-generation competitor, Jack thrived on work. He could lay bricks fast and make money fast and row fast —somehow he found time before and after work to train for hours every day in a racing shell on the Schuylkill river and to become the national sculling champion. Wife Margaret was an ideal mate, not just a successful magazine cover girl but an athlete, too: the first coed physical education teacher at the University of Pennsylvania—"Way ahead of her time," Princess Grace would reminisce, "the completely well-rounded modern woman. Now *there's* someone you could do a special on!"

We were sitting with her in the drawing room of the Grimaldis' Paris townhouse in a courtyard of lovely old houses just off the Avenue Foch. When we rang the buzzer, she came to the door herself, with a warm and easy welcome to Bill Allyn, who would produce the TV special. Allyn had been a friend of hers from live television days in the early 1950's when they were both young actors scrounging around New York for work.

I was pleasantly surprised at the informality. No liveried servants, no bowing or scraping. Dressed in slacks and a light brown sweater with another shade of brown sweater over it, she might have been a suburban housewife in her late thirties, an especially pretty housewife. Marvelous eyes, marvelous nose, marvelous bones, marvelous skin. Yet neither in dress nor in manner anyone's conception of a fairy-tale princess. More like the girl next door, albeit the beautiful girl next door, 20 years later. I had pictured the cool grace of the Hitchcock movies and palace receptions. Instead, in a most friendly manner she led us into the drawing room, tastefully furnished but lived-in and warm. A big old dog called Andy bounded at her side. Chatting and reminiscing with Bill, she was shy and diffident with me, a watchful stranger. But quicker to laugh than I would have expected.

Spread on the coffee table were snapshots of a recent family trip to the Sahara. "I'm the family photographer," she said. "I really think these are pretty good, don't you?"

She picked one out, a moody sandscape relieved in the distance by what looked like an oblong glass. "A mirage," she said proudly. "That's awfully hard to get. Rainier didn't seem so impressed. But even when you can see it with the naked eye, it's tricky to pick up with a camera."

We asked about her family, the Philadelphia Kellys. Jack Kelly Sr. had been a driving spirit whose motto in life was: "I don't care what you do but whatever it is, don't just be good at it, be the best!"

He had gone to England's Henley Regatta to race in the *(continued)*



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Princess Grace

continued

Diamond Sculls, but had been forbidden to enter because he had the hands of a working man. "This is an event for gentlemen." A generation later, the Kelly family had gone to England to cheer Grace's brother "Kell" on as he won the cup that had been denied his father.

"There aren't any words that can do justice to my feelings," Father Kelly had said. "I feel a tremendous sense of pride for Kell. He's the one that matters, not the thwarted ambitions of an old guy who once got his fingers publicly burned over here because he was born without a silver spoon in his mouth."

"It must have been a heavy load," I said to Princess Grace, "to keep up with the Kellys, to keep up with yourself—to be the best."

She crossed her legs and thought a moment, as if there were still a challenge in the question, some lingering sense of childhood hurt. We had heard from friends that not only had she been a shy child, but rather sickly, too—unlike her outgoing, tomboyish older and younger sisters. She liked to stay in her room and read, draw, sew and dream, try to turn her introspection into poetry.

"Yes, it was—it is—a heavy load," Princess Grace said. The silence that followed seemed to hold its own inaudible sentences: Loads are to be carried. Burdens are to be borne. Challenges are to be met. And overcome. You could almost hear the convent sisters teaching her character with a stinging ruler. And the voice of Jack Kelly Sr. echoed in the room: "Be the best, Grace Patricia, be the best!"

Uncle won Pulitzer

The mood changed suddenly when we talked of her two theatrical uncles: Walter Kelly toured the vaudeville stages of the world as "The Virginia Judge," and the famous playwright of the 1920's, George Kelly, won the Pulitzer Prize for *Craig's Wife*. Grace warmed to his memory. "I think Uncle George was a great American playwright, but there's a whole new generation that doesn't know him as well as I wish they did. He knew his people. Exactly how they talked and what they felt. Both *The Torchbearers* and *The Showoff* are wonderful plays, human, funny and moving. In his preface to *The Showoff*, the great humorist Heywood Brown wrote: 'This is the best comedy yet written by an American.'"

"Then it was Uncle George who influenced you to go into the theater?"

She thought a moment. "We were always doing plays. I was Cinderella in my sister Peggy's play when I was twelve, and I had a part in an Old Academy Players production in our hometown, called *Don't Feed the Animals*. I did *Peter Pan* as our graduation play at Stevens—but we were talking about Uncle George."

Clearly, of the two theatrical careers, she was much more at ease with George's than Grace's. "Uncle George was one of the most fascinating men I ever met. He could remember every poem he ever read. He loved poetry and language and the theater. He could recite favorite poems all night long. So wise, witty, human—there was simply no one like him in the whole world."

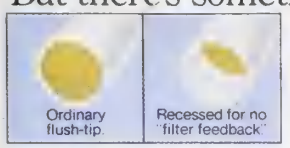
I had once been aware of, and then half-forgotten, the George Kelly–Grace Kelly family relationship. Certainly I hadn't realized until now what a driving force it has been in her life.

Then, with both of them remembering lines from another of Uncle George's plays, *Behold, The Bridegroom*, Bill Allyn and Grace (for she was all actress now and not at all princess) fell to reminiscing about those live shows they had done in what is now looked back on nostalgically as "the Golden Age of television": *Studio One. Lights Out. Philco. The Kraft Playhouse . . .* *(continued on page 217)*

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Psychiatrist's notebook

By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

All of us feel fearful at times: of driving, of meeting new people, of darkness or of heights. Dr. Rubin talks about the real reasons for our anxieties—and what we can do to relieve them.

There has been a great deal of publicity lately about "anxiety attacks"—especially the kind that make people afraid to leave their own houses, or even a particular room. It's true that victims of such fear can be incapacitated to the point of paralysis, unable to function socially, sexually or professionally. But anxiety takes many other forms as well. Two letters from readers typify the self-torture of fear or anxiety:

"I have an unrealistic fear of sharp objects like knives and scissors," a young woman wrote. "Sometimes it gets to a point where I carry them out of the house before I go to bed. This all started one night when I looked at a knife and thought what would happen if I lost control of myself and hurt someone."

The second letter reads: "My daughter, who is 21, is a bright and sensible girl, but she has periods of terrible anxiety. She gets very provoked with herself about these attacks, though my husband and I can help her temporarily by our love and discussions. After a day or so, she gets better, but they recur. She was nine years old, and riding in an elevator with me and my mother, when Mother had a fatal heart attack. Could this be the cause of her anxiety? She has told me that riding in elevators bothers her, and now she's becoming anxious about driving any distance."

Let's look at the basic problems that underly these complaints. Both writers were describing forms of "anxiety attacks," a common, extremely distressing condition. Such attacks vary in degree; they may feel like mild tension and disquietude, unrelenting "irrational" fear, a loss of orientation, or even utter panic. The attacks may be short-lived and infrequent, or chronic and pervasive. Some people experience physical symptoms: rapid heartbeat, excessive sweating, weakness, flushing, vomiting, headache, light-headedness or dizziness.

Many psychiatrists and psychologists, including myself, feel that anxiety is actually the underlying reason for nearly all emotional disorders and disabilities. But anxiety attacks can be useful as well as destructive. As evidence of deeper distress, they signal the need for help and provide motivation to change what needs changing in one's life.

To answer the mother who wrote me, people do sometimes suffer "traumatic anxiety" or neurotic reactions following accidents or fearful events in their lives. But if these persist past a reasonable point, they almost always indicate more serious difficulties. Anxiety attacks usually reflect a fear of facing certain feelings and internal conflicts—and a continuing attempt to keep them buried. When these unwanted feelings threaten to emerge, an anxiety attack occurs.

How is it that we let ourselves suffer so? One reason is that many of us have an idealized image of ourselves that conflicts with the feeling we're trying to repress. We may cherish the idea that we are calm, gentle, reasonable people—and therefore try to hide our normal feelings of anger or hostility, because they don't fit the picture. As children, many of us were afraid to admit, let alone express, our angry feelings for fear of alienating the very people (our parents) we depended on. Later, we imagined that we would feel safe if we could be loved by everybody—and thought that, to win their love, we'd better not have angry feelings, sexual desires, yearnings for power and other normal (but intense) longings. This can create intolerable conflict. When repressed, even simple feelings of anger snowball and become exaggerated, so that when they finally emerge they take frightful forms—an apparently murderous rage, for example, or a fear of knives.

Obviously, we need a healthier, fuller means of feeling and expressing anger and other emotions. This is never simple, but it *is* possible. If we can give up our saint-like self-images and accept our human feelings, we can reduce our anxiety.

WHO CAN HELP?

The fearful young woman who is "provoked with herself" for feeling anxiety is undoubtedly greatly helped by her parents' love and acceptance. But she needs her own love and acceptance most of all. She must learn to accept all the feelings she is trying to escape, especially those that make her feel ashamed of herself. To do this by herself may be impossible, if she does not consciously know what these feelings are, or how to coax them into the light of awareness. She may need the right kind of professional help.

From my point of view, that kind of help does not include transcendental meditation, primal scream therapy, electroshock or behavior modification. Proper investigation of these symptoms—of their source and their nature—is best done by psychiatrists or psychologists who have themselves been analyzed and are therefore familiar with these all-too-human problems on a personal, experiential level. **End**

Dr. Rubin is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of "Reflections In a Goldfish Tank" (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc.). If you have questions you would like Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.



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MAMMOGRAPHY

Do breast X-rays cause cancer as well as detect it? That's the controversial question that frightens many women. Now here's an encouraging report. By Joann Rodgers

For 20 years, American women with suspicious lumps or other warning signs of breast cancer have received mammograms—the special breast X-rays that can detect cancer in its earliest, most curable stages. Lately, however, mammography has stirred up a confusing controversy, raising a question that has scared many women away from this potentially life-saving diagnostic tool.

The question is: Do mammograms *cause* cancer?

Before any woman can intelligently decide about the value of mammography for herself, she should understand the issues behind the recent scare headlines.

In 1973, the American Cancer Society (ACS) and the National Cancer Institute (NCI) announced plans to give a series of annual mammograms to 300,000 women in "breast cancer demonstration projects" across the country. Almost half of these women would be between the ages of 35 and 50. A study done ten years before, by the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York (HIP), had found that mammography—in conjunction with physical examination of the breast—reduced the death rate from breast cancer in women *over 50* by a third. (The vast majority of breast cancers occur in this age group.) Although it did not reveal a similar benefit for women *under 50,* the ACS and NCI experts attributed this to the poor X-ray equipment in use when the HIP study was done; they believed that newer, higher-quality equipment would prove just as beneficial in diagnosing the cancers that occur in younger women.

A year later, in 1974, when the Betty Ford and Happy Rockefeller mastectomies put breast cancer on the front page, millions of women crowded into cancer centers and doctors' offices demanding the "miracle X-rays." And, indeed, the mammograms seemed a miracle—able to detect suspicious clusters of cells as small as a tomato seed. Using the X-rays as a guide, surgeons could remove the clusters by a simple surgical procedure called a biopsy and learn whether they were cancerous or not.

Women learned that mammograms could find cancers so early and so small that they were surgically curable by breast removal in nine out of ten cases. They believed that annual mammograms would wipe out the consistently high breast cancer death rate (33,000 a year for 50 years) as well as reduce the need for the most radical, maiming breast operations.

But as more and more women subjected their sensitive breast tissue to X-rays, concern arose about the well-known hazard of radiation in any form.

Critics were particularly upset about the routine use of mammography in women under 50 in the demonstration projects. Of the 9,000 breast cancers diagnosed in the U.S. each year, they pointed out, only 25 percent occur in women under 50; so why subject this lower-risk group to radiation?

Who needs a mammogram? When? How often? At what age should a woman start? Here are the latest facts.

X-rays in sufficient doses are, of course, well-known cancer-causing agents, in both animals and humans. In addition, radiation doses (called rads) absorbed by the body are cumulative. This means that a 35-year-old woman who gets an annual mammogram (about 1 rad of exposure under ideal conditions) will by age 65 have stored up the equivalent of one dose of 30 rads. How much radiation is that? It is about the same amount a patient gets with a single examination from the new, whole-body X-ray scanners (26 rads). A chest X-ray delivers only a tenth of a rad.

The controversy picked up steam when, in the fall of 1975, John Bailar, M.D., former director of the NCI's Cancer Control Program, gave newspaper columnist Jack Anderson an unpublished medical report. It said that the number of cancers detected with mammograms in the ACS-NCI projects was tiny—one or less per 1,000. Dr. Bailar said: "There seems to be a possibility that the routine use of screening women without symptoms may eventually take almost as many lives at it saves." He concluded that for young women, "examination with . . . palpation alone will offer the same benefit as mammography."

Further, Ralph Nader's Health Research Group publicized a federal survey that found that 16 mammography machines in 11 breast cancer detection centers were "leaking"—delivering far more than the usual one rad per mammogram. And women wondered: how many other defective machines were being used?

Most recently, the mammography controversy has centered on claims that, for women under 50, the X-rays are no better cancer detectors than at-home breast self-examination (BSE) combined with regular physical examination of the breast by a doctor. A younger woman's breasts, according to this argument, are so glandular and dense that X-rays are of little value in detecting minute clumps of potentially cancerous cells.

The National Cancer Institute asked Arthur Upton, M.D., a consultant to the HIP study, and Lester Breslow, M.D., of the University of California to check out this situation. Both agreed that benefits did not seem to extend to young women.

Naturally that made headlines, since ACS-NCI was screening thousands of women aged 35-50. But few reporters waited around to hear Dr. Upton explain that no one knows the true risk of low-dose radiation. Based on what *is* known, he said, the dose in a mammogram is so small in the younger woman that it would take 100 mammograms to double a woman's lifetime risk of developing breast cancer.

Nor did many reporters pay attention when the directors of the breast cancer projects reported that 233 breast cancers already had been discovered in screening 130,000 women under 50—and that 100 of these cancers would never have been found without mammography.

Moreover, of these 100 cancers detected by mammography, 80 percent had not yet spread to the lymph nodes in the armpits, which gave 95 percent of the patients a predicted five-year survival rate after surgery. The ACS considers that a cure.

But despite these encouraging statistics, public confidence in mammography had been severely shaken. Attention was focused now on such "safe" early detection alternatives as thermography (a non-X-ray method using heat sensors to detect breast cancer), ultrasound, urine and hormone tests, even *(continued on page 154)*



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Beauty Journal

A month to enjoy the scents of spring and to think of barefoot days just ahead.

FOOT NOTES

Once the summer months arrive, feet that have been hidden away all winter are again bared to public scrutiny. If you haven't been paying much attention to the shape your feet are in, this is the perfect month to lavish some attention on them with a proper pedicure. Here's how to go about it:

1) For callouses, use a pumice stone while in the shower. Scholl makes a contoured one with a handle that's terrific for getting around heel curves and ball-of-the-foot callouses. $1.39 at all drug stores. Another method of attacking hardened skin is with an emery board . . . no water necessary . . . just file away.

2) To keep cuticles neat, it's a good idea to push them back with a towel after every shower or bath. Done regularly, it's an excellent maintenance routine. If you have ragged cuticles to start, best use a liquid or cream cuticle remover first, then push back gently with an orange stick. (This is the same as in a manicure.)

3) When trimming toenails, always cli straight across, never tapering at th sides since ingrown toenails frequentl start from a tapered edge trying to grov back out. After clipping, you'll prob ably want to smooth out top edges wit an emery board. Or, if you like handling appliances, Clair has a new one called The Nail Works, which includes both filing attachment for toenails and a callous remover. It's bat tery-operated, about $16. How short to trim nails? One pod atrist we know suggests letting toenails grow a little longer fo summer, to serve as better protection for bare toes.

4) Polishing is easier if you slip cotton balls between toes o use a pedicure brace. When applying polish, start from th outside first (little toes to big toes) so you're not draggin your hand back across wet nail polish. Two coats usually do it End with a clear acrylic top coat to protect your pedicure

5) When selecting a nail polish color for your toes, why no try a day-glow bright? Or a wonderful blue. It's fun to use color that's totally unexpected.

EXERCISE OF THE MONTH

Q: *What is an effective exercise for the top thighs right under the buttocks? Also, the top sides of the thighs? I would appreciate some help so I can see improvement before bikini season. Thanks.—M.Mc., S.C.*



A: This exercise is simple but it works. Stand up straight and support yourself by holding on to a table or chair with the left hand. Place right hand on hip. Now—keeping both legs straight—point the right one diagonally backwards (four o'clock position), then bring back into place. Repeat a dozen times and feel the tightening action; then reverse. Energetic jogging also tightens up buttocks and thighs, and there's nothing more beneficial than a hard game of tennis or squash to reduce flab.

MOTHER'S DAY SCENTS

For lingering luxury . . . give fragrance. This year we sugges a return to the classics, always a stylish way to show you appreciation. • Joy, blended from Bulgarian roses and Frenc jasmin, conjures up visions of drifting black chiffon, baroqu pearls. By Jean Patou, 1 oz. Eau de Joy, $22. • Weil's firs fragrance, Zibeline, is the perfect gift for a first lady. Sensuous enticingly bittersweet, ¼ oz. perfume, $15. • Arpège Bath O is a winning combination . . . oil that makes the body silk smooth, scent that leaves an aroma of amber, honeysuckle an patchouli. 1.4 oz., $7.50, by Lanvin. • Jicky brings back dis tant memories of country gardens, of lavender, lilac and lem on . . . it's Guerlain's answer to hot, humid days. 3 oz. toile water, $11.50. • Chanel No. 5 is one of the best known name in fragrance. The scent itself, a modern floral blend, appeal to women of all ages and has been attracting new users sinc its introduction 55 years ago. Quite a track record. The 3-oz spray cologne, $12.50. • Norell, the same distinctive style an chic that you'd expect from one of America's greatest dres designers. Light floral overtones blend with exotic, rich ro manticism. 1¼ oz. Spray Mist, $8.

SWITCH-ON IMAGE

Q: *Help! I'd like to volunteer for your next makeover project. The enclosed photo (shown at right) was taken recently, but it looks just like one I had taken for my high school graduation—SEVEN years ago. Now I realize I'm not a teeny-bopper anymore. I'm 25 years old and proud of it. I want to look it.—P.B., N.Y.C.*







A: The answer to your problem, we feel, lies not in age but in sophistication. With this in mind, we suggest you take the plunge and cut the front o your hair into feathery bangs The sides will still fall loose an free, but should clear the collar bone. As your hair is obviously soft and fine, make sure that i is not shaped in a rigid helme cut. To complete this contem porary look, use more makeup especially around the eyes Brush on several coats of mascara, try smoky shadows. Use a dark gray or dark brown eye pencil and line your eyes al around. Highlight your cheekbones with blusher; select bright shiny color for lips and nails.



Soap and water:
Should you use it if your skin is dry?

If you've got to get your face clean but you have dry skin, you can't use soap or it will dry out even further. Right? Think again.

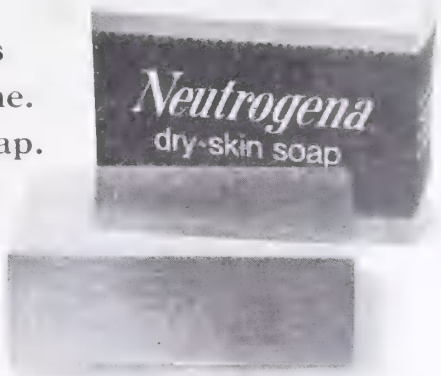
In the first place, many dermatologists feel there's no better cleanser for your face than soap and water. And you already know that no combination of creams and fresheners ever leave your face feeling as clean.

In the second place, it depends on the soap. Ordinary soaps are made only to "take": to take away dirt and makeup. In the process, they also take away some of your skin's natural moisture and oils, which you can't afford to lose now that you're no longer a rosy-cheeked, dewy-skinned young girl.

You need a soap with "give" as well as "take." Now there is one. New Neutrogena® Dry Skin Soap. Not only does it take away surface dirt and makeup as mildly and effectively as our regular Neutrogena® Soap. *It does more.*

It gives very dry skin something it needs. *Extra protection.* An invisible layer of two emollients that stays on when the dirt rinses off. And, as you know, emollients are those wonderful substances that help skin retain moisture and act as a barrier against further moisture loss. The process is called hydrating the skin. (Instead of dehydrating, which many soaps do).

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"I'M EVE"

The startling true story behind and beyond *The Three Faces of Eve*—by the woman who lived it.

By Chris Costner Sizemore & Elen Sain Pittillo

In 1957 the book *The Three Faces of Eve* became an immediate nonfiction best seller—and the basis for an Academy Award-winning movie performance by Joanne Woodward. A vivid account of a woman's struggle with a split personality, it had such a profound impact that people still have not forgotten its frightening implications. Lurking inside the body of a seemingly normal woman were three separate, distinct personalities—"Eve White," "Eve Black" and "Jane"—personalities that had no connection with one another, except that they happened to be parts of the same woman. At the conclusion of the book, two of "Eve's" faces had disappeared. "Eve White" and "Eve Black" no longer existed, leaving only "Jane"—a whole, healthy, functioning personality. Or was she?

Now "Eve" herself—she is in real life Christine Costner Sizemore of Fairfax, Va.—has written her own story. In the following excerpts, she describes some of the nine personalities that appeared after the deaths of Eve White and Eve Black. She also reveals that the three personalities recognized by her therapist and co-author of *The Three Faces of Eve*, Dr. Corbett Thigpen, were, in fact, 13 different identities. At age 48, Chris Sizemore has gone through 22 distinct personality changes in her attempts to deny a fearful reality.

The process of writing her story served as a therapeutic experience for Chris. As she recorded the events, patterns began to emerge—and, with them, greater understanding. Her recollections here are interspersed with her own commentary on the bizarre manifestations witnessed by her family.



Chris Costner Sizemore today.

On December 19, 1953, Christine married Don Sizemore. Believing that Chris as "Jane" was totally cured, Don bought a trailer and moved Chris and her daughter Taffy away from Augusta, Ga., and Dr. Thigpen, her lifeline to sanity. But Jane was an incomplete personality and could not continue to function for long; in addition, there were indications of worse trouble—other personalities were developing. Severe headaches—accompanied by brief periods of blindness—began to plague Chris, although there seemed to be no physical cause. Neither Chris nor Don could know that these periods of blindness signaled the emergence of the "Blind Lady," the first new personality to emerge after the deaths of Eve Black and Eve White. All they knew was that their life together was turning into a nightmare. Night after night Chris, terribly depressed and unable to sleep, would drug herself into a stupor while Don stayed in the other room watching TV.

On one such night, she reached the end of her endurance, and taking out her wedding nightgown, she carefully dressed herself as for sleep; so she thought, her last sleep. She meticulously combed her hair and made up her face. Neatly turning down the bed covers, she arranged a reading light beside the bed so that its beam would be cast directly on her face. Next she wrote farewell notes to Don, to Taffy and to Dr. Thigpen.

In the bathroom, she poured out onto the counter all the pills from three bottles; aspirins, sleeping pills and tranquilizers. Slowly, methodically, she swallowed a lethal dose. Gathering regal dignity about her as a queenly cloak, she walked with measured step to her final bed and ceremoniously lay down, graciously awaiting death. However, long before the creeping lethargy could begin to numb, the blue eyes, gazing serenely out of the glowing white face framed in the black fan of her hair, drooped and closed sleepily. This smooth exterior belied the fact that it covered a roiling cauldron seething within. The eyes flew *(continued)*



"Jane" with Don Sizemore just before their marriage in 1953. Only Jane knew she was not completely well.



The "Blind Lady," shy, insecure and totally blind from time to time, was only the first of the new faces of Eve.



The "Banana Split Girl," a spoiled child drawn from Chris's past to cope with a too-frightening present.



The "Purple Lady," obsessed with purple, sprayed her hair to look the 58 years she believed herself to be.

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"I'M EVE"

continued

open, wide, staring, naked terror mirrored in their straining depths. She jumped from the bed and raced in a panic from the room.

"She's trying to kill me!" she gasped chokingly to the startled Don.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"She took all those pills!"

"Who?" he asked, dazed.

"Jane! Jane did it, she took all those pills," she exclaimed, pointing desperately toward the bathroom.

Don did not understand all the implications, but one look at the empty bottles convinced him that she had indeed swallowed a dangerous number of pills. Hurriedly, he mixed a vile concoction of dried mustard and hot water and forced her to drink it down. She retched violently, emptying the contents of her stomach and probably, considering the brief ingestion time, ridding her system of the largest part of the medicine. Don was still not satisfied, however, and he persuaded her to drink large quantities of hot black coffee, after which he took her outside into the cold, clear night and walked her up and down a rough, rolling section of ground until dawn. Nearly five hours had passed since she had burst in upon him with her startling news; if she were still awake, she was surely all right. He led her, exhausted but complaining, into the trailer and t lay down on the bed together. It Thanksgiving Day.

That's another one! She was no well, after all. This one is blin sometimes; she's the one who ha been making Jane blind. I don' have to ask why she came. Someon had to come to save the body. Jan was so selfish; if she couldn't liv she didn't want anyone to live. Sh would kill the body to keep anyon else from having it. Jane knew fro the headaches and the blindnes that someone else was there, jus as she had come when the tw Chrises could not handle life. Sh fought for life and took over, bu now that she can't handle things she wants to end it all for every body. She's so selfish and shallow I don't see why Dr. Thigpen eve thought she could live a normal life She must have been quite good a deceiving him. I can see all thi clearly, but I have no feeling o ever having been there. Suppos the Blind Lady had not come ou and Jane had succeeded? Wha would have happened to me? Wha an awful thought. I can understan why people doubt; I can scarcel believe it myself. But it's true, al true. The Blind Lady stayed out fo several days and Jane was neve really strong again, even though the changes were frequent and th painful headaches continued.

Don rose in midmorning with an expected suggestion.

"I want to go home. Let's get dres and go to Bear Creek."

The Chris who looked up at him v not the same woman with whom he h been living for almost a year. T woman was not haughty and withdra slightly contemptuous of everything a everyone; this woman was gentle, cepting, considerate. Her face, s peaked and drawn from her night's perience, was filled with wonder a curiosity. They did not talk then, but the long drive south, she told him h for several months now she had b looking out on the world through eyes of another—had been able to and hear, but had been denied all fe ing, all sensation. She told him how s had longed to touch, to feel, to exp ence; and she described to him wha was like to drink water, to feel the move against her face, to walk barefo on a cold floor. The body, she said, h no sensations for her until she came o

Don listened, his senses numb, practical logic outraged. But, incredib she *was* different! He could not expl it, but neither could he deny it.

(continued on page 10



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Your family's health

By David R. Zimmerman

Medical after-effects of auto accidents . . . When drugs pay a bonus . . . Does a virus cause diabetes? . . . A simple remedy for "Montezuma's revenge."

SHATTERED LIVES. Auto-crash stories usually focus on the deaths—which are easy to count. But a new study by the nonprofit Insurance Institute for Highway Safety explores what is, in some ways, a more horrible and costly toll: crippling spinal cord injuries. In one recent year, more than 5,000 drivers, passengers and pedestrians suffered broken necks, backs or other spinal injuries. Half died. Only 338 recovered fully. The remaining 2,500 remain paralyzed from the neck or waist down. The cost to taxpayers for their medical care is almost $1 billion. One way to reduce this toll, the IHS says, is to mandate airbags and related safety devices in all new cars. Another is to observe the 55 mph speed limit.

DIABETES VIRUS? Preliminary but provocative evidence linking a virus to juvenile diabetes—the early, severe form of the disease—is being formally presented this month by microbiologist Richard L. Crowell, Ph.D., of Hahnemann Medical College in Philadelphia, and his graduate student, Thomas Stoneback, who actually made the discovery. The Philadelphians found that a strain of Group B coxsackieviruses will seek out, bind to—and may inactivate—pancreatic cells (called beta cells) that make insulin, the body chemical that normally staves off diabetes. Juvenile diabetes patients already have been shown to have had above-average rates of coxsackievirus infections. These clues lead Crowell to speculate that a virus could be "one potential cause" of the debilitating illness. If true, researchers could start work on a protective vaccine.

LIFE-SAVING SPIN-OFF. Development of a safe, potent new drug against one disease pays an important medical bonus if the drug then proves effective against another illness. Two years ago, we reported that danazol, a then-experimental synthetic male hormone, dramatically relieves painful endometriosis in many women, without masculinizing side effects. Male hormones also have been used to treat a rare but deadly disease called hereditary angioedema (HAE), in which the hands, feet, face and air passages to the lungs swell up—often fatally. Doctors at the National Institutes of Health (NIH) decided to try danazol on nine HAE victims, five of them women. During 45 months of treatment, there was only one HAE attack—in one patient. But during 47 alternate months, when the patients took dummy medication, they experienced 44 HAE attacks. So internist Jeffrey Gelfand, M.D., and his colleagues rate danazol "strikingly effective" in controlling dangerous HAE.

STOPPING THE RUNS. Diarrhea is an unpleasant interruption for vacationers in Mexico and other foreign lands. But for new babies, wherever they are, it often is deadly—since it dries out their tiny bodies. An important new discovery about infant diarrhea was described in New York City. Virologist Richard G. Wyatt, M.D., of NIH said that a newly found rotavirus causes half or more of the severe diarrhea cases in American babies. This finding may lead to better treatment methods. Meanwhile, University of Texas researchers have discovered that Americans visiting Mexico can effectively treat travelers' diarrhea, or "Montezuma's revenge," by taking a one-ounce dose of Pepto-Bismol every half hour.

End

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"I'M EVE"

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would have been unable to describe the difference, but his every sense cried out that this was a different woman. He even felt strange and hesitant with her, as he would have with a woman he had just met, but one with whom he had experienced a momentous occasion, the kind that breaks down the barriers and draws strangers together. When complete strangers survive together, they are never again complete strangers.

Thus began what surely must be one of the strangest, most bizarre marriage relationships of all time. Over the next 20 years, Don Sizemore was to see in the familiar form of his wife, nine such astounding changes—strangers peering at him from the ever-changing blue eyes, strange voices addressing him from the wide red mouth, strange emotions motivating the restless body.

The Blind Lady continued to reappear from time to time, but other personalities, like the "Bell Lady," emerged to confuse and torment Chris. Often a personality would reappear after a dormant period and find that enormous changes had taken place in her absence.

As the Bell Lady, Chris reached her peak of maturity, losing her restless striving for what was beyond her grasp and magnifying the long-neglected treasures languishing at her fingertips. She developed her artistic talents through ceramics, poetry and sketching, winning prizes and ribbons. The fact that she felt sufficiently confident to enter her work for competitive judging indicated a drastic change from the shy, insecure Blind Lady. She developed an interest in politics, became very civic-minded, and worked diligently as a Girl Scout leader. She spent long hours in musty old shops appreciating antiques that Jane would have considered junk—and of which the Blind Lady would have been totally unaware.

During this period she became pregnant. She immediately made plans to return to Augusta for the birth of her baby. This pregnancy was perhaps the calmest, sweetest period of her entire life. Don, who had earlier rejected the idea of having a child, now responded with tenderness and affection; Taffy was delighted at the prospect of having a baby to play with; and there were scarcely any personality changes to upset the even tenor of their lives. Ironically, while it had been the Blind Lady who had so desperately wanted to give Don a son, it was the Bell Lady who conceived, carried and bore his child. Chris seldom attained her goals in life, and even the rare times when she did reap the fruits of her labor, the sweetness of success was marred because the personality who had striven so laboriously was not allowed to collect the reward. Each attainment became a bittersweet victory, with one part of her suffering defeat at seeing another benefit from her labors, and the other part not fully able to appreciate a prize for which she had not worked—and, perhaps, that she did not even want.

Only one incident marred this tranquil period. While she was waiting to turn left from a busy street, her car was struck from the rear. Her unborn child escaped injury but Chris's back and shoulder were damaged, greatly magnifying her chances of aborting the four-month pregnancy. Above all, she could not travel; she had to change all of her plans for returning to Augusta for the birth. This was a difficult adjustment for her and caused one awkward change. She was in the doctor's office and had just been told that under no circumstances could she travel several hundred miles to give birth to her baby. Bitter disappointment engulfed her; she felt suffocated and faint, her head pounded and the room turned black. When she opened her eyes, her amazement was utter: She was lying naked under a sheet in an examining room. As she gazed around the room trying to orient herself, she felt strange movements in her stomach, and placing a hand on her middle, she was astounded to discover its enormous size. Tentatively, she ran her hand over the tight, protruding belly, finally gathering enough courage to look down at the round bulge under the sheet. As she did so, the movement was repeated. Fascinated, she gently touched the tiny bump. The doctor, watching all this, was slightly perplexed.

"Are you all right, Mrs. Sizemore?" he inquired.

"It's a baby, isn't it?" she asked softly.

"It certainly is!" the doctor declared. He was accustomed to the strange behavior of women caught in the wonder of a live child's movement within their bodies. He smiled indulgently at her, unaware that he had just witnessed a woman awaken to find herself seven months pregnant and willfully pummeled from within by a child she had not conceived.

It's the Blind Lady. I can remember how she felt, how surprised she was. She loved Don so much and wanted so much to bear his child, and now she awakes to find that another woman has conceived his child and is carrying it in her body.

The change lasted for several days. The Blind Lady, unable to even observe the activities of the Bell Lady, could experience only if she were out, and she was so fascinated by the growing chil within her that she fought to remain ou She constantly felt and examined h body, laughing in childish delight whe the child moved or kicked. Don seeme unaware of this change, thinking on that his calm, disciplined wife was fee ing a moment of uncontrolled joy in h motherhood.

A major concern, since she could n return home for her confinement to do tors who knew her history, was that th trauma of birth might cause a recurren of her problems. Fortunately for her, was a perfectly natural childbirth. O May 24, 1959, Bobby, her dark-haire blue-eyed son, was born. There were n complications and no changes. The Be Lady gave birth to her child as she di everything else—quietly, confidently an without undue excitement. It was sever weeks before the much-weakened Blin Lady returned—and, strangely, it wa again in the doctor's office while lyin on the examining table. For no apparen reason, the headache struck and th change occurred. As soon as she felt he flat stomach, she became hysterical, cry ing and moaning, "My baby, my baby Where is my baby?"

The doctor, judging this to be onl some postpartum disturbance, hurriedl brought in Taffy and the baby, who ha accompanied Chris. Seeing Taffy hol ing the tiny, blue-garbed baby, Chr asked, "Why am I here? Who is tha baby?"

"You came to see the doctor, Mother Taffy answered. "This is Bobby, ou baby." She held the child for her mothe to see.

Chris looked at the small sleeping fac and grew calm. She had not lost he baby. She was, however, so embarrasse over the scene she had created that sh could not bring herself to return eve again to that doctor.

"The Virgin" is born

Sometimes a personality would b born with absolutely no knowledge o Chris's life. The resulting confusio would leave her family shaken.

Several years after Bobby's birth, th family moved to Manassas, Ga. It wa there that "The Virgin" was born.

What does a man do when he slip into bed beside his wife of almost te years, and she turns to him, a face fille with surprise, slowly changing to fright

"Who are you?" she yelped, shocke her blue eyes staring and dilated wit terror. "What are you doing here?"

She jumped from the bed and backe against the wall. Keeping as far from hi motionless figure as possible, she edge around furniture until she reached th door; and there, turning her back for th first time, she fled from the room. Do did not follow her. Hearing her fleein footsteps on the stairs, he knew that sh

(continued on page 200)

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Combine pudding mix, gelatin, water and lemon juice in a saucepan. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a boil. Pour into a bowl and chill until thickened. To hasten chilling, place bowl of pudding mixture in larger bowl of ice and water, then stir until thickened. Fold in whipped topping, blending well; stir in strawberries. Pour into pie shell and chill until set, 1 to 2 hours. Garnish with additional whipped topping and strawberries.

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The latest news, information and ideas for parents and children.
By Geraldine Carro



Mothering

Another CHILD? Does it make sense

In the old days, when the first born was suddenly no longer a baby, when the out-grown infant clothes piled up and the mothers-in-law asked, "When?"—it was obviously time to have another.

That was before the Pill, popular psychology, zero population growth, shrinking living space, galloping inflation and wider career opportunities for women all conspired to make child-bearing such an arduous decision.

"All my friends are wondering whether or not to have another child," says New Yorker Joan Goldfield. "It's getting harder and harder to have your second or third without some serious thinking." A teacher and mother of a 3-year-old, Joan would like another: "But I'm not ready yet," she says.

Statistics confirm that women view the numbers game in a new way. The birth rate dropped from 3.8 children per woman in 1957 to 1.8 in 1975. The number of young married women who want only one child, according to a recent survey, has doubled in seven years. In contrast, the number who want three children or more fell by a third.

With "the baby bust" in full swing, couples and professionals alike are strongly questioning traditional child-bearing motives. Organizations such as Planned Parenthood and N.O.N. (National Organization for Non-Parents) suggest that some people consider not having children at all. But for most couples, the question remains how many—or how few—to have.

Today, if you're considering enlarging the family, you won't get much encouragement in some professional circles. Robert J. Gould, professor of psychiatry at New York Medical College, believes people often want more children for the wrong reasons. Says Dr. Gould, a N.O.N. board member: "In the past, families needed children to run the farm. There was also a higher rate of child mortality. Today large families persist mainly out of habit."

Among the items on Gould's list of wrong-headed reasons to have more children: to prove one's masculinity or femininity; to show one can afford a big family; to hold a marriage together; to quiet peer or family pressure; to carry on the family name.

The most common reason people cite for having a second child is to avoid rearing an only child. E. James Lieberman, a Washington, D.C., psychiatrist argues: "If the *raison d'etre* for having a second child is to prevent the first from being spoiled, you're using the second child as a tool. A child should be an end unto itself."

Lieberman believes that the negative stereotypes of the only child are myths. So does author Ellen Peck, who claims in her new book, *The Joy of the Only Child** that the only child is often a high achiever who is happier and better-adjusted socially than children with siblings. The developmental advantages stem largely, she says, from the greater resources—both emotional and financial—that the only child's parents can offer.

When it comes to having the second child, yet another myth is operative, says Lieberman. "It's the notion that two can live as cheaply—or as easily—as one. While two children may keep each other company, they also get into fights that mother must referee," he points out. "And when the two get the measles, it's rarely together." As for expenses, even if you already have a crib and playpen, the outlay is considerable. In New York City, for example, it costs about $85,000 to raise a second child to age 18.

"Having the second isn't like taking an extra side trip," says Lieberman. "It's like being halfway around the world and deciding to go the whole way."

What then are the right reasons? "There's only one," says Dr. Gould. "That you really want to be a parent and have a talent for it. Being a good parent," he adds, "is just as difficult as being a doctor or a lawyer."

*Published by Delacorte Press, New York, 1977, $8.95.

When Children Stutter

Your child is learning to speak and already shows signs of stuttering. Should you worry?

As they learn to organize language, many youngsters between the ages of two and five stutter occasionally, says speech specialist Dr. Jon Eisenson. But only a small number become chronic stutterers —about two-thirds of them boys—and even most of these outgrow the habit in adolescence.

Speech experts disagree on what causes stuttering. Some say it's a purely psychological problem; others a genetic predisposition. Whatever the cause, Eisenson feels parents can help. Here are suggestions for a stutterer's parents from his new book, *Is Your Child's Speech Normal?*:* • Maintain a tranquil atmosphere at home. • Avoid making the child feel self-conscious about stuttering. • Listen to your child with full attention. • Allow a reasonable interval to elapse before providing the stutterer with the word he's seeking. • Speak to your child in a calm manner, preserving your normal speech melody.

*Published by Addison-Wesley Publishing company: Reading, Mass., 1976, $7.95

For Free: At-Home Eye Test For Pre-Schoolers



Before age four, amblyopia, a vision defect popularly known as "lazy eye," is almost totally correctable. The trouble is, it's not always detected in time. "Lazy eye" is one of several good reasons the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness thinks children's eyes should be checked *before* they start school. The Society has devised a free home eye test parents can administer to children age three and up. The test identifies children who need a professional follow-up exam.

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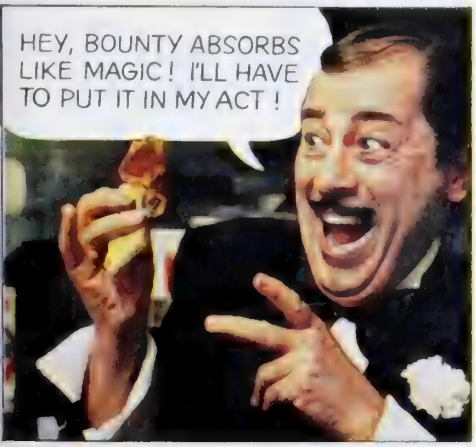








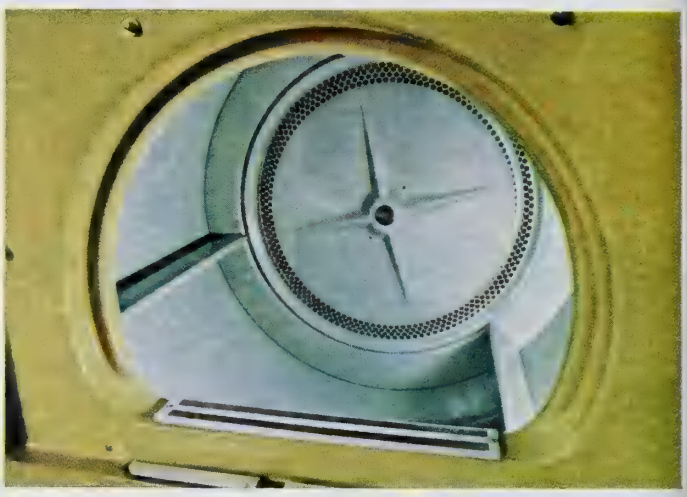






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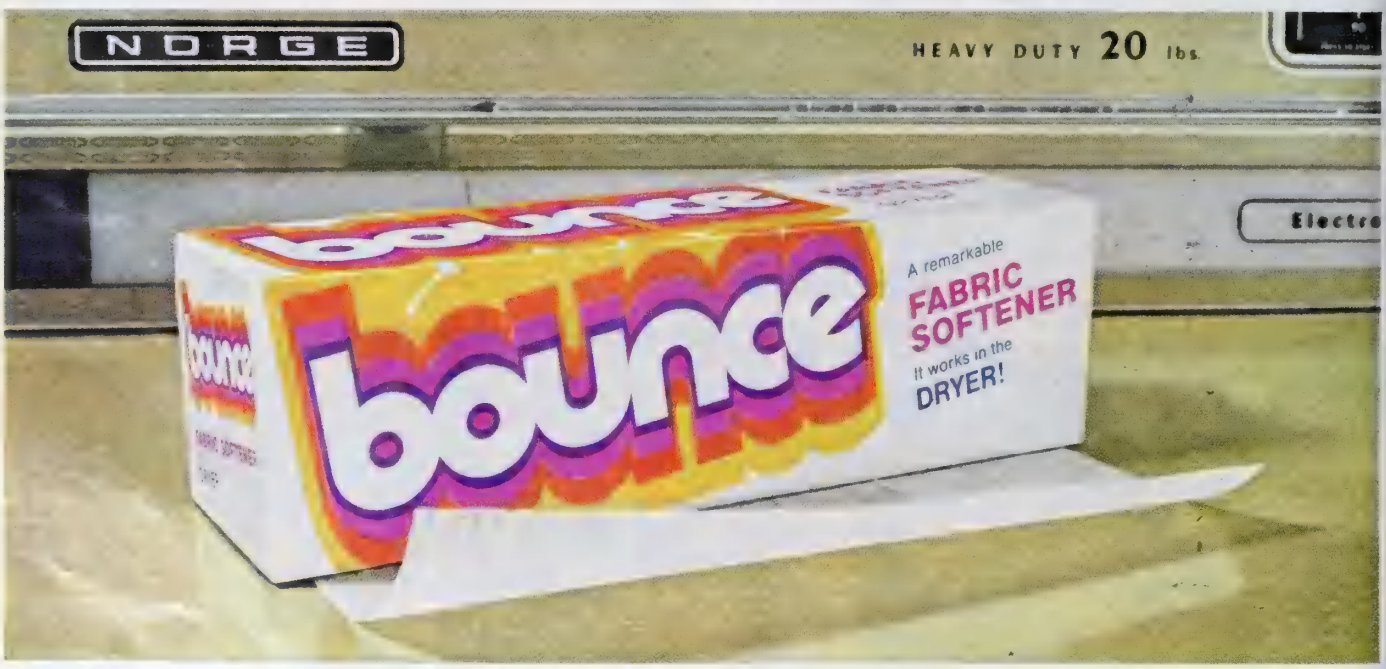


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Bounce makes clothes really soft.
Bounce controls static so synthetics don't cling.
Bounce leaves things smelling clean and fresh.

*Bounce has agreed with dryer makers to supply Bounce samples and to feature their dryers in Bounce advertising.

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THE LOST ART OF TOUCHING



In a world where communications rule, we have forgotten the silent language of love. By Anne Roiphe

We are so busy building rockets, bridges and computers; sitting in front of the television and talking to people miles away through the telephone, that we have come close to forgetting what every ape in the forest already knows: touching—skin to skin, feeling, rubbing, picking, cleaning—is as much a basic necessity as food and shelter. In our efforts to become civilized, toilet-trained, sublimated, intellectual beings who can delay pleasure, learn long division, have ideals and causes, religions and corruptions, we have sometimes underestimated our body needs and tried, as the Puritans and Victorians did, to push them away—to bury them in the dark recesses of the soul, where it was hoped they would vanish.

But we know now that no magician ever can make our physical needs disappear. Needs remain inside us and, if unfulfilled, can seriously reduce the joy and richness of our time. Just plain touching—a simple enough act in a community of wolves or a nest of gerbils—is very complicated in human culture. We have placed so many taboos on it that it's a wonder we find our way at all to the simple gesture of hand in hand, of kiss on cheek, of a hug between friends, of a massage between lovers.

We have all been taught not to touch strangers, not to plant a gentle kiss on the cheek of the checkout girl at the supermarket counter, not to reach under the bank teller's window for a quick handshake. We've learned as small children not to run our fingers through our mother's *(continued on page 188)*

Photograph by Hallinan/FBG



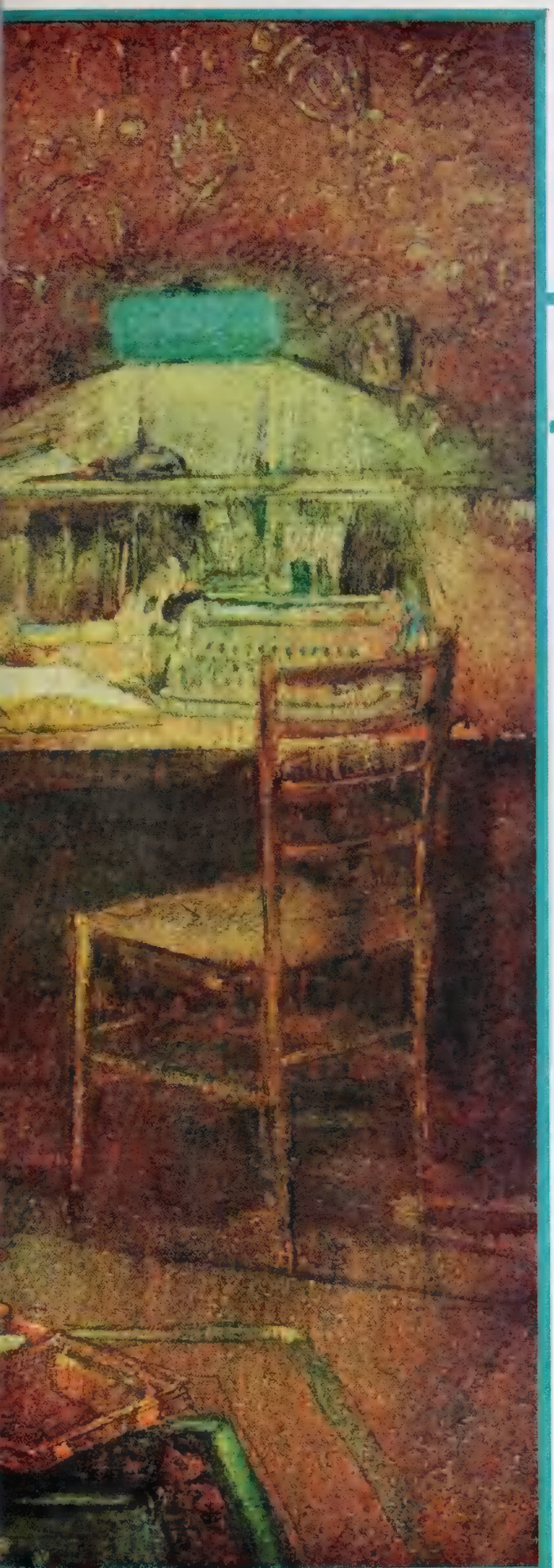


Illustration by Ben Wohlberg

Laura, Herself

Who was she? Laura . . . the mother, wife or law student? A probing story about the decisions a woman faces in today's world of choices. By Morton Fineman

Everybody was surprised when they heard about me and law school. I imagined the comments, the unspoken queries; visions of troubles I daren't admit publicly. Marriage, money; divorce probably just off stage. There must be a little worm at work. *Law school isn't like a course in art appreciation. It's serious.* I just smiled when I thought of my law school admissions test score . . . . Pretty good for somebody off the dean's list for 15 years.

My mother, blessed, literal-minded, terribly sweet lady, amassed hefty telephone charges calling from Pompano Beach where she lived now.

If I *was* as happy as I claimed, why on earth was I doing this? She made it sound like a betrayal of her, of Barney, of three lovely children. She always said *lovely children* as if she were naming her favorite dish.

I said it was because I *was* happy that I could do it.

She sighed because she didn't understand that paradox. Being a happy wife, happy mother was everything, the greatest fortune, greatest luck in a world populated with dangers, pitfalls, unhappiness. Look around, Laura.

I reminded her that I'd been pre-law in college, that I'd always intended to go to law school. Her pondering silence became an eloquent reply: wasn't that 15 years ago, on another planet, something on an ancient scroll? But I wasn't just the Laura she talked about. I was still the Laura before all the beautiful enormities of love and marriage.

She pointed out certain things: a litany of her daughter's early faults: I was always a bit peculiar, too academic for my own good, too intense. To this very day, she could remember how relieved she was when I'd married Barney, and it was wonderful of him to indulge me . . . that man always did spoil me rotten. What exactly did he say?

Exactly? *Don't talk about it. Do it.*

Barney had saintly qualities. I'd better remember one thing: some people get so used to happiness, they spoil everything for themselves.

Jennifer and Steffi came in to set the table for dinner. I specialized in hurry-up dinners four evenings a week during the long, long journey of this first semester. And Barney wasn't home from the office yet. But we had to start without him so I wouldn't be late for class. I yelled for Pete to join us with clean hands.

As I doled out bowls of *(continued on page 162)*



NOBODY'S PERFECT

Quick and easy tips on how to fix up little beauty quirks and look better than ever.

Beautiful, yes. Flawless, no. Even the great beauties of the world have minor imperfections. For example, top-model Evelyn Kuhn (left) has the kind of good looks that makes people stop-and-stare. But, as pretty as she is, even Evelyn relies on some crafty makeup tricks before the camera, such as drawing out her roundish eyes into a more flattering almond shape to better suit her bone structure.

Our point: perfect is as perfect does. Here are eight professional beauty tips to solve your individual "problems." By Maureen Lynch, Health and Beauty Editor.

Photographs by Jim Houghton.
Makeup by Gloria Natale

NO-COLOR LASHES

Common with blondes and redheads. Eyelashes so thin or pale they fade away. Less expressive; no frame to the eye.



Apply mascara on each and every hair, corner to corner, upper and lower. Lift chin to reach the very roots of top lashes. Chin down for bottom row. Use a spiral brush with tapered tip to sneak into corners.

SHORT NAILS

"Short" doesn't have to equal "stubby." Even if you have trouble growing out your nails to a graceful length, you can make them look *longer.*



Well-groomed hands: Keep nails in top shape; neat and trim. Brush on several coats of polish—it's the best protection. If nails are really brief, apply a nude polish, matching your skin tone. That will give the illusion of length. Re-do once a week.

"Perfect is as perfect does"—

Too bare

Short hair requires more makeup. Otherwise, too bare or boyish. The more cropped the hair, the more focus on the face.





Color it hotter and brighter than ever before. All-over color heightens the entire face. Your mouth becomes a focal point. Add a radiant glow to your cheekbones. Define your eyes with pencil artistry. Flirtaceous!

Eye contacts

Women with contact lenses—some slip them in, then make up. Others, the reverse. It really depends on your field of vision. Our model did a combination: makeup, contacts, then final touch-ups. Whatever your routine, makeup can be tricky.

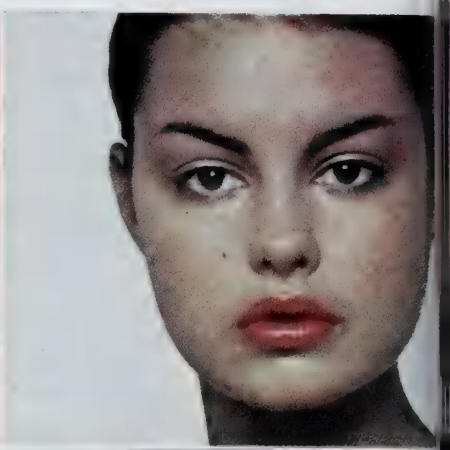




Dressed-to-go: The key to working with contacts is to reduce the chances of getting any makeup in your eye. Creamy shadows are better than powders (loose particles may fly). Use eye pencils, not liquid liners (might spill). Stick to waterproof mascaras (without fiber bits) that won't run when you take lenses out.

Hidden cheekbones

Full faces, without the dramatic slash of cheekbones, tend to look heavier, sometimes child-like. What to do? Add those angles.



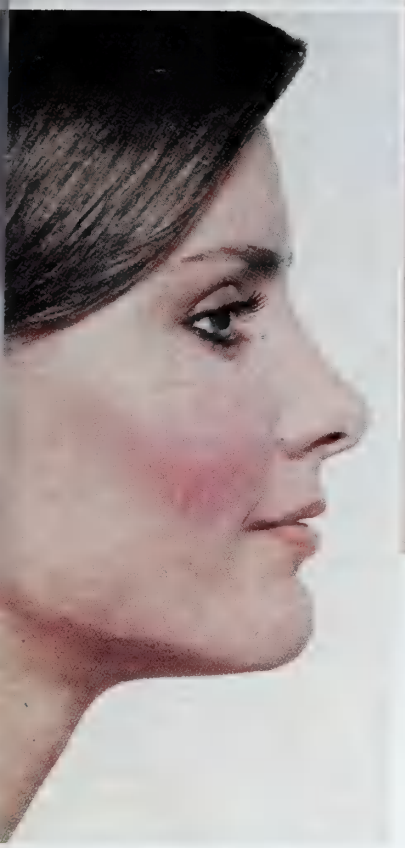


Un-chubby cheeks: Work with a brown-pink or coppery-apricot cream or liquid rouge. Gloria Natale, makeup artist, tells how to find the bone site. Smile, touch the center of the apple, follow back to ear. Put color under bone, blend up and down. Go as far as a plumb line under pupils. For emphasis, use white powder on cheek crest and chin.

›POT BLEMISHES

o reason to leave skin oking lumpy and bumpy. 'e're not talking about ›ronic acne (go see a ›ctor), but those occasional attered speckles.

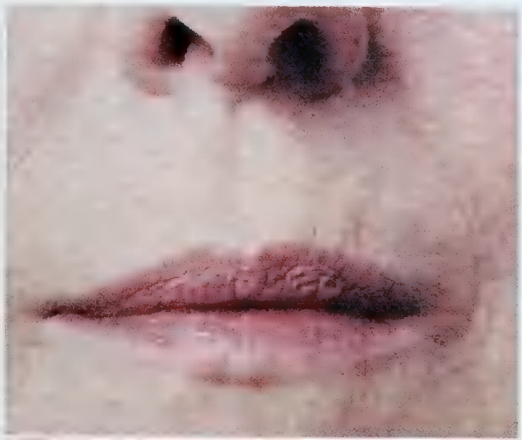




The best kept secret: Before you egin, wash hands. Use a clean ponge to pat-pat-pat on oundation (never on open lemishes). Apply a little heavier n bad areas. Dust with a ranslucent powder. Or to hide ore, first dab on an ntibacterial cover from a ube or spotstick.

FINE LIPLINES

Those up-and-down lines that are etched over your top lip like blades of grass are probably genetic (can start at age 30). Makes lipsticks look smudged, messy.

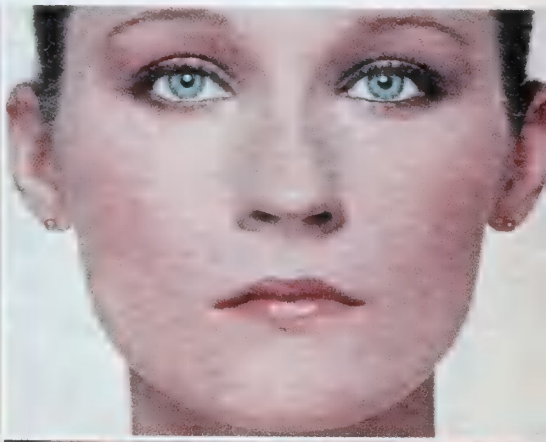




Stop-the-flow lipstick: Get a drier lipstick that's less apt to run up into the creases. Start by smoothing foundation over the edge of lips. Draw a fresh line with a neutral or brown-tone pencil or liner. Brush on lipstick for a sharp border.

TOO THIN LIPS

Narrow lips can wrongly suggest unpleasant personality traits—seeming mean or severe. The tighter line can also look juvenile.





The fuller mouth: From thin to ripe. Smooth on a foundation over the lipline. With a lip pencil, draw one flowing line just beyond the outer natural edges—following, but extending the lip shape. Pencil works better than a brush. More control, no stop-and-start. It's easier and faster than it sounds.

Life With Mother

A tribute to mothers everywhere, through the eyes of their famous daughters and sons.

She is the woman we glimpse in a mirror as we ourselves walk by, whose voice we sometimes hear when we are speaking, whose characteristic gesture of the hand seems to echo our own.

Sometimes it seems that honoring her is the task of greeting-card poets and florists. But nobody can do it as well as we ourselves, for the very word "mother" says that this woman, whatever her other interests, dreams and goals, has a unique relationship to us alone.

In most families, only she shares so much of our history from the very beginning, remembering things we ourselves have long forgotten, helping to remind us of a time before we learned to act (and sometimes be) adult, cherishing the child in us forever.

And so, this Mother's Day, we asked some well-known people to write about their own mothers, the women who "knew them when." Each answer, from boxing champion Muhammad Ali's poem to TV newscaster Barbara Walters' love letter, is a tribute as unique as the special strengths, joys, pains and complexities of every woman who has been a mother. It is our way of saying Happy Mother's Day to them all.

PAINTING THE FIRST FAMILY

Thornton Utz first met Jimmy Carter and his family in Georgia, where the artist was to paint Governor Carter's portrait.

He watched Amy play in the Governor's Mansion. When Rosalynn Carter looked in to give Amy a hug Utz was struck by their closeness.

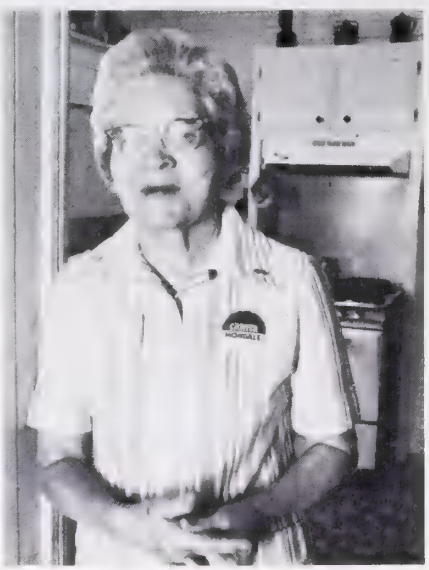
Inspired, he returned to his Sarasota, Fla., studio and painted Rosalynn holding Amy on her lap.

That early portrait of Rosalynn and Amy became so special to the Carters that they brought it with them to the White House, where it now hangs, a reminder of a love revealed by an artist's discerning eye.

Thornton Utz' latest portraits of this now-famous mother and daughter—on our cover and on the facing page—were commissioned by the *Journal* for this Mother's Day issue.

ROSALYNN CARTER

"She learned, and I learned through her, that you can do anything you must do."



My father died when I was 13 years old. Like many other women of her generation, my mother had led a very sheltered life until then. Her transformation from a woman who had always had things done for her into a strong, independent person, able to cope with the demands of raising four children and caring for her father, had a profound and lasting effect on me. Each day was lonely and difficult for her, but she faced each new challenge with courage and determination. She learned, and I learned through her, that you can do anything you must do. In spite of the demands on my mother while we were growing up, I remember that as a very happy time. She has always been a very gentle and loving person. We all had a great sense of caring and being cared for within our own family. This set an example for my relationship with my own children. We are a close family because we have learned that we must depend on each other, and that we *can* depend on each other.

This is a wonderful feeling for any family to have.



"My Mother" VIP's write about a Very Important Person in their lives.

SOPHIA LOREN

"Her advice was, 'Always say yes!'"



I think of my mother almost as a sister. Romilda is only 19 years older than I am, and she has shared my successes, delighted with any recognition or award I receive. It is only right because she is responsible for it all. My career is the greatest thing she ever did for me. Mother brought me from Naples at age 14, determined I would become an actress. Her confidence was the most precious gift she has given me.

Mother literally forced me to go to Rome. She knew there was no future in Naples for a young girl who wanted to act. In Rome, Mother escorted me to studios and agencies, to see producers and directors. An appointment was made for me to see Mervyn LeRoy who was casting *Quo Vadis*. Mother told me to say "yes" to any question I was asked—stressing the word "yes" would see me through.

Mr. LeRoy was very kind and said there might be a good part in the film for me. First, he asked if I was an experienced actress.

"Yes."

"Have you worked in many pictures?"

"Yes."

"Do you speak any English?"

"Yes."

"But you don't speak English, do you?"

"Yes."

Mr. LeRoy smiled. He said that even if I didn't speak English I could play an extra role in *Quo Vadis*. When I brought home my paycheck, Mother hugged me and said, "I told you someday you'd be an actress."

Now I know all my self-assurance and enthusiasm for life and my work is the gift of my mother. And what girl could ask for more than that from her mother?

JOHNNY BENCH

"Hit a home run for me!"



My team, the Cincinnati Reds, was in the National League baseball playoffs against the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1972. It was the bottom of the ninth inning in the fifth and deciding game, and I was the lead-off hitter. While I was waiting to go to bat I heard someone yelling at me. Finally, one of the guys in the dugout yelled that it was my mother calling me. I turned and spotted her in the stands. She smiled and said, "Hit a home run for me!" The Pirates were ahead 3-2 as I walked up to bat, and I thought, Mom, it isn't that easy. But I hit one, which tied the game—and we later won it. Mom always took pride in her kids and taught us to have respect for ourselves, and to always try to do our best in life.

ANN-MARGRET

"Her wisdom guided me when I met my husband."

My Swedish-born mother, Anna, wasn't much different from other mothers during my teen-age years in Chicago. I was in the eighth grade, just 13, and all the other girls in my class were dating. That meant going to the movies, having a Coke afterward, and eventually, going steady by exchanging ID bracelets. Several boys wanted me to go steady, and I was more than willing. An ID bracelet was status. When I asked Mother, she said, "I don't believe in it. There's plenty of time for that. I want you to be friends with everybody." I couldn't understand because every party was chaperoned anyhow. Parents would take us to parties and return us home. By my freshman year in high school, I was a real wallflower. I'd made it clear I couldn't go steady, so no one asked me out. The boys all knew my parents were strict and refused to date me. One day I came home from school in tears. I asked Mother, "Is something wrong with me? I don't have dates and now the boys hardly talk to me at all!" Mother explained that teen-age boys are very shy and were afraid of hearing a "no" answer from me—that their pride would be hurt if I turned them down. Later that year, my parents finally allowed me to date unchaperoned. But I had so much faith in my mother's judgment that I never did go steady. In fact, I never limited my dates to just one man—until I was engaged to my husband, Roger Smith. Having all those boyfriends exposed me to many different individuals and personalities, and so when Roger came along, I didn't hesitate a moment. Thanks to Mom, I knew the sort of man I wanted because I hadn't been tied down to going steady with just a handful of young men.

NATALIE WOOD

"It took the birth of my own child to bring us together again."

Mother was born in Russia. When the family fled during the revolution, she was rigidly raised by a series of German governesses, and saw little of my grandparents. That lack of closeness made Mom very overprotective with me. She was strict, but she never left me with a nanny, much less a babysitter. I felt smothered and rebellious after being with her every minute at home and on the movie sets. When I married R.J. [Robert Wag-

ner], I cut the apron strings. Mother and I remained friends, but we weren't close. After my divorce, I went into analysis and veered further away from Mom. Years later, when my daughter Natasha was born, I found myself becoming not unlike my mother. I felt I couldn't trust anyone but myself to take care of her. One night I had to attend a show business function and couldn't find a nanny. As a last resort, I turned to Mom. When I returned home, I was amazed to find she had changed from the overprotective mother I'd known. There were no lectures or remonstrances. Since then we've become quite good friends again. Mother understands why I had to assert myself with her when I was younger—and now we're closer than ever.

MUHAMMAD ALI

"A Poem for My Momma."



Dear Momma, it's Mother's
Day, and I'm first in line,
To tell the world "The Great-
est" is grateful you're mine!
For raising and teaching
the world's prettiest son,
Between you and me,
you're Number One!



Muhammad Ali, you'll soon see,
In his cinema auto-biography;
It's called "The Great-est" . . .
which won't please Joe Frazier,
Who thinks Ali's chin was made by a glazier.

LUCILLE BALL

"She just laughed when I stripped our house of furniture."



I grew up in Jamestown, N.Y., where my mother, DeDe, worked 12 hours a day as a buyer in a department store. At night she would cook dinner, and she spent weekends canning food and planning menus for the next week. We kids pitched in, but we weren't much help. One night she came home and couldn't believe her eyes when she opened the front door. Three entire rooms had been stripped of their furniture. I was starring in a ninth-grade production of *Charlie's Aunt,* and we needed scenery. Since our house was only a block from school, I got the other kids to help me drag the furniture to the auditorium, forgetting to ask DeDe's permission. But Mother just laughed and was wonderfully good-natured about having no furniture for the ten days of the play's run. She even got all her friends to come see it. She encouraged me in everything I did theatrically. Mother is the keeper of our family, holding us all together with her visits, letters and photographs. We'd all be complete strangers if it weren't for DeDe.

MARY TYLER MOORE

"Mom is the model for my TV characters."

As a teenager, I was jealous of my mother's youthful beauty—and her popularity with my boyfriends. They always became smitten with Mom and wanted to hang around the house instead of taking me out. I would tell myself, "That's all right. One of these days she is going to be old and fat and unattractive." But it never happened. Mom still has a better figure than I do. Mother never pushed my career. In fact, she cautioned me not to build my dreams on show business. Physically, I resemble my father, who's more quiet, and identify with him more than I do my vivacious, outgoing mother. For the first time, it occurred to me that Mother is very much like the two ladies I've played on television—Laura Petrie on the first *Dick Van Dyke* Show and, of course, Mary Richards. Those two women are very much like the warm, wonderful listener my mother is. My mom was the model for them both, and I never realized it until right now. This very moment. Maybe, subconsciously, Mom is my alter ego and the woman I am able to be when I'm working. I liked both Laura and Mary. I had to like them in order to live with them all these years. I've lived with Mother, who is a thoroughly likable woman, even longer. Everyone loves her. And that very definitely includes me.

BARBARA WALTERS

"My mother is Gibraltar."



I want to write this piece and to be included in this section because I love my mother so—and I want her to have the pleasure of reading this. It's as simple as that. I think our relationship is special. It surpasses anger, annoyance, misunderstanding, crisis. When I get bad publicity, I keep it from her. I worry that she will be hurt. Other than that, I share my life.

I have a handicapped sister, born when there was little public understanding of her problem—and not always private understanding, either. My mother is Gibraltar for my sister.

When I was a child, I was evidently a very good baby. Mother used to say she wished she had six of me. Ah, Mother, would that there *(continued)*

were six of me so that I could write this love note six times over.

ARNOLD PALMER

"One of the strongest people I have ever known."

I think it is fairly well-known how much my father had to do with my early interest in golf and my development as a player. But my mother was also a very big help to me in those years. Whatever success I've enjoyed in my life, I surely owe a lot to Mother for all she did for me. As the pro and course superintendent at the Latrobe Country Club, Pop was a busy man, so when I was a teen-ager, Mother used to drive me to many of the junior tournaments all over Pennsylvania. That kind of competition was so necessary and important to me when I was developing my game.

If it is possible, my love for my mother, and my admiration, have grown even more in recent years, when she has faced so much adversity. I have watched the way she has fought the crippling effects of very severe arthritis over the past ten years. She surely is one of the strongest persons I have ever known—bar none. Refusing to give in to the arthritis, she has gone through a series of operations that few persons would be willing to endure—the placing of artificial joints in her hips, knees, ankles and hands. Then, in the midst of all this, she suffered a severe blow in 1976 when my father died without warning while in Florida on a winter vacation. Again she showed her strength by bearing up so well from that shock. Mother remains determined to live her own life, and not be a burden on any of the children. She is a remarkable person.

FARRAH FAWCETT-MAJORS

"Mother gave me the best of both worlds."

I was athletic, like my father, when I was growing up in Texas. My sister and I took the place of the sons Daddy never had. I would play baseball for hours, then come in very grubby. Mother always made certain I washed up, put on a pretty pair of pajamas or a dainty dress. She always allowed me the best of both worlds.

I remember one day when I was in grade school, and Mother took me to my room when I got home. My beautiful antique bed had a new, lacy spread and curtains that she had made. Laid out on the bed were three or four little outfits she'd sewn herself. The whole scene brought me so much pleasure I can still recall the moment clearly. I may have been a tomboy, but that day had a lot to do with molding my femininity.

Today I play tennis before going home and dressing up for Lee [husband Lee Majors] in something lacy or frilly. I still think I live in the best of both worlds.

O.J. SIMPSON

"She never failed to show support and interest."

When I was about 9 or 10 years old, my family was living in San Francisco and I was playing in a midget baseball league. During the season, my mother decided to take us on a vacation and visit one of our aunts in Las Vegas. What she didn't know, however, was that my team was playing in a championship game at the same time. I didn't want to tell her because I knew she wouldn't let me stay alone—and I didn't want to ruin her vacation. When we got there, I finally broke down and told her about the game. Immediately, she packed us in the car and drove the 600 miles back to San Francisco, arriving a half hour before the game began. The result was my team winning that game. My mother raised us four kids on her own and never failed to show support and interest in each of us. She was, and still is, a very special woman.

SYLVESTER STALLONE

"You won't get work for another seven years!"

My mom, Jacqueline, lives in Miami Beach. Almost eight years ago, she was in business down there—doing face peels and casting astrology charts. Anyhow, I was in New York, really down and out. I was standing on my feet all day as an usher, making $34 a week and eating raw eggs because I couldn't afford the Sterno to cook them. You get the picture? I'm really broke. So what does Mother do? She calls *collect* from Miami Beach to say she's just seen something exciting in my astrology chart. "What?" I asked. "Give me the good news!"

And she says, "You won't get work for another seven years." I couldn't believe she'd call me—*collect*—to tell me that kind of news . . . but she finished by saying that at the end of seven years I would be a very successful writer—far beyond my imagination. She's telling this to a son who had to hire a tutor to write a postcard! It was strange hearing my mother tell me I'd make my living as a writer because I felt totally anti-intellectual at the time. The only things I'd written were on bathroom walls.

But four years later I started writing, and to this day I still write down all of Mother's prophecies—which are almost always right. Now when she calls with a prophecy, I listen. Very closely.

BRENDA VACCARO

"A difficult, unselfish gesture."

My mother has never really stopped doing wonderful things for me. But if I had to choose one thing, it would be a very difficult and unselfish gesture she made when I was 18.

We were living in Dallas, and my parents (Mario and Christine) owned Mario's, the best Italian restaurant in the city.

In August of that year, my father passed away—and the weight of the business fell on my mother. It was a traumatic period for the family, and I was just getting started in my acting career. But instead of making me stay at home, that September my mother enrolled me in the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. It was a courageous act for her, and a right decision for me. Now *that* was nice.

NEIL DIAMOND

"Her tears made me resolve to become a serious songwriter."

One night when I was 16, I came downstairs to the living room where Mom and Dad were sitting and sang one of the first songs I wrote, *Blue Destiny*. I accompanied myself on the guitar and Mother smiled through the whole song—she still smiles when I sing. When I completed the song, I looked at her face for a response. But she didn't say a word. She wept. She sat there silently as the tears fell.

(continued on page 182)

NINI

A very personal portrait of Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson by her daughter, Lynda Robb

Claudia, Lady Bird, Mother or "Nini"—as we call her. What a lady! Everywhere I go around the country, people ask about Mother. No matter how they feel about my father, they all love Mother. When I give Mother all these compliments, she is embarrassed. She shrugs them off with, "They don't know how dull I am." She is *not* dull, but neither is she the "goody-goody" that some people think she is. In some ways, she has been made larger than life. She was the devoted wife of a powerful man. He was the "heavy." But even as I grew up, I felt that she resented the adulation she received, particularly from those who balanced it with disdain for Daddy. Mother would tell me that she had the easy job. He had to make all the tough decisions.



Of course, she made tough decisions, too. She took the chance and traveled with Daddy, leaving us to grow up away from her physically. Now, when I leave home, even for short times, to campaign with my husband Chuck, I realize how difficult it must have been for her to have to choose between husband and children. Daddy needed her. He also needed to be in Texas when Congress was not in session. We tried to live together—going to school in Texas from September to December, and in Washington January to June, but our schooling suffered. In Texas, we caught the bus across the river from the LBJ Ranch at 7:15 a.m. and arrived back from Johnson City at 4 p.m. or later. Then we lived in Austin and came to the ranch on weekends to be with our parents. Finally, we went back to Washington in September, to go to school—while Mother and Daddy stayed in Texas. It was not an easy time. My sister Luci and I both felt very alone. Luci accused Mother of not being a "real mother"—no real mother would leave her children. Somehow, we survived and became a close family. When my children chastise me for leaving them, I know how Mother must have felt. She soothes me by telling me to tell them that, "It will all be over soon," and that "campaigning is something that you must do now for Chuck."

At a stage where so many women are taking delight in grandmothering, Mother seems to be taking a special interest in mothering. Maybe she is trying to make up for lost time. She loves to take us on trips together. She wants to help us furnish our homes. She frequently checks on our health—physical and mental. She comforts us over the phone. Of course, she also takes my girls to the zoo, plays backgammon with Cathy and listens to Cindy philosophize.

Somehow, Mother did find special time to be with us. My special time came as the result of an illness. I had some form of rheumatic fever. One fall I had to miss several months of school. Mother would drive me over to Temple, Tex., for doctor's appointments at the Scott and White Clinic. We made the day quite an outing. We would stop at Saledo at the Stagecoach Inn and eat a marvelous lunch. I had Mother all to myself; I didn't have to share her with anyone. I look back on those days as some of my happiest.

This is not to criticize my parents. They tried to give us quality time. Mother always gave us marvelous birthday and Halloween parties. In the summers, she'd let us have friends come to stay. Most of all, she did call us when we were separated, and tell us: "Remember, you are loved." Maybe because we were apart so much we learned to value the times together.

We were never together more than during those White House days. We lived and worked in the same environment. Also, Luci and I were older by that time, and we sometimes chose to separate ourselves physically from our parents. But we always felt emotionally close. I would often go to my mother's room to tell her what I was doing, or to visit. Daddy once told me: "Be like your mother, she never gossips." Mother may not have started the tales, but she didn't mind listening! She loved to know what was going on. I say all of this to reinforce my belief that she was far more dimensional than just "sugar and spice."

Mother has always been my best friend. I didn't have a lot of "best friends," the way Luci did. I did not confide in, or love, too many. Mothers have to uphold certain beliefs and give certain advice. I would say to her, "I am telling you this as my best friend, not as my mother." Then I could confide that I was in love with X and not expect her litany that, "No, you are in love with love."

Now it seems silly, but then it filled a special gap. We each had someone to talk to who wouldn't moralize. It also gave me the *(continued on page 180)*

The Sewing Game:
Make It Easy–Make It Quick

Join the smart new way to sew this summer. Why bog down with intricate details, complex piecing? Take your pick from the easy patterns that take less time, less effort – yet look terrific. Trudy Owett, Fashion and Home Sewing Editor.



"It was just a weekend project"

Wonderfully fitting three-piece jersey knit designer suit. Sleeveless tank top. Diane von Fürstenberg for Very Easy Vogue #1611; of Beaunit poly-cotton.

All clogs and shoes by El Greco.
Other accessory and pattern information on page 154.

All photographs by Neal Barr.
Hairstyles by Bob Molinari, makeup by Wendy Whitelaw; both of Cinandre.



"Hooray! Only four easy pieces"

That's all you cut for this two-piece play outfit. Slide-y top on a drawstring, McCall's Quick & Easy #5602; of Rosewood rayon knit. Pull-on culottes, McCall's #5584; of Soptra cotton.

"Look what I did in a day"

— a jaunty, butcher apron striped jumper that can go over your T-shirt or alone as a sundress. Simplicity Simple-To-Sew #8010; of Charter polyester/cotton. Shown, Simplicity Simple-to-Sew #7587 tee, in Amtex poly-cotton knit.

"Nothing to it— evening romance in one afternoon"

Softly ruffled peasant blouse, Very Easy Vogue #9747; of Stanley Looms voile-like cotton. Her own instant-sew skirt, two lengths of fabric on an elastic waistband. Concord cotton print.

The Sewing Game:

Make It Easy– Make It Quick

More great summer looks —fast and fun— to start sewing right now.



"Couldn't be simpler"

A slip of a dress in just half a day. Two main pattern pieces, two seams, two elastics. Optional: spaghetti straps. Very Easy Vogue #9775; of Ely Walker dotted polyester knit.

More accessory and pattern information on page 154.



"Whee – fun to sew, fun to wear"

A jump-into jumpsuit that ties at the shoulders, around the waist. Plus: no fitting needed. McCall's Quick & Easy #5499; of Concord polyester/cotton.

"My first real dress"

A tailored basic for an amateur tailor – this day-after-day dress that has slip-on ease. Without any hooks, buttons or snaps. McCall's Quick & Easy #5450; of Monarch linen-y polyester/cotton.

"I feel so smart"

Just one evening's sewing makes this body-hugging jersey evening dress, ingeniously wrapped and crisscross halter-tied. Simplicity Jiffy #8016; of Rosewood nylon.



Shared Traditions

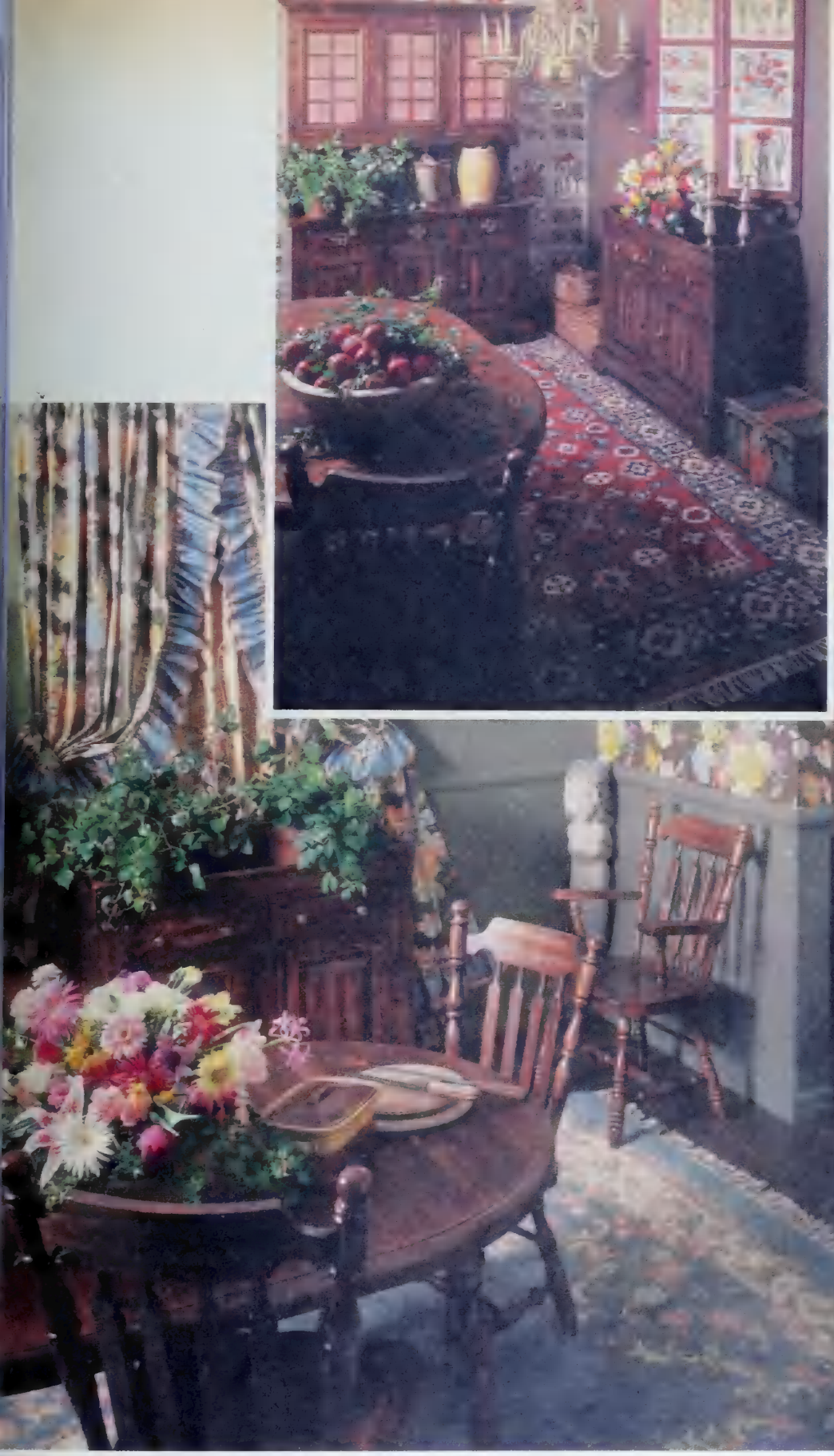
America's favorite look in dining room furniture, our native Colonial design, melds in international harmony with influences from foreign shores. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.



Decorating is a very personal matter. To show you that there are no fixed formulas, we've taken the same set of dining room furniture (the Open Hearth Collection, from Sears) and set it in four different moods. Here and on the next pages, you'll see how personal choice can drastically change the total look. Above: The honesty and ruggedness of the Colonial pine join a French alliance. A charming, provincial calico print with border designs for the walls. Antique coppers for the accents. The traditional side buffet stands alone without its shelves. The tall, many-drawered chest stores silver and linens.



Discoveries of the Orient, above, so cool and serene. The combination of crisp blue and white, borrowed from age-old porcelains, gives the early American furniture an unexpected look of far-away places — yet still keeps the snug and rustic feeling. Walls, the color of a dazzling summer sky, show clearly what a difference color makes. The fabric-covered screen pulls the space together, looking intimate without being cluttered. Handsome pieces of cobalt blue and bright white china, both antique and modern, show off on the cabinet. The bold-patterned Chinese rug completes the two-color theme.



Americana, left, cheerful and lighthearted. Nature's brought indoors with one wall and window shutters clothed in a cotton botany print. The cupboard's glass doors are lined with fabric the color of faded bricks. Brass shines in the glow of the chandelier and candleholders.

Photographs by Allen Vogel
Shopping information on page 154.

Bouquets of flowers, above, are mixed with the exuberant air of an English garden. It's a friendly blend of the new and old worlds. Ruffles of ribbon-striped chintz muffle the windows (over an inner print) making things cozy. The painted walls and moldings, in muted green, offer warmth and quietness. Heavy pottery pieces (labeled clearly — brandy jug, ginger jar, vinegar bottle) add a homey touch. Tendrils of ivy reach out over the sturdy Colonial dry sink. The matching oval pine table is stretched with its two leaves for added seating. For more shopping information, turn to page 154.

A MOVEABLE FEAST

Follow the winding road for a house-to-house feast. You'll stop four times for a fabulous evening. This is the fun of a progressive dinner—changing each course as you change the scene. We've revived this party theme because it fits in with today's lifestyle. Casual, do-ahead. Entertaining doesn't land on any one couple. Our plan: a group of 16 spends an hour or so at each house, with the upcoming hosts exiting 10 minutes ahead to ready the food and spread the welcome mat.

By Sue B. Huffman, Food Editor.



First stop—the party roars off to a fast start with shrimp and a tangy sauce, chicken liver pate and cheeses.



Gathering the troops — for garlic soup (delicate, mild) and a make-your-own salad.

Photographs by George M. Cochran
Paintings by Jacob Knight

A MOVEABLE FEAST

Greetings! At house #3, chicken breasts with almonds, asparagus bake and roly-poly potatoes.





Starry night, sweet finale. Fresh strawberries with creamy sabayon and butterfly cookies.

Good planning and organization chart the best route to our party—with two couples assigned to each course. All food can be prepared in advance, held till ready. Shopping list, schedule and recipes, page 136.

Progressive Dinner Party Menu Serves 16

HOUSE 1

Cocktails Liver Paté Cheeses
Batter-Fried Shrimp with Tangy Sauce

HOUSE 2

Garlic Soup Make-Your-Own Salad

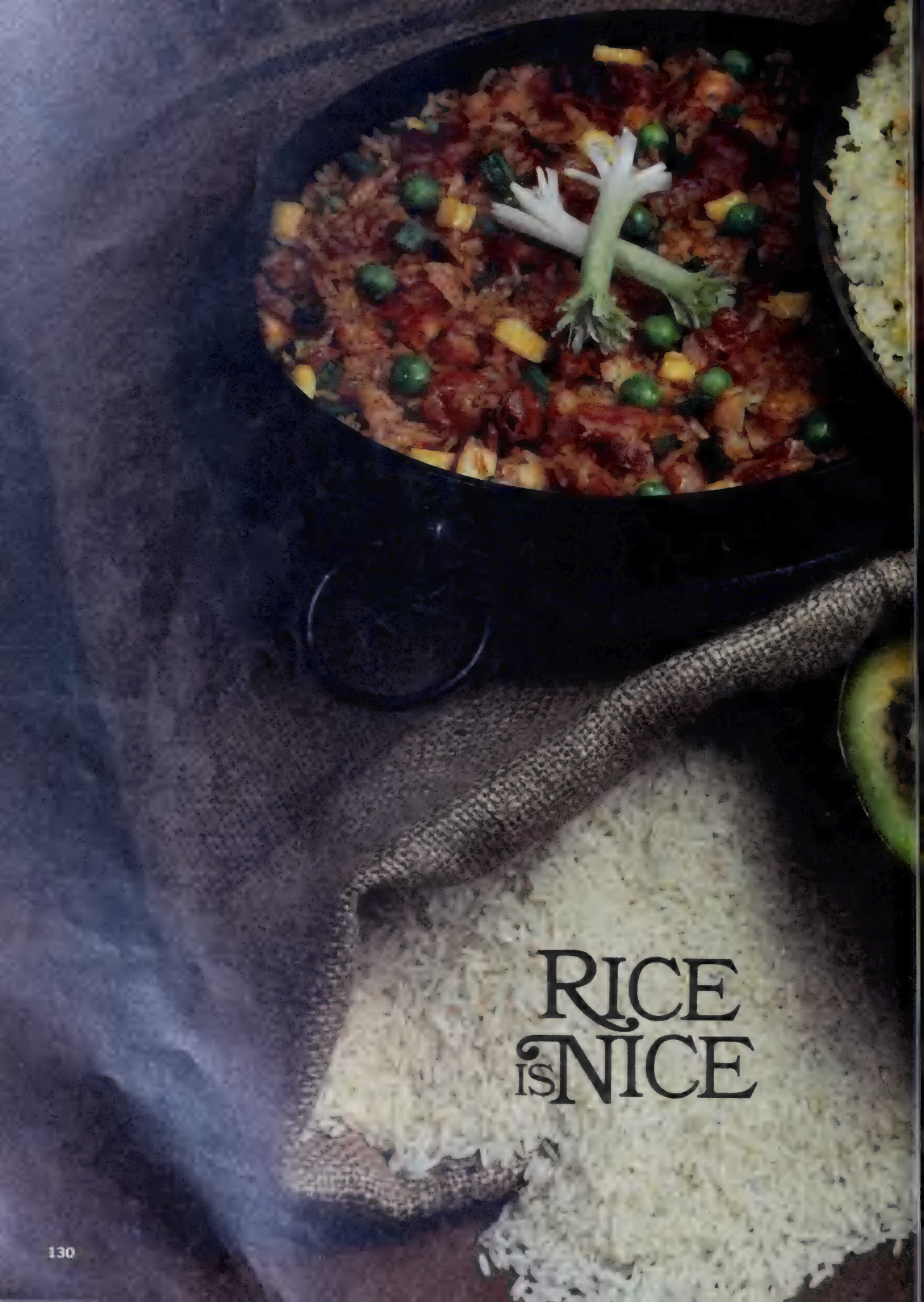
HOUSE 3

Chicken Almondine Roly-Poly Potatoes
Asparagus Bake White Wine

HOUSE 4

Strawberries with Sabayon Butterfly Cookies
Coffee or Tea Cordials (optional)

Knight


RICE
IS NICE



If rice could talk, what tales each pearly grain would tell. Of ancient paddies and caravans... its high rank as the world's basic staple (cheap, storable)...to being simply "wild." With its fluffy goodness, rice is the perfect foil for the classic dishes of every land.

CHINESE FRIED RICE, delicious with peas, bacon, eggs.

PEPPERONI PIZZA! LHJ's own idea, with crisp rice crust.

STUFFED AVOCADO, wild/long grain. Recipes for these and many kernels more, page 132.

Photographs by Irwin Horowitz

RICE IS NICE

continued

WILD RICE SALAD
pictured on page 131

We've all had cold rice salads, but a WILD rice salad? This one's delicious.

Salad
- **2½ cups beef broth**
- **1 package (6 oz.) long grain and wild rice mix**
- **½ cup canned (4 oz.) artichoke hearts, cut bite-sized**
- **4 green onions, sliced**
- **½ cup diced celery**
- **¼ cup slivered pimiento**

Dressing
- **1 egg, beaten**
- **3 tablespoons lemon juice**
- **1 garlic clove, crushed**
- **¼ cup salad oil**
- **¼ cup olive oil**
- **½ teaspoon paprika**
- **½ teaspoon salt**
- **Pinch pepper**

4 ripe avocados, halved

In 3-quart saucepan, heat broth to boiling. Add rice (do not use seasoning packet); reduce heat to low. Cover and cook until liquid is absorbed and rice is tender, about 25 to 30 minutes. Let cool; then cover and refrigerate until well chilled. Add artichokes, onions, celery and pimiento and toss.

In medium bowl, combine all ingredients for dressing. Beat with a wire whisk until well combined. Pour dressing over rice-vegetable mixture and toss lightly until well coated. Makes about 4 cups.

To serve, fill avocado halves evenly with rice mixture. Makes 8 servings. About 380 calories per serving.

FRIED RICE
pictured on page 130

A quick and easy supper recipe. You can use any leftover meat instead of bacon.

- **3 cups cold, cooked rice**
- **2 eggs, beaten**
- **¼ teaspoon salt**
- **1 tablespoon salad oil**
- **6 bacon slices**
- **6 green onions, chopped**
- **¾ cup (about 10) water chestnuts, diced**
- **½ cup cooked green peas**
- **Dash sugar**
- **Pinch garlic powder**
- **3 tablespoons soy sauce**

Separate grains of cooked rice with a fork; set aside.

In small bowl, beat eggs and salt. In 7- or 8-inch skillet, heat salad oil. Add eggs and cook, stirring frequently, until set. Cut into small pieces and set aside.

In 10-inch skillet, cook bacon until crisp. Drain on paper towels and crumble. Discard all but 2 tablespoons bacon drippings from skillet. Add green onions, water chestnuts, peas, sugar and garlic powder; stir frequently and quickly (stir-fry) for 1 minute until well coated. Add rice and stir-fry until heated through. Add cooked egg, bacon and soy sauce to skillet, stir until well mixed and heated through. Makes 6 servings. About 200 calories per serving.

RICE PIZZA
pictured on page 131

What a nifty idea! Let the kids make it.

Crust
- **3 cups cooked, long-grain rice**
- **2 eggs, beaten**
- **1 cup (4 oz.) shredded mozzarella cheese**
- **¼ cup finely chopped onion**
- **1 teaspoon salt**

Sauce
- **1 jar (15 or 16 oz.) pizza sauce**
- **½ teaspoon oregano**
- **¼ teaspoon basil**
- **⅛ teaspoon garlic powder**
- **⅛ teaspoon pepper**
- **Salt to taste**

2 cups (8 oz.) shredded mozzarella chee
4 ounces sliced pepperoni

For crust: Preheat oven to 450° Grease 12-inch pizza pan or jelly r pan. Combine rice, eggs, cheese, oni and salt. Press mixture evenly with ba of spoon onto bottom and side of piz pan (or into large circle on greased je roll pan). Bake for 20 minutes or un lightly browned. Remove from oven. *For sauce:* Meanwhile, combine piz sauce, oregano, basil, garlic powd pepper and salt; stir until well mixe Spoon sauce on crust up to 1-inch fr edge. Sprinkle on cheese. Top wi pepperoni. Return pan to oven and ba for 10 more minutes or until chee melts. Cut into wedges. Serve imme ately. Makes 6 servings. About 3 calories per serving.

SPINACH RICE CROQUETTES
pictured below

Popeye would love these.

Filling
- **2 cups cooked rice**
- **2 packages (10 oz. each) frozen chopped spinach, thawed and well drained (or 2 cups fresh spinach, chopped)**
- **½ cup freshly grated Parmesan chees**
- **2 eggs, beaten**
- **1 teaspoon salt**
- **¼ teaspoon pepper**

Coating
- **2 eggs, beaten**
- **¾ cup dried bread crumbs**

½ cup salad oil

For filling: In medium bowl, combin all ingredients for filling and stir unt well mixed.

For each croquette, form scant ⅓-cu mixture into oval-shaped patty. Co tinue, making 9 more croquettes. R frigerate for 30 minutes.

For coating: Place 2 beaten eggs in on pie plate and bread crumbs in anothe Dip croquettes first in egg, then coat i bread crumbs.

In large skillet, heat salad oil. Ad croquettes, a few at a time, and coo on medium-high heat, turning, until go den brown, about 8 to 10 minute About 205 calories each.

EMPRESS RICE PUDDING
pictured at left

A spectacular dessert that will wow you dinner guests.

Rice Mixture
- **½ cup long-grain rice, uncooked**
- **1 quart boiling water**
- **1¾ cups milk**
- **⅓ cup sugar**
- **2 tablespoons butter or margarine**
- **1 teaspoon vanilla extract**
- **¼ cup kirsch**

(continued on page 142)



Top left, clockwise: Spinach Rice Croquettes, Empress Rice Pudding and Brown Rice Casserole.

Campbell's Soups take the mystery out of sauce and gravy making.



With our soups and your seasonings, they always turn out M'm! M'm! Good!

CREAMY CHEESE SAUCE RECIPE

¼ cup sliced green onions
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 can Campbell's Cheddar Cheese Soup
½ cup sour cream
1 teaspoon lemon juice

In saucepan, cook onion in butter until tender. Add remaining ingredients. Heat; stir occasionally. Serve over cooked vegetables or fish. Makes about 1½ cups.

SIMPLY SOUPER GRAVY RECIPE

When preparing gravy for roasted or fried meats or poultry, remove meat from pan; spoon off excess fat. On top of range, in roasting pan, add 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom, Chicken, Celery or Golden Mushroom Soup to drippings. Heat, stirring to loosen browned bits. Thin to desired consistency with water. Serve with meat. Makes about 1½ cups.

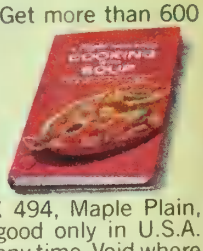
ESPAGNOLE SAUCE RECIPE

(Not illustrated)

1 slice bacon
⅓ cup chopped onion
1 small bay leaf
⅛ teaspoon thyme leaves, crushed
1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Golden Mushroom Soup
⅓ cup tomato juice
⅓ cup water

In saucepan, cook bacon until crisp; remove and crumble. Cook onion with bay and thyme in drippings until tender. Stir in remaining ingredients. Heat; stir occasionally. Serve over cooked meats, poultry, or vegetables. Makes about 2 cups.

COOKBOOK OFFER: Get more than 600 exciting recipes in Campbell's "Cooking with Soup" Cookbook. Send $1.50 and any two Campbell's Soup labels with your name, address and zip code to: COOKBOOK, BOX 494, Maple Plain, Minn. 55348. Offer good only in U.S.A. May be withdrawn at any time. Void where prohibited or restricted. Allow six weeks for delivery.





Campbell's makes your cooking M'm! M'm! Good!

Campbell Soup Company, Camden, N.J. 08101

Mother's Day Brunch



What a beautiful surprise—a puff pancake with peaches—easy enough to be made by children (under Dad's eye). In 10-inch oven proof skillet, melt ¼ cup butter or margarine in 425°F. oven 5 to 8 minutes.

Meanwhile, in blender container, blend 4 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup unsifted all-purpose flour and ¼ teaspoon salt until smooth. (Stop the blender and scrape down sides.) Remove skillet from oven; pour in batter (it should sizzle). Bake for 25 to 30 minutes or until puffy.

While pancake is baking, heat 2 packages (10 oz. each) frozen sliced peaches, thawed and drained, ¼ cup butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons brown sugar and dash nutmeg until butter is melted. Spoon topping over slices of pancake. Serves 5 or 6.

True Grits

No doubt about it, grits have hit the Big Time. With Amy Carter's dog named Grits and the White House stocking its larder with the down-home food, grits are suddenly a household word. The real name, hominy grits, comes from the Indian "rockahominy." They're the middle part of a white corn kernel, granulated. (Finer grains are corn meal.) Commonly served steaming with melted butter for breakfast. But they're versatile. Elegant soufflés, croquettes, casseroles (baked with cheddar cheese), grits bread. For dessert, grits pudding with orange sauce. In regular, quick or instant. Grits are good!

Better Booklets

Mighty interesting stuff, for free or at a jot of cost for postage. • Anything puzzling you about frozen vegetables? Good recipes—one for spinach ricotta dumplings. "So You Asked About Frozen Vegetables," 50¢; 274 Brannan; Dept. LHJ, San Francisco, CA 94117. • Fun and games. Ideas for entertaining kids. "Birthday Party Book," Hawaiian Punch Drink Mix, Dept. LHJ; P.O. Box 3037, Winston-Salem, N.C., 27102. • What does one do on a low-sodium diet? Use lemon. Recipes, etc. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope to: "Limit Sodium, Think Fresh Lemon," 20-5; Sunkist Growers, Inc., Box 7888, Van Nuys, CA 91409. • Shedding pounds? Diet plans and calorie counter. "Food and Your Weight," 031E; 50¢; Consumer Info. Center, Pueblo, Colo., 81009.

New Gadgets

Some inventive gadgets and gimmicks to make life sweeter and easier. • Are you someone who loves pin-sharp points on your pencils? Cordless pencil sharpener in brown with yellow, orange or beige trim; Mr. Sharpy by Sunbeam, about $12.25. • The French are savvy about a lot of life's little luxuries . . . wines, cheeses and crusty breads. New double loaf pan shapes and bakes home recipes or frozen doughs. Nostick. Baker's Secret French Bread Baker by Ekco, $2.98. • Anyone who has a microwave oven knows that metal pots and pans can't be used. But new combination cookers, called Microware (heavy plastic) can go into **both** microwave and conventional oven. Roasting rack, muffin pan, bacon rack and baking ring, by Anchor Hocking, $4.95 each. • Keeping slim is a lifelong struggle for most. Something modern-age to help—a calorie-counting computer system including a scale that weighs grams, ounces and simultaneously figures the **calories** in foods. By Korex, $20. • Slow cookers make wonderful family meals. But for students, singles and couples, the portions are simply too big. Answer: a compact 1-quart stoneware cooker (good also for smaller side dishes). "Crockette" by Rival, $16.95.

Are these salads identical twins? Your eyes say: yes. Your mouth will say: no.



Some of the flavor was hidden in this salad.

The dressing in this salad was made with one of those oils which has a noticeable taste of its own that can hide the delicious flavors of a tossed salad (or any salad). But Wesson Oil is a flavor-saver.

All the flavor is alive in the Wesson® Oil salad.

The dressing in this salad was made with Wesson Oil which has no noticeable taste of its own. So the full flavor of salads comes through. With the Wesson mild blend of pure vegetable oils you taste the greens, the herbs, the seasonings—not the oil.



Unlike some oils, Wesson has no noticeable taste of its own.

With Wesson® you taste the salad-not the oil.

© 1977 Hunt-Wesson Foods, Inc.

A MOVEABLE FEAST

continued from page 129

TIPS ON A PROGRESSIVE DINNER

A progressive dinner—where each course is served at a different home—is a great way to entertain a large group of people without putting any one couple through undue hassle.

We think 16 is an ideal number for this kind of party—four courses at four homes with an extra couple assigned to each to help prepare the food.

Schedule a preliminary get-together for menu-planning to make sure each course complements the others. Otherwise you may end up with spinach appetizers, spinach salad and spinach accompanying the entrée—a combination that would put off even Popeye.

Don't forget to include travel time in your schedule. Obviously, it's ideal if the four houses are within walking distance (good exercise, too, between courses), but if you must take to wheels—double up so there are no more than four cars. Parking can be a problem. It's best to assemble around 6 or 6:30—especially if your group turns into pumpkins at midnight.

The third home where the main course is served should borrow card tables to supplement dining table space. Lap-eating is such a bore. (If the soup and salad home can do likewise, great—but it's not essential.

Before moving on to each home, do a bit of keystoning and help get all the dishes and debris into the kitchen. Also make sure ovens and burners are off and candles extinguished before leaving.

Happy Moveable Feast!

FOOD CHECKLIST

First House (Shrimp, Pâté and Cheeses)

- 2 pounds medium shrimp
- 1 pound chicken livers
- 1 jar (12 oz.) orange marmalade
- 1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese
- ½ pound butter or margarine
- 1 quart plus ½ cup salad oil
- 5 tablespoons Madeira wine
- 1 orange
- 1 lemon
- 1 onion
- Assorted cheeses
- 1 loaf party rye or pumpernickel bread
- Crackers for cheeses

Staples to have on hand

- All-purpose flour
- Baking powder
- Paprika
- Thyme
- Nutmeg
- Salt
- Black pepper
- Prepared mustard
- Prepared horseradish

Second House (Soup and Salad)

- 1 loaf sliced white bread
- 14 cups chicken broth
- 1½ cups salad oil
- ¾ cup olive oil
- ½ cup red wine vinegar
- 1 package (6½ oz.) croutons
- 1 jar (5 oz.) pimiento-stuffed olives
- 1 can (20 oz.) chick peas or garbanzo beans
- 1 pint sour cream
- 4 ounces blue cheese
- 3 large heads romaine lettuce or other greens
- 1 bulb garlic
- 1 small head red cabbage
- 2 pints cherry tomatoes
- 2 sweet onions

Staples to have on hand

- Paprika
- Cayenne pepper
- White vinegar
- Prepared mustard
- Sugar
- Salt
- Pepper

Third House (Chicken Breasts, Potatoes, Asparagus Casserole)

- 8 whole chicken breasts
- 3 cups dried bread crumbs
- 2 cups sliced almonds
- 2 cups chicken broth
- ¾ pound butter or margarine
- ½ pound butter
- 1½ pints (3 cups) sour cream
- 6 ounces Swiss cheese
- 1 dozen eggs
- 5 to 6 pounds general-purpose potatoes
- 4 pounds fresh asparagus
- 1 bunch green onions
- 3 lemons
- Bunch parsley
- 4 bottles dry white wine to serve with meal

Staples to have on hand

- Flour
- Dried tarragon
- Nutmeg
- Salt
- Pepper
- Milk

Fourth House (Sabayon, Strawberries and Cookies)

- 1 dozen eggs
- 3 cups heavy or whipping cream
- ½ pound butter
- ½ cup sour cream
- 3 cups confectioners' sugar
- 5 pints strawberries
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
- After dinner cordials, if desired

Staples to have on hand

- Sugar
- All-purpose flour
- Coffee
- Tea

SCHEDULE FOR PROGRESSIVE DINNER PARTY

All Houses

One Month Before:

1. Invite guests.
2. Assign menu and houses accordingly.

One Week Before:

1. Check liquor and wine and purchase where needed.
2. Start making ice cubes.
3. Purchase non-perishable ingredients.
4. Select serving dishes.

First House

One Day Before:

1. Purchase perishable ingredients including cheeses.
2. Make liver pâté. Cover and refrigerate.
3. Make sauce for shrimp. Cover and refrigerate.

That Day, Morning:

1. Set up bar. Set out napkins, glasses and small plates.
2. Prepare shrimp. Cover and refrigerate.
3. Make batter for shrimp.

Two Hours Before Guests Arrive:

1. Fry shrimp. Keep warm and crisp in 200°F. oven.
2. Remove cheeses from refrigerator; keep wrapped.
3. Place shrimp sauce in bowl on platter.

One Half Hour Before Guests Arrive:

1. Set out pâté.
2. Arrange cheese and crackers on serving board.

As Guests Arrive:

1. Remove shrimp from oven and place on platter with tangy sauce; pass.
2. Arrange bread around pâté; serve.
3. Serve cocktails.

Second House

Two Days Before:

1. Purchase remaining soup and salad ingredients.
2. Prepare soup. Cover and refrigerate.
3. Prepare salad dressings; cover and refrigerate.

Day of Party:

1. Wash greens and cabbage; prepare and refrigerate.
2. Prepare salad accompaniments. Cover and refrigerate.
3. Spoon dressings into serving bowls or cruets. Refrigerate cheese dressing.
4. Set up serving and dining areas.

30 Minutes Before Leaving For First House:

1. Remove soup from refrigerator.
2. Have tureen, ladle, croutons and bowls ready.

Just Before Serving:

1. Heat soup; transfer to tureen. Sprinkle with croutons for garnish and serve.
2. Set up salad bar. Let guests serve themselves after the soup course.

Third House

One Day Before:

1. Purchase perishable ingredients.
2. Shred cheese for asparagus casserole; cover and refrigerate.
3. Prepare chicken breasts; marinate in batter overnight.

Morning of Party:

1. Blanch asparagus and purée. Cover and refrigerate.
2. Bread chicken breasts. Place in single layer in pan. Cover and refrigerate.
3. Scoop potato balls; parboil and drain. Cover and refrigerate.
4. Clarify butter; set aside.

Two Hours Before Leaving for First House:

1. Finish preparing asparagus casserole and bake. Leave in oven (cover loosely with foil) and reduce oven temperature to 200°F.
2. Prepare potatoes; cover and set aside.

One Hour Before Leaving for First House:

1. Sauté chicken breasts. Place in 200°F. oven to keep warm. (If only one oven is available, do not cook until asparagus is baked.)
2. Prepare sauce for chicken.

Just Before Serving:

1. Reheat potatoes. Put in serving dish.
2. Place chicken on serving platter, garnish.
3. Reheat sauce, spoon over chicken.
4. Garnish asparagus casserole.

Fourth House

One Day Before:

1. Purchase perishables.

(continued on page 145)


KRAFT
Barbecue
SAUCE
Brush on the Kraft barbecue sauce,
and brush on real cookout flavor.
Lively, spicy, rich and tangy.
The kind you're really hungry for.
KRAFT
Mmmm, Yeah!

Salt of the Earth

Mountains of salt . . . pillars of salt . . . oceans of salt. The free-flowing grains of what Indians called "white magic sand" are one of the most easily found, least expensive essentials of life. Whether you sprinkle it from shakers (from lunch packets to old-time stove-top "lumpies" to heirloom silvers); pinch it from cellars (a gliding swan, perhaps); or crush it in grinders, the reflex to "reach for the salt" is almost automatic. There's nothing else like it to heighten the enjoyment of food. More information on our collection and salt in general, on the next page.





THE SHORT STOP SNACK.



When the game's called on account of hunger, it's time for Mom to break out the Dole bananas. Every young ballplayer we know loves their fresh, natural sweetness and creamy texture. Bananas add vitamins and minerals to a child's diet too... without adding a lot of calories. A medium-size Dole banana contains only about 101 calories. Have a bunch ready when the team heads home. And get a big bunch of smiles in return.

The Dole Banana.
As a snack, it's a natural.

CASTLE & COOKE, INC.



Buttermilk? Instead of oil and vinegar?

What Hidden Valley Ranch® did, to make a fresher, livelier Italian salad dressing, would shock an Italian.

Incredible as it sounds, Hidden Valley Ranch® has a Creamy Italian salad dressing you make without oil and vinegar. And it tastes just incredible.

Just mix the Hidden Valley Ranch fixin's with mayonnaise and buttermilk and you get a dressing that is thick and creamy with the freshest, liveliest Italian flavor imaginable.

The great taste will put any doubts to rest. And wake up any salad.



Quiet Flows The Salt

No one can say salt is any stranger. It's a lifelong companion in food and on the table. But just because it's labeled "common," let's not take it for granted. More than a simple seasoning (only 3–5% of the U.S. supply is for table use), salt does everything from preserving food (pickles, etc.) to getting scattered about on the highway for ice control.

Salt is necessary to one's good health. The human body is about 2% salt—it patrols the blood stream, helps digestion and keeps fluids in a delicate balance.

Most of our salt comes directly from rock salt mines or from brine wells through commercial evaporators. Each little white grain is a tiny cube. Table salt is almost pure sodium chloride (NaCl) with a touch of iodine usually added (to prevent goiter) and a free-flowing agent. A third but far rarer (about ⅙) way of getting salt is from natural evaporation. The result—sea salt, larger, tastier crystals mixed with other minerals, generally crushed in salt grinders.

Seasoned salt merely refers to a ratio of about 65–80% NaCl with other flavorings (herbs, spices) thrown in. There's even a special popcorn salt that's superfine to dissolve faster. Kosher salt is left on the coarse side, free of fillers and religiously supervised. For those on salt restricted diets, a substitute has been concocted from potassium cloride (KCl).

Whatever choice, if you spill any salt, remember to toss a few grains over your shoulder to keep luck on your side. . . .

Identification of salt dispensers shown on page 138.



1. Bold ceramic salt box. Hang it near your cooking space—convenient enough for a quick pinch. George Jensen, Inc., 601 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022; $30. **2.** Wooden-topped lucite grinder. Twist the top for a shower of sea salt. Pottery Barn, 117 E. 59 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022; $9. **3.** Clearly modern, lucite grinder with a crank handle. Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022; $9. **4.** The classic, in sterling silver. Gorevic & Son, Inc., 660 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022; $90 pair. **5.** Charming silver daisy. Hold the flower by the stem and shake. Private collection. **6.** Elegant silver swan cellar with a tiny spoon to bestow the salt. Gorevic & Son, Inc.; $180 for fleet of six. **7.** Plump little antique silver shaker, almost like an etched tomato. Private. **8.** Miniature salt carton, found in supermarkets. Handy for camping, box lunches, etc. **9.** The fine Oriental art of cloisonné, enamel salt cellar with a wee spoon. Private. **10.** Teakwood grinder with a thumb-screw turner. Widely available, various prices. **11.** Strong, squatty metal shaker for kitchen help. Sends a flurry of salt into whatever you're making. Used for flour also. W.G. Lemmon, Ltd., 755 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021; $1.95. **12.** Once the standard salt shaker for kitchen or luncheonette—now approaching "antique" status. Private. **13.** Novelty salting—a backwards Goosey Gander. Private. **14.** A simple grinder, orange-capped and based, clear in center. Pottery Barn; $2.25. **15.** Stainless steel French mill usually cracks peppercorns—but does an equally smashing job with salt crystals. Macy's (The Cellar), Herald Square, New York, N.Y. 10001; $18.50.

Duncan Hines

Dear Mom—
This is "my" pound cake recipe. Hope everybody loves it as much as you and Dad did!
Love, Kathy

DUNCAN HINES
FUDGE MARBLE POUND CAKE
(Makes 12-16 servings)

1 pkg. Duncan Hines Deluxe II Fudge Marble Cake Mix
1 pkg. vanilla instant pudding mix (4 serving size)
1 cup water
4 eggs
½ cup Crisco Oil*

Preheat oven to 350°. Blend all ingredients except small packet in large bowl; beat at medium speed for 2 minutes. Pour ¾ of batter into a greased and floured tube pan, 10 inch or fluted. Blend contents of small packet into remaining batter. Spoon dark batter here and there over light batter. Pull knife through batter in wide curves. Bake at 350° for 45-55 minutes, until center springs back when touched lightly. Cool 25 minutes in pan, then invert onto serving plate. If desired, dust top of cooled cake with confectioners sugar.

*Crisco Oil is recommended as some other oils may cause the cake to fall.

Kathy knows it's Duncan Hines layer cake mix that makes her pound cakes so moist and delicious. So cut out her recipe and make it "yours."



Try other pound cake recipes on Duncan Hines Yellow and Strawberry layer cake mix packages.

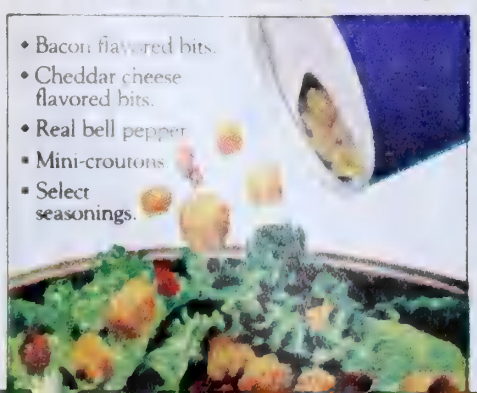
The Flavor Shakers make salads taste special.

Now you can turn any green salad into something special with the *Flavor Shakers*—Salad Crispins.® Shake on this delicious assortment of flavor bits, crunchy mini-croutons and select seasonings and give your salads a lift.

Salad Crispins' unique blend of flavors makes salads more tempting—with a livelier taste, an extra crunch and a brighter look. And they come in six delicious styles—American, Italian, French, Home, Swiss and Country. Just shake on the flavor with Salad Crispins—the Flavor Shaker.



Shake on the flavor.



RICE IS NICE

continued from page 132

Custard
- **4 egg yolks**
- **⅔ cup sugar**
- **1 envelope unflavored gelatin**
- **1 teaspoon cornstarch**
- **1½ cups hot milk**
- **1 teaspoon vanilla extract**
- **1 cup heavy or whipping cream**

Sauce
- **2½ cups strawberries**
- **2 tablespoons kirsch**
- **¼ cup sugar**

Whole strawberries, for garnish

For rice mixture: Preheat oven to 325° F. In medium saucepan, add rice to boiling water. Cook, boiling uncovered for 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Drain rice well. Place rice in 2-quart flameproof casserole or ovenproof saucepan. Add milk, sugar, butter or margarine and vanilla extract. Heat mixture just until tiny bubbles form around edge. Place waxed paper directly on top of mixture. Cover and bake for 50 to 60 minutes or until liquid is absorbed and rice is tender. Remove from oven and let cool. Stir in kirsch.

For custard: While rice mixture is cooling, in large saucepan beat egg yolks, sugar, gelatin and cornstarch until thick and pale yellow. Gradually pour in hot milk, beating constantly to prevent lumping. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thick enough to coat metal spoon and gelatin is dissolved, about 15 minutes. Stir in vanilla. Pour custard, a little at a time, into rice mixture, stirring until well combined. Cover and refrigerate until cool, about 1 hour. (Do *not* set.)

Whip cream until it forms soft peaks. Fold cream into cool rice mixture. Rinse 6-cup mold in cold water; spoon in rice mixture. Cover and refrigerate for 4 to 6 hours until set. *(May be prepared up to 24 hours in advance.)*

For sauce: Into blender container, place strawberries, kirsch and sugar. Cover and purée until smooth, stopping blender occasionally and scraping down sides with rubber spatula. Makes 1⅔ cups sauce. About 25 calories per tablespoon.

To serve: Unmold pudding onto serving plate. Garnish with strawberries, if desired. Serve with sauce. Makes 12 servings. About 310 calories per serving with sauce.

BROWN RICE CASSEROLE
pictured on page 132

If you prefer a vegetarian dish, cook rice in water rather than chicken broth. A splendid, nutritious main dish.

- **3 cups chicken broth**
- **1 teaspoon salt**
- **½ teaspoon basil**
- **½ teaspoon thyme**
- **1 cup brown rice, uncooked**
- **2 tablespoons salad oil**
- **1½ cups (about ½ lb.) diced eggplant**
- **½ cup chopped onions**
- **1 garlic clove, crushed**
- **1 cup (about ¼ lb.) sliced zucchini**
- **½ cup chopped green pepper**
- **1 large tomato, cubed**
- **2 cups (8 oz.) shredded Swiss cheese**

In medium saucepan, heat chicken broth to boiling. Add salt, basil, thyme and rice. Reduce heat to low. Cook, covered, until liquid is absorbed, about 45 minutes.

In medium skillet, heat oil. Add eggplant, onions and garlic; sauté for 5 minutes or until tender.

Grease 2-quart casserole. Preheat oven to 350°F. Mix all vegetables, onion and garlic with rice. Spoon half the rice-vegetable mixture into casserole. Sprinkle on all but 2 tablespoons of cheese. Top with remaining *(continued)*



How to translate Minute® Rice into Chinese style fried rice in just ten minutes.

Now you can make Chinese style fried rice in less time than it takes to cook ordinary rice.

All it takes is foolproof Minute® Rice, a few everyday ingredients, and a simple-to-prepare recipe.

It's easy to add an international flavor to tonight's dinner, when you start with no-boil Minute® Rice.



Chinese Style Fried Rice

1⅓ cups water	1 egg, beaten
1⅓ cups Minute® Rice	⅓ cup chopped onion
3 tablespoons butter or margarine	2-3 tablespoons soy sauce

Bring 1 cup of the water to a boil in a saucepan. Stir in rice. Remove from heat; cover and let stand 5 minutes. Meanwhile cook egg in butter in a 10-inch skillet until set. Add onion and the rice, and cook and stir over medium heat until rice and onion are lightly browned, about 5 minutes. Combine remaining water and the soy sauce; stir into rice. Makes about 3 cups or 4 servings.

Perfect for perking up an everyday dinner—like chicken (barbecued or not), pork chops, or even hamburger.

Minute® Rice translates perfectly into any language.

GF GENERAL FOODS

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rice-vegetable mixture; sprinkle on remaining cheese.

Bake, uncovered, for 35 minutes or until thoroughly heated through. Makes 6 servings. About 350 calories per serving.

SAKE MARTINI **pictured on page 144**

Sake (Japanese rice wine) offers a change of pace for martini lovers, but watch out —it's lethal!

3 jiggers (4½ oz. or 9 tablespoons) gin
1 jigger (1½ oz. or 3 tablespoons) sake
2 cucumber slices

In mixing glass, combine gin, sake and ice cubes; stir gently. Place cucumber slice in each cocktail glass. Through strainer placed on top of mixing glass, pour evenly into each glass. Makes 3 servings. About 145 calories each.



Top left, clockwise; Sour Cream Pork in Rice Ring. Sake Martini and Tuna-Rice Appetizer Balls.

TUNA-RICE APPETIZER BALLS
pictured on page 144

Splendid little appetizers—prepare in advance, but fry just before serving.

4 cups cooked rice
1 can (6½ or 7 oz.) tuna, drained and flaked
¼ cup finely chopped parsley
¼ cup finely chopped onion
Dash bottled red pepper sauce
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup (4 oz.) shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
½ cup dried bread crumbs
2 cups salad oil
Cherry tomatoes, for garnish (optional)
Canned pineapple chunks, for garnish (optional)

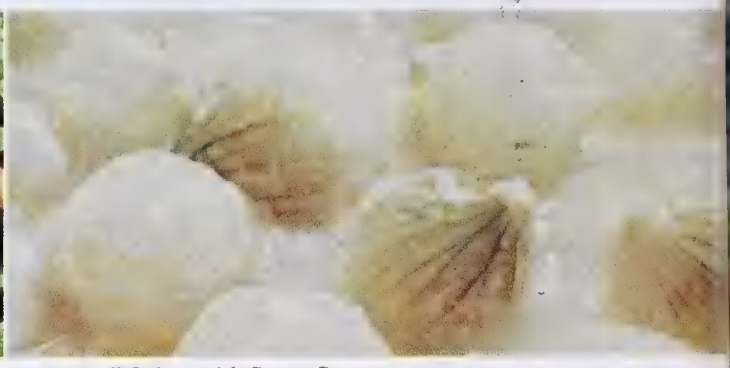
In medium bowl, combine rice, tuna, parsley, onion, pepper sauce, eggs and cheese and mix until all are well blended.

Form heaping teaspoonfuls of mixture into 48 one-inch balls. Roll balls in bread crumbs until well coated. Place on baking sheet. Chill 1 hour (up to 24 hours).

In deep-fat fryer, heat 1-inch salad oil to 375°F. (Or, in saucepan over medium-high heat, heat oil to 375°F. on



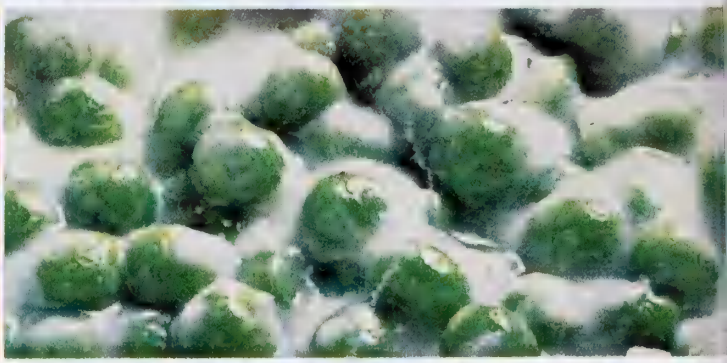
▲ French Green Beans with Toasted Almonds



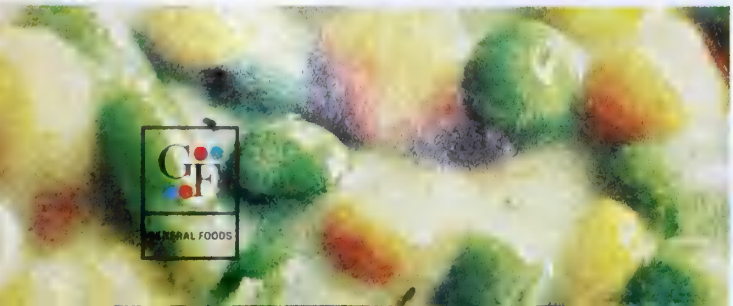
▲ Small Onions with Cream Sauce

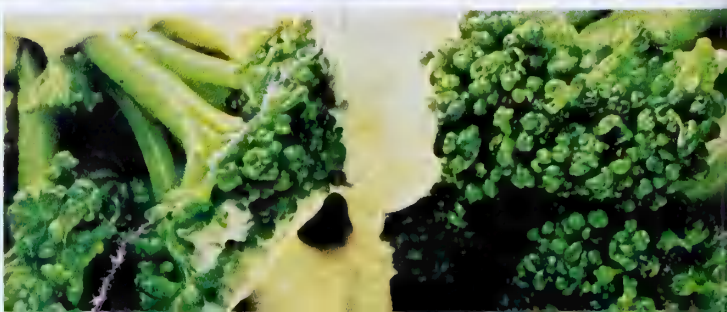


▲ Cauliflower with Cheese Sauce ▼ Mixed Vegetables with Onion Sauce



▲ Green Peas with Cream Sauce ▼ Broccoli with Hollandaise Sa





deep-fat thermometer.) Fry tuna balls, a few at a time, until golden brown, turning once. Remove with slotted spoon. Drain on paper towels. May be served on skewers or toothpicks with tomato and pineapple chunks. Makes 48. About 60 calories each.

SOUR CREAM PORK IN RICE RING
pictured on page 144

A tasty main dish for family and friends.

Meat Filling
- **1 pound lean boneless pork, cut into 1-inch cubes**
- **1 pound cooked ham, cut into 1-inch cubes**
- **1 cup dry vermouth**
- **¼ cup butter or margarine**
- **1 cup sliced carrots**
- **¼ pound mushrooms, sliced**
- **½ teaspoon rosemary, crushed**
- **½ teaspoon oregano**
- **2 tablespoons flour**
- **2 tablespoons water**
- **1 cup sour cream**
- **1 package (10 oz.) frozen green peas, cooked**

Rice Ring
- **2½ cups chicken broth**
- **1 cup long-grain rice, uncooked**
- **1 tablespoon butter or margarine**
- **1 teaspoon salt**

In medium bowl, combine pork and ham. Pour vermouth over meats; marinate for at least 1 hour. Drain and reserve marinade. In 12-inch skillet, melt butter or margarine, add pork and ham and brown lightly, turning occasionally. Add marinade, carrots, mushrooms and seasonings. Heat the ingredients just to boiling.

Cover; reduce heat to low and simmer for 45 minutes or until meats are fork-tender. With slotted spoon, remove meats, mushrooms and carrots; set aside. Blend flour and water until smooth. Add to skillet and heat until mixture bubbles, stirring constantly. Add sour cream, ½ cup peas (reserve remaining peas for rice ring). Return reserved meats and vegetables to skillet; stir and heat thoroughly. Cover and keep warm while preparing rice ring.

For rice ring: Meanwhile, grease 4-cup ring mold; set aside. In medium saucepan, heat chicken broth to boiling. Add rice, butter or margarine and salt; reduce heat to low and cook covered, until liquid is absorbed, about 20 minutes. Spoon 1 cup of the cooked rice into ring mold.

Mix together remaining rice and remaining green peas and spoon into mold. Gently press rice mixture with back of spoon until mixture is firmly and evenly in mold.

To serve, unmold rice ring onto serving platter. Spoon meat filling into center of ring. Serve immediately. Makes 6 to 8 servings. About 770 calories per 6 servings; 585 per 8 servings. **End**

A MOVEABLE FEAST

continued from page 136

2. Prepare cookie dough; refrigerate.
3. Prepare Sabayon; cover and refrigerate.

Morning of Party:
1. Wash strawberries; refrigerate.
2. Bake cookies; place on serving plate.
3. Set table or buffet.
4. Set out coffee cups and cordials, if desired.

Just Before Serving:
1. Prepare coffee or tea.
2. Spoon Sabayon into glasses; garnish with strawberries. Pass cookies.
3. Serve cordials.

LIVER PÂTÉ
pictured on page 126

Made with chicken livers, this pâté is extraordinarily easy—and good.

- **½ cup butter or margarine**
- **½ cup chopped onion**
- **1 pound chicken livers**
- **1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese**
- **3 tablespoons Madeira wine**
- **⅛ teaspoon crushed thyme**
- **Generous pinch nutmeg**
- **1 teaspoon salt**
- **Freshly ground pepper, to taste**

(continued)



'ots with Brown Sugar Glaze



▲ Green Peas and Pearl Onions

Birds Eye® Combinations will do almost anything to get your husband's attention.

your husband think your vegetables are all alike as peas in a
Even when you're not serving peas? Then you should be serving
Birds Eye® Combinations.
Birds Eye® Combinations are mixed vegetables, glazed vegetables,
tables in a cream sauce, vegetables with almonds—interesting,
ful, exciting vegetables. They're even broccoli and cauliflower in a
-tasting cheese sauce.
n short, they're vegetables that your husband can't ignore. That's
ıse Birds Eye® Combinations will catch his passing fancy...
ind that makes him keep on asking you to pass the vegetables
to him.



RDS EYE®

Birds Eye® Combinations.
The first vegetables your husband might even notice.

hotographs are approx. 2 times actual size.

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...Prime Choice® (Makes 6 servings)
...cup cheddar cheese, shredded
...cup onion, finely chopped
...medium green apple, peeled and shredded
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ pounds ground beef

In a medium bowl combine all ingredients including Prime Choice—the tangy steak sauce with a hint of sweetness. Shape into 6 patties. Place on oiled broiling pan rack. Broil 4" from heat for 4 to 6 minutes on each side.

sharp knife, cut the shrimp almost in half lengthwise to butterfly. Be careful not to sever completely in half. Remove black vein. Flatten shrimp slightly. Place on plate and dust lightly with garlic powder. Cover and refrigerate.

To prepare sauce: Place all sauce ingredients in blender container. Cover and blend until well mixed. Spoon into bowl. Cover and refrigerate. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Keeps up to 2 months in refrigerator.)* Makes 1½ cups. About 70 calories per tablespoon.

To prepare batter: Combine flour, baking powder, paprika and salt in large bowl. Gradually add oil, stirring constantly with wooden spoon until mixture leaves sides of bowl and forms ball. Gradually add water; stir constantly. (Batter is very thick.)

In deep-fat fryer, heat 1-inch of salad oil to 360°F. (Or, in 3-quart saucepan, heat oil to 360°F. on deep-fat thermometer.) Holding shrimp by the tail, dip each into batter. Then cook, a few at a time, in hot oil, until golden brown, about 2 to 3 minutes. Remove with slotted spoon and drain on paper towels. Repeat with remaining shrimp. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Place in a 200°F. oven on large cookie sheet. Keep warm up to 2 hours.)*

To serve: Arrange shrimp on platter. Serve with sauce. Makes 16 servings. About 60 calories per shrimp, without sauce.

GARLIC SOUP
pictured on page 127

We took some liberties with the classic Spanish soup.

12 to 14 slices white bread, cubed
¾ cup olive oil
2 tablespoons finely minced garlic
14 cups chicken broth
1½ teaspoons paprika
Generous pinch cayenne pepper
Salt to taste
1 cup croutons, for garnish
3 tablespoons chopped parsley, for garnish

In blender container, place quarter of bread cubes. Cover and blend until uniform crumbs. Repeat to equal 6 cups; set aside.

In large saucepot, heat oil. Add garlic and sauté over low heat, stirring occasionally until garlic is tender, about 3 minutes. Add bread crumbs, increase heat to medium and cook until golden, stirring often. Add broth and seasonings. Heat to boiling; reduce heat, cover and simmer 30 minutes. Cool slightly. Place 1 quarter of soup in blender container, cover and purée until smooth. Repeat puréeing soup 3 more times. Taste for seasonings. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 2 days. To serve, heat over low heat, stirring occasionally about 30 minutes.)* Garnish with croutons and parsley. Makes 14 cups —16 servings (¾ cup each). About 175 calories per serving.

MAKE-YOUR-OWN SALAD
pictured on page 127

Select any accompaniments you like —and offer a choice of dressings.

Greens
3 large heads romaine lettuce or a variety of greens such as escarole, chicory, Bibb or Boston (about 3 lbs.)
1 cup shredded red cabbage, optional
Salad Accompaniments
1 can (20 oz.) chick peas or garbanzo beans, drained
3 cups croutons
1 cup sliced pimiento-stuffed olives
2 pints cherry tomatoes
1 sweet onion, sliced, separated into rings
Oil and Vinegar Dressing (recipe follows)
Blue Cheese Dressing (recipe follows)

Wash greens; drain well. *(continued)*

Kansas City Prime Burger

⅓ cup Prime Choice® (Makes 6 servings)
1 can (3 oz.) BinB, broiled in butter chopped mushrooms, drained
¼ cup onion, finely chopped
2 teaspoons Brandy
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ pounds ground beef

In a medium bowl combine all ingredients including thick, delicious Prime Choice Steak Sauce. Mix well. Shape into 6 patties. Place on oiled broiler pan rack. Broil 4" from heat for 4 to 6 minutes on each side.



A MOVEABLE FEAST

continued

At least 1 day before serving: In large skillet, melt butter or margarine. Add onion and sauté until soft but not brown. Add livers and cook 5 minutes until firm but still pink inside. Stir in cream cheese, wine and seasonings. Cook gently until cheese has melted. Cool slightly. Place mixture in blender container. Cover and blend until smooth, stopping blender occasionally and scraping down sides of container. (Or, purée with a food mill.) Spoon into a crock or serving bowl. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate at least 24 hours.

To serve: Arrange pâté container on serving dish with crackers or bread. Makes about 2½ cups. About 55 calories per tablespoon.

BATTER-FRIED SHRIMP WITH TANGY SAUCE
pictured on page 126

Fantastic—the sauce is addictive.

2 pounds medium shrimp in shells
½ teaspoon garlic powder
Sauce
1 jar (12 oz.) orange marmalade (1 cup)
3 tablespoons orange juice
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1½ to 2 tablespoons prepared horseradish
1½ teaspoons Dijon mustard
Batter
1½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 tablespoon double-acting baking powder
1 teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup salad oil
1 cup cold water
Salad oil for deep-fat cooking, about 1 quart

To prepare shrimp: Peel shells from shrimp, leaving on the tail. With a

San Francisco Prime Burger

½ cup Prime Choice® (Makes 6 servings)
2 tablespoons Soy Sauce
¼ cup walnuts, finely chopped
½ cup onion, finely chopped
¾ cup fresh bean sprouts or canned, well drained
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ pounds ground beef

In a medium bowl combine all ingredients. Mix well. Shape into 6 patties. Place on oiled broiler pan rack. Broil 4" from heat for 4 to 6 minutes on each side. **Prime Choice Tops everything,** inside and out.





You know that behind this name there's always something good.

This means the taste is now more like real crumbled bacon. Our taste actually preferred to the leading bacon bits in cans.

Now you can enjoy a taste like bacon without the artificial preservatives or nitrites.

This means America's favorite bacon-like garnish just topped itself. And it'll top itself on your salads, eggs, casseroles, and potatoes, too.

This name always meant tasty salads, now it means tastier salads.

What "new and improved" means to your next salad.



Taste tests prove New Bac*Os taste better in salad than any leading bacon garnish.

A MOVEABLE FEAST

continued

In large salad bowl, tear the greens into bite-size pieces. Add the cabbage and toss.

(May be prepared in advance to this point. Place in large salad bowl and cover with a damp paper towel. Refrigerate up to 6 hours. Or store in plastic bags until ready to serve.)

To serve, arrange salad bowl, accompaniments and dressings on table. Makes 16 servings. About 110 calories with accompaniments but without either salad dressing.

OIL AND VINEGAR DRESSING

1½ cups salad oil
½ cup red wine vinegar
1½ teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon basil
2 garlic cloves, crushed
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon pepper

Combine all recipe ingredients in a jar with tight-fitting lid; shake vigorously until well combined. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cover the jar and let stand at room temperature 2 days.)*

Makes 3 cups. About 95 calories per tablespoon.

BLUE CHEESE DRESSING

2 cups (16 oz.) sour cream
4 ounces blue cheese, crumbled
1 tablespoon white vinegar
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1 teaspoon grated onion
½ teaspoon salt

Place all ingredients into blender container; cover, blend until smooth, stopping blender occasionally and scraping down sides. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 2 days.)* Makes 2 cups. About 45 calories per tablespoon.

CHICKEN ALMONDINE
picture on page 128

This chicken entrée holds so beautifully it's the perfect dish for a do-ahead occasion.

8 whole chicken breasts (8 lbs.), halved, skinned and boned
3 eggs
1 cup unsifted all-purpose flour
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 cups dried bread crumbs
2 cups sliced almonds
½ teaspoon tarragon, crushed
12 tablespoons (¾ cup) butter or margarine
4 tablespoons salad oil
2 cups chicken broth
¼ cup lemon juice
3 tablespoons minced parsley
Lemon wedges for garnish
Parsley, for garnish

Using the bottom of a small saucepa slightly flatten chicken breast halves tween 2 sheets of waxed paper. Set asi *For batter:* In a blender container, co bine eggs, flour, milk, lemon peel, 1 t spoon salt and pepper. Cover and ble until smooth. Place chicken in la shallow dish. Pour batter over chick stir until chicken is well coated. Co and refrigerate at least 30 minutes overnight.

Combine bread crumbs, almonds, maining 1 teaspoon salt and tarragon a large tray or pan. Remove chick from batter, draining well. Coat chick evenly in bread mixture. Set aside waxed paper in a single layer.

In large skillet, heat 2 tablespoo butter or margarine and 1 tablespoon until foamy. Add 4 chicken breasts a sauté 5 minutes on each side, turni once. Place chicken on paper towels large baking pan; keep warm. Wipe o skillet with paper towels. Repeat sau ing 3 more times with remaining chic en.

To skillet, add chicken broth and le on juice; heat to simmer. Stir in remai ing 4 tablespoons butter or margari *(May be prepared in advance to t point. Place chicken, as it is cooked, 200°F. oven. Keeps up to 3 hours. Lea sauce in skillet and cover; remove fro heat. Set aside. At serving time, he sauce to boiling.)* Season to taste; stir parsley.

To serve, arrange chicken on servi platter. Spoon sauce over chicken. Ga nish with lemon wedges and parsle Makes 16 servings. About 460 calori each.

ROLY-POLY POTATOES
pictured on page 128

A fine do-ahead accompaniment to t Chicken Almondine.

5 to 6 pounds general-purpose potatoes
2 quarts water
1 tablespoon salt
1 cup butter
Salt to taste
Chopped parsley, for garnish

Peel potatoes. With melon ball cutte scoop from each potato as many balls a possible (you should get 5 to 6 balls p potato). Place potato balls in cold wat to cover. (Save "honey-combed" p tatoes to cook for use in salad or mashe potatoes. Keep potatoes covered wit cold water to prevent darkening.)

In large saucepot, heat 2-quarts wat to boiling. Add salt and potato balls. Re turn to boiling; cook 3 minutes. Drai potatoes and chill under cold runnin water; drain well.

To clarify butter: In small saucepa melt butter over low heat. Skim off foa as it rises to surface (reserve for use o cooked vegetables). Pour clear, golde liquid into large skillet, leaving any sedi ment in pan.

Add potatoes, in single *(continued*





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This is Now, a cigarette with only 1 mg 'tar.' If you want to be sure you're getting ultra-low 'tar,' count all the way down to Now's number 1.

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OLIVE ROYALE SALAD
A Tasty Low Calorie Treat

1 cup pitted California ripe olives, wedged or sliced
2 cups spinach, washed and torn
½ cup sliced mushrooms, approx. 4 medium size
2 Tbs. green onion, finely sliced
4 cherry tomatoes, halved
1 Tbs. toasted sesame seeds
¼ cup Tasti Diet® French dressing
¼ tsp. curry powder

Combine first six ingredients. Mix dressing with curry powder. Pour over salad and toss well. May be assembled ahead of time, but do not add dressing until just before serving.

Serves 4 — 55 calories each.

For 389 New Ways (to use olives) write
California Ripe Olives
Dept. D • P.O. Box 4098, Fresno, Ca. 93744



DELIGHTFUL

In blender container, place half the chopped asparagus with ¼ cup reserved liquid. Repeat with remaining chopped asparagus (you should have 5 to 6 cups purée).

In a large saucepan, melt butter or margarine. Add onion and sauté until tender, about 2 to 3 minutes. Stir in flour until smooth. Cook, stirring, until bubbly and slightly thickened. Add sour cream and cook, stirring constantly over low heat 3 to 4 minutes. Remove from heat. Beat in eggs, one at a time, until well mixed. Stir in cheese. Return pan to heat and cook, stirring constantly, until melted. Add seasonings and asparagus. Pour into casserole. Bake for 1½ hours or until firm. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Do not remove from oven. Reduce oven temperature to 200°F. Cover casserole loosely with foil; keep in oven up to 3 hours. Do not let casserole stand at room temperature until ready to serve.)* To serve, garnish with reserved asparagus. Makes 16 servings. About 240 calories per serving.

STRAWBERRIES WITH SABAYON
pictured on page 129

A luxurious way to serve fresh strawberries.

12 egg yolks
3 cups confectioners' sugar
1 cup sherry
3 cups heavy or whipping cream
5 pints strawberries

In the top of a double boiler, combine egg yolks and sugar until well mixed. Stir in sherry. Place over simmering, not boiling, water and cook, stirring frequently, until the mixture coats a metal spoon, about 15 to 20 minutes. Cover and refrigerate until well chilled, about 1 to 2 hours.

After yolk mixture has chilled, beat cream until stiff peaks form. Fold into yolk mixture until thoroughly blended. Refrigerate until serving time. *(May be prepared in (continued*

A MOVEABLE FEAST
continued

layer, to skillet. Cook over medium heat until golden brown and fork-tender, stirring occasionally, about 30 to 40 minutes. Sprinkle with salt. *(May be made in advance to this point. Cool. Cover and let stand in skillet up to 3 hours. Five minutes before serving, reheat potato balls over high heat until hot, stirring occasionally.)*

To serve, spoon into serving dish. Sprinkle with parsley. Makes 16 servings. About 120 calories per serving.

ASPARAGUS BAKE
pictured on page 128

Take advantage of the fresh asparagus in season now, though frozen may be substituted.

4 pounds asparagus, trimmed (or 4 packages, 10 oz. each, frozen asparagus spears, thawed and drained)
½ cup butter or margarine
¾ cup chopped green onions
½ cup unsifted all-purpose flour
3 cups sour cream
8 eggs
1½ cups shredded Swiss cheese
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon pepper

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 3-quart casserole; set aside. Reserve 8 asparagus spears for garnish. Cut remaining asparagus into 2-inch pieces. Cook all asparagus in salted water until tender. Drain thoroughly saving ½ cup liquid. Set aside whole spears.

DIETING

LOUIE the CCXXXII
Low Calorie & Fit For a King

1 can (16 oz.) Tasti Diet cling peach slices
1 can (8 oz.) Tasti Diet green beans
1 can (7¾ oz.) pink salmon
1 can pitted ripe olives
4 cups shredded lettuce
1½ cups celery, chopped
2 Tbs. chopped green onion
1 Tbs. chopped parsley
¼ tsp. black pepper
8 carrot curls
1 cup sliced cucumbers
4 cherry tomatoes, quartered
1 lemon, cut in 8 wedges
Dressing:
¼ cup Tasti Diet French dr
¼ cup Tasti Diet May-lo-N imitation mayonnaise
¼ tsp. Tabasco sauce

Drain peaches, beans and salmon. Save 16 olives; chop remainder. Mix olive bits, fish, lettuce, celery, onions, pa pepper. Combine dressings. Mix ½ with fish mixture. To s circle fish mix with remaining ingredients and top with dres

Serves 4 — 232 calories each.

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Streusel Swirl® Dessert Cakes from Pillsbury.

Pillsbury

©The Pillsbury Company 1975.

A MOVEABLE FEAST

continued

advance up to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours.)

Wash strawberries well, but do not hull them.

To serve, spoon sabayon into 16 individual champagne glasses or dessert bowls. Serve with strawberries. Makes 8 to 9 cups. About 280 calories per serving with strawberries.

BUTTERFLY COOKIES
pictured on page 129

Don't panic. No puff pastry in our recipe and we think it's every bit as delicious as the lengthy, classic version.

1½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 cup (½ lb.) butter, chilled
½ cup sour cream
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
10 tablespoons sugar

Into large bowl, place flour. Cut butter into flour with a pastry blender or two knives used scissor-fashion until the mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Stir in sour cream and lemon peel until well blended. Place on waxed paper and shape into a 4½-inch square. Wrap and refrigerate at least 2 hours.

Unwrap and cut dough into 4 equal pieces. Work with only 1 piece at a time, keep remainder refrigerated. Sprinkle 2 tablespoons sugar on flat surface. Coat all sides of pastry with sugar. Roll pastry on the sugar, turning over oft into 12x5-inch rectangle. On 12-i side, score dough in center (do not through dough). From each 5-inch s roll up jelly-roll fashion, towards cer (will look like a scroll). Wrap wel waxed paper and chill again (prefera in the freezer for 20 minutes). Rep with remaining 3 pieces, using m sugar as needed.

Preheat oven to 375°F. Line bak sheet with foil. Place ¼-cup sugar waxed paper. Cut each pastry roll i ½-inch slices. Dip each side into su Place on baking sheet, 2½-inches ap Bake 15 minutes until golden arou edges. Turn over, with a spatula, bake 5 minutes more. Remove to w rack. Makes about 40 cookies. About calories each. E



MAY RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchen and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

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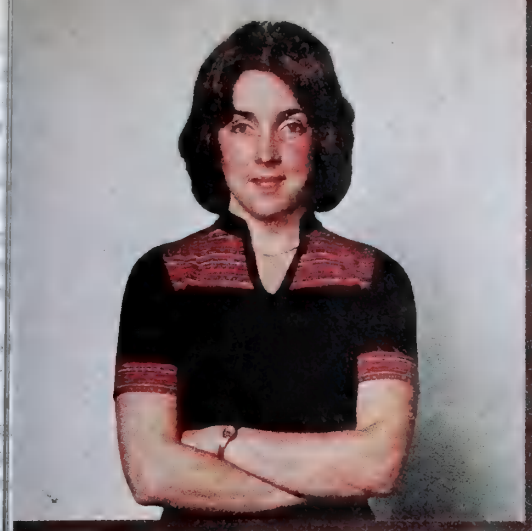
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CONVERSATION FOR TWO

By Gladys McKee Iker

Time was and not so long ago,
We needed words to tell,
How high, how deep and wide
Was love's enchanted spell.
Now whole evenings pass and we
Feel no need to compare
Our love with any metaphor
Or apple blossom air.
We hold brief conversation,
But one that silken flows
Between the eyes dark iris
And heart's soft blooming rose.



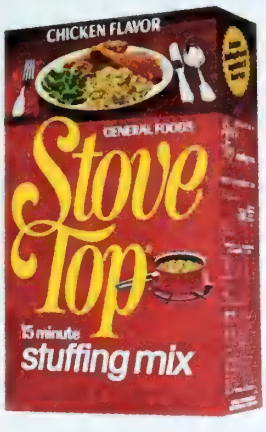
Jan Adam
San Francisco

"With chicken my husband prefers potatoes. He's just a potato man."

GUESS AGAIN

"Stuffing! You've got to have stuffing with chicken."
Braun Adam

Was Jan Adam surprised! It never occurred to her that her husband would prefer stuffing to potatoes. But honestly, isn't delicious, perfectly seasoned stuffing a natural with chicken? Bet your husband would prefer it, too!



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OR POTATOES?
ASK YOUR HUSBAND

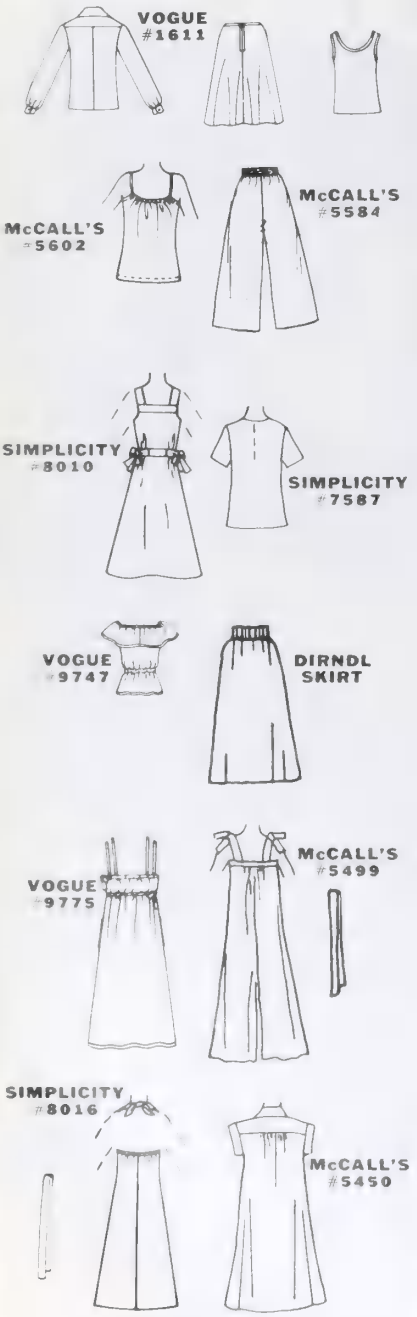
GF
GENERAL FOODS

PATTERN INFORMATION AND BACKVIEWS

The Sewing Game

Make It Easy—Make It Quick"

PAGE 118: VOGUE #1611. Diane von Furstenberg three piece knit suit. Jacket, skirt and tank top require a total of $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 60 inch stretch-knit fabric.
ACCESSORIES: Earrings, Town Accessories; watch, Caravelle by Bulova; belt by Accessories Place; envelope bag by Elegant.
PAGE 119: From top: McCall's #5602 drawstring top needs $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 60 inch fabric; McCALL'S #5584 culottes on elastic waistband, about 2 yards. SIMPLICITY #8010, apron dress, requires 3 yards of lengthwise striped or plain fabric. T-shirt, SIMPLICITY #7587, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 60 inch stretch fabric. (We removed button detail on shoulders and added a zipper in back.) Ruffled peasant blouse, VOGUE #9747, requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards fabric. Gathered skirt on an elastic requires about 3 yards of 44 45 inch fabric.
ACCESSORIES: All bracelets by Catherine Stein. Straw hat by Frank Olive; Kenneth Lane watch; cord belt by Elegant.
PAGE 120: Slip dress, VOGUE #9775, needs $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 60 inch fabric.
ACCESSORIES: Bracelets by Peter Catalano for P.C. Designs.
PAGE 121: From left: McCALL'S #5499, long jumpsuit and tie belt, need about $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Halter tied wrap dress (we added sash), SIMPLICITY #8016, requires approximately $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 60 inch fabric. McCALL'S #5450, daytime dress, requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44 45 inch napped fabric.
ACCESSORIES: Ropey belt and envelope bag by Elegant; Caravelle watch; Catherine Stein bracelets.
All yardage approximate. Based on size 10 and 44 45 inch fabric without nap unless otherwise noted



MAMMOGRAPHY

continued from page 88

brassieres with special detectors built into them. All, according to the NCI and ACS, are either "unproven or highly experimental."

Even worse, women have panicked in the understandable confusion. At Georgetown University's breast cancer detection center in Washington, D.C., 300 women canceled mammogram appointments in one eight-week period—half of these women among those at the highest risk for breast cancer. A Louisville specialist reported mammogram referrals were down 100 percent even among patients with the most serious warning sign, a lump in the breast. Women seemed to feel, as one put it, "We're doomed if we do and doomed if we don't." Physicians and scientists, meanwhile, continue the debate, as in several articles in a recent issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*.

Said Arthur I. Holleb, M.D., vice-president for medical affairs of the American Cancer Society, "Every time there was another outcry, we expected a drop of ten to forty percent in the number of mammograms. Many American women have been frightened into believing that mammography represents only a danger, rather than a benefit. This has led a considerable number to refuse it even in the presence of obvious symptoms—and that's a tragedy."

Frank J. Rauscher, Jr., M.D., former head of the NCI and now senior vice president for research at the American Cancer Society, concurs. While he concedes that the warnings about radiation hazards are "valuable"—pointing up the need for ways to reduce it even further and illustrating medicine's basic ignorance about the long-term effects of low doses of X-rays—women are *not* theoretical statistics, but human beings who are vulnerable *right now* to a life-threatening disease.

All of this leaves us right where we began: in a revolving door of claims, counter-claims and headlines. Is mammography worth it?

The answer is a resounding, if qualified, "Yes." Mammography is no panacea. But it's no pariah, either. While there are no written guarantees that every mammogram is safe and every breast cancer will be cured because of the X-ray's diagnostic value, there are facts to guide intelligent decision-making.

FACT: There is no proof that any woman has ever developed a breast cancer as a result of a mammogram. "The alleged risks of repeated mammograms are based mostly on theoretical assumptions, inferred from only a very few scientific observations, and even these theoretical risks were based on mammograms performed at least five years ago," says Gordon F. Schwartz, M.D., director of clinical services at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia.

Techniques have improved since then, reducing radiation exposure to lower levels. For example, at Dr. Robert Egan's clinic at Emory University in Atlanta, a mammogram delivers only about .8 rad. W. Gregory Bruce, M.D., of the University of Maryland Medical School says the Xeroradiographic techniques in use there require only a third the radiation level of conventional mammograms—and, if done properly, are equally accurate. (Xeroradiograms are developed on Xerox plates, not X-ray films; many think they are preferable because they use slightly less radiation. But Dr. Egan, the "father of mammography," considers the technique too "crude" to give the fine detail needed for good diagnosis.)

FACT: The typical American woman faces a one in 14 chance of developing a primary breast cancer during her lifetime. Her individual risks range from one in 20 (for a 30-year-old woman with no signs, symptoms or predisposing factors) to one in two.

FACT: Breast cancer is the leading cause of death from disease among women 39 to 44. On the average, says the ACS, one woman dies of breast cancer—and three women are diagnosed as having it—every 15 minutes.

FACT: Without means of early detection, despite improvements in surgery, chemotherapy and radiation therapy, the death rate from breast cancer remains high: about 60 percent are alive five years after diagnosis, and only 40 percent survive ten years. Once the cancer has evidenced spread to the lymph nodes, only one quarter of the victims live ten years.

FACT: If breast cancers are found early, while confined to the breast, the five-year survival rate rises to nearly 85 percent. If the cancers are the smallest possible size when found, the five-year survival rate rises to 95 percent. A team at the M. D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute in Houston recently reported on 176 patients whose cancers had been detected in these earliest stages. All were treated

(continued)

JOURNAL SHOPPING CENTER

DECORATING: SHARED TRADITIONS
PAGES 122-125: Furniture from the Open Hearth Collection, shown in the rooms on these four pages, may be purchased from any of the 800 Sears, Roebuck & Co. stores that carry furniture. Each piece is sold individually. All are constructed of northern white pine—solid pine for finished top surfaces and fronts, pine veneers for sides—with a distressed finish that allows the mellowness of the wood to show through; brass-plated hardware is a reproduction of the Flying Eagle design. Below, following the name of the piece, you'll find style number, dimensions and retail price.
Buffet, #25711, $54\frac{1}{2}$" w. x $18\frac{1}{4}$" d. x $32\frac{1}{2}$" h., $275. *Hutch*, #25712, 54" w. x $15\frac{5}{8}$" d. x 45" h., $275. *Oval table*, #25719, 42" w. x 60" l. x 30" h., and two 10" leaves, $229.95. *Catkin side chair*, #25716, $20\frac{1}{2}$" w. x $21\frac{1}{2}$" d. x 38" h., $80. *Catkin arm chair*, #25717, 23" w. x $23\frac{3}{4}$" d. x 38" h., $100. *Dry sink*, #25709, $42\frac{3}{8}$" w. x $20\frac{1}{2}$" d. x 41" h., $299.95. *Linderie chest*, #64734, 24" w. x 19" d. x 52" h., $259.95. *Blanket chest*, with rush seat, #64735, 41" w. x 17" d. x 25" h., $239.95.



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HASH & CORN BREAD

1-15 oz. can Mary Kitchen Roast Beef or Corned Beef Hash
½-Cup chopped onion
1-Egg, beaten
1-8½ oz. package corn muffin mix
½-Tsp. salt
3-Tbsp. grated Parmesan cheese

Mix hash, onion and egg. Prepare muffin batter; add salt and cheese. Spread half the muffin batter in greased 8-inch square pan. Spread on hash mixture; top with remaining batter. Bake in 400°F. oven about 25 minutes. Cut in slices or squares. Serves 4 to 6.



Hormel

MAMMOGRAPHY

continued

from one to 12 years ago. Ninety-six percent are expected to survive 20 years—incontrovertibly a cure.

FACT: BSE plus mammography and the aggressive use of biopsy give the best results ever for early detection. Thomas G. Grazier, M.D., of Houston's M. D. Anderson Hospital, said that 56 percent of a group of 176 very early cancers cured by surgery were found by the patients themselves. To make the most out of breast self-examination and mammography, however, the key is readiness and willingness to biopsy. No mammogram is a substitute for biopsy; even if a mammogram suggests that a lump is benign, that lump should be biopsied, according to Dr. Holleb of ACS.

"There is no such thing as an unnecessary biopsy," says Myron Moskowitz, M.D., director of the University of Cincinnati Breast Cancer Project. Some specialists argue that since as many as 50 percent of the conditions identified by mammography and biopsy never become cancers, they need not be biopsied at all. But 50 percent *do* spread, and there's no way to predict with certainty what will happen. Says Dr. Moskowitz, "We've found more cancers among younger women than was predicted and we've found them much earlier"—with mammography-plus-biopsy.

FACT: Other studies document the benefits of routinely screening younger women. John N. Wolfe, M.D., a Detroit radiologist who pioneered Xeroradiography, reviewed 7,214 mammograms in women over 30. In those with mammographic patterns considered most likely to develop into cancers, 50 percent did develop cancers before age 50. The Breast Cancer Detection Demonstration Projects, moreover, report a detection rate in young women of 24 cancers per 10,000 mammogrammed—four times the rate generally discovered without X-rays in this age group.

FACT: Early detection means less radical surgery. The NCI's Breast Cancer Task Force reports that, at present, 45 percent of all patients with newly diagnosed breast cancer have no involved lymph nodes. And the ACS-NCI Breast Cancer Detection Demonstration Projects find about 75 or 80 percent of these early lesions with mammography.

The National Surgical Adjuvant Breast Project, in a clinical study of 34 medical centers and 1,700 patients, has found that when cancer is limited to the breast (with no spread to the lymph nodes), removal of the breast alone—without the more destructive and disfiguring removal of chest wall muscles or armpit surgery—is apparently as life-saving as radical mastectomy. While not all cancer surgeons and specialists agree, the trend is definitely towards less radical s
And as increasing success with
mental chemotherapy is report
case for mammography gets stro

Further justification for what D
leb calls "restoring confidence" i
mography comes from a closer lo
basic source of the scare headline

Much of the "evidence" against
mography came from a report
dangers of radiation put out by
mittee of the National Academy
ences, known as the BEIR Repo
BEIR Report was in turn based o
bits of information about 1) survi
the Hiroshima and Nagasaki
bombing; 2) a group of 600 wo
radiated many years ago for mas
breast inflammation) occurring ri
ter childbirth; 3) a group of 7
patients who years ago had been e
to high-dose X-rays called fluoros

No reliable way to predic

The BEIR Report concluded
there really is *no* completely reliab
to predict the risk of low doses o
ation, based on what happened t
victims of very high doses. An
extrapolation would be viewed
great skepticism by most scientist

But, they said, these cases are th
we have to judge from, and con
that the higher-than-average inc
of breast cancers in the three
probably was the result of expos
radiation. From this, they worked
formula. It said that women wh
breast X-rays probably stand a 2.5
times greater risk of getting breas
cer than women who don't.

But experts at the ACS and the
point out that the women treate
postpartum mastitis got an averag
of radiation to both breasts of 200
200 times more than a single ma
gram. Moreover, such women pro
have a higher than normal risk of
oping breast cancer even *without* X
Yet with all that, there were on
more breast cancers in the 600 w
than would normally be expected
cur in any group of that size.

The ACS experts also questio
impact of the TB patients' exper
After 15 to 25 years, 22 of 300 w
given repeated fluoroscopies deve
breast cancer, compared to only 4 c
women who did *not* undergo fluo
pies. Again, however, their dose of
ation was many times higher than
time of occasional mammograms.

Finally, Hiroshima and Nagasaki
anese women who survived the A-b
did show an increase in the rate of b
cancer 25 to 30 years later. But a
the exposure was high and the rads
delivered to their whole bodies and
sitive glands, not just to their breas

"What all this suggests," says Dr.
leb, "is that while there may be a
retical risk from low-dose *(contin*

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MAMMOGRAPHY

continued

radiation exposure after 20 years or more, the risk is extremely small for any individual woman over her lifetime."

A single mammogram with the newer, low-dose techniques, according to HIP consultant Dr. Upton, involves one rad or less and can be expected to increase a woman's overall risk by no more than one percent.

The last word about mammography is far from written. As the American College of Radiology's Commission on Cancer recently concluded, current guidelines on the subject are, at best, subject to refinement and even complete change as further research sheds light on who is at risk and what are the real risks of low-dose radiation. As with any medical procedure, the key is to weigh hazards against benefits.

"It would be unrealistic," says Philadelphia surgeon Gordon Schwartz, "to deny that, at times, mammography has been used injudiciously, though in its proper context, [it] is probably one of the century's greatest advances in the earlier detection of breast cancer. But we must also remember that it has never been touted as anything but an important adjunct to—not a substitute for—careful physical examination."

Thoughtful women can be assured that for most women under most circumstances, mammography is safe and effective. Those who heed the following advice as well, will have the best chance against this killer disease:

1. Learn the symptoms and signs of breast cancer and teach them to your family, including your husband. "More than one breast cancer I personally treated was first detected by a husband," notes a Los Angeles surgeon.

2. Learn and perform monthly Breast Self Examination (BSE). The best teacher may be a gynecologist, breast surgeon or oncologist (cancer specialist). Two other good sets of instruction can be found in Rose Kushner's book *Breast Cancer*, and Jane Cowles' new volume, *Informed Consent*.

3. Lose weight if you're obese; excessive fatty tissue makes it difficult to detect lumps by any method.

4. Have a doctor perform a manual breast examination at least once a year.

5. Take the advice of Dr. Philip Strax, head of New York City's Breast Cancer Detection Program, and consult a breast cancer specialist at least once for a correct and complete breast examination—even if it means traveling to a distant large city. Have the specialist teach you BSE and tell you what a physician's breast cancer examination should include and feel like, so that you can compare others you will get later.

6. Question the radiologic practices in your community *before* you have your mammogram. According to Dr. Strax, the newest equipment delivers good mammographic images with .05 rad, the lowest dose ever. But because mammography is still relatively new in many areas, some specialists cannot, or do not, test and calibrate their machinery properly. Other radiologists prefer darker films because they are easier to read, but this requires a higher radiation dose than lighter films. Your safety is more important than the radiologist's convenience. Let the radiologists and their technicians know you are aware of the differences and care about the problem. This may prod them into caring more, too.

WHO SHOULD HAVE MAMMOGRAPHY?

(These recommendations—intended as flexible guidelines, not rigid rules—are based on the most recent information from the National Cancer Institute, The American Cancer Society, The American College of Radiology and breast cancer specialists in five states.)

A WOMAN AT ANY AGE

1. If cancer is suspected for any reason.

2. If she has any symptom or sign of breast cancer, including a lump, abnormal discharge from a nipple, hot or swollen breasts, a constantly sore breast, a comparative unevenness in appearance or movement of the breasts, cracked nipples, scaling skin around the nipple, unusual puckering or dimpling of breast skin or cystic breasts.

3. Before any breast surgery, including a biopsy for cancer.

4. If her physician recommends it.

5. If she has large or fatty breasts which make it difficult to find lumps by touch (palpation).

A WOMAN OVER AGE 50

1. Every year, whether symptoms are present or not, as part of a regular breast cancer check-up program that includes monthly BSE and palpation by an M.D. (Note: Some scientists believe that over-50 women with no symptoms and no major risk factors can safely have mammograms every two or three years.)

A WOMAN 35 TO 50 WITH NO SYMPTOMS OR RISK FACTORS

Once, as a "baseline"—that is, a test for later comparison, in conjunction with annual palpation by a doctor and monthly BSE. (Note: The American Cancer Society and National Cancer Institute regard baseline mammography as "optional," but well within the realm of good medical practice, for women in this group. The American College of Radiology recommends a baseline between ages 35 and 40, repeated at one to three year intervals until 50. Some specialists suggest a baseline every five years tween 40 and 50. The *common* ad here is to do at least one baseline be menstruation stops or becomes i quent. Since there is no rush, a wo can carefully choose a mammogra facility for safety, reputation, cancer perience and quality control. To g baseline, a trip to a major cancer ce even one some distance away, is w the time and money.)

ALL OTHER WOMEN 35 TO

Periodically, if they belong to of the risk factor groups, whether t have symptoms or not. Eighty perc of all women in this age group have or more of the major or minor risk f tors (see lists that follow), mak mammography of far greater ben than danger.

MAJOR RISK FACTORS

Any one of these puts a woman ag 35 to 50 at two to three times the us risk of developing a breast cancer. T percent of all women in this age gro have one or more such risk factors. A one of these puts a woman over 50 two to five times the risk of a wom with none.

1. A previous history of breast canc and or mastectomy.

2. A mother or sister (or both) wi pre-menopausal breast cancer.

3. Any lump or thickening in, or a normal discharge from, the breasts.

4. A previous breast operation for a reason.

5. A family history of breast canc on the father's side.

MINOR RISK FACTORS

Any one of these puts a mature wo an at a 10 percent greater than usu risk of developing a breast cancer in h lifetime. If she has two or more, her ris is 25 to 50 percent greater than a wo an with none. Any combination of min and major factors puts a woman ov age 50 at a 200 to 300 percent greate than usual risk.

1. Onset of menstruation at or befor age 11.

2. No history of pregnancy.

3. Birth of a first live child after ag 30. (There is no valid evidence tha breast-feeding a baby protects a mothe against breast cancer.)

OTHER PREDISPOSING FACTORS

These factors are not as important but appear often enough to be statistical ly associated with breast cancer in Amer ican woman.

1. White race.
2. Obesity.
3. High blood pressure.
4. Cancer in the ovary, uterus, colon salivary glands.
5. Diabetes.
6. Low thyroid conditions. **End**

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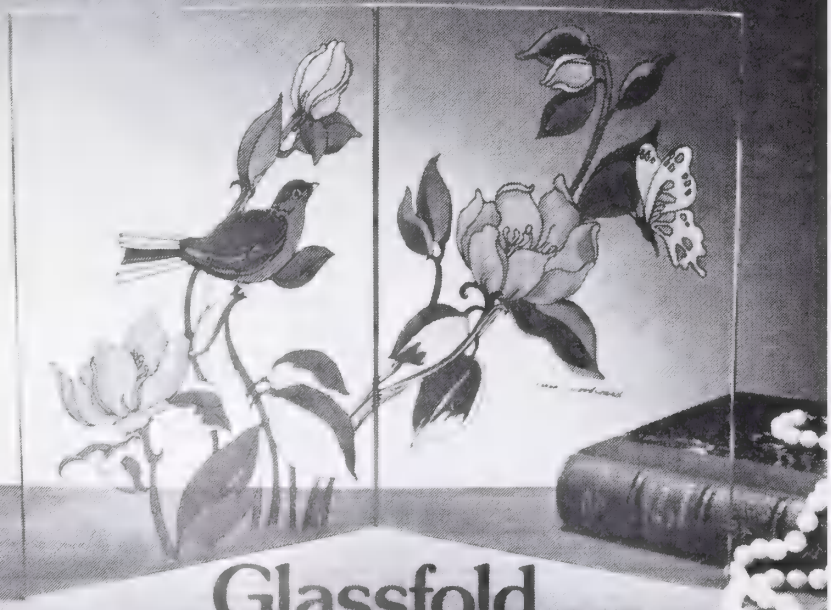


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The working woman

continued from page 38

or sloppy dressers will hear it from me."

"When Barbara was interviewing me, she reached for a cigarette. When I lit it for her, she said, 'If you get this job, you won't ever have to do that again.' " Bill Parkhurst was looking back three years to the time Barbara Hendra hired him as her assistant at Pocket Books. Last February, when Barbara became publicity director at G.P. Putnam's, Bill chose to move with her because "she expects a lot, but she's always fair."

Bill's female co-workers have sometimes felt Barbara favors her male staff. As a result, Bill says he chooses to do a lot of departmental drudgework. When Barbara assigned him to the publicity campaign for *Looking For Mr. Goodbar*, there were cries of dismay. His colleagues felt a woman's book should be promoted by women. Bill says he killed himself doing the filing and getting the coffee just to make up for landing the plum book.

Two female interview subjects requested anonymity: a brokerage house executive and a Midwestern bank vice president. The banker could think of only one example of sex-consciousness: when a heavy carton or a large machine must be moved, the male assistant vice president does it. He's the only man among ten women in that department. "He and I have something in common," the banker says. "He's the only man down here and I'm the only woman in top management."

The brokerage house executive calls the financial community "the last bastion of the all-male club." She's bitter but relentless. "The old boys couldn't stomach the changes I was making in the practices of this firm," she says. "They had to swallow it because I was the boss, but they fought me all the way.

"You should see how they went white if I used profanity. 'All that crap' was enough to set them off. These guys only know women as wives and girlfriends. They expected me to be the consummate lady. But you can't do this job if you have to worry about romantic idealizations of womanhood."

Finishing off where Dr. Rosabeth Kanter began, this financial executive reports that she was overruled by her superiors when she recommended a merit increase for one of her best men. "The way the 'old boy network' retains final control—even over someone at my level—is through the dollar. If she needs an okay from upstairs before she can reward her own people, a woman is just a token woman boss, not a real power source. The power belongs to the person who holds the purse." **End**

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Laura, Herself

continued from page 107

tossed salad, Jennifer told me about the old clothing drive at her school. Irritably, I asked why she always seemed to wait until practically the last minute to tell me such things. Jennifer, who always had the calendar under control, calmly explained that I was in error. Contributions were due Monday. This was only Friday. Any clothes we had to contribute were in the attic. The attic was within easy walking distance. . . . I looked at her, a girl in love with declarative sentences. I had only 25 minutes to get to class, so I ceded the point.

"Mother," Steffi asked me, "are we definitely shopping tomorrow? I'm in dire need of a dress for the junior prom."

"Yes," I said. "And coming right back. No dawdling. Because I have loads of work. All next week I have to study for exams."

Dire need, I thought. Such melodramatic words. Any mother, even one attending law school, could pick up and stay with all the connotations of *dire need*. As I stood up, Pete slipped out of his chair like an eager courtier to fetch my briefcase, weighty with law texts. Every time he got my briefcase, it got funnier.

Hey, I wanted to tell him, you are not supposed to laugh at a matriculant for the degree of juris doctor, especially if she happens to be your mother.

Instead, I said, "You kids clean up before your father gets home. I don't want him walking in to dirty dishes."

"Goodbye, grumpus," Pete said merrily.

I looked at them. They were old enough not to play with matches, munch soap pads or sip liquid detergents. They could read labels. And Max was there, 65 pounds of golden retriever, with a bark like nearby thunder and a snarling devotion to all his property and charges. Barney would be home long before I returned. Having no reason for the smallest twinge of concern didn't stop the twinge. It was another of the little things I hadn't even considered in the euphoria of being accepted by the law school.

I shouldn't have been thinking of Steffi's dress. The trouble was the ensnaring moon vivid beyond a classroom window. It was a gibbous moon, ovoid shaped; not NASA's moon, not a site for rock collecting. No, it was a woman's moon, a new dress moon, an old, old lovely floating moon, white as a crooked lily pad, bright in my teeter totter world. Mother to law student, law student to mother. From Civil Procedures, tonight's class with Professor Surrance, to Steffi's dress.

I should have been listening very intently; ready to answer, ready to pounce quickly, articulately, incisively on the point. *Incisive* was a big word with Professor Surrance.

He served up a cold smile and eye for my benefit.

"We are considering *res judicata*," he said. "The thing to be judged. Join us? That way you'll minimize the risk of becoming an ex-law student."

He couldn't know how deftly one Laura had trapped the other Laura into a hasty, painfully scrambled answer that rated an upthrust eyebrow of disapproval. He passed on to someone else, freeing me from the collective attention of the class; but not me from me. I wanted to slink away when class ended, but Professor Surrance called me.

"You can do better, Laura," he said. He meant this wasn't the first tim had better be close to the last tim

"I want to."

"Spend next week studying for t exams. Spend it very profitably."

"Yes," I said.

"You scored very high on the ad sions test. That's the track you wa stay on, Laura."

Pay attention in class and study l all week. Now say goodnight to the professor who is only trying to help ride this swift current.

"Goodnight, Professor," I said.

Driving home, I considered my br new rule of thumb about law sch shun lyrical reveries about prom dre when the moon is visible from a cl room window no matter how *dire* y daughter's need. I thought of how looked back at the kids tonight; of h they kept obstructing the Laura I'd b before marriage.

Pete with a broken finger beca he'd been doing wheelies on his r yellow bicycle, and I just happene have an early class that day, and Bar was still in town. Jennifer's swol gland that led to a strep throat. (T day I *was* very late because I'd tal her to the pediatrician.) Steffi's call fr school—the dispensary! She'd been in the face with a lacrosse ball dur practice. Nothing was broken, she s A lacrosse ball is not a marshmall but don't worry, Laura! Three days ea er, the orthodontist had removed l bands and wires after nearly three yea and she had beautiful, beautiful tee She was proud of the ragged little tap try of blues, blacks and purples on h cheek because the other team had scored a goal.

Sit with me for an hour, Professor, a listen to stories of Lauras who come your class each week, and the troub one Laura has staying clear of the oth

Pete was in bed. Jennifer was dra ing a picture of the solar system for h science class. Steffi was nestled in a c coon of stereophonic sound, meditati on proms and dresses.

"Do these look like the rings of Sa urn?" Jennifer asked me. "Daddy sa they look like stale doughnuts. *Il n'e pas très amusant.*"

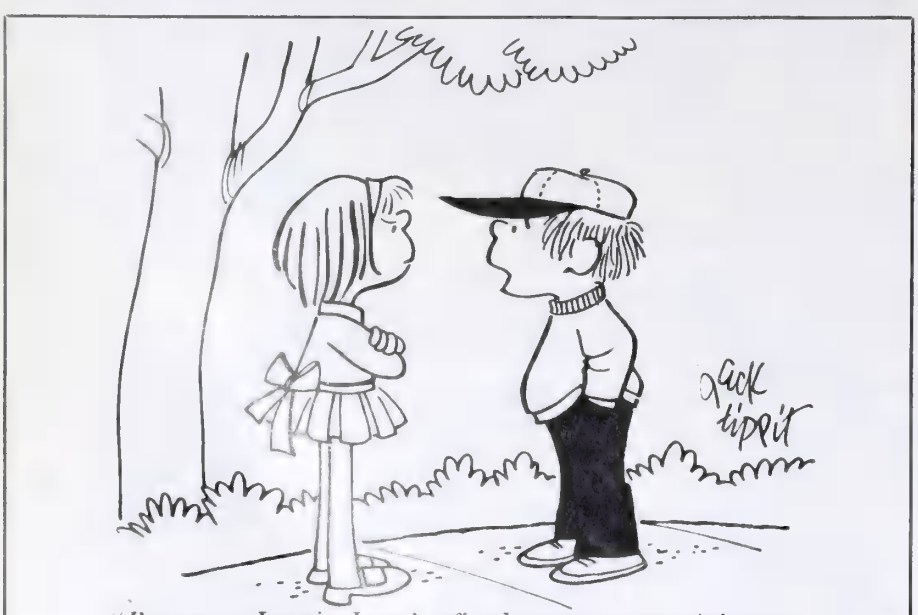
Barney winked at me. We got lots first year French these days, particular when Jennifer felt the situation wa ranted irony, dignity or extremes of jo

"How was class?" Barney asked.

I made a glowering face. "I'll tell yo later."

"These rings will have to do," Jenn fer said. "I'm just not a great artist."

"They're fantastic rings of Saturn fo a girl who's just not a great artist," I sai very carefully, top art-jury membe around here. When you want to say *Look, kid, I don't give a damn abou the rings of Saturn at this (continued*



"I'm sorry, Laurie, I can't afford to marry you right now. I have enough problems supporting a dog, cat, two gerbils and a parakeet on my measly allowance."



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Laura, Herself

continued

moment, you must be certain not to intimate by voice or gesture what you want to say to a girl who is not a great artist.

"Barney, I'm going to luxuriate in a long, warm bath."

I didn't luxuriate. I wept like a total, helpless, crumbling fool; in that special way, the way when you feel that walls are just tumbling down. Long ago, I had cried this way, when Pepper, my childhood cat had died, and the boy I adored asked another girl to the dance after the camp play; and when I learned he invited her because I still wore braces and he called me Metalmouth behind my back.

Damn it, luxuriate, I said. If you can't luxuriate, get out of the tub. I got out of the tub, a woman in trouble, a woman with practically a full-sized identity crisis on her hands.

In Barney's old terry cloth robe, I tramped barefooted through the house, searching for him. He was in the garage cleaning golf clubs. On Monday, he opened for the defense in a particularly messy felony murder trial that had been in the newspapers for weeks, and here he was luxuriating in his own little way.

I felt as doleful as I looked, still damp under the robe, my hair straight, wet, stiff as cardboard.

He put his arms around me. "Let's confer."

Behind us, Steffi said, "Listen you two, stop kissing. I must talk to you, Mother."

"Kids don't sleep around here," Barney said.

"I can't sleep because I can't decide what kind of dress I want."

"No talking about dresses now," Barney said. In his best drill sergeant growl, he sent her off to bed, and I said something that surprised me when I thought about it: I did want to talk to Steffi about her dress.

Barney said, "You're hard to find under that robe."

One of the too-long sleeves had unrolled, like my feeling of guilt about Steffi's dress, and my hand was lost in a terry cloth tunnel that began at the shoulder.

"I'm having the same trouble," I said.

"What happened tonight, Laura?"

I told him about the leading class idiot on the question of *res judicata* and the perils of moon watching. In the glummest possible voice, I also complained of a mysterious children's campaign to fret and worry a law student mother with every variety of big and little crises. Full of tales and with all the mad logic of tears, I told Barney of still other mischief-makers busy as all those alleged Black Forest elves. Why, for example, were we inundated with party and dinner invitations we could not accept because I had to go to class?

He laughed. The lady with the best comedy routine in town was beside him in bed. Sure, he could laugh. He didn't have any trouble with Barneys the way I did with Lauras.

"I'm petrified of those exams, Barney. I see pages and pages I have to study and I can't even decide where to start or believe that I'll *ever* remember half of what I have to."

"Decide what cases are important. Make up a daily study schedule and stick to it, no matter what. And keep Black's Law Dictionary handy."

In the darkness, my very finest gallows-smile flashed on. "Good standard procedure," I said.

"Laura, it's not supposed to be *easy*. When I was at school, I had nothing else to do, and it wasn't easy."

"Tell me about me," I said. "I have a great need to hear about me. Not the legal profession. Why am I putting myself through all this? I'm supposed to be an understanding audience of one when my oldest daughter can't sleep because she's excited about her first prom dress. I can hardly find time to have dinner with you. We haven't played tennis once since the semester began."

"Nobody can hold your hand, Laura. That's not part of the package. If it's too tough for somebody who's been off the dean's list for fifteen years . . . When you study law, you must discipline and narrow down your thinking to the facts of a case. Everything else is a distraction to be avoided."

"Ho, ho, ho. I love that last part. Tell me to believe in the tooth fairy too."

"Quit or stop bitching."

"You and that Professor Surrance, you two really stick together. I'll tell you something, Barney, *counselor*, if I didn't love you, I wouldn't hate you right now. And I'll give you something else to be so pompous about. I *am* going to quit. I'll be what I am right now and live the way I did before they let me into that place to beat my brains out four nights a week."

I lay awake. Barney slept. Make your point and sleep. I'd made a point too. Why didn't I sleep? *Res judicata*, I thought. The thing to be judged had been judged.

In the morning, Steffi said to me, "We probably won't find a thing I like. I just know it."

"All girls have *that* dress waiting to be seen for the first time, Steffi," I said. "It's one of the secret laws of the universe only women know."

Barney came in, back from his morning jogging session. Steffi told him excitedly why we were up so early and dressed to leave. *(continued)*

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Laura, Herself

continued

"I'll feed the kids when they wake. Buy a great dress," he told Steffi and went up to shower.

"We'll have breakfast out," I said. "The stores won't be open for at least an hour."

"I was sure you'd be so grouchy because we had to go shopping."

"Today, I'm happy."

I received a wisp of a smile, the tiniest bloom of gratitude.

We found the dress—of course—the palest shimmer of aqua, a dress for this new dominion in her life. All Steffi said was, "Oh, my size!" I could have said more as she swirled into it like a darting fish. Oh yes, I said to myself, you are ever so wise this morning.

"Just the hem," Steffi whispered. "Maybe an inch, Mother."

In the full length mirror, the view of her dominion continued and continued.

"Oh," she said to her reflection, seeing how she had changed forever by what she had become at this instant. Her fingers danced over the skirt front, lost themselves in its folds, flew out again, and then returned as if to a place where they would always be happiest.

I smiled at what Steffi saw because I had seen it once, too and said the dress must have shoes. Steffi laughed.

At home, she tried on the dress with the shoes so I could measure and pin the hem.

Pete said, "You don't even look like my sister."

"Don't be gross," Jennifer said. Her usual objective, declarative-sentence calm was in ruins.

"Beautiful," Barney said softly. He was about to lug two briefcases to the office even though it was Saturday—a lawyers life when he has a tough case to open for the defense in court on a Monday morning.

"How do you feel?" he asked me.

"Great," I said. "I've cast out all pompous law professors who wear smiles like pieces of cheap costume jewelry."

He shook his head at so much asperity. "One way or the other. As long as you decide."

When I finished the hem, I held the dress up against my body. Another Laura stood there. Lauras were still coming and going. This was a very early Laura, but I remembered her well.

Pete rushed into the bedroom, braking to a stop in front of me with a little chest heave of urgency. "Jennifer said we need some stamps, Mom."

I stared at him and the early Laura slipped away. "Stamps?"

"For Grandmom's birthday cards. Don't you remember? Her birthday's on Tuesday."

"The top drawer of Daddy's desk."

I had forgotten, completely. I smoothed the dress skirt with absent gestures. My mother always looked forward to the flurries of remembrance her birthday evoked.

"Can we call Grandmom Tuesday? Jennifer said we'd do it at night because it's cheaper."

I stared at Pete again. "Yes," I said. "Of course."

"I'll bet she'd be real sad if we didn't call her," Pete said. "Because she lives all alone in Florida. And that's far from us. Steffi wrote her all about her new dress in her card."

"She'll like that."

When Pete went back to his waiting sisters, I telephoned the florist and ordered a dozen roses sent to her in Pompano Beach. To my mother's last dominion, I thought: three air conditioned rooms overlooking a pool shaded by palms. I remembered that she'd told me recently the palms were yellowing this year. A blight was spreading through the palms. She hated to see that, she'd told me. The palms looked so *defenseless* against the blight that yellowed and dried their elegant fronds. There was no cure for them. They had to be replaced.

I sat there thinking of dresses and dominions: the many dominions of Steffi, Jennifer, Pete and of Barney; yes, and myself. Happiness, a smiling beast of guile and cunning, tricked you into notions of permanence. If I cherished only this happiness, I'd sit and wait for telephone calls, or summer visits, or holiday dinners, or cards of remembrance.

My mother didn't have a cat, but I saw myself with a cat, a cat to talk to during the long sunny hours and lots and lots of time to remember this dress for Steffi and one for Jennifer, when her time came, and doubtless something to remember about Pete. And I would have hours and hours in that dominion to prepare a posh dinner, and it really wouldn't matter how late Barney was at the office. Probably I'd have a flower show, a committee of this or that. I didn't like bridge. I might have to learn to like bridge.

I laid Steffi's dress across the chair. I got my law texts, a yellow legal pad, a stack of 3 x 7 cards and went into the little room Barney used as an office. I dumped everything on the table and brought up a hard-backed chair to remind me why I was sitting here.

On one of the cards, I printed MOON WATCHING IS PROHIBITED. I smiled and tacked it to the cork bulletin board on the wall.

Much later, I heard Barney return and come upstairs.

"Studying," he said, smiling after he read the card. Then he printed something on a card and tacked it next to mine. His card said BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK TO MAKE THE LAW REVIEW.

"Hm," I said.

"That's some of your pompous lawyer humor."

"Barney, why don't you take the kids to dinner tonight?"

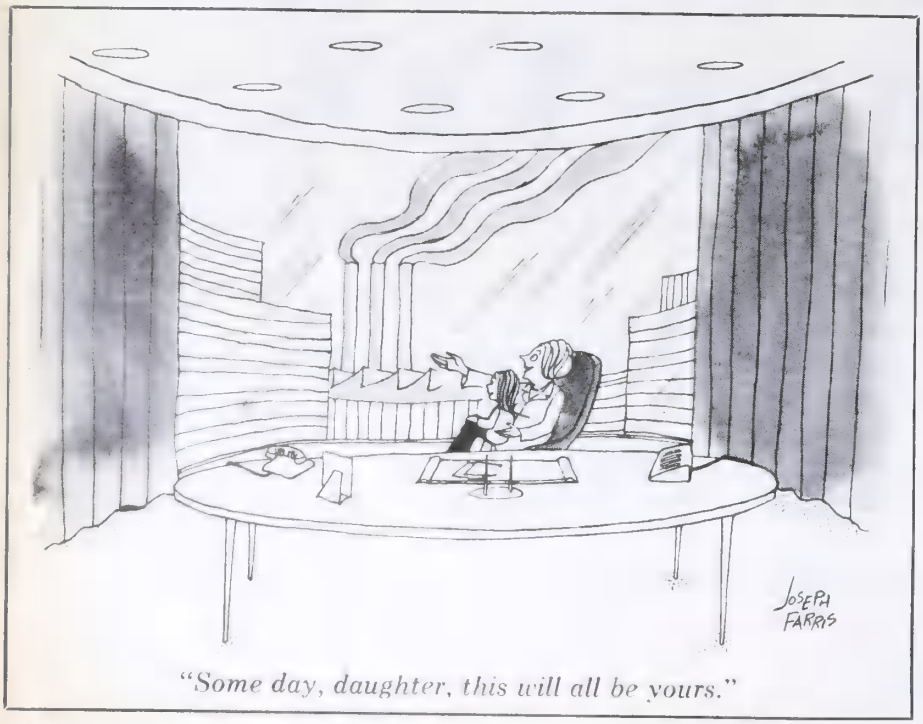
"Alright, counselor. First I have to change that card."

This time he printed: BE THE SECOND ON YOUR BLOCK TO MAKE THE LAW REVIEW.

"We have to pin the facts down, don't we, counselor? I was the first."

"No, counselor," I said. "Not in this dominion."

End



"Some day, daughter, this will all be yours."



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"THE PEOPLE'S ALMANAC" PRESENTS

THE BOOK OF LISTS

By Irving Wallace, David Wallechinsky and Amy Wallace

Everyone makes lists. The Census Bureau. Pollsters. Newspaper syndicates. Leading magazines. The President of the United States.

You too make lists. You list your New Year's resolutions, soon to be broken. You make up a shopping list, a laundry list, a party list. The ten worst movies you've seen, or best tennis players you've watched, or your favorite novelists.

Lists are nothing new. They are as old as written history. Codes of law are nothing but lists. Even the Ten Commandments is a list.

Lists are a way of life around the world, and listomaniacs abound. And why not? In a busy, troubled time, a simple list is easy to read, digest and remember. A simple list informs and educates. A simple list involves us intellectually, as we try to absorb it, extend it, improve upon it, or just be part of it.

But although everyone makes lists, until now no one has ever done anything to bring these lists together. So we—myself, my son David and my daughter Amy—decided to create what may be the first comprehensive book of lists in history. There are lists invented by us, by our assocates, by celebrities we contacted, by experts and just plain readers. We not only invented lists but dug for them in new and old books, magazines and newspapers around the world, in an effort to compile and reprint the best lists that have ever appeared in print. On the following pages, you will read part of this fascinating collection.—Irving Wallace

Illustrated by Lee Lorenz

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6. Loneliness: "How can a respectable girl (or guy) meet people?"
7. Physical appearance problems: weight, flat-chested, baldness, birthmarks, too short, too tall, acne, crooked teeth.
8. Pregnant girls: "Should I have an abortion? Marry him? Keep my baby? Tell my parents?"
9. Problems at work: "My boss is on the make; I don't want to lose my job, but I can't stand him." Or "Someone is stealing. Should I tell?" Or "A woman I work next to has terrible body odor. What can I do?"
10. Drug, tobacco and alcohol addiction: "My parents smoke. How can I get them to stop?" "How do I get my husband or wife off booze?" Or "My parents are drunk all the time. I'm ashamed to have any friends in." Or "My best friend is on LSD or heroin." Or "Is marijuana harmful?"

ART BUCHWALD'S 11 FAVORITE DINNER GUESTS FROM ALL HISTORY

Humorist Art Buchwald's syndicated column appears in over 500 newspapers. He has written many books, including "And Then I Told the President," "Washington Is Leaking" and "I am Not a Crook."

1. Richard M. Nixon
2. John Wilkes Booth
3. Jack the Ripper
4. Adolf Hitler
5. Lizzie Borden
6. Nero
7. Joseph Stalin
8. Judas
9. Mao Tse-Tung
10. Caligula
11. Marquis de Sade

Art Buchwald's note: "I know I would have a seating problem, but I believe the conversation would be quite interesting and certainly worth a decent Chateau Mouton-Rothschild. How would I pay for the meal? I'd sell the pictorial rights to a woman's magazine."

20 PRESENT-DAY VEGETARIANS

1. Marisa Berenson, actress.
2. Candice Bergen, actress.
3. David Carradine, actor.
4. Cesar Chavez, labor organizer.
5. Marty Feldman, actor.
6. Dick Gregory, political activist.
7. George Harrison, musician.
8. Laura Huxley, author.
9. Gladys Knight, singer.
10. Peter Max, artist.
11. Yehudi Menuhin, musician.
12. Carlos Santana, musician.
13. Peter Sellers, actor.
14. Ravi Shankar, musician.
15. Isaac Bashevis Singer, author.
16. Gloria Swanson, actress.
17. Twiggy, model and actress.
18. Lasse Viren, long-distance runner.
19. Bill Walton, basketball player
20. Dennis Weaver, actor.

—Courtesy of Vegetarian World



DIETS OF 9 FAMOUS PEOPLE



1. LORD BYRON

A poet inclined to put on weight, Byron was grimly determined to stay slender. For days, he would live on biscuits and soda water. Or, he would diet by having just a cup of tea for breakfast, and for supper, some combination of cold potatoes, rice, fish or vegetables sprinkled heavily with vinegar. Chewing tobacco kept his mind off his hunger.

2. CAROL BURNETT

Influenced by her yoga instructor, she has changed her dietary habits. She now eats raw or lightly cooked vegetables, plus fruits, fish, poultry (no red meats), fertile eggs and raw milk. She also takes vitamins and drinks herb teas instead of coffee. For breakfast she has a protein drink that she concocts herself. It contains such exotic ingredients as sunflower meal, nutritional yeast, chia seeds, date and date pit powder and wheat germ, mixed with raw milk and a fertile egg. She admits this tastes like a dog biscuit. For lunch she eats fruit and raw vegetables (She sometimes cheats on her diet and eats a bite of conventional dessert.)

3. JULIA CHILD

For breakfast, the TV chef likes whole raw fruit (apples, bananas, pears or grapes), fresh orange juice on occasion, and a different tea (without sugar) each morning. On Sundays only, she has bacon and eggs, but never indulges in toast with butter—too fattening! Depending upon her willpower, she may skip lunch altogether. If she and her husband dine alone, they omit both appetizer and dessert, except perhaps for fruit. They have meat or fish, vegetables and a salad, and they always leave room in their calorie count for the proper wine. When she's terribly hungry between meals, she eats a dill pickle.

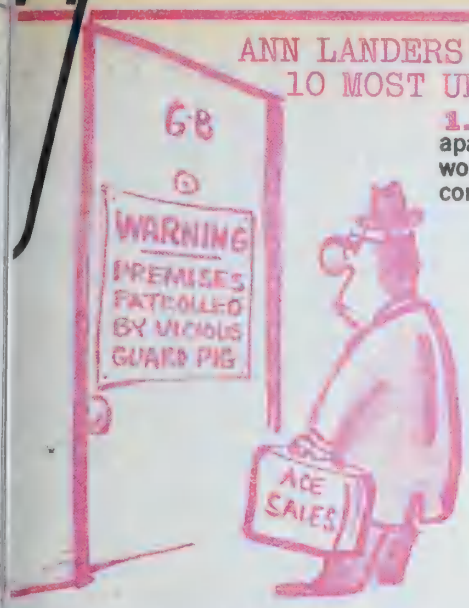
4. GRETA GARBO

The legendary actress prefers simple food: Swedish bread with unsalted butter, cheese and ham. She also likes Tartar steak (raw chopped beef mixed with egg yolk and chopped onion) and huge green salads. She enjoys drinking beer and vodka.

5. ERNEST HEMINGWAY

When writing, he existed on Rye Krisp, raw green vegetables and peanut butter sandwiches. He avoided sweets and starches, and obtained his sugar from his daily intake of alcohol. When he was active in the mountains or on a boat, he would eat more heartily. At those times he liked grilled fresh fish, a rare steak with the bone left in, or rare lamb. He relished wild game, such as elk, mountain sheep, venison or antelope. He also enjoyed grouse, quail or mallard duck

ANN LANDERS' 10 MOST UNUSUAL READER PROBLEMS



1. The man who kept a pig in his apartment and insisted that it was a wonderful "watch dog." The neighbors complained.

2. The bride who, on her honeymoon, phoned her mother to say she was on her way home. Her husband was a mortician and confessed that he could enjoy sex only with women who were dead or pretended to be. He instructed her to lie in a bathtub filled with very cold water for at least 20 minutes, then come to bed and pretend she was dead.

3. The man who wanted to be buried in his 1939 Dodge.

4. The man who was unable to urinate in a public bathroom.

5. The girl who had a leg crippled by polio and wanted to have it amputated and replaced by an artificial limb so she wouldn't limp at her wedding.

6. The woman who wrote to inquire as to who owned the walnuts from the tree which grew on her property but was very close to the neighbor's property. Most of the nuts were falling on the neighbor's property and she felt that since it was her tree that produced the nuts, she was entitled to them. (Answer: The neighbor could use the nuts that fell on her property, but she couldn't sell them.)

7. The woman whose husband was going to have a transsexual operation. She wanted to know what the children should call their father after the operation. "Daddy" didn't seem appropriate for a "woman." (Answer: They can call him "Bob" or "Bill" or whatever he changes his name to — probably "Mary" or "Sue.")

8. The totally bald woman who used to remove her wig at poker games and place it on her chips for luck.

9. The man who hid his wife's dentures so she couldn't go out and vote for a Democrat.

10. The woman who did her housework in the nude and enjoyed it thoroughly until one day she went to the basement to do her laundry and was surprised by the meter reader.

rved with mashed potatoes. He loved l kinds of fruits, and his favorite getables were Brussels sprouts, Swiss hard, broccoli and artichokes served ith sauce vinaigrette.

6. BILLIE JEAN KING

ting balanced meals and counting lories is the key to this tennis cham- on's diet. She stays away from red eat, which has twice the calories of h. If she has a potato, she'll add just little butter. She avoids food with hite flour and white sugar, and in- ead chooses whole wheat bread or an muffins. When she's traveling for tennis match, she doesn't drink, with e exception of one or two beers.

7. MICHELANGELO

ccording to Vasari, his contempo- ry and biographer, the Renaissance tist was "all intent upon his work" hen he was young, and contented imself with a little bread and wine. e continued this practice when he as old, taking his refreshment in the vening when he had finished the day's ork. Although he was rich, he lived frugally as a poor man.

8. JACQUELINE ONASSIS

When dining out at restaurants, she ften orders a favorite meal containing n estimated 500 calories or less. The eal consists of a large baked potato, plit and heaped with fresh caviar, ac- ompanied by a glass of champagne.

9. ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

he ageless pianist enjoys the best of ines each day, in addition to two or ree cigars with his coffee. He main- ins a low-fat diet. His wife cuts all e fat off his meat but she will use a ttle cream, if called for in a sauce. e loves chicken and she cooks it "a illion ways." He seldom eats red meat.

21 OF THE MOST MARRIED PEOPLE IN HISTORY

1. King Mongut of Siam (of The King and I*)*	*9,000 wives and concubines**
2. King Mutesa of Uganda	*7,000 wives**
3. King Solomon of Israel	*700 wives**
4. Queen Kahena of the Berbers	*400 husbands**
5. August the Strong, of Saxony	*365 wives**
6. Fon of Bikom	*100 wives**
7. Theresa Vaughn of England	*61 husbands**
8. Joseph Smith, U.S. Mormon leader	*50 wives**
9. King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia	*35 wives**
10. Brigham Young, U.S. Mormon leader	*27 wives**
11. Hieronymus of Rome	*21 wives*
12. Glynn de Moss Wolfe of the U.S.	*19 wives*
13. Beverly N. Avery of the U.S.	*16 husbands*
14. Ike Ward of the U.S.	*16 wives*
15. Edward Teach (the pirate Blackbeard) of England	*14 wives*
16. Calamity Jane of the U.S.	*12 husbands*
17. Tommy Manville of the U.S.	*11 wives*
18. Kid McCoy of the U.S.	*10 wives*
19. Pancho Villa of Mexico	*9 wives*
20. Marie MacDonald of the U.S.	*8 husbands*
21. Artie Shaw of the U.S.	*8 wives*

*Denotes polygamist or bigamist.

STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM'S 10 GREATEST IRISH MEN AND WOMEN OF ALL TIME

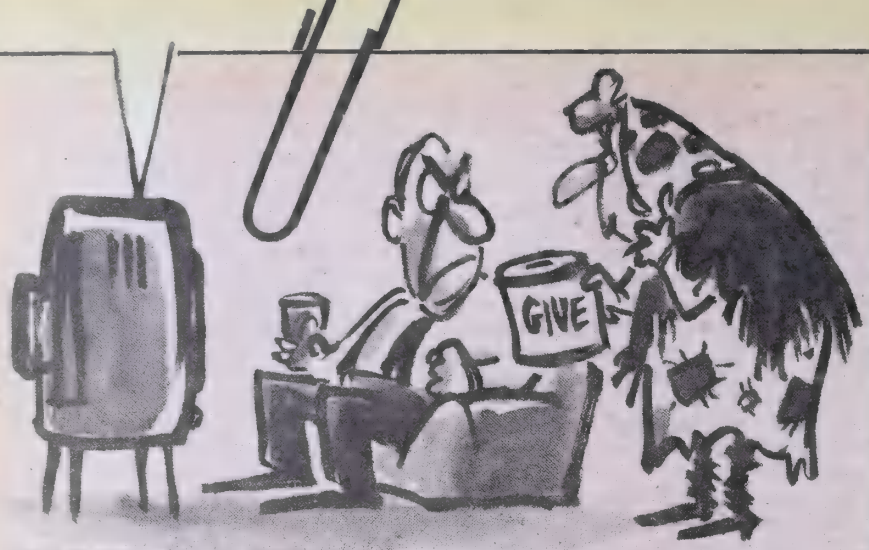
Bestselling author Stephen Birmingham's most recent book, *Real Lace*, is a social history of Irish Americans.

1. William Butler Yeats; **2.** George Bernard Shaw; **3.** James Joyce; **4.** Eugene O'Neill; **5.** John Millington Synge; **6.** Sean O'Casey; **7.** Al Smith; **8.** Thomas E. Murray, Sr. (American engineer, much honored for safety appliances he invented. Died in 1929.); **9.** John O'Hara; **10.** Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy.

7 CELEBRITIES WHO HAVE HAD VASECTOMIES

By 1976, at least 4.6 million men had undergone a vasectomy in the U.S. alone, according to the Association for Voluntary Sterilization, Inc. Celebrities who have publicized their vasectomies:

1. **Jim Bouton, author, actor, ex-baseball pitcher.**
2. **Billy Eckstine, singer.**
3. **Arthur Godfrey, entertainer.**
4. **Abbie Hoffman, political radical.**
5. **Dean Martin, singer, actor, comedian.**
6. **Pat Paulsen, comedian.**
7. **Lord Snowdon, photographer, brother-in-law of Britain's Queen Elizabeth II.**



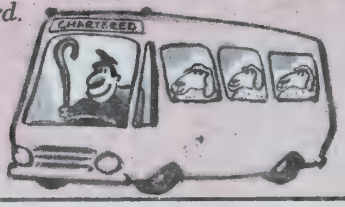
ABIGAIL VAN BUREN'S 10 MOST COMMON READER PROBLEMS

Columnist Abigail Van Buren, better known as Dear Abby, is the twin sister of her biggest rival—Ann Landers. Both began writing advice columns in 1955, with Dear Abby's column appearing a few months after her sister's. Dear Abby is now syndicated in over 800 newspapers throughout the world. She hosts her own radio program and is the author of several books, including *Dear Teen-Ager* and *Dear Abby on Marriage.*

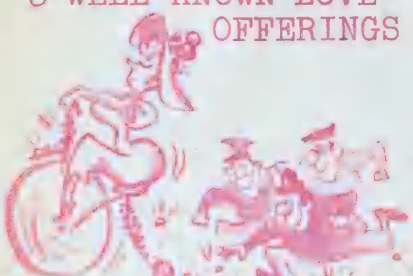
1. *My wife doesn't understand me.*
2. *My husband never gives me any money.*
3. *My parents don't trust me.*
4. *My grandchildren never come to visit me.*
5. *We never hear from our married kids unless they want something.*
6. *My boy friend keeps wanting me to "prove my love."*
7. *My girl friend wants to get married and I'm not ready.*
8. *My neighbor keeps dropping in uninvited.*
9. *How does a nice woman meet a nice man?*
10. *How does a nice man meet a nice woman?*

ABIGAIL VAN BUREN'S 7 MOST UNUSUAL READER PROBLEMS

1. *I can't trust my husband. He cheats so much I'm not even sure my last baby is his.*
2. *I want to have a child but don't even have a boy friend. Can you line up somebody?*
3. *I hear there is life after death. If that is true, can you put me in touch with my Uncle Le Roy Albert from Victoria, Texas?*
4. *Will you please send me all the information you have on the rhythm method? I'm learning how to dance.*
5. *I'm a 50-year-old widow and my doctor says I need a husband or the equivalent. Would it be all right if I borrowed my sister's husband? It's all right with them.*
6. *My husband burns the hair out of his nose with a lighted match. And he thinks I'm crazy because I voted for Goldwater.*
7. *I'm a bus driver and want some information on how to become a shepherd.*



8 WELL-KNOWN LOVE OFFERINGS



1. A $10,000 BICYCLE

"Diamond Jim" Brady presented actress Lillian Russell with a gold-plated bicycle complete with mother-of-pearl handlebars and spokes encrusted with chips of diamonds. emeralds, rubies and sapphires. When Miss Russell went on tour, the bicycle—kept in a blue, plush-lined Moroccan leather case—traveled with her.

2. FREEDOM

Suleiman the Magnificent, ruler of the Ottoman Empire, gave the enslaved Roxelana her freedom, as a love offering, and then married her. An observer wrote: "This week there has occurred in this city a most extraordinary event, one absolutely unprecedented in the history of the Sultan's period. Suleiman has taken unto himself a slave woman from Russia as his Empress."

3. SHAKESPEAREAN SONNETS

Not Shakespeare, but the publisher who pirated the sonnets, wrote the dedication, "To Mr. W.H." The 154 poems are among the greatest love offerings of all time, but it is not known for whom they were written.

4. TAJ MAHAL

When his favorite wife, Mumtaz Mahall, died in 1630, while giving birth to her 14th child, the grief-stricken Shah Jahan, emperor of the Moguls, ordered the white alabaster mausoleum built. Twenty thousand workmen labored 19 years to erect this most beautiful and costly tomb. Perfectly preserved, it stands on the Jumna River in North India inside a walled garden surrounded by reflecting pools and marble pavements.

5. FAUST'S SOUL

In *Faust,* Goethe's classic poem, Dr. Faust contracted to give his soul to the Devil, Mephistopheles, for the love of Margaret, a village maiden.

6. SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

Elizabeth Barrett's sonnets were begun when she first met Robert Browning, and they chronicle her reactions to their developing friendship and love. Browning learned of the sonnets early in 1847, after their son Pen was born. Elizabeth confessed to her husband, "I had written some poems about you."

7. THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST

When Herodias, after her husband's death, broke Mosaic Law by marrying her brother-in-law, Herod, the marriage was denounced by John the Baptist. Later, the dancing of Salome, the daughter of Herodias, so pleased Herod that he promised to grant her anything she wanted. At her request, John the Baptist was beheaded, his head placed on a silver platter and presented to Salome, who then gave it to her mother.

8. SKORPIOS ISLAND

When Aristotle Onassis married Jackie Kennedy in 1968, one of his wedding gifts to her was a share of the Greek island of Skorpios, on which they were married. Before their marriage, he provided her with gems valued at $1,200,000. He is said to have spent $20 million for her pleasure during the first year of their marriage.

6 MEN WHO WERE SUPPORTED BY THEIR WIVES

1. SOCRATES

though Socrates was trained as a onecutter, he never worked at his ade as an adult, and he never arged for the lessons that he gave e Athenian young. In his play *Bare- ot in Athens*, Maxwell Anderson sug- sts that Socrates' wife took in wash- g to support the family. Although is may not be true, she certainly ovided and maintained a home for crates and at least three children.

2. ISAAC PINKHAM

ter 30 years of struggling to make ds meet on the income from her sband's real estate speculations, s. Lydia E. Pinkham went into her llar and mixed up a batch of her egetable compound" for commer- l distribution. The compound's ain ingredients were "unicorn root" d "pleurisy root"—but it was also percent alcohol, or 36 proof. The st batch was sold in 1875. By the ne of her death in 1883, the mpany formed by Lydia and r sons was grossing almost 00,000 a year. The vegetable mpound was intended for dis- ders of the female reproductive stem, but it was also advertised being effective for kidney prob- ns in the male.

3. OSCAR WILDE

hough he had published a book poetry and a melodrama be- e he was married, Wilde lived ainly on his wife's fortune, ich enabled him to move ound in English high society d gain a reputation as a wit. s most successful play, *The portance of Being Earnest*, sed the same year that it ened, because of a sexual scan- l that involved Wilde and an- er man. The scandal ruined th Wilde's marriage and his reer.

4. HENRI MATISSE

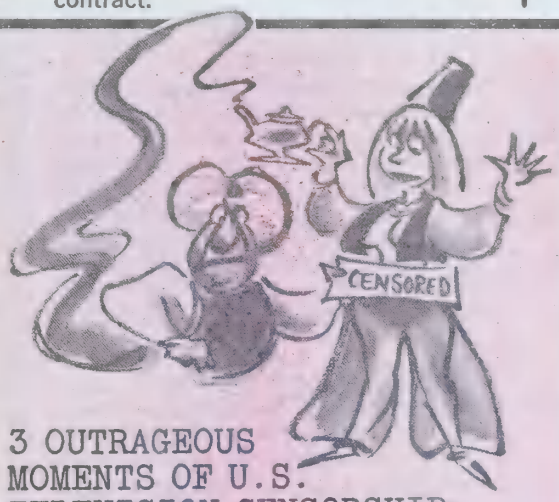
e French painter Matisse was pported by his wife for a time, er his father cut off his allow- ce because the elder Matisse was pleased with the direction his son's was taking. Mme. Matisse opened milliner's shop in Paris and sup- rted her husband. However, two of ir three children had to be put in care of their grandparents.

5. PAUL LAFARGUE

ura Lafargue was the daughter of rl Marx. Her husband, Paul La- gue, author of *The Right To Be Lazy*, once had a medical practice, but abandoned it to open a photographer's studio. His new business did not bring in enough money to support the couple. Their real means of subsistence was a legacy left to Laura by Frederick Engels. When Engels' money ran out in 1912, the Lafargues committed double suicide by injecting an overdose of morphine.

6. JACK GEE

Blues singer Bessie Smith supported her husband Jack Gee throughout their six-year marriage that broke up when Bessie found out that he had used her money to finance another woman's show. Before they were married, the illiterate Gee was a night watchman who had been rejected by the Philadelphia police department when he applied for a job. Gee did do something for Bessie: he found out that Clarence Williams, with whom she had a contract in the early days of her career, was cheating her. But it was Bessie who beat up Williams when she and Gee went to Williams' office to demand a release from her contract.



3 OUTRAGEOUS MOMENTS OF U.S. TELEVISION CENSORSHIP

1. 1960's During the entire run of the popular series, *I Dream of Jeannie*, ABC censors never permitted Barbara Eden to display her navel.

2. 1969 Carol Burnett appeared on *The Merv Griffin Show* on Christmas Day, and asked viewers to write letters appealing for peace to Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr. Her request was deleted by CBS censors.

3. 1975 NBC censors deleted the words "stretch marks" from an episode of the short-lived comedy series, *Fay*, starring Lee Grant. The network deemed the words inappropriate for the family hour.

11 WOMEN WHO WERE CHEERLEADERS IN HIGH SCHOOL

1. *Ann-Margret*
2. *Dyan Cannon*
3. *Eydie Gormé*
4. *Patty Hearst*
5. *Vicki Lawrence*
6. *Eleanor McGovern*
7. *Cybill Shepherd*
8. *Dinah Shore*
9. *Carly Simon*
10. *Lily Tomlin*
11. *Raquel Welch*

From "Is There Life After High School?" By Ralph Keyes, Little Brown and Co. Copyright © 1976 by Ralph Keyes.

7 OF HISTORY'S BUSIEST LOVERS

1. KING SOLOMON (c.973-c.933 B.C.)
The son of David and Bathsheba became the third king of Israel and reigned some 40 years, during which time he enjoyed 700 wives and an estimated 60 to 300 mistresses. Although polygamy was the matrimonial standard of the time, later rabbis claimed that Solomon's single son proved that God was punishing Solomon for having many wives.

2. CLEOPATRA (69-30 B.C.)
No great beauty, Cleopatra was among the most alluring women of all time and was well-versed in the art of lovemaking. From the time she took her first lover (at the age of 12), the queen of the Nile used sex for power, as well as for pleasure. It is said that she built a small temple where she kept scores of young men who were fed aphrodisiacs. Allegedly, she could entertain 100 men in a single night.

3. QUEEN ZINGUA
(early 17th century)
Angola's Queen Zingua was among the cruelest of nymphomaniacs, rivaled only by the legendary Amazons. The queen, who kept a large harem of males, enjoyed arranging battles to the death between warriors, then going to bed with the winner. It is said that she would make love with a man all night and have him killed in the morning. The jealous Zingua also had all pregnant females executed. Her bizarre sex life apparently continued until she converted to Catholicism at age 77.

4. GIOVANNI CASANOVA
(1725-1798)
According to his voluminous memoirs, Casanova seduced thousands of women, although only 116 were actually named in published records. Life for the Italian adventurer was a continual search for new pleasures, and his name equals Don Juan's as a synonym for a promiscuous womanizer. Casanova's specialty: seducing his friends' wives and daughters. He frequently joined his companions in a bathtub built for two, and sometimes shared with them the 50 oysters he customarily ate for breakfast.

5. CATHERINE THE GREAT
(1729-1796)
The insatiable empress of Russia advocated sexual relations six times a day. She had 21 official lovers, although her unofficial total exceeded

80. An insomniac, Catherine claimed that sex was the best sleeping pill. Rogerson, her physician, examined all male prospects and Mme. Protas, her procurer, tried them out before approving them for the empress.

6. KING LAPETAMAKA II (c. 1778)
It is said that in 1777, on his third voyage, Captain Cook visited the Pacific island kingdom of Tonga, where he met King Lapetamaka II. Strong, raven-haired and in his 80s, the king claimed that it was his duty to deflower every native maiden. He said that he had never been with the same woman twice and was presently performing his appointed task 8 to 10 times a day, every day.

7. LOLA MONTEZ (1824-1861)
By the time she turned 13, the British-Irish dancer and adventuress had discovered she could sell her body for money. After taking three husbands and innumerable lovers (including Franz Liszt and Alexandre Dumas, pere), Lola became the mistress of King Louis I of Bavaria, precipitating a revolution that forced him to abdicate. Lola fled to England, and later to America—where she lectured, danced, made love and became the mistress of several wealthy Americans. Toward the end of her life she devoted much of her money and energy to "helping fallen women."

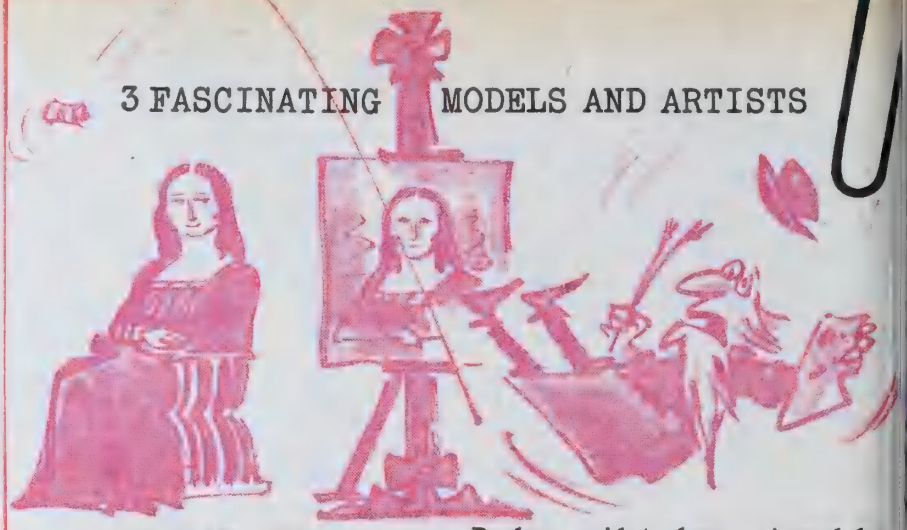
THE 14 WORST HUMAN FEARS

"What are you the most afraid of?" a team of market researchers asked 3,000 U.S. inhabitants. The results may surprise you.

Biggest Fear	Percentage of people who picked it
1. Speaking before a group	41
2. Heights	32
3. Insects and bugs	22
4. Financial problems	22
5. Deep water	22
6. Sickness	19
7. Death	19
8. Flying	18
9. Loneliness	14
10. Dogs	11
11. Driving/riding in a car	9
12. Darkness	8
13. Elevators	8
14. Escalators	5

Added Note: According to the London **Sunday Times**, which reported this American survey: "In general, women were far more fearful than men. Twice as many were afraid of heights, insects, deep water, flying or driving in cars; three times as many were frightened of darkness and four times as many were frightened of elevators. They were also more fearful of dogs, of getting sick and of dying. But if that makes it seem like a male chauvinist survey, it is worth noting the only fear that men have more often than women: the fear of financial problems."

3 FASCINATING MODELS AND ARTISTS



1. MONA LISA

The enduring question more than four and half centuries after Leonardo da Vinci painted the Mona Lisa *is: What is the meaning of her smile? It has been said she was mourning the death of a baby girl, that she was contemplating taking a lover, even that she was suffering pain, after having teeth pulled. Lisa del Gioconda, the most famous of all models, was born into a large, impoverished Neopolitan family. In 1495, she became the third wife of Francesco Gioconda, a Florentine merchant 19 years her senior. Gioconda engaged Leonardo to produce a portrait of his wife suitable for hanging in his dining hall. Leonardo spent four years (1503-1507) capturing Lisa del Gioconda's smile with his brush. Gioconda grew impatient. He terminated his wife's sittings and refused to pay for the unfinished portrait. Undismayed, Leonardo took his portrait of Mona Lisa to Paris. King Francis I paid $50,000 for it and hung it in the Louvre, where it has been continually on display except for two years (1911 and 1913), when its whereabouts were unknown. Before the stolen portrait was recovered, six Americans—each convinced he had the original* Mona Lisa*—paid $300,000 apiece for forgeries.*

2. THE DUCHESS OF ALBA

Today she would be one of the Beautiful People—wealthy, brittle and outrageous. Possessor of numerous estates, a glamorous social life and a docile, titled husband, her real claim to fame lies in her love affair with Francisco Goya, the greatest painter of the 18th century. Goya's Naked Maja *and* Clothed Maja, *hanging side by side in Madrid's Prado Museum, have immortalized Cayetana, the Duchess of Alba. When she met him, Goya was middle-aged, fat, deaf, married—and the father of 20 children. He was also court painter to Spain's royal family, who admired him although he painted them as they were: stupid, mean, ugly. Queen Luisa, reputedly jealous of the Duchess of Alba's four-year affair with Goya, tried twice to separate the pair by banishing the Duchess, only to have Goya follow his mistress into exile. The Duchess, said to have poisoned her husband, and in turn to have been poisoned by order of the Queen, died in 1802. Goya lived another 26 years. He died in Bordeaux, France, at 82.*

3. SUZANNE VALADON

Suzanne Valadon, born in 1865, was an illegitimate country girl who came to Paris and within a few years managed to become a circus acrobat, a model-protégé to Renoir and Degas, a successful artist in her own right, and the mother of Maurice Utrillo (she never knew which artist was his father). Usually a neglectful mother, she is said to have introduced Utrillo to cognac when he was six so he would sleep through the night while she caroused in Montmartre. When Maurice was grown, Suzanne, bored with her husband, moved in with her son and his roommate, André Utter, a would-be artist three years younger than Maurice and 21 years younger than Suzanne herself. She had an affair with Utter and then, as a theatrical gesture, married him before he marched off to World War I. When Utter returned safely, the trio resumed housekeeping. Although Suzanne was never as gifted as Maurice, the paintings of mother and son, exhibited together in 1923, fetched dazzling sums of money. Suzanne acquired a big car and a liveried chauffeur, fed her dog filet mignon and entertained lavishly. Her pleasure was shortlived. Utter, disgusted with the ménage, drank heavily, sold her car, flaunted his affairs and beat her regularly before they parted. In 1938 Suzanne died. Every year for the rest of his life, Maurice Utrillo observed the anniversary of her death by spending the day in his private chapel, praying for her soul.

LEON URIS'11 GREATEST JEWS OF ALL TIME

Novelist Leon Uris is best known for *Exodus*, a story of Israel's beginnings.

1. Moses, **2.** David, **3.** Solomon, **4.** Jesus Christ, **5.** Albert Einstein, **6.** Sigmund Freud, **7.** David Ben-Gurion, **8.** Maimonides, **9.** The Rothschilds, **10.** Karl Marx, **11.** Heinrich Heine.

MARABEL MORGAN'S 10 WAYS WOMEN PLEASE MEN

uthor and lecturer Marabel Morgan America's leading anti-feminist ›okesperson. Her controversial best-:ller, *The Total Woman*, was a hand-›ok on how women might most ıccessfully please their men. In it, [rs. Morgan advised members of her :x to be devoted and submissive to the ales in their lives.

Provide excitement and high ad-:nture at his own address.

Ask questions about his favorite ıstime.

Listen as he talks about his favorite :stime.



Admire the same tiger he sees in e mirror. Tact is the ability to see ıother person as he sees himself.

Tell him what's bothering you. Then ›n't remind him. Assume he heard ›u. If he doesn't move after two hours, ke his pulse.

One Saturday morning, serve him eakfast—and you—in bed (not neces-rily in that order).

Be available.

Pray for him.

Understand his problems. A man ıst know how much you care before cares how much you know.

). Appreciation comes in two flavors hanks and compliments.

10 FOODS CLAIMED TO BE APHRODISIACS



1. OYSTERS

Oysters are one of the most renowned aphrodisiac foods. Like fish, they are rich in phosphorus. Although they are not a high source of energy, oysters are easily digestible. Among the eminent lovers who have vouched for oysters was Casanova, who called them "a spur to the spirit and to love."

2. CAVIAR

In addition to being nutritious (30 percent protein), caviar has been considered an aphrodisiac because of its obvious place in the reproductive process. All fish and their byproducts have been linked to the myth of Aphrodite, the goddess of love who was born from the foam of the sea. Supposedly, anything that came from the sea would partake of Aphrodite's power.

3. EEL

Eel is rich in phosphorus and has an excitant effect on the bladder.

4. GARLIC

Both Eastern and Western cultures have long regarded garlic as an aphrodisiac. The Greeks and Romans sang its praises, and Oriental lovers claimed it gave them strength.

5. GINSENG

The Chinese call ginseng the "elixir of life" and have used it for over 5,000 years. Although medical opinion is sharply divided as to its merits, recent Russian experiments claim that ginseng increases sexual energy and has a general healing and rejuvenating influence on the body.

6. HONEY

Honey is rich in minerals, amino acids, enzymes and B-complex vitamins. Galen, Ovid and Shaykh Nefzawi—author of *The Perfumed Garden*—believed that honey had outstanding aphrodisiacal powers.

7. LOBSTER

The lobster has been described as an amatory excitor by many writers, including Henry Fielding in *Tom Jones*. It shares the Aphrodite-derived power attributed to all seafood.

8. ASPARAGUS

Asparagus contains a diuretic that increases the amount of urine excreted and excites the urinary passages. The vegetable is rich in potassium, phosphorus and calcium—all necessary for maintenance of a high energy level. However, it also contains aspartic acid, which neutralizes excess amounts of ammonia in one's body and may cause apathy and sexual disinterest.

9. PEACHES

"Venus owns this tree . . . the fruit provokes lust . . ." wrote herbalist Nicholas Culpeper. A "peach house" was once a common English slang term for a house of prostitution, and the term "peach" has been used almost universally to describe a pretty girl.

10. TRUFFLES

Truffles, the expensive underground fungi, are similar to oysters in that they are composed mostly of water and are rich in protein. Rabelais, Casanova, Dumas, George Sand, de Sade, Napoleon and Madame Pompadour are a few of the many notables who have praised the truffle's aphrodisiacal powers. An ancient French proverb warns: "Those who wish to lead virtuous lives should abstain from truffles."

DR. WARDELL POMEROY'S 10 MOST IMPORTANT BOOKS ABOUT SEX

Renowned sex surveyor and marriage counselor Dr. Wardell Pomeroy was a leading member of Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University. He was one of the authors of both Sexual Behavior in the Human Male and Sexual Behavior in the Human Female. He also authored Dr. Kinsey and the Institute for Sex Research. His list, in chronological order:

1. *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, by Ellis, Havelock, 1905.
2. *Three Contributions to the Sexual Theory*, by Freud, Sigmund, (Translated) 1910.
3. *Ideal Marriage*, by Van De Velde, T. H., 1930.
4. Sexual Behavior in the Human Male, by Kinsey et al., 1948.
5. Patterns of Sexual Behavior, by Ford, C. S., and Beach, F. A., 1951.
6. Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, by Kinsey et al., 1953.
7. Human Sexual Response, by Masters, W., and Johnson, V., 1966.
8. Human Sexual Inadequacy, by Masters, W., and Johnson, V., 1970.
9. The Joy of Sex, by Comfort, A., 1972.
10. The New Sex Therapy, by Kaplan, Helen, 1974.

20 NOTED PEOPLE WHO NEVER MARRIED

1. Jane Addams, U.S. social settlement worker.
2. Susan B. Anthony, U.S. women's rights leader.
3. Jane Austen, English novelist.
4. Ludwig van Beethoven, German composer.
5. Elizabeth Blackwell, U.S. physician.
6. James Buchanan, U.S. President.
7. Frédéric Chopin, Polish composer and pianist.
8. Emily Dickinson, U.S. poet.
9. Elizabeth I, Queen of England and Ireland.
10. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the F.B.I.
11. Henry James, English novelist.
12. Maria Montessori, Italian physician and educator.
13. Ralph Nader, U.S. consumer advocate.
14. Sir Isaac Newton, English physicist and mathematician.
15. Florence Nightingale, English nurse and hospital reformer.
16. Alexander Pope, English satirist.
17. Arthur Schopenhauer, German philosopher.
18. Adam Smith, English economist.
19. Henry David Thoreau, U.S. author.
20. Toulouse-Lautrec, French painter.

10 WOMEN OLDER THAN THEIR HUSBANDS

WIFE	HUSBAND
1. Queen Mary I of Great Britain, born 1516 —11 years older	King Philip II of Spain, born 1527
2. Ann Hathaway, 1557 —7 years older	William Shakespeare, 1564
3. Martha Dandridge Custis, 1731 —1 year older	George Washington, 1732
4. Empress Josephine, 1763 —6 years older	Napoleon Bonaparte, 1769
5. Mary Anne Wyndham Lewis, 1792 —12 years older	Benjamin Disraeli, 1804
6. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1806 —6 years older	Robert Browning, 1812
7. Jennie Jerome Churchill, 1854 —20 years older —23 years older	George Cornwallis-West, 1874 (2nd husband) Montagu Porch, 1877 (3rd husband)
8. Isadora Duncan, 1878 —17 years older	Sergei Aleksandrovich Esenin, 1895
9. Ruth Gordon, 1898 —16 years older	Garson Kanin, 1912
10. Patricia Ryan, 1912 —1 year older	Richard M. Nixon, 1913

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD'S 21 PIECES OF ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTER

1. *Worry about courage.*
2. *Worry about cleanliness.*
3. *Worry about efficiency.*
4. *Worry about horsemanship.*
5. *Don't worry about popular opinion.*
6. *Don't worry about dolls.*
7. *Don't worry about the past.*
8. *Don't worry about the future.*
9. *Don't worry about growing up.*
10. *Don't worry about anyone getting ahead of you.*
11. *Don't worry about triumph.*
12. *Don't worry about failure unless it comes through your own fault.*
13. *Don't worry about mosquitoes.*
14. *Don't worry about flies*
15. *Don't worry about insects in general.*
16. *Don't worry about parents.*
17. *Don't worry about boys*
18. *Don't worry about disappointments.*
19. *Don't worry about pleasures.*
20. *Don't worry about satisfactions.*
21. *Think about: What am I really aiming at?*

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6 OF THE MOST EXPENSIVE COURTESANS IN HISTORY



1. LAMIA—Charged 250 talents
This Greek courtesan demanded the equivalent of $300,000 to service Demetrius Poliorcetes, king of Macedon. He agreed to the sum—and levied a special tax on soap to raise the money.

2. LAIS—Charged 10,000 drachmas
Demosthenes wanted this Sicilian-born Greek courtesan so badly that he offered her 1,000 drachmas for a single night. When she saw him, she upped the figure to 10,000 drachmas. Yet she gave herself for nothing to the unkempt, ascetic philosopher Diogenes.

3. NINON DE LENCLOS—Charged 50,000 crowns
Cardinal Richelieu, the 17th century French statesman, once paid 50,000 crowns for a night with the renowned Ninon, France's greatest sexologist. She took the money, but sent a female friend in her place.

4. LAURA BELL—Charged 250,000 pounds
An ex-Belfast shop assistant, she became London's leading prostitute. In 1850, she charged Prince Jung Badahur, wealthy prime minister to the Maharaja of Nepal, 250,000 pounds for a single night. He paid it. Later, she got religion, married the Bishop of Norwich's nephew and became a lay preacher.

5. COUNTESS NICCHIA DE CASTIGLIONE—Charged 1,000,000 francs
The Italian countess, mistress of Napoleon III of France and Prince Jerome Bonaparte, was the most beautiful woman of her time. However, she was wildly extravagant. When the Earl of Yarmouth, son of one of England's richest men, offered her a million francs—$200,000—for her favors, she accepted.

6. KITTY FISHER—Charged 100 guineas
She was the highest paid of London prostitutes. When the Duke of York gave her a pitiful £50 note, half her fee for a night, she threw him out of bed. She then had the note baked in a pie and ate it for breakfast. In 1765, she married a member of Parliament.

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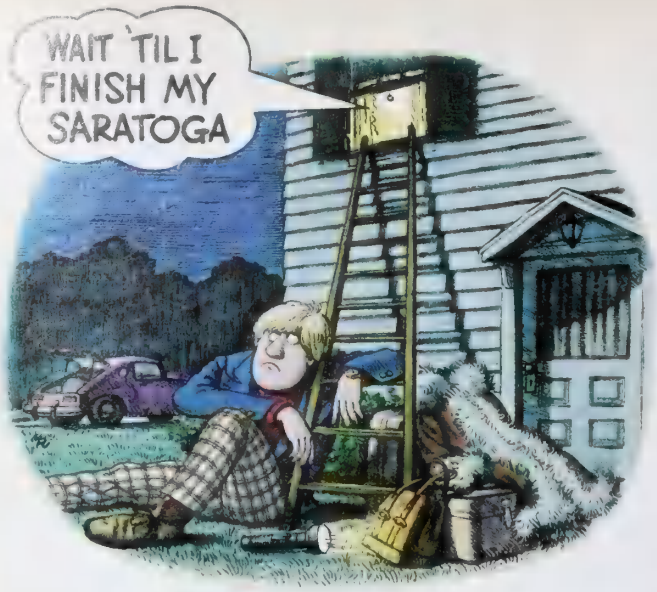
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NINI

continued from page 117

chance to treat her as my equal, not as a superior. She was a ways so tied up in the Puritan ethic of work that she wouldn take off to do something frivolous, like go to an art gallery c a play. I was the one to cajole. She wanted me to make he leave her desk for a lunch on the "outside." I think that in fiv years she had a pleasure-only lunch less than a dozen time Our "sinful" lunches at the Jockey Club or our sneakaways t National Theatre matinees were very special times togethe

Now life is different for Mother. Long before Daddy die he kicked her out of the nest. He made her be more sel reliant. Mother has always been a loner. She grew up alone never feeling sorry for herself because she had no mothe Daddy needed people around him, but Mother is happy read ing or walking by herself along a riverbank. Daddy knew tha but he also wanted Mother to have plenty of demands on he time, so he wouldn't be missed. They had shared a wonderfu time together and he wanted to prepare her for his absence As much as he depended on her company, he pushed her out

Mother has always had people to brag on her and to forc her into new endeavors. Daddy made her get involved i business. Liz Carpenter promoted her into the beautificatio program. That is not to say that Mother wasn't interested- she was—but she is not a public relations person. She woul not toot her own horn. Also, she is very independent.

I am sure that some people felt that Daddy dominate Mother—that she lived in his shadow, to do his bidding. N one owns Mother. Behind her velvet eyes is a determinatio to need no one. She allows herself to be viewed as a soft an lovely lady, but I have seen her tell Daddy "No" when fe others would. She does not bare her soul. She does not le people know her true thoughts or emotions. I have seen m mother cry on only a few occasions.

Mother listens to complaints, but not without comment When I tell her that I feel depressed, she chides me that "yo can't use 'that' word until you are 50 (or whatever age she i at the time)." She also pushes us to discipline our vocabulary When I say, "You know what I mean," she chastises me tha my language is lazy. She does not like to see sloppiness. Sh embarrasses us when she corrects our English. She doesn' care very much about makeup or clothes. Daddy used t tease her to comb her hair and put lipstick on. But she hate carelessness in language or attitude.

Sadness inside

I know how she misses Daddy. We joke how we wish h were here to help in Chuck's campaign [for lieutenant gover nor of Virginia]. Without claiming to be doing so, Mother ha taken over some of the things Daddy used to do. She took hi place speaking at Chuck's graduation. She has become mor involved in the LBJ Library in Austin. She even delights i driving over the ranch at sunset—a chore that wore thin whe she had to do it every day with Daddy. But she rarely speak about Daddy in sadness. She keeps her sadness inside. W are taken aback on those odd occasions when she shows he hurt at what other people have written. Showing emotio has always been a luxury that Mother wouldn't allow herself. In spite of all that has been written about her, she remains a mystery—and she allows the myths to go on.

Mother has always watched her pocketbook. But since Daddy's death, she has allowed herself some material luxuries. Daddy would have to force a Norman Norell dress on her. She wouldn't think of spending so much money. She was amazed to hear that Chuck and I had a joint checking account. "I wouldn't have a joint checking account with the angel Gabriel!" Mother exclaimed. She always had her own account that she answered to no one for. She said that her Alabama lands money allowed her to buy *(continued)*


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NINI

continued

things that weren't in the budget—and some leeway for mistakes. Now she is spending some of that money on pure indulgence. She has redecorated. She now travels first-class on planes—most of the time.

But most of all, she has given herself the luxury of doing what she wants to do, not what she thinks she ought to do. That is not to say that she stays in bed all day. She is still too disciplined a person to give up all work. She believes that both the mind and the body will atrophy without use. Besides, she likes to be involved in projects such as the LBJ Grave, the National Park Service Board and the *National Geographic* Board. But she now indulges herself in travel to all those marvelous places she read about as a child, those places she wanted to visit while Daddy yearned for the ranch.

At 60-plus, she has become Marco Polo, Lewis and Clark as well as Johnny Appleseed! She traveled to Iran and Italy with us. She took a house in Florence for a month one summer. She traveled to Africa to see the Leake discoveries about early man. She walked the Judean hills. And now she is off to explore the pyramids that she told me so much about 25 years ago. She claims that she is getting old, but for Mother that is just an excuse. She does what she wants—and on her timetable. She tells me that she needs a rest after lunch, but when I get up from my nap, I find that she has already gone out to see Persepolis. When I plan on visiting too many "stately homes" in one day, she changes the schedule—but she is always the one who wants to walk over the hills. For too long she has disciplined herself; now she is calling the shots. Claudia. Lady Bird. Nini. What a lady! **End**

Life With Mother

continued from page 116

Those tears made me feel good. I knew my song was reaching out and touching someone, just as the lyrics and music had touched me. That night I resolved to become a serious songwriter. Her reaction to *Blue Destiny* gave me most of the confidence that was to get me through the eight or ten years of disappointment and rejection I found in Tin Pan Alley. Now, 200 published songs later, I bless her for that unwavering faith in me.

BETTE MIDLER

"Mother always took my side."

The nicest thing a mother can do for her child is give her confidence—and my mother gave that to me bountifully. My father never liked the idea of my going into show business. But my mother always took my side.

I can remember the first time I was ever on the stage. We lived in the suburbs of Honolulu. I was 15 and performing in a one-act play. It was the first play my high school had ever put on. To say the least, I was nervous. I don't know if what I did on stage was embarrassing or terrific or what. Then, after the curtain call, I saw my mother come rushing down the center aisle, smiling and carrying a bouquet of white roses. I cried. She cried. It was wonderful.

GABE KAPLAN

"I had to tell her she couldn't go trick or treating with us anymore."

My favorite memories of my mother, Dorothy, *(continued)*







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er you decide to go, your
c look goes, too.

SCHICK

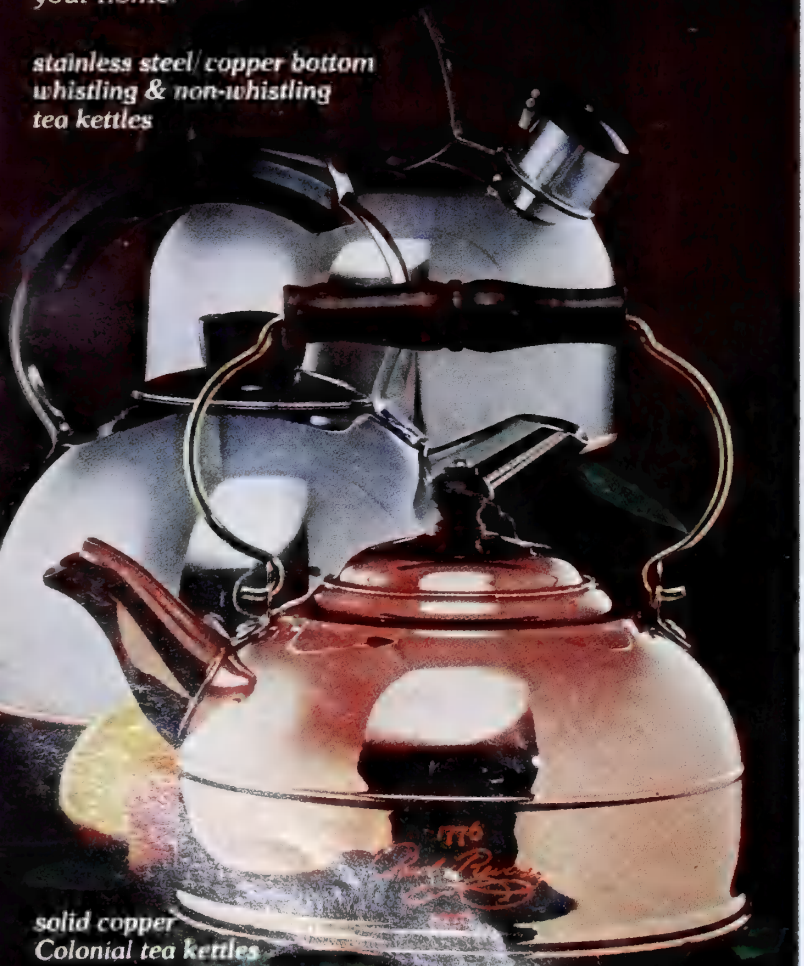
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continued

are the Halloweens we spent together trick or treatin Brooklyn. She would fix me up in some sort of costume on a witch's costume herself and off we'd go with a bun my little friends. By the age of 10 or 11, the other guys w ed to go out on their own. They began complaining a Ma tagging along in her witch's outfit. So the day before Halloween, I fired my mother. She was disappointed, took it well. Anyhow, I've made it up to her since my cess on *Welcome Back, Kotter*. Mother is retired now. used to be a beautician and misses all the talking she but not any more. I did an interview in New York last and the story included her name and address. People sta telephoning her. Mother would say, "Gabriel isn't here let me tell you about him when he was a child." She w talk so long the callers got tired and hung up. I've tri discourage Mother from talking about me. But she lov Last time I said, "Ma, don't talk to those people. Hang Change your number." She said, "Do another interview include my name and address so I can meet more peo Now there's a mother a man can love!

LORETTA SWIT

"I made her cry – as an actress."

I was reared in a Victorian atmosphere with Puritanical tones. My older brother and I did not speak unless spoke manners were very important and children were very profile. Now, as adults, we call my mother Nell. She is demonstrative person and really doesn't show her emo easily or quickly. So she blew my mind one day last when she telephoned the morning after a TV episod *M*A*S*H*.

It was a segment in which my character, Major "Hot L Houlihan, had a confrontation with her nurses, telling t they had made her feel less than a person. It was a mo show for me.

I was shocked when Mother's voice came over the "I had to call and tell you I cried last night. I got so invo watching you I forgot who you were for a moment and I so touched I started to weep. You actually made me cry; I'm calling to tell you that."

It was one of the greatest moments I've ever had with mother in terms of her total acceptance not only of what but saying that I do it well. She had never been so clo me before. Talking with that sort of openness wasn't an thing for her. It was so meaningful to me I haven't been to discuss the moment with her since. I probably never I just hope she continues to talk to me in those terms ar react to me that way.

BEN VEREEN

"Her main concern is: am I happy?"

My mother has always been the binding force in our ho the backbone, the seed—and I don't think that's chauvin in any way. My mother, not having had an education, wa to give me options that I could choose from. She was main factor in getting me involved in theater. Although it pretty much new to her, she knew there was something t that I would revel in and grow in—and she was insistent of her life, that I continue in it; she still is. Now, with success of *Roots*, her main concern is not the glory or f aspect, but am I happy? That's a mother for you.


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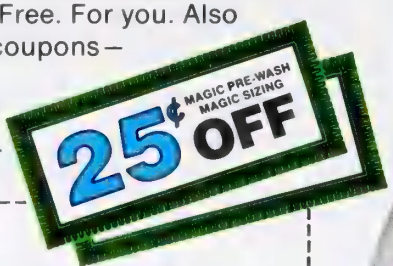




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HOW TO OVERCOME SHYNESS

continued from page 66

interested in. End with a positive expression of feeling.

During the week, follow up with an invitation to join you in some casual activity—a coffee break, a pizza, a local event or a walk. If you feel like it, express warmth toward the person by your attentiveness, support, encouragement and self-disclosure—and by saying so. Expand your circle of friends by using this "getting to know you" approach a number of times.

HANDLING INTERPERSONAL CONFLICT

Sharon and Gordon Bower, in their book *Asserting Yourself*, present a unique technique for handling most interpersonal conflicts—from the car repairman who is "ripping" you off to your husband who criticizes you in front of other people. The technique is called "DESC Scripts." (Describe, Express, Specify and Consequences).

DESCRIBE: Begin your script by describing specifically and objectively the behavior that is bothersome to you: "You said these car repairs would cost $35 and now you're charging me $110." Or "The last three times we have been with other people you have criticized me in front of them."

EXPRESS: Say what you feel and think about this behavior. To the mechanic: "This makes me angry because I feel I'm being ripped off." To the husband: "This makes me feel humiliated and hurt."

SPECIFY: Ask for a different, specific behavior: "I would like you to readjust my bill to the original estimate unless you can clearly justify these extra charges." Or "I would like you to quit criticizing me and I will signal you every time you start to do it."

CONSEQUENCES: Spell out concretely and simply what your reward will be for changing the behavior: "If you do this, I will tell all my friends that I have gotten good service at Bob's repair shop." Or, "If you quit criticizing me I'll feel a lot better and bake you your favorite apple pie."

The best way to make these scripts effective is to write them out ahead of time and practice them in front of a mirror. Eventually, you'll be able to make up a script on the spot and deliver it effectively.

COPING WITH STRESS

Here are several techniques to help you cope with stress and or anxiety. You can use these when you're anxious about going to a party, calling for a date, making a speech, etc. Sometimes one or two techniques will work. Sometimes you may need to use them all.

1. Be as prepared as possible. If necessary, practice beforehand.
2. If you can, relax or meditate for 20 minutes.
3. Lie down and imagine the entire scene in your head, detail by detail. Don't stop at any point, but keep moving through your scene.
4. Think of your comfort zone. This is a place where you feel the most comfortable. It might be on a beach or in the bathtub or walking through a field. When you're feeling anxious think about this experience in detail—the feelings, the smells, etc.
5. Say over and over in your head, "I know I can do this. I'm going to be good at it. I'm going to enjoy it."

All of the practice exercises discussed can help facilitate growth toward becoming a more effective, assertive social being. They must be practiced just as you would practice any other new set of skills. Initially, they may seem too artificial, planned or manipulative. But with practice and positive results, you will be able to adapt them into a personal style —your own style. Then they will no longer be externally imposed strategies for self-improvement, but self-initiated plans for enjoying a more satisfying life with other people. **End**

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Avoid it.
Wrap in Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap.®

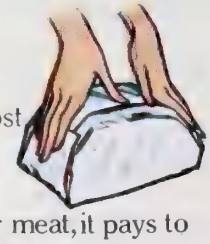


It takes a few extra seconds to rewrap, but isn't a roast beef worth it? Plastic store wrap is fine for display, but it just isn't protective enough for long-term freezing. It lets in air, lets moisture escape, causing meat to dry out and become discolored from freezer burn.



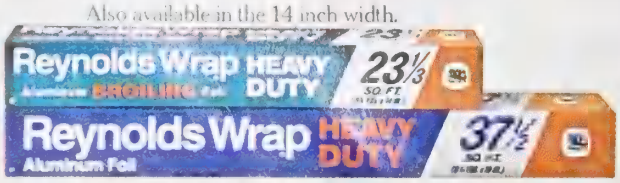
Freeze with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. Place meat on a sheet of Reynolds Wrap. Bring foil up around meat. Double fold. Press down tightly to remove air. Fold up ends to form a tight seal.

There's no better way to freeze meat. Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap molds and seals tightly to keep out air, help prevent freezer burn. Most other freezer wraps and bags can't mold and seal the way Reynolds Wrap can. It's 18 inches wide for full coverage.



And so strong, you can cook in it, too. With all you pay for meat, it pays to protect it in the best wrap around. Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap.

Also available in the 14 inch width.



The Best Wrap Around.

ART OF TOUCHING

continued from page 105

hairdo, not to hug father too tightly o noticeably (and not when other peopl were around). We've learned that ther are places in our bodies that feel goo when we touch them, but we've learne that those very places mustn't b touched in public or at all. The act o touching the genitals is then so privat and filled with the possibility of shame of sin, forbiddenness that we grow cau tious as we grow older: Better not t touch than to be ashamed of whom o where we are touching.

But the need to touch and b touched remains. It seeps into our lan guage and becomes symbolic where i cannot be literal. "I was so touche when I realized you had sent m flowers." "I was really touched whe my older sister gave me her Beatles records the night before her wedding." "That old lady, she's touched in th head." (Meaning that events hav reached too deeply into the soul; th touch of the outside world became punch, leaving the old lady dizzy.)

We also use the words "feel" an "felt" in many symbolic ways that hav nothing to do with tactile experience "I feel for you, I really do." "I felt as i he'd kicked me in the stomach." "I fel blue, happy, ecstatic, miserable, etc." Almost as if this is a confusion in ou language—as if states of emotion coul be touched like satin, velvet, oak an grass. This language symbolism reveals to us how much we need the sensua experience of touching and being touched—and in more complicated ways than we had thought.

Terrycloth mothers

Herlow's experiments with monkeys tell us that animals learn to be sociable beings by the touchings of their parents. He brought up generations of monkeys with terrycloth mothers, to whom they clung just as other more fortunate monkey babies hung to the fur and the necks of their real mothers. Those raised on terrycloth substitutes matured perfectly well physically, but when placed in cages with other monkeys they were unable to find mates, to perform sexually, to adjust. They were monkey failures, monkey neurotics. Their terrycloth mothers had not been good enough.

There are so many human impulses that we have to learn to control, and others we have to learn to release, that it is almost a miracle we manage at all. We learn not to have sex on impulse, we learn not to steal on impulse, not to go to the bathroom on impulse. We learn to be orderly, clean, careful—and still we have to remember *(continued)*

Box or menthol:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar. Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg. / cigarette	nicotine mg. / cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	25	1.6
Brand C Non-Filter	23	1.4
Brand W	19	1.2
Brand W 100	19	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg. / cigarette	nicotine mg. / cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mild	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
Carlton Box	**less than *1**	***0.1**

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method



Soft pack-1 mg.
Menthol-less than 1 mg.
Box*-less than 1 mg.

Less than 1 mg. tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Of all brands, lowest. Carlton 70's less than 0.5 mg. tar, .05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.
Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

ART OF TOUCHING
continued

to touch each other spontaneously or else we will all suffer, just as if we had terry-cloth mothers.

One of the hardest places to be relaxed about touching is in that most crucial of relationships—husband and wife. It sometimes seems as if the touching of naked body on naked body must be a sexual invitation and result in sexual intercourse. Tired from a long day, a woman may suppress her desire to run her fingers over her mate's body, rubbing special places, fondling and stroking. She may want contact and not sex—and, afraid her actions will be misunderstood, she turns over in bed, turns out the light and the couple have lost a comforting moment where just simple touching might have enriched their night and made their morning happier. Or, he seeing her very pregnant and weary or just over the flu—or concerned about her office or her studies—might want to hold her in his arms, might want to fondle her breasts or run his hands down her back. But he might not want her to think he wants intercourse, that he's going to want energy from her when she's in no shape for it. He pulls away, suppressing the impulse to touch her, afraid she will misunderstand.

Or he may be tired, suffering from a disappointment in his job, a worry about tomorrow's finances, or preoccupied with other problems. He may want his wife to touch—to smell, to hold, but not to have intercourse with. He may avoid touching her, depriving himself of needed comfort because he's afraid she'll think less of him for not following up with sexual performance.

We so associate touch between male and female with sex that we forget its other purposes: to hold on to each other, to snoozle and tickle, to wrap legs on legs and noses in folds of flesh. That too is part of the marriage contract, and the more a couple can literally touch each other, learn to understand each other's kind of touching and the silent needs that touching expresses, the stronger the marriage, the better the shelter they have built against inner and outer storms.

We Americans have also placed stringent taboos on men touching each other in friendship, in support, in kindness or celebration. Watching a football game on television, I was struck by how often players on the same team touched each other after each action. There was triumphant patting of hips, slapping of shoulders, two-handed handshakes, arms entangled. When *(continued)*

How three disbelievers, and one dog, came to believe in Gaines·burgers.®

DOG FOOD



© General Foods Corporation, 1977

"Young man, there's two things I know: checkers and dogs," the first disbeliever explained. "Dogs like canned dog food."

"Do you think your dog would like Gaines·burgers?" we asked.

"Well, he might—," the second disbeliever began.

"No, sir," the first disbeliever interrupted. "Dogs like food that's moist an meaty."

"But Gaines·burgers® dog food is moist and meaty," we pointed out. "A it tastes terrific."

"Our dog won't eat it," the first disbeliever said.

At which point their dog began eating it.

Stunned silence.

"And you don't know nuthin' abou checkers, either!" said the second disbeliever, jumping all the first disbeliever checkers in a single move.

Gaines



The canned dog food without the can.®

A nutritious combination of meat by-products and meat, vegetables, vitamins and minerals.



This one HandiWipes® leaned up more messes than this whole roll of paper towels.

©1977 Colgate-Palmolive Company



We matched one HandiWipes against the largest roll of paper towels (162 sheets). We cleaned up everything from strained vegetables to spilled milk, from peanut butter and jelly to hot cereals.

After cleaning over 200 sloppy kitchen messes, we were still using the same HandiWipes. But, the whole roll of paper towels was gone.

The reason? HandiWipes isn't paper. It's a strong bonded cloth that can clean up a mess—and then wash out fresh and clean. So HandiWipes goes on cleaning again and again. It will even do the dishes.

And if just one HandiWipes can clean up that many messes, imagine what a whole pack can do.

One HandiWipes.

s like getting a whole roll of paper towels for less than 10¢.



ART OF TOUCHING
continued

things went badly, I saw supportive touching—the sa ting of hips and touching on shoulders—but now the was, "It's okay, keep at it." Perhaps because of the physical contact, football players are already so involv touch that they can use it easier with friends as well a —or, perhaps because football is considered so masc macho, players can touch each other the way men i vertising agency that just won or lost an account wou dare.

For most American men, physical contact with anot remains so potentially dangerous, so unspeakable, tha than a contained handshake—only the dentist and do permitted to touch the skin's surface. Maybe that's a all men, like football players, were easy in touchi other, if they could use physical communications bet haps the burdens of a very competitive work life w easier and the need for each man to find self comf extra drink, extra pack of cigarettes, the extra girl, t achievement—would diminish as men more easily cou and comfort and reward each other.

Women's taboos lighter

For women in America, the taboos against touch lighter. Women, because of their involvement in the care of children, the bathing, powdering, kissing, c combing, feeding, holding and carrying, fulfill their t needs more than men. But women rarely recognize t tions as pleasurable for themselves—and many wome feel embarrassed if they realized how much physical the care of a small child gives them. Although we ciate and approve of the idea of caring for another, become rather tight or Puritan when we realize ho it satisfies us.

I have a child who sometimes wakes up at night wi dream and comes into our bed. I hold her awhile, bo half asleep. I rub her back and sniff at her neck and n her ear and play with her long hair and run my finge her spine. After a few minutes, I make myself send h to her own bed. Her bad dream has been chased awa have had so much pleasure from it that I almost fee Mostly I'm just too sleepy to worry about guilt.

Taught limitations

We are afraid of seducing our male children, and w them limits on affectionate touching. While some o necessary, I suspect we are too afraid and hold bac physical warmth than is necessary just to avoid path our children.

Once I was startled when a child in the bathtu "Mommy, you've scrubbed my stomach a thousand And it was true. I was soaping the same place over a enjoying its roundness, its slipperiness, the way it mo der my fingers. I was embarrassed at first, but after all ality should be a part of everyone's life, acceptable w or in whatever unlikely places it appears. I was only the toddler in the tub, not harming her. But women—n and daughters, friends, sisters—do not have an ea touching each other either. The severity of inhibitio and in some families and ethnic groups it is more repressive.

Again, the fear that touching will develop into s keeps women from holding hands, hugging and clin gether, even in grief. Sometimes one sees members of mourning on different ends of the couch, as if there wa thing particularly inappropriate about touching just a when there is the most need for physical contact. don't easily hold *(cor*


Maximum strength Allerest. Strong relief from The Allergy Specialist. You can't get a stronger allergy formulation without a prescription.
This means reformulated Allerest delivers relief better than ever before for hay fever and allergy symptoms. If it doesn't do the trick for you, better see your doctor.
The Strong One
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HAY FEVER ALLERGY MEDICINE
REFORMULATED
48 ALLERGY TABLETS
Strong relief from The Allergy Specialist
Pharmacraft Consumer Products ©1977 Penwalt Corporation



ART OF TOUCHING

continued

their daughters or their sisters or their sons or brothers.

When my mother was dying, I sat beside the bed for hours each day. When she could no longer speak she stared at me. I wanted to hold her in my arms, to offer her the comfort of my body, but such a gesture would have been so out of keeping with the way we had lived our lives, the way we had not touched each other over the years (except for the socially permissible kiss goodbye). I didn't know how to move towards her. I was afraid she would not want me to hold her. Even if she wanted me to, I didn't know how. I sat politely in the chair, numb and useless to myself and to her.

That was a death that could certainly have been better met if I had only been less proper, less inhibited about using my body to express feelings that were beyond words but not beyond experience. A better culture, the one we have to try for—to raise our children to create—will permit a freer use of touching, so certainly we can hold the dying, comfort the sick with hands and arms and extend compassion into physical gesture where its worth, I suspect, increases enormously.

Physical touching and psychological touching are so crucial to human development that they form the symptomatic center of one of the most terrifying mental diseases of childhood: autism. The autistic baby erects a powerful shield between itself and the outside world, allowing no feelings or touching to reach it. The autistic shell is as hard as steel and effectively locks out the parent or caretaker who may touch, kiss and rub the baby—but the baby allows itself to feel nothing and responds in no way at all. It has not learned to touch back, to reach its arms out to its mother, to enjoy placing a head on a shoulder, to run fingers over the breast, to use the pleasures of physical contact to build an image of a friendly and livable world.

The autistic child shuts out stimuli and feeling, loving as well as learning. Without human touch, the human mind withers and its potentials die a-borning. Sealed off, they receive no nourishment.

Rene Spitz discovered in orphanages a life-threatening disease called mirasmus. He noticed that many babies, adequately fed, still refused to thrive; they lost weight, gradually took a fetal position in their cribs and, for inexact physical reasons, died. Dr. Spitz discovered that these babies did not receive adequate touching, loving, fondling, playing. They were quickly diapered and quickly fed by a series of changing caretakers, none of whom made a personal connection or a deep touching. The stronger infants survived, some with degrees of mental dysfunction, but many literally died of emotional neglect.

The connection between our well-being and our touching and being touched lasts all through our lives. We sometimes use pets as human substitutes. We rub the cat's fur, we brush the dog's hair, we read a book while resting a hand on a dog or cat. Some of us enjoy or need animals more than others, but certainly the constant touching of early childhood can be carried over into adult life in the care of a pet. It's not enough, of course, to touch soft fur or something warm. Those feelings are nice but don't satisfy the essential craving. The object that is touched and move and respond and, in a sen choose to be close. It is common kno edge that old people who lose th pets when they are forced to move nursing homes deteriorate very quicl For some older people, touching a fondling, feeding and cleaning, are much a link to life as they are for ne born infants.

We are a two-cat, two-dog, o guinea pig family. I find that when I yelled at a child, a dog comes over kiss the villain, and arms and fur off together to sulk and recover. I f that when a child cries, falls or has feelings hurt, nine out of ten times a will slink over, appearing as if from where, rubbing against the hurt ch as if touch could be a bandage—and, a sense, it is. When it's night and husband's away and the house is qu I allow the dogs on our bed, not protection from imaginary prowl (they would wag their tails and lick intruder's hands), but so I can tou them from time to time for reassuran and basic comforting.

Everyone knows that a baby's skin wonderfully pleasing to touch. Hors noses have that same unexpectedly lightful feel. And men's sexual orga the backs of their necks, the underarm the crease at the back of the knees all wonderful. A friend's cheek, a h from a woman who shares your j your success, your sorrow, those good things, too. I often have been t inhibited, shy or uncertain to phy cally touch a friend who was cryi over the breakup of a marriage or t school failure of a child. Once I c surprise myself by hugging—a lon meeting-of-bodies hug—a friend who painting was chosen for a specially i portant museum exhibit. Once I w very afraid I had a dread illness. T night before the tests came back, I l in bed next to my husband, *(continue*



Time for a new box.
For a lot of little reasons.





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Mattress or Boxspring

Elegant ticking from Sears $104.95 Sears-O-Pedic makes this mattress a beautiful buy.

The ticking fabric. A very practical and long lasting, long wearing blend of synthetic fibers.

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A tremendous value at only $57.00* in twin size.

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*Prices good from April 24 to May 21, 1977.

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Extensive taste tests show MERIT outflavors conventional low tar cigarettes.

Full tobacco flavor in a low tar cigarette.

That's the remarkable MERIT breakthrough.

A breakthrough made possible by over twelve years of intensive research into the components of cigarette smoke that contribute most to flavor.

The result: 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

MERIT and MERIT 100's are packed with 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. Tobacco fortified with extra flavor. Tobacco that *for the first time delivers flavor you just wouldn't expect in a low tar cigarette.*

Tests among thousands of smokers like yourself proved it.

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LOW TAR–'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

If you're looking to become a low tar smoker or don't particularly enjoy the taste of the low tar brand you're now smoking, you'll be interested.

Taste-Test Proof

MERIT and MERIT 100's were tested against a number of higher tar brands. The results proved conclusively that 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco *does* boost taste without the usual increase in tar.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar than MERIT.

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And you can taste it.

Kings: 8 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'76
100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

ART OF TOUCHING

continued

afraid to even touch him. I barely ew he was resting his head on my est. My thoughts were locked in their n morbid closet. Gradually, I became are of something wet on me. His tears re on my skin. I came out of myself l reached my arms around him and were able to comfort each other ough that very long night.

We held hands through labor, too, l as I was wheeled into the delivery m. I will always be grateful that at a ie of such internal sensation and gering frights, I had the touch of n right near me. His voice was pleas- enough, but most important was hand that allowed me to share the ma of the birth with him. And when vas finally holding the baby and I s holding his hand, I felt comfort- e as never before.

However, I am far too inhibited by ure and culture ever to partake of the v techniques of psychotherapy—the l-healing group gropes that started the early '60's out at Esalen and e spread across the country. The a of falling into strangers' arms, be- massaged by a brand-new acquaint- e or tickled by a partner in a group encounter session gives me the absolute shivers. The popular interest in these techniques for breaking down barriers between people—for helping people to be better in touch with themselves—does prove that we are in true need of help in learning how to touch and be touched.

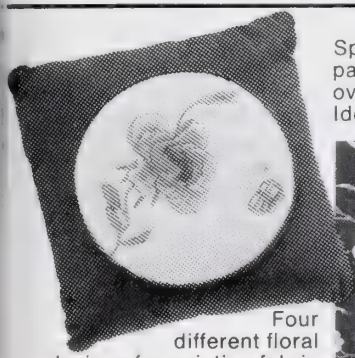
But the artificial manner, the superficiality of the forced touch, can make a farce out of human contact. It can reduce to an act, to a performance, what should be totally spontaneous and meaningful, not intellectual and conscious, ordinary and not the subject of therapeutic spotlights.

Illusion of intimacy

We have to be very careful that touching does not create an illusion of intimacy, a counterfeit of contact. Therapeutically staged touchings seem as appetizing as trying to enjoy the food shown in magazines by chewing the paper and nibbling the appetizing looking pictures.

Freud was deeply upset when his colleague and friend, the Hungarian analyst Firenzi, decided to improve on the Freudian technique by literally holding the hand and physically hugging and comforting his patients. Freud felt that growth came through insight and awareness, not through actions that were only mock answers and fake solutions. We all want to find real, mutual ways of touching—ways that come not in artificial circumstances, but out of the fullness of our feelings for another. We all want the ones we touch to respond to us completely, not because they're trained to do so. My dog can go up to any strange dog and, if he isn't snarled at, is more than happy to sniff, rub and smell everywhere. I, of course, will never—unless madness overwhelms me—go up to strangers and fondle them. It then remains for me to enrich the touching pleasure in life by expanding the physical contacts where society and upbringing permit—mate, children, pets, friends. I do try to allow the impulse to touch to reach into my consciousness and not immediately be pushed away as improper, embarrassing or out of order.

The other day I realized that one of my children was rubbing a spot on her precious, totally crucial blanket just the way, a few years earlier, she had rubbed the fabric of my robe or dress that I wore while she was nursing. The blanket then was a symbolic part of me she was holding on to—to help her sleep, to remind her that her world was safe. I wondered what I could touch that would give me such confidence, make me sleepy, content. Nothing, I suppose, but I haven't given up looking. **End**



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Peasant floral embroidery designs suitable for vests, blouses, jackets, etc. Two each of five different designs about 5" x 7". $2.25.

Mark patterns wanted. Mail check or money order to:
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___#7632 Spanish Shawl Pattern @ $2. ea. $_____
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___#EP7 Peasant Floral Patterns @ $2.25 set $_____
___Pocket Doll Patterns @ $2.50 ea. $_____
___7621 Humpty Dumpty ___Old Woman in Shoe
___7623 Noah's Ark ___Hey Diddle Diddle
SAVE—Any 4 Pocket Dolls (specify) @ $8. $_____
Add Sales Tax (N.Y. & Iowa) ..... $_____
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Dog bathing: easy if you know how

By Karen Larson

You and your pup are buddies—until his bath-time. Then you're locked in a soapy war of wills. How to bathe your dog—as painlessly as possible.



Your dog may love to swim in the ocean or splash in a backyard pool, but a soapy dip in the tub often turns a playful pup into a terror-driven monster. After witnessing this Jekyll-and-Hyde transformation and getting drenched in the process, you may have convinced yourself that you enjoy doggie odor or that you *can* afford a professional groomer after all. But bathing your dog needn't degenerate into a battle of wills that inevitably ends in a soggy standoff. A dog that hates baths may never learn to love them, but you can make the experience more pleasant for both of you.

How often your dog needs a bath depends on the breed, where it lives and if it's regularly brushed. A German shepherd that's groomed every day and lives in a suburban home may need a bath once a year, while a white Poodle living in a grimy city may need scrubbing twice a month. Generally, you should bathe your dog if he smells bad or looks dirty. Also, bathe him after he swims in the ocean, a chlorine pool or a stagnant pond; if you don't, the residue from these waters will irritate his sensitive skin.

Bathe your dog in a bathtub, or, if it's small, in a sink. Use a dog or baby shampoo, or a shampoo designed to kill fleas. If it's a very warm, sunny day, you can wash your pet outside, although he may not enjoy the cold shower from the garden hose.

HOW TO BATHE YOUR DOG

1. Let your dog out or take him for a walk before the bath. If you don't, he may need to go out soon afterward—and possibly suffer from exposure to drafts. He may also decide to finish drying by rolling in the grass—and your clean dog will be dirty again.
2. Put a couple drops of mineral oil in his eyes and cotton balls lightly rubbed with Vaseline in his ears. This will help prevent what dogs hate most about baths—stinging eyes and water-clogged ears.
3. Stand your dog on a towel or rubber mat in the tub. You may wish to keep him on a leash and have someone hold it taut or tie it to a towel rack (but *not* the hot water faucet). This will keep his front end up. To keep his back end high, place one hand under his stomach just in front of his hind legs.
4. Using a plastic pitcher, douse him from behind the ears to his tail. Lather a soap ring around his neck (especially if you're using a flea shampoo) so the fleas won't scurry for cover in your dog's ears, only to emerge quite dry and healthy after the bath. Then massage the shampoo along his back, legs and stomach. Carefully wash his face and ears. Be sure to praise your pup; keep telling him what a good dog he is. You want this experience to be as positive as possible so he won't bolt for the door when it's bath time again.
5. Rinse him with pitchers of water, starting with the head and working back. If it's a big dog, you might like to fill the tub to about the middle of his legs and splash the warm water up from underneath. Be sure he's thoroughly rinsed; any remaining shampoo will irritate his skin. Remember: your pet loves praise.
6. If your dog's coat is susceptible to mats (tangled lumps of fur), you may wish to use a creme rinse made especially for dogs. Follow the directions on the label.
7. After rinsing, dry your dog with a towel. Then quickly close the shower curtain so he can follow his natural instinct and shake himself dry. Remove the cotton balls from his ears, if they're not out already, and rub your dog with a dry towel. You can also use a blow dryer. Remember to keep your dog inside and away from drafts until he's thoroughly dry.
8. If your dog does have a flea problem, be sure to dust his bed and living area with flea powder so no little pests will be around to move into a fresh, clean dog.

HOW TO BRUSH YOUR DOG

Your dog will stay cleaner longer if you brush him, even if it's just for a few minutes each day. Brushing removes dirt and loose hair while distributing natural oils and stimulating the skin. This daily attention also lets you check for fleas and ticks, and for infections, rashes or wounds that may require a visit to the vet.

Use a dog brush with metal or natural bristles. If his coat mats easily, you might find a metal dog comb helpful. Brush or comb his back and sides, gradually moving to the more tender areas—inside the legs, the face and the ears. Keep praising him. If your dog has mats that aren't in prominent places, cut them off with a blunt scissors. But if a bald spot would be noticeable, cut the mat straight down towards the skin in several places and then lightly comb the loosened hair.

The more often you groom your pet, the more accustomed he'll be to it—and the more he'll relax and enjoy the attention (start daily brushing while your pet is a puppy). Grooming your dog daily and bathing him as needed shows your dog you care and strengthens that bond of love and trust between you. **End**

How many active years does your dog really have?



Six...maybe seven. A lot ›ends on where he lives l how he lives. And ›per feeding plays a vital e. That's why Cycle® 2 ; food is such an important t of the Cycle line of dog ds.

Cycle 2 is made specially for the active years.

Compare our label with t of other dog foods. You'll the difference. The leading ned food just says "for dogs." y dog— ıng, old, atever. look Cycle 2:



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Cycle 2 is nutritionally formulated for ages 1 to 7.

It provides the balanced nutrition a dog is known to need during his active years: the protein, vitamins and minerals it takes to help him stay lively and alert.

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eral Foods Corporation 1977.

"I'M EVE"

continued from page 100

had not left the house, that she had run to Taffy.

"There's a man in my bed!" she wildly exclaimed as she burst into Taffy's room. Her eyes stricken with fear and her body trembling uncontrollably, she sank down onto the startled girl's bed. Taffy asked no questions; she put her arms around the shaking figure and held her close.

"It's all right," she soothed. Only a lifetime of exposure to such erratic behavior could have prepared her to so unemotionally accept this impossible scene. Almost instinctively Taffy knew who the "man" was, and just as automatically she did not question that her mother truly did not know. When the hysterical sobbing ceased, Chris asked:

"Can I sleep with you? I can't go back down there. Please, lock the door."

"Of course," the girl answered. "Just go to sleep and everything will be all right."

She watched as Chris fell into a troubled sleep, twisting and turning and moaning as if, even in sleep, she were pursued and terrified. Taffy stole from the room and went to her father.

"It's all right, Daddy," she told him. "She's asleep now." They sat silently for a while, neither knowing how to express their thoughts. No words were adequate.

After the advent of this new "face," Taffy had three personalities to deal with: the insecure, dependent Blind Lady, the capable, overprotective Bell Lady, and the prudish, depressed newcomer, whom Taffy promptly named "The Virgin," because she denied being Don's wife and refused to sleep with him. They had only one thing in common: All three were desperately unhappy and blamed Don for their miserably depressed state. The changes now came often and easily. Though always accompanied by the accustomed headache, dizziness and nausea, no longer was anything dramatic necessary to trigger the process. Taffy became so familiar with the traits of all three that upon entering the room she could determine by several seconds of observation which one was in evidence, and she immediately adjusted her own behavior to match.

The Virgin considered herself to be in her late fifties, about 25 years older than the other two faces of Eve—and her mid-Victorian ideas caused her to dress very plainly and to wear no makeup. When she went out, she always sprayed her hair white, which the others would immediately wash out when they emerged. When several changes occurred in one day, most of the time was *(continued)*

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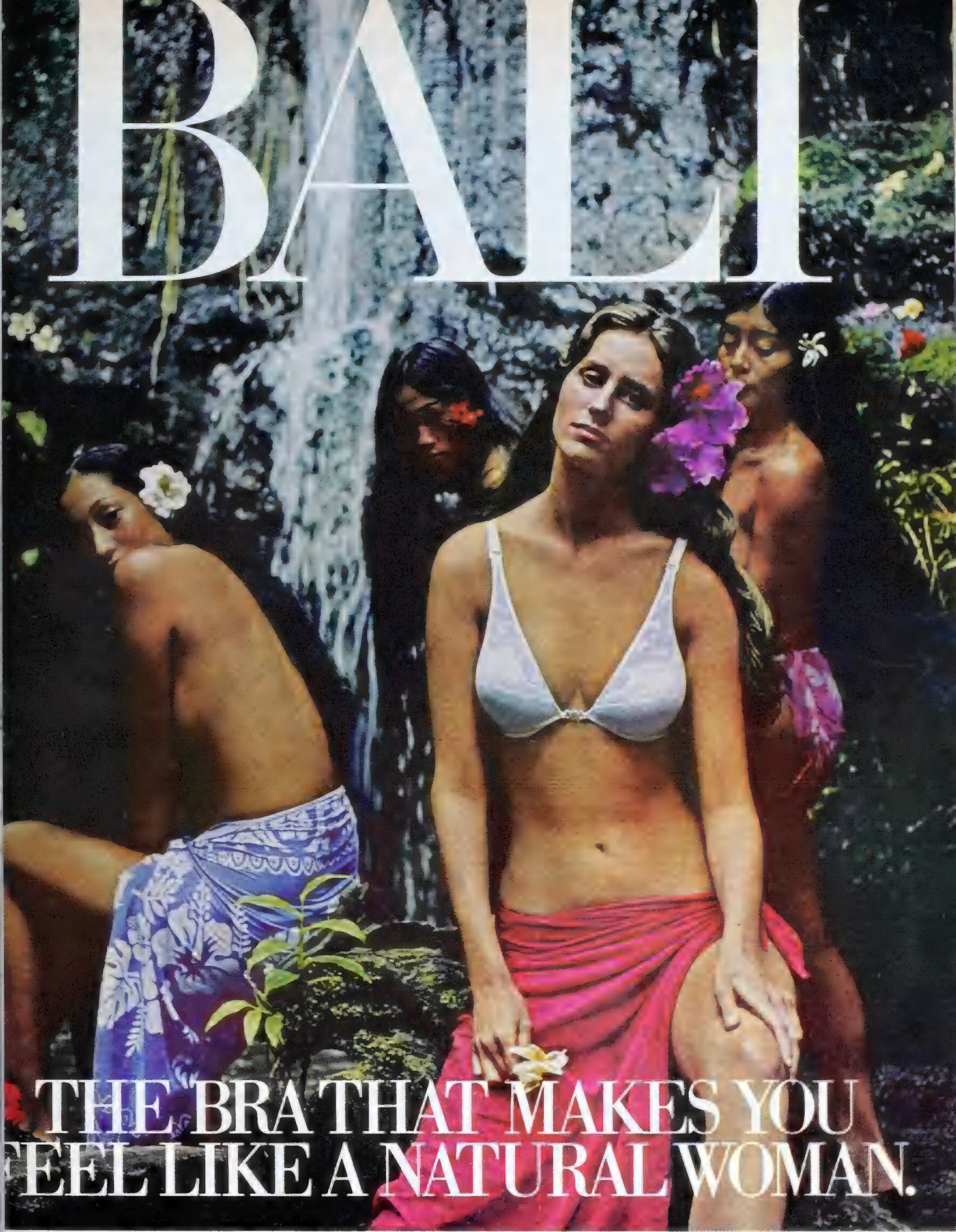
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"I'M EVE"

continued

spent changing clothes and redoing hair. The Virgin was totally lacking in skills—being unable to cook, keep house or drive a car; and she rejected any family relationships, referring to Don in the third person and to Bobby as "young-'un." She scolded everybody, but it was on Don that she especially heaped her anger.

Sometimes a severe trauma would result in the creation of more than one personality, often replacing one of the existing ones.

While living in Manassas, Chris was involved in a second car accident, almost exactly like the one she had been in during her pregnancy with Bobby.

Composure cracks

The accident plus the long period of sedated inactivity left her in a highly nervous state. They had made only two lasting friends in Manassas, Bucky and Fran Kemp; and Don, attempting to shake Chris out of her unhappy state, arranged that the four of them go to the stock car races. At a break in the racing, a demolition exhibition was performed. As the cars began to crash into each other, Chris's composure cracked and deteriorated with every tearing scream of rending metal. Overcome, she fell heavily off the bench and onto the feet of spectators. Her eyes immediately opened, revealing feelings of fear and rejection so intense that the look faded even as it sharpened. The lids dropped frantically, only to open again on blue eyes clouded by confusion and anxiety. As they gazed up at the faces bending forward, a thunderous crash of cars shook the stands. Abject terror darkened her eyes and then they closed, the contorted face smoothed, color flowed back into the marble cheeks. When the lids raised again, they revealed calm, mildly questioning eyes that scarcely flickered at the grating sounds of the multiple crashes.

Don helped her up, explaining to the Kemps that he had better get Chris home. They agreed, believing that she simply had not yet fully recovered from her accident. The rapidity of the changes plus the general noise and confusion of the race had masked most of the incredible happening, and possibly the Kemps were totally unaware of what they had witnessed; but fearing a recurrence of this disturbing behavior, Chris and Don completely ceased their social life.

Two of them were born at the same time. It was so fast; her face was like a kaleidoscope. There were so many it's confusing to separate them. It was the Bell Lady who went to the races and became frightened of the crashes. No! No, it couldn't have been the Bell Lady because the others could not come out through her; it had to be the Blind Lady at the race. There is always one, the pivot, in each group that the others come out through, and it was the Blind Lady in this group. When the Blind Lady fainted, The Virgin made a brief appearance, but she did not completely come out. When she disappeared, she never came again. She must have died after that brief flash. The next one was perfectly new and she became the new pivot, because right after she screamed and disappeared, another new one came. And that one stayed and went home with Don. Why would two new ones come simultaneously? What kind of need existed to call out two? And that makes four existing at the same time. That had never happened before. It also makes two pivots there at the same time! The Blind Lady didn't last long, though. . . .

Chris was at work several days later when the telephone rang. At the time she was talking with a friend, a barber, whose shop was just up the street, and drinking a cup of coffee that he had brought to her. The call was from her cousin, a truck driver, and he was asking for her help, explaining that he had just been involved in a wreck. At the word "wreck," both the coffee and the telephone dropped from Chris's nerveless hands and she slumped heavily to the floor. As she lay there, her throat worked and corded, and her face flushed painfully. The man bending over her fascinatedly watched the face grow still and white and the blue eyes open, calm and unperturbed.

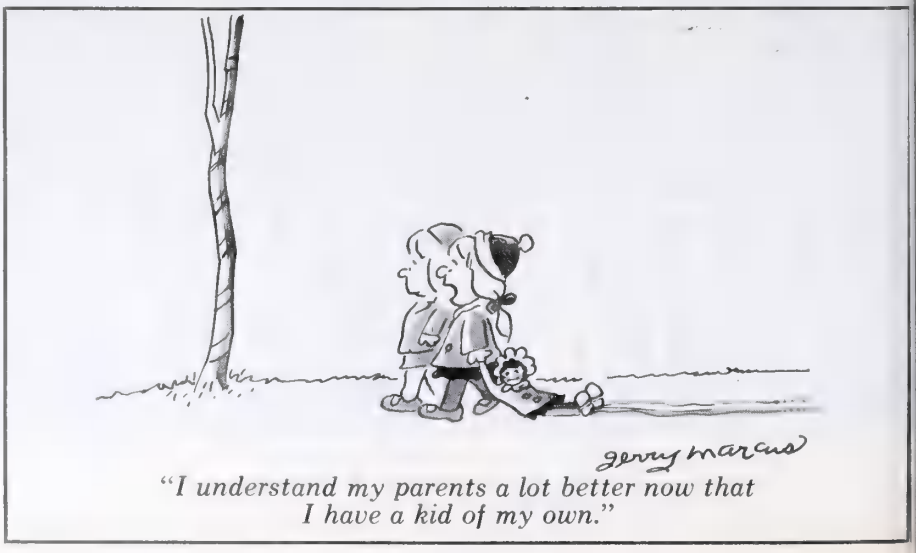
"Hello," she greeted him, as casually as if lying on the floor in that manner were not at all unusual.

Unnerved by this eerie calm under such exciting circumstances, he beat a hasty retreat. And that was the demise of the Blind Lady. As Chris sat in the chair, her three remaining personalities revolved flashingly through her brain, the two new ones inexplicably absorbing memories and experiences stored in the common receptacle. One gathered some skills, bents and tendencies; the other chose different ones. When it was over, two separate and distinct personalities lurked within her being.

Two of the most radically different personalities were the "Purple Lady," whose birth Chris recounts here, and the "Banana Split Girl," who had been born shortly after the death of Chris's mother. The funeral was a situation so fraught with powerful negative emotion that Chris retreated to an earlier, simpler time of life in this particular personality, in sharp contrast to the new "Purple Lady."

In December 1968, Taffy married James Thomas Fecteau, but she did not desert her mother. Always living close by, Taffy spent many of her days with Chris. Tommy was completely understanding, and never once complained when Don called for Taffy to come to stay with her mother. And it was quite often most unpleasant. Chris's temper became violent on occasion. In one heated argument when Taffy and Tommy were visiting, Chris threw a boiled egg at Don, narrowly missing Taffy, who was seven months pregnant. Don, infuriated, slapped Chris, who fell stunned to the floor. The ensuing scene took on madcap proportions. Eight-year-old Bobby knelt beside his stricken mother and vowed that he would take her away and sell papers to support her; Don, appalled at his own frustrated behavior swore silently; and Tommy worriedly comforted the weeping Taffy.

The only calm person was Chris. Opening her eyes and finding *(continued*



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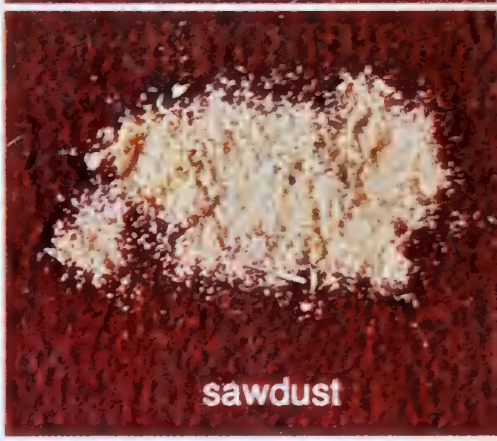
















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"I'M EVE"

continued

herself lying on the floor amidst this bedlam, she was completely disoriented and simply lay still, attempting to determine where she was. No one seemed to notice that all her anger and hysteria were gone.

It's the Purple Lady. She came so quietly that no one knew she was there, and she remained silent for a long time, just watching the others and absorbing information from them. Not even the other personalities knew she was there.

Even after her son Jimmy was born, Taffy bundled up her baby, left her own home and spent the day carefully watching her mother to protect her from harm. If the Banana Split Girl happened to come out, Taffy simply had two children to watch. Irresponsible and self-centered, the Banana Split Girl was a willful, spoiled child. She ate only banana splits, often consuming several at one sitting. She crammed the gooey concoction into her mouth with both hands, smearing it all over her face. As she ate, she crowed with delight, laughing and squealing as might an ill-mannered child of five.

"Ooooh, that's good," she would giggle, messily smearing her face with her napkin. "I want another one."

If Taffy protested, this naughty child in a middle-aged woman's body grew angry and had a temper tantrum. What could Taffy do? She could spank Jimmy if he behaved that way, but she could neither reason with nor spank a grown woman—her own mother. Often this scene was played out in public, where Taffy could only sit in embarrassed silence until this obstreperous Chris satiated herself and retreated, leaving Taffy to deal with another Chris, who suddenly found herself nauseated by the excess of sickening sweetness in her stomach, and had to be rushed someplace to vomit.

"I can't drive"

Once Taffy and Chris drove to Edgefield to visit her sister Tiny. While stopping for gas, Chris suddenly began to laugh gaily and delightedly. Taffy, who never learned to drive, was shocked to hear her mother say, "I can't drive."

Taffy looked at her in amazement. Chris giggled, put her hands experimentally on the wheel, wiggled comfortably in the seat, and said, "You just tell me what to do."

And Taffy, who had never driven a car, instructed Chris, who had been driving ten years, in how to start, steer and control the vehicle. Even though she knew that the knowledge of how to drive a car was locked in her mother's head, she did not know if this giggling caricature of her mother would be able to use the information. When they arrived at Tiny's, the badly frightened Taffy declared that she would not risk her child's life by returning with Chris. Tiny, unaware of her sister's desperate condition, scolded Taffy for her attitude and a confused quarrel followed, ending with a call to Don in Virginia. While on the telephone to Don, Chris, before Tiny's stunned gaze, changed from a docile, loving woman to a raging shrew.

It was a terrible trip home for Taffy. Whenever they stopped someplace Chris stole small, inexpensive articles: once it was an antique perfume bottle, another time it was a paper bookmarker. Since two of Chris's personalities could not drive the car, and the other one was accident-prone and suicidal, Taffy nervously upset, never again went on such a trip alone with her mother.

Then Don Sizemore's mother died and Chris again created another personality, the "Strawberry Girl." *(continued)*



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The Strawberry Girl. Another death, another person ality. The pattern becomes increasingly clear. Wher the pressure becomes strong on her to behave like a adult and to accept adult responsibilities, she become a child. She becomes *a child. A child does not come No one really comes, do they? I only thought other came. She just becomes what she needs to be to fac life. She cannot adjust herself to each new situation she must make herself over into an entirely new self which in turn cannot adjust either. Each one can onl tolerate the situation for which she was created. Non of them is a whole person. They are only parts; as th arm is only a part of the body. They were only part o her. But were they parts of her or me?*

Chris's life became a living hell. The two selves batt within her were truly Jekyll and Hyde. As the Purple L she was 58 years old—her mother's age at death; and she obsessed with all things purple. She not only felt herself t a misfit among people, but her body also felt strange and shapen, with elongated extremities dangling awkwardly f a round, bloated body. Painfully modest, she was humili and frightened by her counterpart, the 26-year-old Str berry Girl, who taunted her from inside her head. She wo attempt to placate her tormentor by buying her anyth strawberry that she desired, but to no avail. The malicio mischevous voice laughed at her purple clothes, her w wig and her misshapen body. The Purple Lady, never fee clean, continually bathed her body; and the Strawberry waited until she was in the tub before she began to taunt The modest Purple Lady tried to cover her nakedness the washcloth, but the Strawberry Girl only laughed sneered.

The Strawberry Girl did not seem to realize that the s body that housed her victim was also her own body. rejected the size and weight of their common *(contin*

"I'M EVE"

continued

It happened in the church during the funeral. Seated beside Don, Chris felt herself retreating, slipping away. The minister's voice grew distant, faint; the air was suddenly suffocating and dense; she closed her eyes and settled deeper in her seat. The eyes opened slowly, almost surreptitiously, the slumped body straightened, vibrant and strong, the head raised slowly. Her eyes fell first on the flowers; she had never seen flowers before, and she was absolutely fascinated by the red and white and pink carnations. She was unable to tear her gaze away from them. When Don rose and took her arm, she smiled at him gaily.

That night, the family ate at a restaurant, and Chris, completely ignorant of a menu, asked Don to order for her. As she was eating her fish, a waiter passed with an order of strawberry pie on his tray. Chris, spying the red strawberries and white cream, pointed and exclaimed, "That's what I want! I want that to eat! It looks like flowers."

Don, embarrassed, spoke quietly to her, "That's dessert, Chris. We'll have some later."

"Then I'll wait," she joyously announced, and pushed back her mundane fish to await the glamorous pie.

When it arrived, she clasped her hands like a small child and cooed over the luscious concoction, picking it apart with her fork and experimentally tasting each morsel with zest and rejoicing.

On the trip home, Chris exasperated everybody, even Bobby, by constantly searching for places to eat strawberries, whether fresh, in ice cream or in pie. She ate nothing else.

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"I'M EVE"

continued

body, considering herself as slender as a wood nymph. She wore only loose-flowing clothes to enhance this illusion.

The shocked Purple Lady began to cry. "Please, leave me alone," she begged.

Nervous and upset, Chris went to see her doctor, but she was unable to tell him the full story, only that she became very upset when she took a bath. He gave her some pills, instructing her to take them shortly before her bath, to relax her. As she was preparing to take the pill before her bath, the voice warned, "If you take that medicine you'll go blind."

Chris, ignoring the voice, swallowed the pill, and immediately, to her horror, she was totally blind. The voice laughed, "I told you! I can do anything to you I want to."

Chris's misery was unrelieved. She was so afraid of the voice and what it could do to her that she never resisted when it wanted to come out of her head and take over her body, even though she was unable to see what was happening and was sure to take the blame for any mischief done in her absence.

The Strawberry Girl was one of the more difficult personalities for the family to deal with. First Taffy and then Bobby found themselves in awkward positions trying to cope.

Taffy walked into Chris's house one morning, carrying her three-year-old child to find her mother stretched out on the couch in a sensuous, revealing manner with a sly, knowing look on her face.

"Good morning." Her voice held a youthful, cooing lilt. "Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," Taffy answered. "You're Strawberry, aren't you?"

"*She* told you, didn't she?" Chris furiously stormed. "I'll get her for that. What else did she tell you? Did she tell you that I like men?"

"Yes," answered Taffy.

"Oh, yes. I *do* like men, but I don't like Don. He's not my type."

"But you're married to him, Mother," Taffy protested.

"No, I'm not," she declared. She looked slyly at Taffy for a reaction to her remark.

"I'm pretty," Chris pursued, "and I'm young, younger than you are."

"How can you be younger than I am?" Taffy asked, laughing.



"Because I'm twenty-one and you're twenty-six," explained Chris brightly.

"If you're twenty-one and I'm twenty-six, how can you be my mother?" asked the amused Taffy.

"Well, I *can!*" Chris declared. "I didn't have you, but I am your mother."

The voices were now present all the time, and often Chris talked back to them. Sometimes she simply answered a hidden voice, but often she seemed to be carrying on both sides of an argument, complete with a startlingly different tone quality and strength of emotion for each side.

Occasionally she would grasp her head and shout as if at two battling children, "Stop it, stop it!"

"Mother, what's the matter?" Taffy never knew what to expect next.

"They're arguing there, inside my head. It's filling up my head. I can't stand it." Chris pushed violently on her temples as if trying to crush the intruders inside her skull.

While Chris, as the Purple Lady, was shopping for food one day, the voice in her head insisted on emerging. At first to resist, the Purple Lady relaxed and faded away. Unexpectedly, however, and contrary to the rules of order, consciousness remained, and when she realized that the Strawberry Girl had filled the grocery cart with nothing but strawberries, she struggled to emerge and take over. Meeting fierce resistance, she fought harder, causing a blinding headache more severe than any in her experience. Suddenly, the Purple Lady emerged and fled from the store, reeling in pain.

Chris's need for attention was so insistant that it became necessary for her son Bobby to be made aware of the problem. This chore, as had so many others, fell to Taffy. He was shocked but he did not question, having known for many years that his mother was not like other people, that she was different. At first he was afraid, and his fear sprang from two causes: fear for her and fear for himself. Now that he was aware of the situation, he was soon to recognize the different personalities and to relate to them by name. He did not like the silly, childish Strawberry Girl, but he was certainly not afraid of her; and the mature, motherly Purple Lady seemed like a real mother.

The first thing he always did on entering the house was to determine with whom he had to deal by asking secret probing questions, noticing what clothes she wore, and observing how she acted. As he grew older and more accustomed to the situation his fear dissolved, and his embarrassed dislike of the Strawberry Girl only increased. She annoyed him by coming into his *(continued)*

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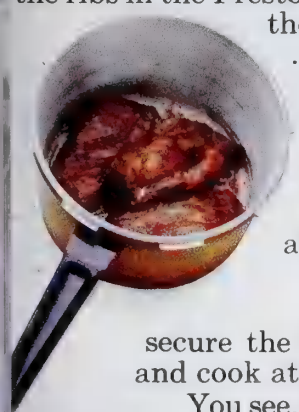


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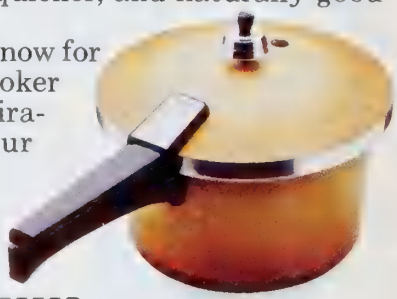
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- 1 teaspoon oregano
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- 2 drops liquid smoke

Trim excess fat from ribs. Combine dry mustard, chili powder, and cayenne pepper. Sprinkle over ribs. Rub seasoning into ribs using cut surface of garlic clove. Heat cooking oil and brown ribs. Remove ribs from pressure cooker. Pour off excess fat. Place water and rack in pressure cooker.

Combine remaining ingredients. Spread mixture on meaty side of ribs. Place ribs on rack in pressure cooker. Close cover securely. Place pressure regulator on vent pipe. Cook 15 minutes. Cool pressure cooker at once.

If crisping is desired, place ribs under broiler 1 to 3 minutes. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

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"I'M EVE"

continued

room to watch his television and behaving like a naughty five-year-old. She cooed, laughed and rode imaginary horses during the cowboy movies.

Finally, the last personality—and one of the more short-lived—made its brief appearance. By this time, Chris was beginning slowly to dig herself out of the past and learn to live in the present. She was stronger and therefore more able to deal with reality. This last personality was the weakest of all and barely able to cope with Chris's world at all.

By this time, Chris was under the care of Dr. Tony Tsitos and Dr. Tibor Ham. She had been visiting her cousin Elen in Durham, N.C., and was able to return to her family in Fairfax, Va.

On the day of her expected return to Fairfax, Chris awoke with a headache that grew worse as the day progressed; and finally, instead of returning home, she went to bed sick and nauseous. She remained in bed for almost 24 hours, never speaking a word. The next day she drove home, leaving Elen completely unaware of what had happened.

That was the birth of Andréa. Andréa De Cosná, she called herself. She was mute and had to write everything, and she wrote with her left hand. She was only 33 years old, and she called her sisters Bitsy and Tidy, her old childhood names for them. It was awful when she came; I was so depressed. I had thought I was finished with all that, that I would never do that again, because I know now that I was doing it myself. I created her to take the pressure off myself, to face a world I could not face. But, interestingly, she could only partly face my world; I had given her such handicaps that she could never completely take over. She was mute, and she could not drive. In every group, there was one who could not drive.

But I still wanted to be well. I was depressed because of what I had done, and I knew that I had done it, but I wanted to be well. I sought help from Dr. Tsitos. . . .

Dr. Tsitos treated Andréa as if she were of no importance at all, telling Chris not to worry about it, that it would all work itself out. He simply refused to recognize her, in in any way help her to emerge. By so doing, he refused to aid Chris in her attempt to revive her old technique of escape and denial. So she sought recognition elsewhere.

She took Bobby to get his driver's license, and while waiting for him to finish his test, Andréa emerged. When Bobby returned, his mother was unable to speak. She wrote him a note saying, "I am Andréa." Bobby drove home.

One day Taffy's telephone rang, but when she answered there was no one there, yet the line was open. Always alert for cries of help from her mother, Taffy asked, "Is that you, Andréa?"

There was no answer, no sound at all except the slight buzz of the open line.

"I know that you are there, Andréa," Taffy assured into the silent telephone. "Just stay there and I'll be right over."

Taffy asked her neighbor to drive her the 23 miles to Fairfax. When Taffy arrived, she simply put her arms around Chris and said, "Anytime you need me, just call. I know you can't speak, but just stay on the line so that I'll know it is you, and I'll come to you."

And once, after a severe argument with Don, Chris went to sleep while reading a book, and awoke to find writing on one page: "I am Andréa," it said.

Suicidal urge

Chris's depression and desperation grew, until one evening, alone in the apartment, she got an overpowering urge to kill herself, to get it all over with, to no longer have to worry about whether "they" were coming back. But paradoxically, she did not want to die; she called Dr. Ham for help.

"I will put you in the hospital for several days," he told her, "until you get over this depression."

"I don't want to go to the hospital," she stubbornly refused.

"All right," he agreed, "then I'll ask Taffy to come and stay with you."

By the time Taffy arrived, Andréa was out, and she had a note already prepared for her daughter.

"I do not wish to live," she had written. "I do not wish to get involved in all these problems, but there are a few things I wish to do before I die. I want to go to a motion picture and I want to eat a . . ." At the end of the sentence was a drawing of a hotdog.

Taffy wrote a note back: "What movie do you want to see?"

Earthquake, Chris wrote.

Taffy and Tommy took her to see the movie and bought her a hotdog. Afterward, she went to bed. Andréa went to sleep, and never woke up. It was Chris who awoke the next morning. After that, her life began to assume normalcy.

After Andréa, there were no more splintered-off selves. At last Chris was able to live as a fully-integrated person.

"I now lead a full and rewarding life," she says. "It is a great, big world and I am a small part, a functioning part. I know that life can be beautiful, and I have just begun to live. For the first time in over 48 years, I am free." **End**

Can this marriage be saved?

continued from page 22

an idea hit me—a lunatic idea, it seemed like. I turned off the shower. I cleared my throat, then asked one of those silly rhetorical questions. 'If you ever had an affair with a man,' I said, 'would you tell me about it?' She didn't answer.

"The silence between us seemed to last forever. I stepped out of the shower, dripping. I repeated the question.

"Then Kathy spoke. The words gushed out. She told me she had been having an affair with Spence, that she had spent hours in his apartment every afternoon for several months.

"I kept my face absolutely still, not showing a trace of the agony I felt. It took every ounce of willpower, but I held my voice steady as I asked if she was willing to quit her job. I half expected her to refuse.

"Instead Kathy told me in a light, casual voice that she would gladly quit her job the next morning—as though the decision didn't really matter one way or the other. In a twinkling my wife became a stranger to me. I thought I knew Kathy through and through; I thought we agreed in all our ideas, ideals, ambitions and standards. I loved her with all my heart. My love was based on respect, total respect. I thought I could trust her; I thought both of us believed fidelity means everything in marriage.

"During our courtship, Kathy was devoted to my mother. Her own mother was a disaster, and I supposed Kathy had chosen Mom as a model. No doubt I imagined Kathy would look up to me the way Mom and Pop always have. But before our honeymoon was over, she was sniping at me and my ideas—sometimes subtly, sometimes openly.

"Before our marriage, she admired my taste. Yet when I bought the furniture for our apartment at a terrific bargain, Kathy sulked because she hadn't been consulted. There was no time; I snapped up a carload of stuff from a fellow student by paying cash on the spot.

"Maybe I was spoiled by Mom and Pop and my kid sisters. At any rate, I didn't know how to cope with Kathy's sour comments about my poor taste, my thoughtlessness, my shortcomings. I wasn't accustomed to defending myself at every turn and I disliked the role of Mr. Stupid that was thrust on me at home. Quite soon I found it pleasanter to stay away from Kathy whenever possible. I don't like fighting or arguing.

"I was very surprised—and disappointed—when Kathy dropped out of college. However, I didn't object; it was her business, I felt. It was about then that I first became aware of Helena, in a genuine, worthwhile sense. Helena is a very bright lady, ambitious *(continued*

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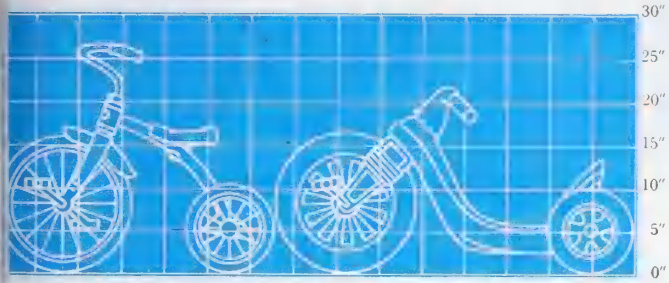
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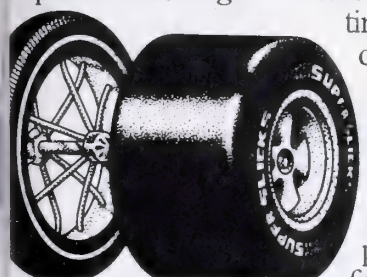
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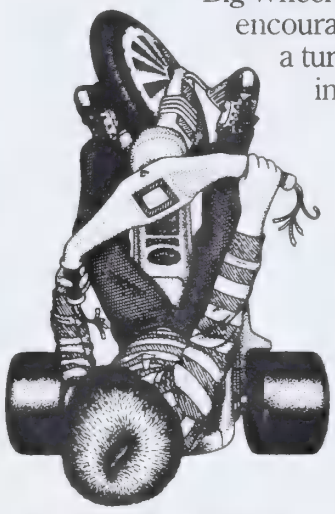
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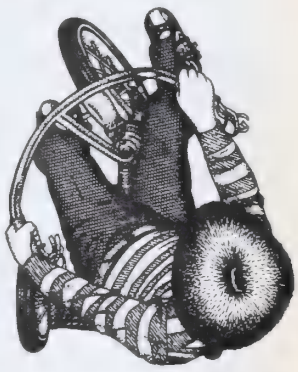
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Can this marriage be saved?

continued from page 210

the way my wife used to be, and she was just as perplexed as I was by Kathy's sudden loss of interest in study.

"Helena and I discussed the collapse of Kathy's college career, but we did not discuss Kathy's cheating on me—and as far as I'm concerned, we never will. But I guess she and Kathy have talked about it—the way women do talk over their most intimate secrets.

"I just don't understand the female sex. There isn't a woman on earth—my mother excepted—who I really trust these days. After Kathy slipped that first time, she and I had a long heart-to-heart conversation and reached a solid understanding—or so I believed. Kathy faithfully promised me, and I promised her that if either one of us ever felt an attraction for someone else, we would confess at once.

"Well, I stuck by my word. I confessed to Kathy the moment I realized I was feeling a faint stir of physical interest in Helena. Kathy then told me that she had become interested in her supervisor a long while back, but just hadn't got around to admitting it. In short, she had broken her pledge to me.

"If Kathy and I resume living together under the same roof as man and wife, I doubt I can ever trust her again. And if she is unfaithful to me, and I find out—I doubt that I can stand the pain."

THE COUNSELOR SPEAKS

"Kathy and Ben flew to California from Chicago as a last resort," the counselor said. "The trip was financed by Ben's parents, who loved them both and were stout advocates of marriage.

"I saw Kathy and Ben at the Institute in lengthy, exhaustive joint interviews compressed into a two-day period. We necessarily brushed aside non-essentials and concentrated on the basic issues dividing them. These issues, obvious to a trained counselor, were unclear to Kathy and Ben.

"Ego-damaged by the constant putdowns of her girlhood and the exploitations of a hypochondriac mother, Kathy expected to be compensated for past injuries through marriage. She wanted praise and approval—in quantity—from Ben. Unfortunately for her unrealistic expectations, Ben had grown up on a steady diet of praise, approval and appreciation. Consequently, he confidently expected to be served the same menu by his bride. Disappointed, he deprived Kathy of companionship, retreated to his college studies and friends, and took up activities (flying lessons, the guitar) in which she played no part.

"Frustrated, disillusioned and lonely, Kathy soon found someone else to build up her tottering ego, to assuage her disappointment with Ben, to apply soothing salve to her shaky self-esteem. Kathy's unwarranted criticisms of Ben, which inevitably drove him away, were displaced criticisms of herself—echoes of her deep sense of worthlessness.

"Although she neither loved nor respected Spence, she needed his expressions of approval. At the same time, she needed to confess to the affair; she desperately wanted Ben—the unappreciative, oblivious head of her house—to know another man found her attractive.

"Both Kathy and Ben prided themselves on keeping a stiff upper lip under stress; they boasted that they were not crybabies. But complete self-control isn't always a virtue, particularly in achieving communication—a fact I pointed out.

"Kathy, in particular, was evasive in clarifying her inner emotions. When I asked her to describe her exact reaction at the time Ben signed up for flying lessons, she replied evenly, 'Naturally, I was offended to discover that my husband was so completely selfish and self-centered.' I pressed her further. Suddenly, she burst into sobs. 'Oh, oh, oh!' Kathy cried aloud. 'He hurt my feelings so terribly I could hardly stand it.'

"At once, in an automatic caring response, Ben jumped up, took Kathy in his arms and comforted her. It was the first time that he had ever seen her cry.

"Later, during the second day of interviews, Ben began rehashing the story of how he could no longer trust Kathy—and his fear that he couldn't tolerate the pain of a fresh betrayal. I told Ben in plain words that he was already thoroughly familiar with the type of pain he would suffer if Kathy let him down again. Was the love he professed to feel for Kathy worth the gamble of more such pain? Yes, it was, Ben decided.

"I drove the couple to the airport on Sunday evening, and we said goodbye. When they got back to Chicago, Kathy and Ben took up residence together once again—and I gather are happy." **End**

EPILOGUE

On a recent trip I visited Kathy and Ben. They now live in a new home in the suburbs, a symbol of their reconciliation.

They entertained me in an airy, large basement they were working to improve. Kathy was painting a large corner section where she expects to use a pottery wheel and design ceramics. In the opposite corner, Ben was installing a sink in the section allotted him for a future darkroom. Nowadays, says Kathy and Ben, they share their recreations just as they share their thoughts and conversation. They have closed the communication gap!—D.C.D.



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EAT AND GROW BEAUTIFUL

continued from page 76

erals. Patients often substitute an inappropriate food for one that is nutritionally adequate. Just because a food is low in calories doesn't mean that it's nutritionally sound."

Ruth was only 19, but her black hair was turning gray at a frightening rate. Dr. Solomon's tests pinpointed a too-low level of PABA (para-amino-benzoic acid), one of the B vitamins. "Even laboratory rats will turn prematurely gray if deprived of PABA," said Dr. Solomon. "When PABA is restored, they return to a normal color."

Ruth wanted results fast, so she chose the highest sources of PABA—rice bran and polishings, and brewer's yeast tablets. She developed an interest in health food ingredients and incorporated lots of them into her diet. The gray hairs didn't actually turn black, but they began growing out black from the roots and no more gray appeared. Eleven months later, her hair was again entirely black.

Gray hair a clue

Cynthia was 36. Her prematurely gray hair made her look older and washed out. Her vitamin levels were normal, but her blood was low in an important metal—copper. An extreme copper deficiency is rare, but a moderate deficiency is quite common, and results in lowered number of red blood cells. Dr. Solomon persuaded Cynthia to try eating molasses every week—mixed with milk, as a syrup over toast or waffle, or blended into a recipe. The molasses would resupply the copper, and iron and other valuable food elements.

It took a full year for the gray to grow out and for Cynthia's hair to return to its natural brown color. "Of course, many people naturally grow gray at this age," Dr. Solomon explains, "but it wasn't Cynthia's time—and the fact that we reversed it nutritionally proves it. And right along with the return of hair color, Cynthia's blood hemoglobin climbed to healthier levels."

Madelyn's slumped posture told how she felt—just plain blah. Her color was sallow. She had one medical clue—constipation. Even though she took laxatives, her digestive system didn't work properly. Madelyn was missing thiamin—vitamin B_1. How did Madelyn develop a shortage of this plentiful vitamin? For one thing, she never ate bread; she thought it fattening and constipating.

Dr. Solomon's advice? "Most weight-reducing diets, if they're well balanced, include some bread—preferably whole wheat. Wheat flour and bread are enriched with thiamin, which is very good health insurance. When people lack thiamin, their intestinal tracts may become sluggish and inactive, a cause of constipation. Enriched rice, brown rice and rice bran (found in health food stores), are alternative sources of thiamin. Among meats, pork has the highest vitamin B_1 content and veal kidneys are also quite good. Remind yourself to cook or order some of these high-value foods. Otherwise you might forget to have a meal that includes liver, kidneys, sweet potato, lentils or nuts."

Sally was 39, but her skin was like a 55-year-old's. When she combed her hair, excessive amounts fell out. "According to an 'aging index' I developed when I was at the National Institutes of Health, Sally's skin was definitely aging prematurely," said Dr. Solomon. Besides testing her blood and urine, Dr. Solomon checked Sally's hair for tensile strength and chemical content—indicators of protein status and levels of trace minerals.

Sally's trouble was a lack of pantothenic acid, an important B vitamin discovered more than 40 years ago and named after the Greek word *pantothen*, which means "from everywhere." And, indeed, pantothenic acid is found in many sources: liver, kidney, brain, yeast, egg yolk, oats, alfalfa, whole milk and (the richest source of all) the royal jelly of the honeybee. Without pantothenic acid, black rats turn gray and breakdowns begin in the nervous system, the adrenal glands and the skin.

Because egg yolks are good suppliers of pantothenic acid, Sally added two or three eggs to her diet each week—plus a small amount of molasses. Her hair and skin improved within nine weeks.

Twitchy and nervous, Alice was an attractive blond whose looks were marred by her evident misery. Before each menstrual period, she looked and felt awful, with puffy ankles, swollen eyelids and a distended abdomen. Many women have these symptoms for normal reasons, but Alice's were caused by a minor calcium deficiency.

"Low calcium is often behind pre menstrual symptoms," Dr. Solomon saic and he persuaded Alice to consum more milk and cheese. She selected but termilk for daily use, because of its lov fat and bright taste. She also had a half ounce of American cheese three times week. Fourteen weeks of this raise Alice's calcium levels, calmed her nerve and reduced premenstrual tension.

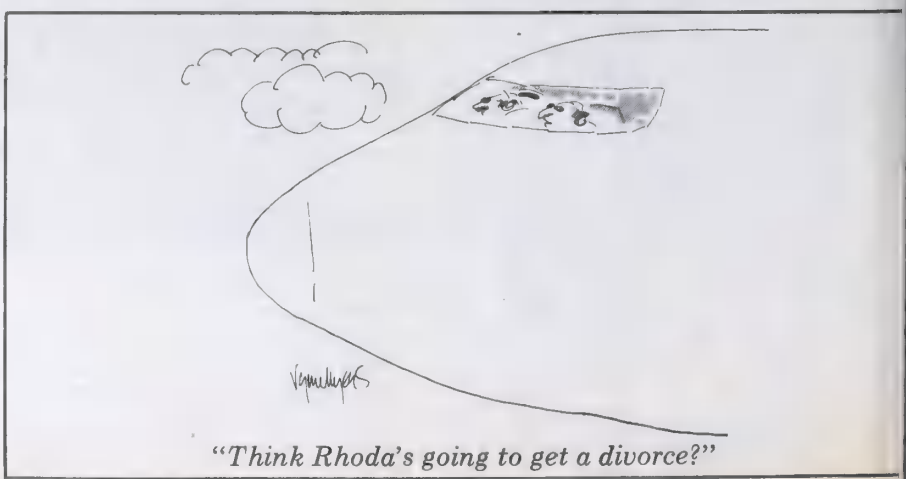
Laura's skin was excessively dry When her soles and palms began to pee she thought she had a dreadful ski disease. She consulted Dr. Solomor "What you really have is a lack of niaci —vitamin B_3," he told her. "Back in his tory, lack of niacin caused epidemics c pellagra. People had too little to ea and lived on one food only, such as corn meal mush."

Laura was luckier; she could have varied diet just by choosing to. By adc ing lean beef and mushrooms to he menu, her vitmin B_3 shortage ended. thought mushrooms were just a fri food," she said. "Actually, they're quit rich in niacin and several minerals."

Isoleucine, lysine, leucine, methionin phenylalanine, threonine, tryptopha valine—these are the eight essential am no acids, the building blocks of protei Food proteins are made up of varyin amounts of amino acids. The bod breaks down amino acids, changin them into body proteins and the by product that body tissues need—nitro gen. When one or more of these buildin blocks is in short supply, even thoug other nutritional needs are filled, th body will eventually complain. As these three cases:

Rhona's eyes were bloodshot and irr tated. Problem: a mild lysine deficienc Dr. Solomon's solution: adding chee and fish to her diet.

Marilyn had falling hair; she had ba dreams in which she envisioned herse totally bald. Problem: a shortage tryptophan, an amino acid closely linke with vitamin B_6 and B_3. Dr. Solomor solution: ingesting milk, enriched cer als, lima beans and sesame seeds.



"Think Rhoda's going to get a divorce?"

Risa was a good-looking woman, ex-
ot for the expression on her face—wor-
d, anxious, almost panicky. Problem:
system needed the amino acid va-
e. Dr. Solomon's solution: two ounces
peanuts three times a week and a
ss of skim milk every day.

How safe is treatment by nutrition?
ght these patients have problems that
ded medical treatment instead?
uld juggling diets set off a deficiency
other important nutrients?

"The patients described were very
efully checked for medical prob-
ns," says Dr. Solomon. "First they
plied a complete and thorough medi-
history. I learn everything I can
ut my patients' past medical experi-
es, and that of their families—plus
ir general health and eating habits.
en there is a top-to-toe physical exam.
e appearance of various parts of the
ly—eyes, tongue, skin and nails—re-
ls a lot. Special testing of oxygen
nsumption tells me the rate at which
erson burns calories—this is especially
portant if there is a weight problem.
st all the urine the patient produces
a 24-hour period, and I do various
od tests. I take hair samples for phys-
and chemical analysis. Then a vec-
electrocardiogram—an EKG with ex-
dimensions—one that signals varia-
ns in heart rate, rhythm and ampli-
e (further clues to metabolism and
rition dysfunctions).

"The foods I recommend are nutri-
ns and should have been eaten all
ng. If adding these foods makes a
nificant caloric difference, I reduce
ne of the high-calorie, low-nutritive
ue items. Actually, my eat and grow
utiful plan is good common sense."

Nutrition therapy is still a new field,
l specialists—called clinical enzymol-
sts—are usually located at university-
liated medical centers and major clin-
For a referral to a clinical enzymol-
st, ask your doctor. The average
nan in good health can avoid
t deficiencies by adhering to a nutri-
nally balanced diet. Check with your
nily physician on menu planning, or
te to the National Institute of Arth-
s, Metabolism and Digestive Dis-
es, for a free booklet, "Facts About
trition." Address: NIH, Building 31,
om 9AO4, Bethesda, Md. 20014. **End**

nsultant Neil Solomon, M.D., Ph.D,
n assistant professor at John Hopkins
iversity School of Medicine in Balti-
re and Secretary of Health and Men-
Hygiene for the State of Maryland.
pecialist in endocrinology, metabol-
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Princess Grace

continued from page 84

They were both talking at once. "Those were really insane days . . . absolutely hysterical . . . things are so much more ordered now, on film or tape, but *live*, going on in front of all those viewers . . . how did we ever get through it?"

"It was like living on the edge of a precipice!" Grace was laughing. "I'll never forget one time I was playing a scene in bed with all my clothes on under the covers so I'd be ready to run into the next scene dressed. But the camera didn't stop in time and they didn't cut away, so there I was, on the screen getting out of bed with all my clothes on!"

Now she and Bill were trading bloopers. She was up on her feet, standing in front of the mantel, trying to stop from laughing so she could demonstrate a dreadful mishap in *The Cricket On The Hearth*. "It was supposed to be snowing and a wonderful English character man and I were coming to bring an orphanage a hot pie for Christmas. The prop men were throwing salt down but we were told to walk close to the window under the eaves, so it wouldn't actually fall on us, because there we'd be with 'snow' on our costumes that wouldn't melt when we got inside. We were to wave through the window, and the pie was too hot. So I set it down and the old actor stepped in it. He came limping into the place with half the pie spread over his shoe. "Look what we brought you—this nice, hot pie—Merry Christmas!"

Infectious laughter

As I listened to her laugh, I thought of all the people who had warned me about her "glacial perfection." But the laughter was infectious—from a real live girl with an appealing, self-deprecating sense of humor.

She was still getting money from home in those early theatrical days, but that streak of independence led her into modeling to pay for the acting classes. Before she was 19, *(continued)*

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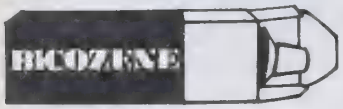
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Princess Grace

continued

she was earning enough to move out of the Barbizon Hotel for Women and into her own apartment. A nesting sort of person, she enjoyed fixing up the place.

"Remember giggle belly?" Allyn said.

"Giggle belly!" Again Grace laughed as she tried to describe this silly game. A group of young actors would lie on the floor with their heads on each other's stomachs and tell funny stories that would make their heads bounce up and down as their bellies giggled. "We did a lot of silly things," they both agreed. "And we all laughed a lot. But along with the fun there was hard work. . . ."

"Like Strindberg's *The Father*," we prompted.

That was Grace's Broadway debut, with her name in small print under the starred names of Raymond Massey and Mady Christian. Grace still says she only got the role because both stars were tall and her rivals for the part were all too short. "Nonsense," says Raymond Massey. "She got the part because she showed the most promise. All through the rehearsal period we were impressed with her earnestness, her professionalism and her good manners. She was organized and dedicated. Between rehearsals she would ask Mady if she could sit in her dressing room and talk about the theater. She was a delight to have in the company. A rare kind of young person who had a hunger to learn and to improve herself."

"It ran only a short time," Grace said, "but it was wonderful experience."

Young Grace Kelly soon became a favorite cover girl, so it was inevitable that Hollywood would tap her on the shoulder—Hollywood personified in the ebullient, English-fracturing Russian director, Gregory Ratoff, who screen tested her for a somewhat less than immortal film entitled *Taxi.*

The *Taxi* story turns out to be another funny bit. I'm not studying her anymore. I'm laughing with her. It has ceased being a job and has become a vacation.

The role in *Taxi*, she told us, called for an Irish brogue. Although her name was Kelly, she sounded not at all like forebears from County Mayo. More like a proper Philadelphian. But, like any aspiring actress, she assured Mr. Ratoff that the brogue was no problem. Then she ran home to ask how one went about acquiring an overnight brogue.

"One of my friends had a maid just over from Ireland. I hurried over to listen to her speak. But she was too shy to open her mouth. I'd ask questions to try and get her talking, and all she'd say was, 'Yes, Mum,' or 'No, Mum.' So I handed her the newspaper and asked if she'd mind reading it out loud. The poor girl finally admitted that she c hardly read. I put together wh thought might pass for a brogue— flunked the screen test."

But Grace Kelly had what Fra Fuller, head of the American Acade described as "A very special qua Also the face of a Grecian goddess, it was that extra something that is n than beauty, some special poise, an ner light."

When her New York agent, E Van Cleve, described that "special q ity" to Jay Kanter, a youthful but fluential Hollywood agent, brogue o brogue, Kelly was movie bound.

Again the princess

"You must be getting hungry?" Grace's answer to the first ques about Hollywood. "If it's all right y you I've made a reservation at a nearby—the food is quite good." rose briskly. Suddenly she seemed princess—a gracious, down-to-earth p cess, but clearly in command. No was difficult to imagine her ever play "giggle belly" or impersonating an actor with a meat pie on his shoe.

A blond, middle-aged, bejew houseguest materialized. A friend f Grace's Philadelphia days. Having li at least four different lives in four ferent times, places and worlds, G cultivates a capacity for not losing tc with any one of them.

There was a waiting chauffeur limousine. The princess asked us if v prefer to walk. The gentlest of c mands. People who recognized her tended not to, as if they understood she preferred it that way.

We were ushered to a round tabl a corner of the Club Rothschild with most muted of fanfare. Luncheon versation was easy but disjointed cause Grace's houseguest was so thing of a dangling participle t life story I was trying to piece toget It was like a flashback to Philadel adolescence while I wanted to m forward to Hollywood early matu The princess was being the per hostess, somehow managing to talk times with her hometown friend— films and film makers with us. On way out, I noticed that fellow meml of the club stepped back or move one side so they could gain a c view without being ostentatious. pretended not to notice.

Back in the comfortable and familiar drawing room, we were turning to the Hollywood of youth. After an uneventful role in a gotten movie called *Fourteen Ho* Grace was on her way to the most markable five-year career in the his of motion pictures. A mouthful c statement, but there it is. In 60 mon a classically photogenic face, the stan of a marathon runner, an obsessive d

: self-improvement and a little bit of
:k that was parlayed into great gobs
luck by the power of the will, swept
ace Kelly from obscure starlet to in-
national star.

The luck began when Jay Kanter
old" her to producer Stanley Kramer
d director Fred Zinneman for *High*
on. In her big scene, she is finally
iven to pick up a rifle and kill the
rth outlaw to save her husband,
ayed by Gary Cooper, after Cooper
s dispatched the other three.

A nomination for Best Supporting
tress in *Mogambo* didn't convince her
at she was all that good in it. "I really
sn't," she said straightforwardly. "I
s lucky. I was in awfully good hands.
vas new in the business."

To master film technique, so different
m either live television or the theater,
s a challenge. "Be the best!" was
oing in the hall again. But from the
tset Grace Kelly was a different cut
m the lovely blond starlets so over-
ed and overwhelmed by Hollywood.
ith her two sisters to keep her com-
ny, she stayed at that Sunset Boule-
d relic of lost elegance, the Chateau
rmont. She would only sign her
en-year contract at MGM with the
vision that she could go back to New
rk and the theater every other year.

membering her as a star on the rise
years ago, agents, producers, direc-
s, fellow actors and friends all draw
onsistent picture of a girl with a steel-
p mind who could not be dissuaded
e she set that mind on what she
nted to do.

Luck and will

Now the Kelly luck embraced the
lly will: the screen test that had failed
in her quest for a role in *Taxi* im-
ssed that crustiest of critics, John
rd, who cast her in *Mogambo*—a re-
ke of *Red Dust*, with Grace playing
Mary Astor role of the genteel but
lterous wife, Ava Gardner taking on
n Harlow's "Honey Bear" and Clark
ble repeating the role he had created
the original. Two more disparate
ies than Ms. Kelly and Ms. Gardner
ld hardly be imagined, but they got
surprisingly well. Ava threw tantrums
ile Grace tended to her lines and her
tting. Frank Sinatra, in Africa for
isit with his unpredictable Ava, pro-
nced Grace Kelly the squarest of
squares. Even when columnists
ted out loud that Grace's love scenes
h Gable were unusually convincing,
ace never lost her Kelly cool.

Back in Hollywood for the *Mogambo*
eriors, Grace and fellow-actress Rita
m found an unpretentious apartment
Sweetzer Avenue. A pair of hard-
rking bachelor girls, they were an
l couple: the cool golden girl who al-
ys seemed to have her emotions in
ck and the dark, exotic *(continued)*

Read this and cry.



Froilan lives in the highlands of Guatemala in a one-room hut with dirt floors and no sanitary facilities. Labor there is so cheap that, for men like Froilan's father, hard work and long hours still mean a life of poverty. But now life is changing for Froilan.



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Princess Grace

continued

beauty whose emotions kept spilling over. "We both kept falling in love with the wrong men," Rita remembers.

But if there were emotional frustrations and dead ends, the Kelly career kept climbing smoothly upward. The same, now-famous test that Ratoff and 20th Century-Fox had thumbed down caught the eye of another film master, Alfred Hitchcock. There was *Dial M for Murder* opposite Ray Milland, *Rear Window* opposite Jimmy Stewart and *To Catch A Thief* vis-a-vis Cary Grant.

With top directors Zinneman, Ford and Hitchcock and leading men Cooper, Gable and Grant, could a girl ask for anything more? If her name is Grace Kelly, the answer is yes.

We were still sitting in the Paris townhouse, but our minds were now focused on *The Country Girl*. The Clifford Odets Broadway hit was to be done as a film. Every female star in town was after the role of the drunken actor's wife, described by Odets as "the broom behind the door." Grace knew that this was a part that could prove she wasn't just an elegant clotheshorse.

But winning that role was one of the longer shots in the Hollywood sweepstakes. In the first place, MGM, her "home studio," didn't want to loan her out. In the second place, Paramount—and the producers of *The Country Girl*—wanted a bigger name to match the star male leads, William Holden and Bing Crosby. And, finally, even Crosby, looking for all the help he could get in playing a complex and difficult dramatic role, expressed his doubts that the elegant Kelly girl could handle a part so totally out of character for her.

The more opposition, the greater the determination. Grace told Jay Kanter and Lew Wasserman, representing the sinew and brains of the powerful agency that represented her, that they had to get Metro to release her for the role. She had to get this part! Otherwise, she was ready to go on suspension, quit Hollywood and return to New York to concentrate on the theater.

Thus are Hollywood legends born. For the screen test, Edith Head, whose mantelpiece is a parade ground for Best Costume Oscars, and who had dressed Grace in dazzling gowns for those high-fashion movies, now helped Grace completely transform herself into the worn and weary country girl. And in the film, which she subsequently made, it wasn't just an outward change. She gave a performance from the inside such as she had never given before. At the end of the first week, a convinced Bing Crosby said, "I'll never open my big mouth again!"

It was Oscar time and Grace was nominated for Best Actress. But everybody agreed that Judy Garland had a lock on the little statue—the sentimental favorite making a dramatic comeback (on and off the screen) in the musical remake of *A Star Is Born*. But when Bill Holden opened the envelope on the stage of the Pantages Theater, we heard: "And the winner is . . . Grace Kelly!"

That same night Marlon Brando won his Oscar for *On The Waterfront*. While they posed together, swarming photographers shouted, "Kiss Marlon, Grace! Go ahead, kiss him!"

Suddenly Miss Kelly was from Philadelphia and the Stevens School, and her father was Jack Kelly, Sr. and her uncle was George Kelly, who had won a prize she respected perhaps even more, the Pulitzer. "Don't you think he shoul kiss me?" asked Grace Patricia, lookin cool and elegant in aquamarine sati On she swept to a party at Romanoff's the girl who had everything. "Miss Pe fect," people were calling her, some awe and some in spite.

"How did it feel?" I asked her in Pari

Another long pause. "I was unhapp Now I had fame, but you find that fam is awfully empty if you don't have som one to share it with."

As she sat there remembering th triumphant and lonely night, I foun myself thinking of a note that F. Sco Fitzgerald had written to himself whi preparing to write his heroine Kathlee in *The Last Tycoon:* "People simply c not identify with people who have a the breaks. I must endow this girl wi a little misfortune." I was beginning find it in the girl who had everythin

Meanwhile, back at the Palace. . In 1955, the principality of Monaco w not the flourishing place it is today. T Casino was run-down, the ancient p ace itself in disrepair. Aristotle Onass George Schlee and Gardner Cowl were meeting to discuss how to save it

Running the troubled affairs of Mo aco for seven years, already in his mi 30's and still a bachelor, Prince Raini III knew he must find a suitable w with whom to share his life and t duties of the principality. Rememberi his own unhappy childhood (a brok home at age six, lonely and disorient at a British boarding school), Rain insisted he would not make a marria of convenience.

Love story of the century

And so the stage is set for what t press of the world called, "The lo story of the century." The Prince h met Grace casually in Monaco when s attended a showing of *To Catch A Th* the year before. Now he came to Hol wood on a visit less casual. Then we on to Philadelphia to meet her family.

I begin to ask direct questions get surprisingly (although less surpris now than when I first met her) dir answers.

"Did you ask your parents for perm sion to marry Rainier?"

"No, I made up my own mind. I h asked them once or twice before and hadn't worked out. This time I knew had to make my own decision."

In fact, Father Kelly disapproved the match. Rainier seemed like a n fellow. But European princes are torious playboys. And she'd be an Am ican living far away in a foreign la

I took a breath. "Princess Grace, you mind if I ask you a very perso question?"

"Well, I suppose not."

"I'm trying to put myself in y place. Every writer has to do that must have been a terribly *(continu*

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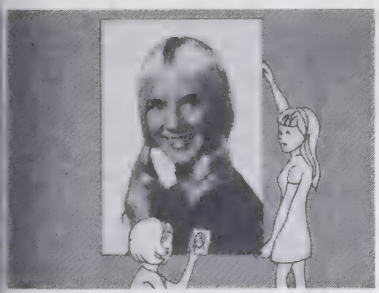
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difficult moment. You were marrying a man you barely knew . . . going off to a strange world . . . knowing as a member of your church there was no turning back. Giving up a film career on your way to becoming a superstar—you must have felt . . . well, how *did* you feel as you went up that gangplank?"

This time the pause was so long that I thought she resented my question too much to answer. She stared at the floor. When she looked up, her eyes were wet. If she had glacial perfection, the glacier was melting. She spoke quietly, with total simplicity:

"The day we left, our ship was surrounded in fog. And that's the way I felt—as if I were sailing off into the unknown. I had been through several unhappy romances. And although I had become a star, I was feeling lost and confused. I didn't want to drift into my thirties without knowing where I was going in my personal life."

As if she had been conceived by Scott Fitzgerald, here she was, endowed with a certain misfortune.

"I guess I'm a homebody at heart," she was saying. "But I didn't have a home. Rainier came into my life at just the right moment. I needed someone who wouldn't be Mr. Grace Kelly. I could see that Rainier was a dedicated man. He had liberal ideas for making the principality more than a playground.

"While life on board ship must have seemed to the world like one continuous party, I couldn't help looking out into the fog and wondering: What is going to happen to me? What will this new life be like? I had never met his family, except for his father. I must say he was wonderfully supportive. But I had no idea how the rest of the family, and the Court, would accept me. What sort of world was waiting for me on the other side of that fog?"

A friend said to Princess Grace, "But it was such a gorgeous wedding. The loveliest royal wedding of the century. European royalty. World celebrities. And so beautifully organized."

Now Princess Grace laughed.

Wedding sheer chaos

"Chaos! Fifteen hundred invited guests. And most of them wanting extra tickets for the balls and the dinners and the two weddings, first the civil one in the throne room of the palace, then the religious one in the cathedral. The weather was foul. And more journalists than they had covering D-Day. The language barriers! And the palace wasn't ready to be lived in yet. Sheer chaos!"

Bridesmaids, including Rita Gam, remember it as the most romantic time of their lives. But for Princess Grace the summer was long and hot. There was resentment from the traditionalists. What was an American, and from Hollywood at that, doing in their palace? Rainier understood the difficulty of the transition and was of great help to her. But there were times, Grace admits, when she would stroll the palace walkway and wonder. . . .

But time is a patient teacher. "Once Caroline was born, and then Albert, I began to feel my roots in Monaco. I was finally beginning to master the language, by osmosis. You might say I worked from the inside out. Now that I had my new family around me, I could move outside the palace into the community."

Once she got her bearings, Grace of Monaco became the most active princess the principality has ever had. Realizing that the local hospital was run down, she found ways to modernize it. She founded a day care center and enlarged the old people's home. "She brought us heart," an old man says.

"She brought the palace back to life," says a staff member: "Inviting the children of the village into the throne room for a Christmas party. And the flowers everywhere. The Garden Club that grew into an International Flower Arranging Festival. The Children's Village she set up through the Monagasque Red Cross to help keep together children of the same family who have lost their parents. Bazaars promoting the arts and crafts of Monaco. Using the courtyard of the palace as a natural stage for the International Arts Festival."

I was standing in the courtyard of this ancient castle, with its gracefully winding stairway. The chief of the secretariat was speaking with an enthusiasm he had drawn from Princess Grace. "She wants the palace to be used, to be alive, to help make the world more beautiful. Nureyev has danced here, and Danny Kaye has entertained, and the Paris Opera Ballet, Yehudi Menuhin, the Mexican Ballet Folklórico. . . . She's brought a special quality to the palace that enriches the life of the princip
That's why we love to work with
She gets up early and never stops."

"It's not just because she's our
cess," says Paul Choisit, the former
sul for Monaco in New York, who
runs the secretariat. "I think she'
most unusual person I've ever kn
And with all the demands on her
official duties, she still manages to
a great deal of time to share with
children. It's a known fact throug
the principality that Caroline, A
and Stephanie are blessed with a
porting and loving mother."

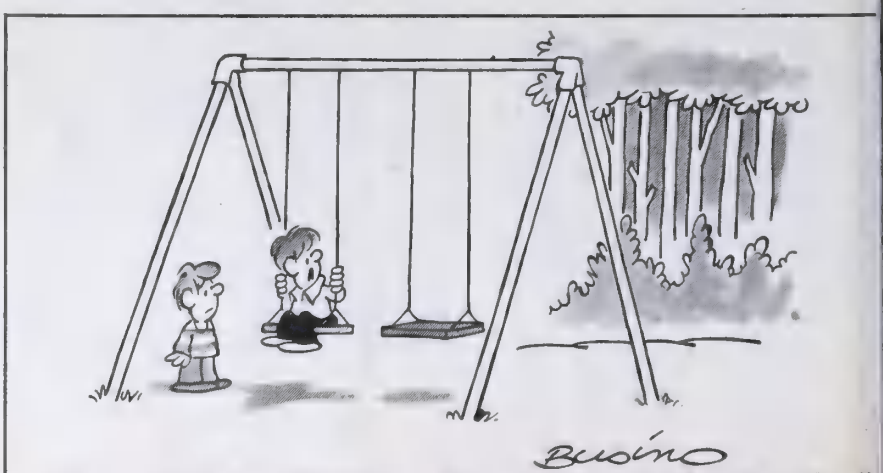
I'm back at the townhouse in I
having returned from the old wo
new day atmosphere of the palace. V
talking of the ballet school I've to
(where teenage ballerinas are scho
by masters), through which Grac
Monaco hopes to restore to its fo
grandeur the Ballet Russe de M
Carlo. The phone rings and it's A
Rubinstein. The phone rings again
Moscow. The International Telev
Festival is coming up and her staf
been at work on it, reaching out t
nowned guest artists to appear at
gala after the awards. Monaco's Fest
far purer than the now corrupted
Festival in Cannes, gives awards for
shows as the best on protection of
environment and best children's
gram, as judged by children themse

I see that Grace Kelly of Philadel
daughter of self-made millionaire J
niece of the fabulous Uncle Ge
has found her way through the fog
creative world she has made for he
on the other side.

As Hans Christian Anderson m
have said, "And so the princess l
happily—and *busily*—ever after."

---

*Budd Schulberg wrote the best-se
novel,* What Makes Sammy Run? *
the Academy Award-winning screen
for* On the Waterfront. *His docur
tary,* Once Upon a Time Is Now;
Story of Princess Grace, *will be
vised May 22 on NBC's* The Big Ev



"I'm worried about Mary Ann. Her swing came back without her."

NE 1977
LADIES'
HOME

MEET OUR WOMEN OF THE YEAR, page 75

Journal

E FARRAH FACTOR
onal survey: why girls
t to grow up like
rah Fawcett Majors

DY & CLAUDINE
ll love her"

OMEN'S DREAMS
at they really mean,
y they differ from men's

AUTY & FASHION
new summer looks

RST AID FOR PETS
esaving tips
m Roger Caras

JOAN MONDALE
The high price of
being "Second Lady"

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New budget cookbook
Easy as pie—7 crusts
Cool cottage cheese recipes
Giving a Mexican party

SEX ON THE JOB
How to fight back
when men harass you



Book brings
MAMIE EISENHOWER
Most intimate portrait ever!
By Julie Nixon Eisenhower

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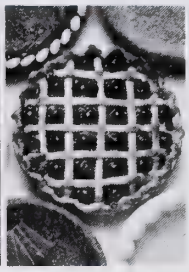
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VOL. XCIV, NO. 6
JUNE 1977

LADIES' HOME Journal®

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- up BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
- up chopped pimiento-stuffed olives
- 2 Tbsp. minced green onion
- 1 medium head iceberg lettuce
- 1/4 cup catchup
- 2 tsp. vinegar
- 3/4 tsp. chili powder
- Dash hot pepper sauce

cream cheese until fluffy. Stir in 1/4 cup Mayonnaise, olives and onion. Core lettuce. ve center leaving 1" shell. Fill with cheese re. Wrap in aluminum foil. Mix 1/2 cup Real nnaise with remaining ingredients; cover. lettuce and dressing overnight. Cut lettuce edges; serve with dressing. Serves 6.



HAM 'N TATER LOAF

(Two favorite salads in one!)

- ups chopped cooked ham (about 1 1/2 lbs)
- up BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1/2 cup diced sweet pickle
- 3 Tbsp. pickle juice
- 2 tsp. prepared mustard, optional
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 1/2 lbs. potatoes, cooked, peeled, cubed

9" loaf pan with waxed paper. Mix ham with 1/2 cup Real Mayonnaise. s into bottom of pan. Mix next 5 ingredients with remaining Real nnaise. Add potatoes; toss. Press lightly over ham layer. Cover; chill rs. Unmold. Serves 6.



PIZZA BURGER PIZZAZZ

(The cheese is American—the taste is Italian!)

- 4 oz. American cheese, shredded (1 cup)
- 1/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
- 2 Tbsp. tomato paste
- 1/2 tsp. dried oregano leaves
- 2 lbs. lean ground beef round

Mix first 4 ingredients; set aside. On waxed paper form twelve 5" beef patties 1/4" thick. Spoon 2 Tbsp. cheese mixture onto 6 patties leaving 1" edge; top with 6 patties. Press edges together with fork. Reshape by pushing edges toward center. Grill 8 to 10 min., turning once. Do not press during cooking. Serve on buns with lettuce. Serves 6.



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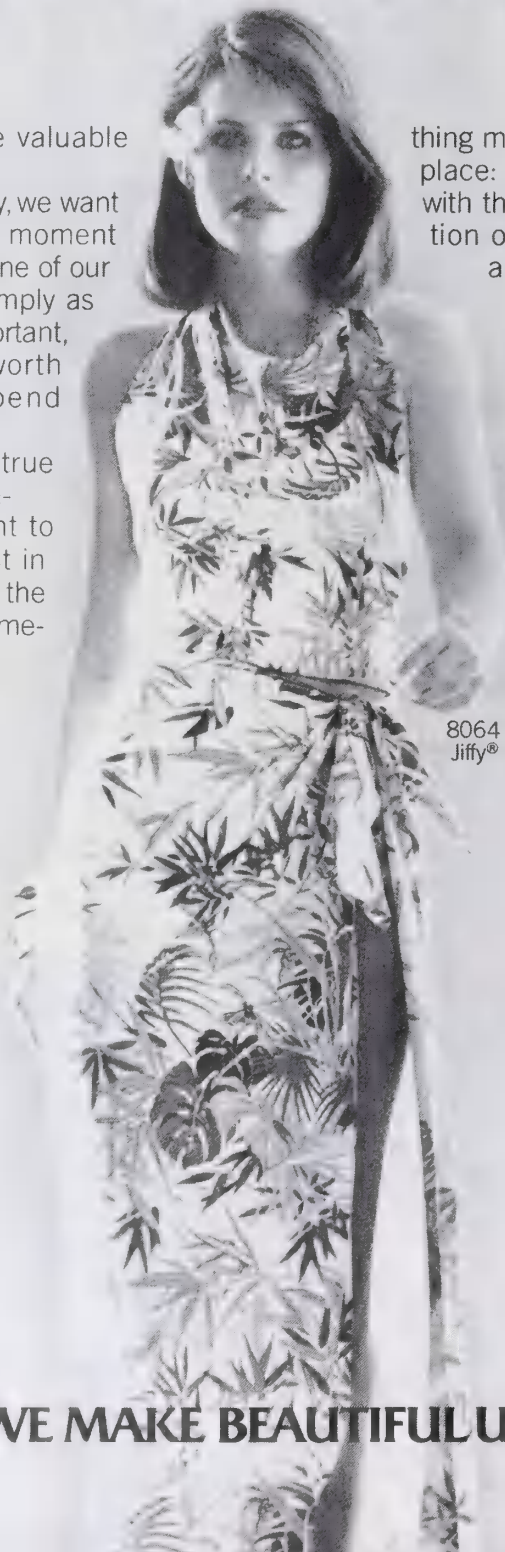
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Editor's diary

By Lenore Hershey

THE POINT: THERE ARE MANY EVES

The images and self-identification of women today are as varied as the crystal compositions of snowflakes. This issue of the JOURNAL gives great evidence of this multiplicity. There is the Farrah Fawcett Majors image, which proves that the power of a pretty face, amplified by the media, can make a deep dent in the minds of the young—and perhaps (if we don't learn to balance our perspectives) set back the whole cause of education and ambition for women.

There is the Mamie Eisenhower image (see page 105)—the image of a woman who lived her life in the shadow of a powerful man, yet deftly managed to preserve her own clear-cut identity. There is the Joan Mondale image (see page 56)—the image of the new political wife, coping with many of the same problems that confronted Mrs. Eisenhower, but in different ways.

Then, of course there are our Women of the Year, starting on page 75, whose courses have taken them into different worlds of achievement. There are the women who, like Bryna in the fiction story on page 78, are trying to find themselves in the swirl of many worlds. There are the working women, trying to rise above sex harassment, as described by Letty Cottin Pogrebin (page 24) and there are the countless millions who know who they are: wives, mothers, homemakers; proud of the important, respected jobs they do.

YOU'RE ALL IN THE JOURNAL THIS MONTH

. . . the many, many Eves.

You are *our* woman, the #1 woman, the multi-personal woman of today. You are an amalgam of all that is brave and best in America today. We're proud to have you as our readers . . . and in the largest sense, you're all the *Journal's* Women of the Year.



WOMEN OF THE YEAR JURY, 1977

Standing, left to right: Ellen Sulzberger Straus, founder, Call for Action; Jane C. Pfeiffer, management consultant; Dr. Frances A. Kolb, National Organization for Women; Margaret B. Young, civic worker; Barbaralee Diamonstein, New York City Cultural Commissioner; Dr. Helen DeRosis, psychiatrist; Dorothy Height, president, National Council of Negro Women; Lynda Johnson Robb; Angela Tedesco, president, New York Women in Communications, Inc.; Catherine East, International Women's Year Secretariat, coordinator policies and plans; Betty Furness, consumer affairs director, WNBC-TV; Margaret Hickey, Public Affairs Editor, LHJ. Seated, left to right: Major General Jeanne M. Holm, U.S. Air Force (Ret.); Gloria Schaffer, Connecticut Secretary of State; Professor Eileen Blumenthal, Mercy College, Detroit; Sister Ann Ida Gannon, former president, Mundelein College; Gillian Sorensen, writer, political activist. (See page 75 for our Women of the Year.)



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DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

FRED C. DANNEMAN
PUBLISHER



What's happening

By Gene Shalit

WILL THE REAL GENE SHALIT PLEASE STAND UP?

Above: That's me on the left (I think). My fuzz-alike is the always-bald (below) and ever-popular Joe Garagiola. This immortal scene occurred during a broadcast of *To Tell the Truth*, the TV game show on which I often appear. Gary Moore, for eight years the TTTT host, has retired to the good life of the Bahamas and Joe G. has taken over. The program, with panelists Kitty Carlisle, Peggy Cass and Bill Cullen, has been on TV for 21 years. People often ask me if the show's on the level. In four words: you bet your life! We never know the guests in advance, so we don't know the "real" hot-dog lad from the two imposters. The impos ters spend days cramming facts abou hot dogs so that they fend off ou crafty questions: "What is sauerkrau made of? What color is mustard Where do you buy a new wagon um brella?" It's remarkable how often th regular panelists guess the real per son. It is not so remarkable how ofte *I* pick an imposter. Not long ago, w had a wigmaker At the end of th game, I saw thi metamorphosis o Joe G. before m (as the sayin goes) very eyes I never though I'd see the da when Joe wa wigged out.



THE MacARTHUR SUMMER

Just as 1970 was the winter of *Patton*, 1977 may be the summer of *MacArthur*, the big biographical movie about one of the most brilliant and infuriating generals in American history. Richard Zanuck and David Brown, two of the men who made *Patton* (and who more recently swept the world with *Jaws*), have set out to create a panoramic and fair-minded film about Douglas MacArthur, and their first problem was to find a star for the lead. George C. Scott, so vivid as Patton, was at first not interested, and then *in*terested. Lord Laurence Olivier thought *he'd* like to do it, but an English actor seemed inappropriate. Even John Wayne liked the idea. But the producers had one man in mind: Gregory Peck, and he said yes at once. Harry Truman is here, too, portrayed by Ed Flanders, a choice enthusiastically approved by Margaret Truman. The whole West Point establishment is cheering the movie on. In fact, when *MacArthur* has its world premiere this month at the Radio City Music Hall in New York, the entire corps of cadets will troop in. And you can bet that they'll give it their general approval.

WOMEN ARE STARS

For how long have we had hand-wringing and lamentations about meager movie roles for women? Now for the good news: four women in two new films, have extraordinary roles and give extraordinary performances. In *Three Women:* Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek and Janice Rule. In *Annie Hall:* Diane Keaton. Suddenly the *women* are stars.

BEAUTIFUL AND PROFOUND

Robert Altman, one of America's most provocative directors, has created a beautiful and profound film called *Three Women*. It is a mountain of a movie, and its peak is the performance by Shelley Duvall. *Three Women* is set in California. The third woman is Janice Rule. She is the wife of a macho on-the-edge-of-town saloon owner, and she is on the *(continued)*

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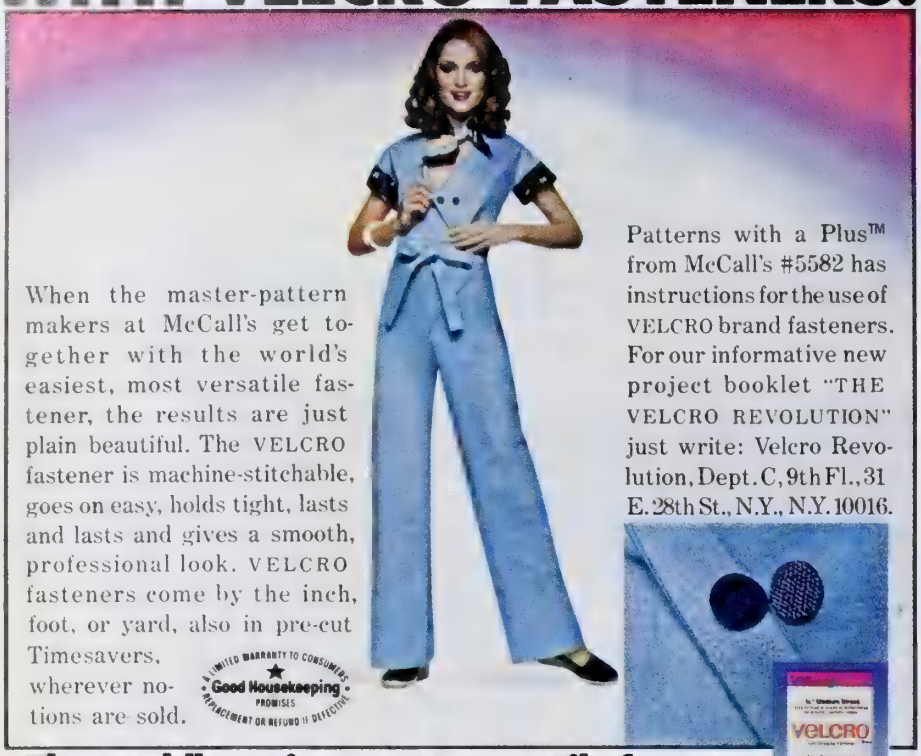
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What's happening
continued

edge of life. She does not speak. moves in a twilight of murals that paints endlessly, endlessly paintin every reachable surface. The *ce* characters are two stray women Texas—Millie and Pinky. Millie—Sh Duvall—is connected to society by frailest of threads. While Janice Ru mute, Shelley never stops talking. no one listens. She pretends to l dates but nobody asks. She sees he a gourmet cook. Her dinner parties body comes) feature jarred shrimp c tail and canapes of cheese oozed f aerosol cans. She works as a pati aide at a geriatric center run by a rupt doctor and a cuckoo's nest nu Along comes Pinky—Sissy Space naive wanderer from Texas. Sissy, the eyes of a waif and the maturity a seventh grader, clings to Shelley if she were her mother. What makes film extraordinary are the performan the dialogue (there is not one word of place), the photography, now dued, now brilliant with reverberat of sunlight and purple; Gerald Bus music with exposed-nerve-end force, above all, the artist's eye of Robert man. Three women, bent out of so shape, whose lives convey and merge emotional cripples, wavering on a wire, their only net themselves. *Th Women* is a stunning film—to see, to enveloped by and to remember.

WOODY'S BEST

Annie Hall, Woody Allen's new mo is more than his best film; it is an eve The script is funny and tender, and the title role, Diane Keaton is pinpo perfect. *Annie Hall* is the story of Woo Allen (here called Alvy Singer) and his bittersweet romance with Annie H (Miss Keaton). Woody calls it "a mantic comedy about a contempor urban neurotic." He plays a charac fashioned on what the public has co to assume is his own life. Along the w he zings some of the wildlife whose ha tat is Manhattan and Los Angeles: poseurs, the self-important show-biz l shots, the lit'ry set—a mosaic of out- sight insights. The jokes (and there plenty) are witty, uproarious, tellin but it is the romantic tenderness th creeps up on you. What a treat! Dia Keaton is marvelous, Woody Allen is comic genius and *Annie Hall* is a pictu I cherish.

ASLEEP UNDER WATER

Another airport movie—*Airport '7* just what we all need, right gang? A you ready for this plot? Jimmy Stewa a trillionaire, is having a party to sho

(continued on page 14

Box or menthol:

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See how Carlton stacks down in tar. Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg. / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	25	1.6
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Brand W	19	1.2
Brand W 100	19	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mild	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
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Soft pack-1 mg.
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Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76. Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Can this marriage be saved?

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

Lyle was the perfect father figure—until his young wife grew up. Then nobody could save their marriage.

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was Ruth Johnson.

Paul Popenoe, Sc.D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board
American Institute of Family Relations

ANGELA'S STORY

"I once hoped I could repay Lyle for helping me," said 30-year-old Angela, a brown-eyed brunette who was thin as a bed slat but exuded overpowering sexuality. The mother of a 12-year-old son by a quickie teen-age marriage and a 5-year-old daughter by Lyle, Angie spoke in tones of passionate, if somewhat theatrical conviction, as she peered through oversized eyeglasses.

"For a long while I foolishly believed Lyle was as ambitious as I am and wanted to get ahead in the world. At least that's what he told me during our courtship," she added with a mournful sigh. "The most Lyle earned in our eight years of marriage—we are now living apart—was $9,000 a year at a boring, no-future job with an office supply company. Although he complained about his tightfisted employer and lousy wages, Lyle wouldn't take a chance and quit. Instead he procrastinated endlessly, did nothing to advance himself, avoided action at all costs. His spinelessness was maddening.

"Lyle and I met as counselors at a church camp the summer my boy, Jimmy, was three years old. Through Mama's influence with the church—my daddy was an agnostic—I was permitted to be a counselor and keep my son with me. I would have preferred to leave Jimmy at home. I don't consider it necessary to be with a child every minute. In my opinion, the quality of the time I spend with my children is more meaningful than the quantity.

"I doubt that Lyle understands, or ever did understand, my true nature. Basically we are total opposites in our beliefs, standards, goals. Nevertheless, he and I shared fantastic sex—and I mean fantastic. Sex, rather than compatibility, held us together until last year.

"Lyle is bookish, pious, conservative, a downright miser about spending money for gaiety and fun. Yet he tithes at church, regularly contributing ten percent of his meager income. I'm materialistic, perhaps mercenary. I like expensive clothes, good seats at theaters and restaurants. I like challenge and change. In the beginning—maybe because Lyle is a whole lot older—I pictured him as mature and wise.

"All three months of that first summer he carted Jimmy along on our dates, and as badly as he wanted sex with me—I was just as eager—he restrained himself. I admired his self-control, but probably I felt let down, too. We went on hikes, packed picnics, talked endlessly about our hopes and dreams, until it seemed that we agreed on practically everything of importance.

"At that time I was terribly ashamed of my ignorance. I barely squeaked through high school, then found myself pregnant and married before I could accomplish anything in college. Lyle assured me that I was brilliant as well as beautiful, which boosted my morale tremendously. He told me repeatedly that he planned to move into a rewarding line of work, or else buy a business of his own and build a real career with my assistance. I believed him.

"When camp closed, Lyle drove us back to Mama's place in eastern Arizona. She operates a rundown ranch outside a small town and tries to boss everything and everybody. She and Daddy split when I was six years old. Mama was impressed with Lyle, and the entire congregation of her church attended our wedding that Christmas. By coincidence, Lyle belongs to the same denomination; I am no longer an active member.

"My daddy received no wedding invitation from Mama. The day before the ceremony, I spent hours on the phone tracking him down. I begged him to walk down the aisle with me. He refused to appear, but sent a thousand-dollar certified check to invest in a honeymoon trip.

"Lyle and I passed up a glamorous honeymoon, the most thrilling event in most women's lives, and deposited $900 in a joint savings account. We spent $100 on a mediocre weekend in a medium-priced hotel. However, I was crazy in love, and at that time Lyle was a spectacular lover—tender, considerate, yet forceful and passionate. Consequently, everything seemed wonderful to me.

"Lyle adopted Jimmy right away, which made me feel marvelously secure since my first husband had vanished and never paid a penny of child support. Unfortunately, as Jimmy grew older, Lyle turned into a strict disciplinarian and was far too stingy. He wouldn't buy our son a bike and made the child earn it.

(continued)

r Girl Cheryl Tiegs

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over Girl® Clean Make-up
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Can this marriage be saved?

continued

"It was the same thing with my teeth. I had always needed braces, but Mama couldn't afford them. Lyle said it wasn't a husband's responsibility to provide braces for a wife; I had to earn them. I sold magazine subscriptions to pay for my orthodontia. Lyle laughed and said my teeth looked terriffic—both before and after. His attitude seemed very callous to me.

"He moved us into a huge house built years ago by his pioneer parents and located in what is now an exclusive, high-priced area. The roof leaked, the plaster was cracked, the paint peeling. It was a community disgrace surrounded by lovely, modern homes with beautifully kept gardens. I was ashamed to call on the neighbors and they didn't call on us, that's for sure.

"Lyle promised to take out a bank loan to make the necessary repairs, remodel the kitchen, add a modern bath with a super dressing room for me. He didn't do it. He just kept promising. He promised to look for a better job—or find an advantageous business investment—but nothing happened. When our daughter Betsy was born, I had a spurt of hope that at last he would fix up our miserable home. He didn't.

"One day I woke up to the fact that I didn't believe Lyle, that he didn't believe his own talk, that he was never going to change. I was married to a man who would stand still forever.

"I told Lyle I wanted to go to college at night so I could get a job. He sat with the youngsters and seldom complained. But he didn't contribute financially.

"I worked my way through by myself. I sold cosmetics door-to-door, I jerked sodas at the campus drugstore, I typed papers for other students. I was fantastically tired most of the time. I had terrible insomnia, and when I did sleep I had nightmares. I walked around like a zombie.

"Finally, I graduated with a degree in business administration, but apparently the job market had dried up. For weeks I pounded the pavement. Lyle was unsympathetic, maybe glad I might be doomed to live out my life at his side—without ambition, without hope, in boredom and emptiness.

"But then I found a job," Angie said slowly. "At the same time I found a new life of challenge and excitement. Through my job, selling space for an advertising agency, I met women my own age in TV, radio, the movies. At first I went a little wild with freedom—I drank too much and I stayed out too late. Lyle objected, of course, and I didn't blame him, but somehow his angry words no longer touched me.

"He took out his anger on Jimmy. One Sunday I packed up both youngsters and drove them to stay with my mother until things improved.

"Fortunately for me," Angie went on, "my boss is a remarkable man. Harry is strong, masculine and decisive—as unlike Lyle as daylight from dark. I didn't realize Harry was aware of my existence, but one afternoon he summoned me to his office and read me the riot act for drinking at lunch and jeopardizing a bright future. That probably sounds like an odd beginning, but that's how our friendship began. Our relationship, I guess I should say.

"Harry straightened me out fast. I quit drinking, except for one glass of wine at dinner. Harry trained me so brilliantly that I've already doubled my sales quota. In fact, Harry showed me how to fulfill myself; he set my feet on the path to the business and personal success I've always wanted. I depend on his advice, I need his companionship.

"Harry is married and doesn't intend to leave his wife and children, as he tells me honestly and often. I know he means it. I don't expect marriage.

"I told Lyle I would like to remain his friend but I could not give up Harry. Lyle reacted like a crazy man. It seems that divorce is the only solution for us."

LYLE'S STORY

"For a while I felt so hostile I couldn't bear to talk about Angie," said 46-year-old Lyle, a tall, thin man with sandy gray hair and a grim, sad expression. "My love for her turned to hate. Fortunately, my faith taught me that hatred is destructive, and by now I hope I have conquered it.

"With hindsight, I can see my mistakes. Probably, my first mistake was choosing a wife fourteen years youn But Angie seemed so forlorn and the summer we met, I felt I had to l out. I was more than rewarded by gratitude. She made me feel wonde

"It was great stuff for a guy like I'd always had it rough. My father d when I was just fourteen, the oldes seven kids. I had to go to work at d —I still work in the same shop— Mama, with my boss' cooperation, to it that I continued on through sch and junior college. Later I helped youngest brother get his doctorate.

"I thought Angie and I were ide suited. She also grew up poor. mother worked hard and held str religious and moral values that I na rally assumed Angela shared.

"The summer of our meeting pas like a dream. I remember it all vivi even my mistakes. Angie had fanta straight out of TV. We talked ab dream stuff that summer.

"For the most part, I am fully aw of my limitations. I realize that I'm an ordinary sort of guy, not a gamb I was pushing forty then, and totally inexperienced in the type money-making schemes Angie thusiastically proposed. Moreover, don't approve of the dog-eat-dog me ods of modern business.

"I should have explained my real a tude to Angie. I was satisfied with thi as they were. I should have told he felt a moral obligation to stick with present employer, who stood by mother and me in the days when counted. Instead I kept my mouth sh I couldn't bear to disappoint Angie, risk losing her, I was head over heels love.

"We were married in her moth

(continued on page



"Watch it. You're talking down to me again."

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Check your discounts.

In most states, drivers under age 21 in your family who complete certified driver training courses may make you eligible for a 10% savings.

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If you drive to work, use a car pool. In some states, you could save up to 30% on your premiums.

Don't decrease your liability coverage.

Whatever you do, maintain enough liability coverage.

It's the most important part of your policy because it protects you against large claims that could wipe you out financially. Jury awards have been skyrocketing.

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Talk with your agent.

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And remember, drive carefully. Observe all traffic regulations. Careful driving can also save you money.

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We want you to understand
what you're paying for.



Prudential

Spending your money

By Sylvia Porter

How to save on coffee without drinking less. Paying off that car loan—three or four years? Name colleges vs. non-name colleges. Reading the meters (and liters) in your future, etc.

My entire family (including me) are heavy coffee drinkers. How can I save on this big item in our food budget, short of drinking less coffee?
One hint is to increase the time the water is in the coffee, says the U.S. Agriculture Department. Experiment by raising your percolating time or shifting your coffeemaker to the strongest setting; keep experimenting until you find the point at which the flavor is right for you. Another is to use the finest grind feasible in your coffeemaker, for the finer grinds hold water longer, and thus you use less coffee per cup.

My husband's credit union will give him a $3,600 loan to buy the new car we simply must have—at an interest rate of 11 percent. He can repay it in three or four years. I say we should take the loan for four years and cut our monthly installment payment. What do you think?
I think you should get rid of your loan in three years, because of the amount of money you'll save in interest by repaying in the shorter period and because it would be sound to have this car all paid for *before* you start looking around for your next new car. To give you the actual figures supplied by the credit unions' "Everybody's Money," a $3,600 automobile loan at 11 percent, repayable in three years, would cost you a total of $4,242.60, breaking down into $642.60 for interest and a monthly payment of $117.85. The same loan, repayable over four years, would cost you $4,465.44, breaking down into $865.44 for interest and a monthly payment of $93.03. The savings to you if you can pay the moderately higher monthly installment for the three-year loan would be $222.84.

My corporation is trying to increase sales of U. S. Savings Bonds by urging us to join its "Bond-A-Matic" program. Can you explain how this program works? And is it any good for me?
"Bond-A-Matic" is a new, national program introduced last year by a few giant corporations and being expanded to include the entire U.S. this year. Here's how it works: When your Social Security deductions are completed for the year, all or part of your deduction for Social Security taxes is then applied to the purchase of E bonds in your name. Your take-home pay is not reduced, for the money now going to your savings bonds was being deducted before. Your savings account is automatically and painlessly increased, for the money is invested for you each payday. It's a sound program for the U.S. Treasury. It's even sounder for you, assuming your pay level is high enough for you to stop paying Social Security taxes before the year ends (above $16,500 this year). You earn 6 percent on the bonds to maturity in five years and you pay no income taxes on that interest until you start cashing in your holdings.

After my broker bought me a certain stock, I saw that it was listed as "ex-dividend." Does that mean I won't get any dividends in 1977?
"Ex-dividend" simply means that you bought the stock after the date the corporation declared its most recent periodic dividend; and you're not entitled to receive that payment. You *are* entitled to receive future payments, however.

We just made reservations to fly to Europe in July. Now we're planning to get our passports. What is the quickest way to get action on these essential documents?
Get your applications in immediately! It may take you up to three weeks to get your passports, for applications are up sharply over last year. Check at your central Post Office. If passport applications aren't available there, check at Federal and state courts in your area. You'll get proper guidance from these sources.

We have twin sons, age 18, and both are determined to enter college this fall. We can't afford a first-rate private university, but we could swing a nearby state college. The trouble is, they both are very ambitious and daydream of becoming presidents of rival corporations some day. Will a degree from an obscure, public college be a drawback?
No. Although a recent Standard & Poor's study of 74,000 executives at the top of leading U.S. corporations disclosed that more than half had attended a mere dozen colleges, the balance had graduated from hundreds of other schools. Among the exclusive 12 was City College of New York, scarcely an "Ivy League" college, but definitely a producer of worthwhile executive talent. (Personal note: I went to Hunter College in New York City when it was tuition-free, and commuted by subway from my home. I know that what matters is the dedication and drive of the student and the excellence of the faculty—not the name of the school nor the beauty of its campus.)

My husband and I own our home jointly, and most of our other valuable assets are held as "Joint Tenants with Right of Survivorship." My husband says this eliminates the need for a will? Is this true? *(continued on page 148)*

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But, no matter which of the four you choose, Sears doesn't think you'll find four better constructed mattresses with more firm coils and luxury features anywhere!

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Full one-year warranty
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For one year from the date of purchase, Sears will, at our option, repair or replace this bedding, free of charge, if defective in material or workmanship.*

Limited warranty

After one year from the date of purchase until 5 years for the Sears-O-Pedic I, 8 years for the Sears-O-Pedic II, 10 years for the Sears-O-Pedic III, or 12 years for the Sears-O-Pedic IV from date of purchase, if this bedding is defective in material or workmanship, Sears will, at our option, replace or repair this bedding, charging you 1/5, 1/8, 1/10, or 1/12 of your purchase price times the total number of years owned. Contact your nearest U.S. Sears store for warranty service.

*If bedding is queen size (60-inch width) these warranties only apply when the bedding is used with center support frame or bed rails that provide rigid center support.

The place to shop for mattresses Sears

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*Prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii

Sex harassment

By Letty Cottin Pogrebin

Pinchers, fondlers, leerers, chasers—who needs these men who make life miserable for working women? Here's how you can fight back against unwanted and demeaning advances.

A restaurant owner grabs a waitress' rear whenever she passes the cash register. A police officer makes advances to the woman cop with whom he shares a patrol car. A politician bombards his female staff with vulgar remarks about their breasts. An executive offers his secretary to visiting buyers when he isn't chasing her around the desk himself.

These experiences are the stuff of cartoons and comedians' routines—but women aren't laughing anymore. Sexual harassment on the job isn't funny. The woman victimized by it can suffer great personal anguish, depression and physical stress symptoms such as nausea, headaches and severe body pain. If she's seen as a tool for sexual pleasure, she knows her work won't be taken seriously. She has no job security as long as she's used as a decorative office ornament or a prize to be bartered among clients and customers. If the attentions of a male co-worker become an embarrassment to the company, the double-standard usually cools the scandal this way: he's reprimanded and she's fired. Sexual harassment, whoever perpetrates it, undermines a woman's job performance, poisons her work atmosphere and carries the message: put out or get out.

Why haven't we heard more about this problem? Susan Meyer and Karen Sauvigné, founders of the Working Woman United Institute (WWUI), offer this explanation: "We've been told over and over that 'boys will be boys,' this is not really serious, we should be good sports, or we should enjoy it. The truth is that women don't enjoy being subjected to unwanted sexual advances. It is humiliating and degrading. But because we've been wrongly taught to feel it is somehow our fault, we rarely even tell our friends, husbands or family when it happens. We're afraid we'll be laughed at or blamed for it or even lose our jobs as a result."

In order to research and combat the problem, WWUI first had to define it: "Sexual harassment is any repeated and unwanted sexual comments, looks, suggestions or physical contact that you find objectionable or offensive and that causes you discomfort on your job." Then WWUI surveyed 155 women in upstate New York and discovered that 70 percent of the sample group had experienced sexual harassment at least once. While most of the abuse was verbal, 56 percent of the cases also included physical harassment.

Teachers, factory workers, professionals, executives, waitresses, clerical workers and domestics all reported incidents of sexual intimidation. One woman couldn't get into law school because an employer she had rebuffed refused to give her a recommendation. Other speakers reported leaving high-paid jobs to escape "pinchers" and "chasers."

All over the country, women are beginning to break the silence and share their "war stories"—and some have exploded into the headlines. A Washington secretary told *The New York Times* that a Texas Congressman had pressured her to have sexual relations with him and gave her a $6,000-a-year raise without allowing her "any definite responsibility," despite the fact that she was exceptionally well-versed in nuclear matters. An actress starring in a Boston play charged that she was fired for resisting the advances of the male lead. Last September, a county district attorney in upstate New York was indicted for attempted sexual abuse of his 20-year-old secretary. And a 21-year-old woman became a *cause célèbre* in Washington, D.C., when she claimed that she was fired from her job at a VA hospital for refusing to "act right" for her boss.

Hundreds of cases that haven't made the newspapers *have* made waves at employment counseling services, human rights commissions and in the courtrooms.

Helen Williams and Cathy Tombow of Cleveland Women Working have counseled several victims of sexual harassment.

"We usually get the less extreme complaints," says Williams. "Most women are still too ashamed to report anything more than touching, spoken vulgarities or the forced kiss. Each woman assumes it's happening only to her—that she did something to cause it."

Tombow counsels women to share their experiences and resist as a unified group, but she finds a reluctance to confide in one another: young women fear that older women will think the man's advance was provoked by the young woman, and older women don't confide because they think young women are too inexperienced to understand or help. Tombow contends that women who work alone in a one-man office are in the worst fix. "One secretary earning only $400-a-month was fending off her boss singlehanded," Tombow says. "No matter how often she told him she was happily married, he kept up the pressure. Since it was just the two of them in the office, there was no possibility of a women's coalition or a complaint to his superior. We advised her to quit. Fortunately, her husband was earning enough to support her while she looked for another job, but a lot of women don't have that luxury."

Of course, that's the crux of it. Sexual harassment is a virulent form of economic coercion practiced by men who have the power to hire or fire, promote or demote, give raises or deny them. A $6,000 sexual bribe from a Congressman is the exception. *(continued on page 28)*



1.



2.



3.

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Psychiatrist's notebook

By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

Why would a person dress badly? Always arrive early? Get along better with her grandchildren than with her own kids?

I'm always early to appointments and my friend is always late. I envy her, but at the same time I am annoyed by her lateness.
Compulsive earliness and lateness often have an identical root—namely, the need to comply and to come off as the conforming "nice guy." The compulsive earlybird responds to the "good girl"/"nice guy" image by always arriving too soon. The always-late arrival responds to the very same image by rebelling—compulsively being late as a gesture of defiance against her need to conform.

Very often, both compulsive earlybirds and latecomers are repressing considerable anger. The earlybird hides her anger by being the responsible, good person who not only arrives on time but even an hour early (I have known people who arrive *hours* early). The late arriver discharges her anger by sabotaging and irritating the person who is kept waiting.

Since most of the motivation to behave in this way is unconscious—as is the case with other compulsive or choiceless behavior—the individual may be unable to change. Understanding hidden motives helps. Surrendering unrealistic images of ourselves helps even more in replacing all kinds of compulsive behavior with action based on true free choice.

I have a friend who spends quite a lot on clothes, but she has no sense of color, line or anything else that might flatter her. Is taste inborn?
Let me list a number of possibilities and related thoughts:

- How people dress reflects how they feel about dressing, how they feel about themselves—or, most frequently, both.
- Your friend may not care much about how she looks or dresses, although a lack of interest in one's looks is very rare.
- She may be chronically depressed and may express her depression and self hate by neglecting, even undermining her looks. If this is her motive for "poor taste," it is probably largely unconscious.
- Some people have a relatively limited background in the esthetics of dress and need education to compensate for this lack.
- Some people express early rebellious feelings toward parents and continuing rebellious feelings toward authority in general by dressing in a contrived, "uncaring" way.
- Some people project unconscious hostility by confronting "friends" with a distasteful appearance in order to irritate them and to deprive them of the possibility of a pleasant sight.
- Some people use "poor dress" the same way others use "good dress": to attract attention.
- Some people dress poorly in order to evoke pity by conveying an impression of martyrdom and helplessness. Putting themselves in this dependent position is, in a way, an attempt at some kind of distinction.
- A lack of taste may be part of a general lack of being in touch with one's feelings, as well as a detachment from people and life.
- Many people dress poorly themselves, even though they can tell what clothes look good on other people. This may be due to an unrealistic, inappropriate self-image that unconsciously distorts age, height, weight, coloring. Thus they may see themselves as much heavier, older, etc., than they actually are.
- There are a number of people who unwittingly dress poorly in an attempt to efface themselves, to blend in, to fade away, to be as unnoticed as possible. This, too, is a form of self-hate and low self esteem.

Undoubtedly, a handful of people are born with a particularly good and creative sense of color and form. So it stands to reason that there may be some few who are born without such a gift. But I believe that in most cases this "lack" of taste is due to environmental and personality difficulties.

I have a much better relationship with my grandchildren than I ever had with my own children. Why should this be?
You are older, wiser and more relaxed, too. As a grandparent, you don't have to prove what a good mother you are. You can relax more, even with very small children, knowing that the major responsibility lies with the children's parents. It doesn't matter so much whether you are over-protective or over-permissive. This makes it easier to relate to the children.

Also, you can pick up and go home when you've had enough. Living apart is never the same as living together. The usual family rivalries, manipulations, differences and struggles for authority are considerably diluted by distance. Your own children may even serve as a buffer between you and the grandchildren. Grandparents are often in that exceedingly rare position of having their cake and eating it, too. **End**

Dr. Rubin is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of "Reflections in a Goldfish Tank" (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc.). If you have questions you would like Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.

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The working woman

continued from page 24

Most often, small-time bosses take advantage of powerless and economically vulnerable women who have to think twice before turning down a $5-a-week raise or walking away from a regular paycheck. WWUI's survey found that low-wage women were more likely to encounter physical as well as verbal abuse. Age is no protection, either. Teenagers and over-50's were afraid to resist their bosses because they felt themselves either too inexperienced, too young or too old to get another job.

According to WWUI, victims of sexual harassment reported feeling "angry," "upset," "frightened," "guilty," "self-conscious," "trapped," "defeated" and physically ill.

These symptoms are not entirely unlike those reported by rape victims. Says an attorney for the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC): "Sexual intimidation is like rape because women are afraid to file complaints—afraid of employer retaliation and social repercussions."

Both sexual harassment and rape are unwanted violations of a woman's sexuality, personal privacy and human dignity. In rape, a man overpowers a woman with brute strength or a weapon, and the ultimate threat is loss of life. In sexual harassment, he overpowers her economically and threatens loss of livelihood. In both cases, it's rare to find witnesses to the incident—and it's almost impossible for the woman to prove it happened. At best, her word will be disregarded. At worst, her entire moral and sexual history may be scrutinized, she'll be ridiculed, hassled, criticized, stigmatized and/or dumped. The most expendable person is the woman who has never been anything more than a sex object in the eyes of management.

One would expect strong legal remedies to be available to victims of such an experience—and severe penalties to be imposed on harassing employers. Unfortunately, however, it's not even clear at the moment whether sexual harassment constitutes sex discrimination under Title VII of the Civil Rights Act. Five cases have reached the federal courts, and in three, the judges have ruled that making sexual demands a condition of employment opportunity reflects the employer's "personal proclivity," not sex discrimination.

The U.S. Justice Department agrees. It has argued that since sexual harassment can be directed at women *or* men (homosexual bosses have "personal proclivities," too), it isn't sex discrimination. What's more, the Justice Department holds that because an employer acts out his sexual attraction toward one employee doesn't mean he is biased against all women (or men) as a gender-class.

The EEOC disagrees. "Even if an employer doesn't harass all women, says a Commission lawyer, "if he harasses one woman sexually, he does so *because* she is a woman. Likewise, a homosexual boss who intimidates a male employee does so because of the male's gender. In both cases, it's the employer's subjective bias and the employee's sex that counts—so the EEOC considers sexual harassment to be sex-based discrimination covered by Title VII. A woman can't always prove—and shouldn't have to—that other females were being similarly bullied. If it's happening to *her*, it's gender-based discrimination against *her*."

The two courts that have found in favor of women complainants have done so on different reasoning from that of the EEOC. In Garber v. Saxon Business Products, the Fourth Circuit Court ruled that an employer who has a policy, or who acquiesces in a practice, of compelling female employees to submit to the sexual advances of male supervisors, is in violation of Title VII. Williams v. Saxbe, a case involving a Department of Justice employee, was decided similarly. The Court awarded Diane Williams $16,000 back pay and required that all negative evaluations be expunged from her employment record. Though both Garber and Williams were favorable decisions (involving one private and one public employer), both cases were decided on grounds that suggest sexual harassment would *not* have been considered discrimination if both men and women were harassed.

Tip of iceberg

This same reasoning seems to guide the decisions of the New York State Human Rights Commission. "Sex discrimination exists when the terms, conditions and privileges of employment are different for a woman than for her male counterpart," explains Jeannine Dowling, Director of Public Information for the Commission. "We received 60 complaints of sexual harassment during the first nine months of 1976—ranging from sexist remarks about a woman's body, clothes or contraceptive method, to unnecessary touching, demanding sexual favors as a condition of employment and firing a woman for resisting. I'd say those 60 are just the tip of a huge iceberg."

One of the Commission's conciliation agreements involved a hospital billing clerk whose superior had called her names, "petted, rubbed and bumped me" and said she could make more money if she went out and peddled herself. The clerk was awarded $300 compensatory damages, the promise, by the hospital, of an improved work atmosphere, no retaliation for filing her complaint and the guarantee of a letter of reference if and when she leaves her job.

In Wisconsin last March, State Assemblyman James Rutkowski introduced legislation that would subject a harassing employer to the Wisconsin Fair Employment Practices Law so that an employee can sue for back pay, damages, reinstatement and an end to the objectionable behavior. Rutkowski's bill would also recognize sexual harassment as a valid reason for a woman to quit her job and qualify for unemployment insurance benefits—a crucial protection.

While several states are following this constructive route, many others refuse women's claims. In New York, Carmen Wood, an administrative assistant at a university and sole support of two children, quit her job because her supervisor's frequent obscene gestures and lascivious looks had brought on tension cramps in her neck. Wood was denied unemployment benefits even though two witnesses testified in her behalf. The hearing officer didn't doubt that the harassment had occurred; he simply dismissed its importance. He said she left her job without "good reason."

Once again, men's lechery is considered "normal" and women's complaints are trivialized. One unemployment compensation official put it bluntly: "If we accepted sexual harassment as good reason for quitting, every woman would claim it."

Maybe every woman should. Sexual harassment must be socially and legally condemned before women can resist without fear of economic penalty.

You can try humor, charm, resistance and threats. You can remind him that you have a husband or he has a wife, you can demand he respect you as a human being and as a worker; you can join other women who have been harassed; you can confront him or report him to his superiors. But when your voice is ignored and the "old-boy network" closes ranks against you, personal solutions count for nothing. You'll either surrender as millions of women have before you, or you'll wage a public battle, take your case to your state's human rights commission, to the EEOC or into the courts. While you're in combat, your opponents' heavy breathing, mauling and X-rated reprisals may force you to quit to save your health. That's not surrender, as long as you apply for unemployment insurance and pursue your claim for all you're worth. Tell them we're not laughing anymore. **E**

HELP FOR VICTIMS OF SEXUAL HARASSMENT

For information, emotional support and legal advice, contact Working Woman United Institute, P.O. Box 732, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850. (607) 273-7613.

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Dollar's Worth from Mary Willis



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When you use Face Quencher,® the moisturizing makeup from **Chap Stick,®** you know how its moisturizers and creamy emollients give your face a smooth, soft, moist look. Well, now there are two brand new Face Quencher products. New **Face Quencher Creme Blusher** which will give your face a soft, smooth accent of color. And new **Face Quencher Moisturized Powder**—a sheer, transparent powder—to give your face a soft, smooth, velvety finish. All three products are available in a variety of shades to blend with light to dark complexions, and you'll find them in stores everywhere.



Because of a special money-saving offer from Chap Stick® Lip Balm, you can help protect your family from the drying rays of the sun this summer and save $1 at the same time. All you have to do is purchase two different flavors of Chap Stick Lip Balm and mail in proof of purchase for your $1.00 cash refund (plus a 10¢ coupon towards your next purchase). Exact details are available on displays where you buy Chap Stick. This summer, save money on Chap Stick Lip Balm while you protect your lips. And don't let your family go out in the sun without it.

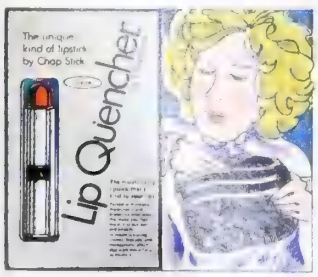




Warmer weather often encourages a persistent and unpleasant problem—the spread of worms. Left untreated, they can make even the healthiest dog look and feel bad. But here's good news: worms can be treated easily, at home, with a variety of specific products from **Sergeant's** (be sure to follow directions). For instance, **Worm-Away® Capsules,** mixed with your pet's food, eliminate roundworms. You can use **Sure Shot® Capsules** or **Puppy Capsules** to eliminate dangerous hookworms. And **Tapeworm Medicine** to get rid of tapeworms. For the worm problems most often encountered, Sergeant's has a specific product that can help. After all, they've been taking care of pets for more than 100 years.

If you've been looking for a quality shampoo to clean your dog properly and help make him more comfortable in the warm weather, here's something that can help: **Sergeant's®** makes a whole line of excellent products, one of which is just right for your pet. If your dog roams the countryside, you'll want Sergeant's **Skip-Flea® Shampoo** which kills fleas as it cleans. If your dog's coat tends to look dull, try **Creme Shampoo.** It will help. Its rich, luxurious formula adds lustre. If your dog's coat is thick, **Anti-Tangle Shampoo** is surely the product that you're looking for. It helps eliminate tangling and matting. They're all quality products from Sergeant's, the pet care people.





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Can this marriag be saved?

continued from page 18

church. My father-in-law, who did show up, was a man with no sen money. He sent us a check for a ho moon, although he hadn't contribut cent to his family the previous ye deposited most of his money in a ings account to secure Angela's fu

"We had a wonderful honeymoo a sensible price. Angela was a v and loving bride. I longed to give anything she wanted.

"Angela isn't extravagant in the nary sense of the word; she isn't gr or grasping. Sometimes, however, needed guidance. We had our prob like everyone else.

"Angela kept pestering me to get a more lucrative business, and I to do it. One time I almost jumped another office supply outfit, that p ised a nice advance in salary. But boss had his first heart attack, a couldn't leave him in the lurch. A understood that.

"She didn't understand why house, which she described as the ne borhood disaster, wasn't fixed up to her. It's true my family place isn handsome and modern as others ir area, but except for needing mino pairs, the place is okay. A majo modeling would cost a fortune wouldn't be worthwhile, as I was tol banks that turned me down for a lo

"I didn't say a word to Angela a the bank turndowns. I was afraid would sink into a depression. Angie fers from terrific high and low m swings. She has horrible nightm Frequently, in the middle of the n she would start screaming. The would fix her hot milk, brush her or hold her until she was asleep aga

"When our daughter was bor hoped Angie would relax, find a objective in life and be content. I delighted when she returned to coll I helped all I could and was prou punch when she finally graduated landed her first job. But, she go with the wrong crowd. She sta drinking hard and wouldn't listen to protests. In desperation, I fought her and our son Jimmy.

"Soon afterwards I began to no with surprise and relief that Angie drinking considerably less. She loving and kind to me. How was know it was all deceit and sham?

"Well, I found out. One night An blurted out that she was having a r tionship with another man—a man, cidentally, with a wife and children doesn't intend to leave.

"She wanted to remain my fri while continuing her immoral way

(continued on page

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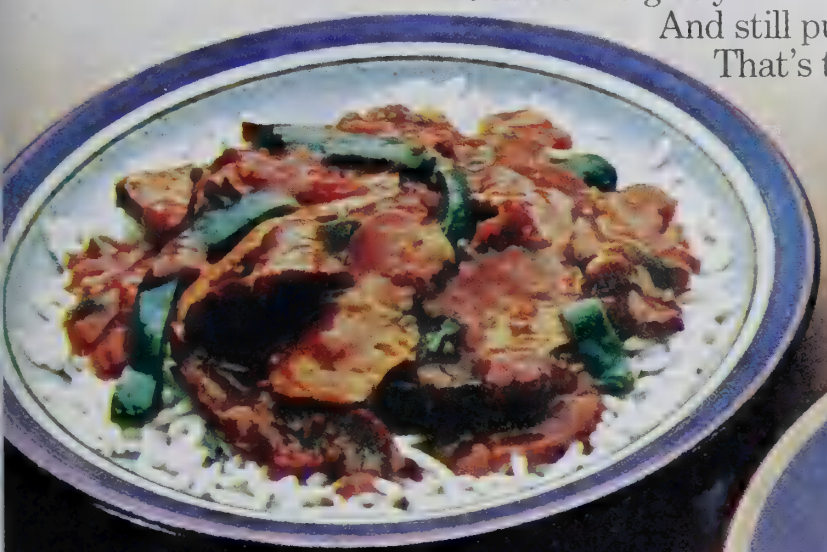
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1 can California Pitted ripe olives, sliced
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
1 cup shredded Monterey Jack cheese
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper
2 strips cooked bacon, crumbled

Partially defrost vegetables. Combine vegetables, olives, tomato sauce, cheese and seasonings. Place in a 1½-quart casserole. Top with crumbled bacon. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Serves 6.

Antipasto Salad

1 package (20 oz.) Westpac Mediterranean Vegetables
1 can California Pitted ripe olives
1/3 cup oil
1/4 cup wine vinegar
1 clove garlic, crushed
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon freshly ground pepper
1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
1/4 teaspoon oregano
Crisp greens

Cook vegetables in ⅓ cup water for 5 minutes. Drain vegetables and olives. Combine oil, vinegar and seasonings. Pour dressing over vegetables and olives. Cover and refrigerate at least 2 hours. Serve over crisp greens. Serves 6.

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Two fascinating profiles of names in the news

HEADLINERS

ANDY AND CLAUDINE

Andy Williams stood by Claudine Longet in her darkest hour. Here's his story of a love that wouldn't die. By Betty Messenger



The screams pierce the velvet dark as the slight figure in the scarlet silk suit moves through the audience in the spotlight—"Andy! Andy! Andy!" Women in evening dress throw themselves on him and slither off like seals from a wet rock as he swims through the crashing waves of "Moon River" and the amplified sound of his own voice toward the rainbow-lit shore of the stage.

It seems as if he'll never make it—the river wider than a mile—his head, bobbing towards his goal, sometimes disappearing behind an onrush of fans. Suddenly he's there.

And the song that is especially his soars to a crescendo as he turns to face them, microphone in hand, smile fixed, faun-slanted eyes of swimming-pool blue signaling instant happiness. And quite intact.

Andy Williams, giving a concert in Manchester, England, is in his element.

Caught up in the whirlpool of sound, color and emotion, my heart responds with a quicker beat, although I'd promised myself to remain objective and not become enmeshed in the charm of this small, smiling man.

Yet just two days earlier, in the luxurious penthouse suite at London's Dorchester hotel, while we nibbled peanuts and gazed out over the treetops of Hyde Park, I'd had the nerve to tell him that in his TV shows I found his performance bland and sugary.

He wasn't even annoyed. Courteously he listened and then he flashed that dazzling smile: "Come and see me. You'll find I'm not as bland and sugary as you think."

On stage, the moving "spots" weave a garish pattern of color, the physical vibrations are as deafening as any teeny-bopper pop concert. But the emotional vibes are different.

His voice is sweet and wooing now. "Where do I begin, to tell the story. . ."

"She fills my heart."

He clings to the high note tenderly.

"Oh, Andy. . ." A thousand entranced faces gaze towards the stage, rapt, waiting, loving. The gleam of a necklace as it catches the light reminds me how *(continued)*

MATTHAU, THE MAGNIFICENT



His secrets of a happy marriage, his triumph over heart surgery. By Liz Smith

Walter Mattha removes th silly blue baseba cap he is wearin passes his hand ov his bushy mustach in an atavistic, ge tlemanly gesture and stoops to kiss m affectionately on th cheek. Then this su prisingly handsom man takes my han and invites me t take a walk through the steamy meadows of Louisiana eerily beautiful Cajun country. Walter and I have neve met before, but already I adore him. He has observed m startled look at this unexpected display of affection an conspiratorily whispers: "One must conduct an intervie like one makes love. You just don't jump into the feather You must start out liking each other."

In the next few days of talking, walking, eating an just plain sitting with this famous star (once referred to a "the greatest comedic talent to emerge since W. C Fields"), I grow to love Walter a lot. In fact, I have ye to meet anyone who doesn't at least *like* Walter Matthau (Well, maybe there is one superstar who might not cros Hollywood's Polo Lounge to say, "Hello, dolly!" to him.

It takes only four short minutes to realize that talkin to "Wally," as some of his buddies call him, is playin straight man to his stand-up comic. Four days later, noth ing changes but the coffee cups—and the ribs that hurt from laughing. Walter Matthau's ribs have been hurtin seriously for some time now—since last May, when he ha open heart surgery, after tests suggested another massiv coronary might be on the way. (Matthau had his firs heart attack while shooting *The Fortune Cookie,* for which he won an Academy Award.) As if heart surgery wasn' enough, the hospital sent him home with serum hepatiti —the worst kind. Also, a shoulder he bruised horsin around in *The Sunshine Boys* is acting up again.

Add to this physical stress, the depressing disappoint ment Walter felt at winning $17,000 the night before on a cliff-hanging baseball game. Yes, disappointment! You see to a compulsive gambler like Matthau, winning isn't a painful as losing—therefore the emotion earned isn't a great. Get it? When I ask this yummy lollipop of a man why he disturbs himself betting on baseball games, his answer is immediate. *(continued on page 46)*



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ANDY AND CLAUDINE

continued

glossily dressed everyone is; there's not a pair of jeans in sight.

Now the band turns to a slow sexual beat: "Don't take your love a-away from me. . . ."

Nobody can, nobody will. Transfixed by the vision on the stage, they turn their faces to bathe in the sun. At the last count he had 17 gold discs, as many as the Beatles; yet who now under 20 cares?

"You know," he'd said earlier, "it's amazing to me that women go for a man of my age." He's 48. So much love, and he loves it.

During our talk in London at the start of his British tour, it emerged that Claudine Longet, the woman who was, for 15 years, his wife, still fills his heart.

"I'm happier now than I've ever been," he said. Happy he may be, but a love like theirs isn't always a happy encounter, and he has a sense of deep commitment even now.

Why else was it that although it's over a year since they divorced, he felt it necessary to be at her side in Aspen, Colo., last March, during her trial for manslaughter in the death of her lover, Vladimir "Spider" Sabich?

As soon as the news broke, he rushed to her side, and was with her and their three children, Noelle, 12, Christian, 11, and Robert, 6, all through the tense days of the preliminary investigations and the coroner's hearing.

"Do you still love her?" I asked.

Automatic to help her

"I love her dearly. And I've always known since we parted that she'd call me when she was in trouble. It's automatic. And it's automatic for me that I should go and help her.

"For instance, recently Claudine was in a terrible car accident coming back from a Clint Eastwood tennis tournament. She ended up in the hospital.

"There was a call to me—I was working at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas—and I left immediately and picked her up within the hour. I had an ambulance waiting at the airport at Santa Monica and had her at her house down at the beach within another hour. I just took care of her.

"She had her nose broken, cheekbone smashed. I called in doctors and nurses and flew back and forth from Las Vegas every day."

He has always been convinced that the tragic shooting at Aspen was an accident, and that Claudine was innocent.

"I went there right away when I heard, because apart from Claudine needing me, my children were there. I wanted to make sure they were all right and my first instinct was to get them out.

"Aspen is a small place; everybody knows everybody, and I thought it would be terrible for them to stay there under the circumstances.

"But Claudine wouldn't leave. And she was right. The children never had one bad day in Aspen. On a manslaughter charge after the coroner's court proceedings there was no bond (bail) needed; they didn't ask for it. They knew she wasn't going to go.

"Afterwards, she bought a house there, and I think everybody realized she was going to be a citizen, a personality. She's very strong in some ways."

Was it really her strength of will that broke the marriage? That, and his enforced absences while on tour?

"It was her will against mine all the time. Our interests clashed. Mine were singing, working hard, golf and being with people I worked with and liked.

"Hers was a dream world of flowers, springtime, running in meadows by fresh brooks. She's still that way. She'd write it all down in her diary every day: fantasy—about music, beauty—everything that was unreal."

The world that was real for her was not his; there was no territory they could share.

He paused and looked out over the park again. "I guess I was too dumb to realize what she was and how best to treat her until after we were divorced. If I had had more insight and been brighter, I probably wouldn't have married her in the first place. It was difficult to make it work."

There was a touch of wryness about the famous smile.

"Yet she was strong, too. I didn't want to have the final break. I kept putting it off. I was kind of wandering around in a fog not knowing what to do.

"But she was the one who, once divorced, turned her back and made a new life. She's like that. She'll go off in an entirely different direction when she's finished with something.

"But we're best friends."

It was something I knew he'd sai
fore, about Ethel Kennedy when
were photographed and featured i
the gossip columns—"Best friends."

It was probably the way he bru
off most reporters' tiresome ques
about the women in his life.

The widow of Robert Kenned
seemed to me, is a practical lady, a p
cally aware woman, a livewire wi
large family that she bosses soundl
I asked: "But surely she's a very d
ent kind of woman from Claudine."

He considered that one for a mom
then said: "No, they are alike. You
Claudine is strong in many ways,

He got up and opened some "b
shelves," to reveal a cupboard be
the pseudo leather bindings and
out a bottle of Vichy water.

In the silence, a door opened a
petite, beautiful, young girl in trou
and raincoat walked in.

Laurie Wright, the 21-year-old m
student he'd met while on tour in
waii, and with whom he's been havi
romantic friendship for the past ye
beautiful shades of Claudine—slip
past us to the door.

He watched her. "Where are you
ing?"

"I'm going out." Her voice and m
ner were soft and childlike.

"Are you coming back?"

"I'm just going out walking."

"Will you be back before I go?"

"No."

"Okay." His voice was singsong
gentle, as if soothing a recalcitrant ch

He followed her to the door.

"Please tell the man downstairs
give me a key so that I can get in w
I come back," she said, and was g
down the steep and winding stairs.

He came back and sat down. "It's
easy for her, or anyone who's with
on tour, because they have nothing
do. It's hard enough for me but at le
I get the release of working. *(continu*



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IDY AND CLAUDINE

continued

Laurie there's not much to do ex- to wait.

Where were we? Oh, yes, Claudine. When we were breaking up, about years ago, I went to a psychic in n when I was on tour there. He told was in a state like a ship in a fog, hat I'd come out of it.

ou see, I didn't know what was g. I was kind of wandering around, Claudine and I were separated two a half years before the final break, I didn't want it. I resisted it. thought: 'I can't let her go.' "

o you miss her?"

ot now, but I did for a long time. asked how many times I'd been in I don't know. Interviews are diffi- for me because I never know the ers. Are you happy? Are you in ? Are you rich? I really don't know. erhaps I've been in love three times. aps never. I have a friend who has ory that love isn't the best basis for iage. Being friends is better."

dy Williams has been lonely since livorce, but not for the first time. three older brothers and I had a ng act, The Williams Brothers, but n they decided to break it up, nd 1950, I felt terrible.

he only thing I knew was how to —I'd been singing professionally I was eight years old—so I had to n doing it. I had nothing else.

Who was he?

t was a time when I was floating one sleazy nightclub to another. ed in hotels and drifted. Although I d girls, I never formed any perma- relationship for about ten years. s trying to find out who I was."

nd who were you?"

mean," he explained patiently, t I was trying to discover who I professionally. I felt empty and I n't sure what to do with my act. Ve'd had a singing, dancing, mov- act and, left alone, I tried to carry t one time I even dressed in top hat tails and did the Noël Coward ine—*Mad Dogs And Englishmen!*" grinned for the first time with genu- musement.

t was strange. People would get up dance while I was singing. They'd b on stage and walk across it to find bathroom. Man, that really hurt.

often thought of giving up, and e I was floundering around. It took ng time for me to realize that all I to do was get up there and sing."

hen, after the lonely, confused years aking it alone, he met Claudine. She beautiful and French, from Paris, e no English and had come to Las as as a dancer. She was 19, he was 11 years older. By 1961, a year later, they were married.

"I was very afraid. The responsibility seemed so great. No, I wasn't scared of the commitment to one person, I was just scared to death of the responsibility.

"The first year was very hard. All her attention was focused on me because she didn't speak English and had no friends. She didn't know anybody.

"In the evening we'd sit down for hours together and do English lessons. I had to really work on her accent because she wanted to act, and she went to MGM classes to learn. Then we had our daughter, Noelle, and the baby took some of her attention off me."

He sat back suddenly as if released from a burden; the intensity of the relationship, the introspection of that first year had not been easy for him.

That was just before his career took off in a big way and Claudine, as he says, "became jealous and possessive."

They lived in Los Angeles in "a beautiful little house where, in spite of our bad moments, we were happy.

"I love that little house. I live there now. After we separated, I wanted somewhere else to live, and the big Palm Springs house went up for sale.

"I called my lawyer and said: 'What about the little house? Is it still rented?' The lease was up so I went back.

"And I hated it! What I thought before was beautiful was no longer my thing. So I re-did it twice."

Yes, he's very happy there now. It has a big bath. A maid comes in six days a week to clean. And Laurie cooks.

Nineteen seventy-seven may be a good year. Nineteen seventy-six was bad. He lost his father, who died at 83, and he describes the loss as the one and only real tragedy in his so-far lucky life.

He was born and brought up in Iowa, Illinois and Ohio.

"My childhood was poor but happy. We were lower middle class, which means we had food but didn't have *new* clothes all the time. As in most families, I guess, the older children handed on their clothes.

"My father was a railway mail clerk, but he gave that up to manage me and my three brothers. He was a courageous man, determined to make it through his family.

"I helped earn the family income from the age of eight and to raise the standard from being just small-town poor to something far better. We worked hard and practiced all the time. There was no playing football or anything like that.

"My father had been such a big influence in my life that I felt completely lost when he died."

He loved him deeply, but says: "Maybe what he did wasn't always entirely right. He bonded us together. I was so used to being part of a family group that I took a long time to find my own individuality."

He didn't enjoy singing when he was a boy, although he pretended to. "I remember going with my brothers when I was six to this kind of charity concert and singing, 'That Wonderful Mother of Mine.' Driving back in the car this lady said: 'Oh, don't you just love to sing?' And I said: 'Oh, yes, I do,' with my fingers crossed and my legs crossed and all my toes; and I hated it. I wish now I'd said 'No!'

"When I was a kid I wanted so much to please people and many noticed this in me, because more than one said: 'To thine own self be true—do you really want this—or that?' And it was difficult for me to say.

"My father was determined to make it through his children, but I wouldn't want to do that to my own children."

They look to Claudine, *(continued)*



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ANDY AND CLAUDINE

continued

strangely enough, for discipline, and to him for warmth and fun.

They're not spoiled, but, wistfully, he remarks that there are things like clothes which mean nothing to them, remembering as he does his own hand-me-downs.

"I'll give my little boy a suit for his birthday and he'll say, 'Where's my present? That's not a present.'

"What do I need to be happy? I don't know. I won't marry again, I think; perhaps I don't want that kind of commitment, and I don't think I ever want to fall in love again.

"I'm happy on stage, but I wouldn't go as far as Sammy Davis and say I am only happy when I'm performing. I love being with my kids—that's happy.

"As I said, I don't really know the answer. Do you know what happiness is? We don't always go after the right things. I always wanted to be older.

"I remember when Claudine and I were first together she was off playing tennis with Peter Fonda and his wife, and I was off playing golf with Henry Fonda, Bing Crosby, Jimmy Stewart and the famous people I admired. I wanted to be a part of their scene.

"Now I wish I'd been with her, playing on the courts with the younger set.

"Now I want to be younger. I want to simplify my life, to shed my business interests. I have one house, one car (it's a Rolls-Royce) and six suits that I like. I don't have a private plane and I never use private planes. I don't have or do any of the things rich people are supposed to."

Needs an audience

He doesn't need drink—though like Steve McQueen and Paul Newman he loves beer. But like all performers he does need an audience.

The show is moving at a faster pace.

"I can't stop loving you. . ." The heavy beat echoes in the rafters.

"Can't get used to losing you . . ."

He progresses through three costume changes and a galaxy of colored lights, a program of ballad, beat and rock.

"The days of wine and roses. . ." Tender, nostalgic.

"When we played our charade. . ." Dramatic, yearning.

"A child who wandered through meadows and brooks. A love that was a puzzle from the start. . ."

"I'm happy on stage," he said. "Everywhere I look I can see people enjoying themselves. I know that I have something which communicates but I don't know what it is. Maybe it's my whole being. Maybe the sound of my voice.

"I'm glad to have it. Because it's the only thing I have." **End**

MATTHAU

continued from page 40

"Because there isn't a horse race a for fourteen miles."

We are in the heart of Opel County, where Walter is, miracul back at work making a movie, C *Shadow*. Ironically, the story is quarter-horse racing, a heart-sto sport unique to the great Soutl Sharing *Casey's Shadow* with Mat who plays a scruffy, irascible, ofte moral Cajun horse trainer, are three who play his motherless sons, and orous socialite-actress Alexis Smith

It isn't the sun gleaming th Louisiana's Spanish moss that Walter squint at my question. It irrepressible devilment. "Just ho you mean, am I getting along with is?" he drawls. "If you mean, am I ing with her—I would have to te truth." Walter pauses and milks th ment as much as he can. "The ansv —no. Hell! I can't even kiss seriou my condition. Besides, my wife would kill me if I slept with Alexis

There have always been rumors Matthau's current marriage to a Carol Grace was made not in he but on a roller coaster of ribald h and healthy lust, bound with the ing broth of chicken soup, family tion and affection. Recently, W who has an innate, big-city distru doctors, sarcastically gave his hear geon the credit for saving his mar "Poppy," as Carol and their son Cl call Walter, jested that the doctor him the best exercise was "making —the only thing to really keep the pumping." Retorted Carol: "I re mended this same prescription to W many years ago—for a different re It's the safest way to keep the ladies away. I keep him very tired, if he can raise the enthusiasm for one else, I say 'Bravo!' "

Misses New York's weather

A chill, "norther" has started to along the bayou, so we walk to trailer for coffee. Slumped, laconic an easygoing behemoth, Walter m along happily, mumbling and ki any children he may pass. Turnin his jacket collar, he grunts, "The thing I miss about New York is weather. I *love* rotten weather. Wh live, the sun shines every day, and I see the ocean from my backyard. New York is for young people an sorted maniacs. So I sit in Califor sunshine letting my brain turn to w noodles. Not really bored—how can bored by my wife and record-playe

Now, sprawled across his bun nothing more than a soiled set of b country long johns, Walter looks lik

(continued on page

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THE LEGACY OF ANNE FRANK

Until he found her famous diary, Otto Frank didn't know the serene beauty of the daughter he lost. By R. Peter Straus

Almost 33 years have passed since Otto Frank discovered the existence of the remarkable diary kept by his articulate, teen-age daughter Anne. While hiding from the Nazis in the attic of an Amsterdam spice warehouse, writing in a school notebook, she kept a journal that has since been read by 60 million people. *Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl* is available in 40 languages. Marc Chagall did a painting based on Anne's life; a statue of her stands just around the corner from where she hid; John F. Kennedy spoke of Anne's gift as "the greatest truth of all . . ."; Eleanor Roosevelt wrote a preface to the diary; Yevgeny Yevtushenko wrote a poem for her; and Pope John spoke of Anne in glowing terms.

Though the diary itself is history now, there are many unanswered questions for the only surviving member of Anne's family, her father. Today, 88-year-old Otto Frank—Anne lovingly called him "Pim" in her diary—lives in a small ground floor apartment in Basel, Switzerland. He has remarried and his life has changed drastically since August 1945, when he first found Anne's plaid-covered, 312-page notebook.

At the end of the war, Otto Frank was released from the death camp at Auschwitz. When he returned to his home in Amsterdam to try to find his war-scattered family, he learned that his wife and two daughters had all died in concentration camps. A few days later, a mourning Otto discovered the diary. Evidently, when the Franks' attic hiding place had been raided on August 4, 1944 –and all eight of its Jewish inhabitants hauled off to concentration camps—Anne's adolescent notebook was left behind. Otto's secretary found it and kept it, hoping to be able to return it to Anne.

A very subtle transformation took place in Otto that summer. The son of a respected Frankfurt family, a businessman in Amsterdam, a leader of Jews hiding from Hitler's Germany, a survivor of Auschwitz, he became "the father of Anne Frank."

"It's a strange role," Otto says. "Usually, it is the child of a famous parent who has the honor and the burden of continuing the task. In my case, the role is reversed."

The reversal is just one more stage in a disturbing lifetime. In 1933, Otto Frank began to worry about what would happen when Hitler came to power in Germany. Though the Franks' German



roots go back as far as the 17th century, the fabric of life for a Jew in Frankfurt had already begun to disintegrate. However, Otto's decision to leave Germany had to wait for a job opportunity elsewhere. When he learned of a business position in Amsterdam, he welcomed the news for two reasons. First, the employer was an established company trading in pectin, an ingredient in jams and preserves. And second, Holland had been a refuge for the persecuted for centuries. It had even stayed out of World War I—and, presumably, it could be counted on to resist Germany in the future. The family moved to Amsterdam.

Unfortunately, before the end of 1940, the Germans overran Holland. By 1941, Otto, his wife and children had been forced to wear three-inch yellow patches marking them with the Dutch word "Jood," and the Nazis had launched their first round-up of Jews in Amsterdam.

The Frank family moved into their secret hiding place over the spice warehouse on the Prince Canal on July 5, 1942. Otto had already prepared the space and stocked it with provisions. In Amsterdam alone, 20,000 Jews went into hiding during that year—only half of them survived.

Otto Frank presided over the destinies of eight fugitives in that attic 24 hours a day for 25 months. It was a pressure cooker existence that made normal human relationships almost impossible. Looking back now, he recognizes that he paid more attention to Anne's older sister, Margot. "Anne was not particularly good at her studies; terrible at arithmetic; Margot was the bright one. She got along with everybody. Anne was ebullient, yes—but difficult."

Otto had given Anne a notebook for her 13th birthday, but he had taken no special note of how she used it. He was aware that she frequently went to write at the desk she shared—amid continuing controversy and bickering—with a dentist. But she did not offer to let her father read any of her efforts, other than a few very brief descriptive phra

His relationship with Anne was cl and loving, as her diary repeatedly tests. However, Otto spent much of time with Anne tutoring her in her st ies and mediating when she and mother clashed—as they often did in attic's constricted surroundings. So C Frank was surprised to find such ac rate and evocative descriptions of peo and situations in Anne's diary. "A qu different Anne emerged from the writ pages than the child I had lost. Ne had I imagined the depths of thoughts and feelings," Otto says. was utterly astounded at her sensitiv

Professional critics have also b surprised by Anne's writing. Her st is clean, pleasing and fluid. There are many teen-agers who can experien let alone communicate, the depth emotion found in Anne's writing. As wrote on Wednesday, February 1944: "It's lovely weather outside a I've quite perked up since yesterday. I looked out the open window . . . o a large area of Amsterdam, over all roofs and on to the horizon, which such a pale blue that it was hard to the dividing line. 'As long as this exis I thought, 'and I may live to see it, t sunshine, the cloudless skies, while t lasts, I cannot be unhappy.' "

His daughter's diary has made O Frank one of the world's most involv fathers. "Because I was privileged read Anne's diary, I perhaps know daughter better than most fathers ever know their daughters. Her di was for me a marvelous gift of intima and insight from the child I had lost.

It is a measure of Otto's quiet gre ness that he believes his duty now is convey Anne's message to the world. though it is difficult to answer all t questions about his daughter, he tries respond daily to the letters that pour

Otto and his second wife, Elfrie another survivor of the Nazi cam work as a team answering the lette They read the inquiries aloud and d cuss each answer. While no answer sembles any other, the theme runni through all is: do something to he peace, to eliminate prejudice. Begin wi your own circle, your own family.

There are many things that Ot Frank will never understand—exile fr his native country, imprisonment in attic and a concentration camp, the d struction of his family. But one thi may always puzzle him in a special wa "Though I had always felt close to Ann I now have to admit to myself that I d not know her innermost self." And it w Anne herself who wrote: "Who wou ever think so much could go on in t soul of a young girl?" **Er**

Maybe you shouldn't have taken a bath last night.

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ETHEL KENNEDY TODAY

Nine years after Robert F. Kennedy's assassination, his widow is still devoted to him—and to the ideals he cherished. By Lester David



Ethel Kennedy with son Joe.

This is Ethel Kennedy today:

- At a new medical and dental clinic serving 4,000 dirt-poor California Mission Indians, she beams at the big-eyed children and talks to the nurses and doctors. She helped set up the clinic, the first on the vast reservation.
- She flies to Santa Rosa, Calif., to help establish—over considerable opposition—radio station KBBF, the only one in America owned and run by Chicanos. The station now reaches more than 350,000 Spanish-speaking people.
- She visits journalistic workshops in several cities where high school students are learning how to report with strength and accuracy on the plight of the hurt, the deprived and the voiceless.

Nine years after Robert Kennedy was gunned down in a narrow, greasy pantry of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, his widow is devoting her life to keeping alive and carrying forward the ideals he cherished.

Shortly after his death, the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial was created to carry on his deep concern for the poor, the young and the disadvantaged. Headquartered in Washington, it awards "action fellowships" to outstanding young people who fan out across the nation to work on a wide range of projects and problems—from tutoring Indian children in North Dakota to investigating illegal access to young people's school records in Los Angeles.

This organization, designed as a "living memorial" to the Senator, has become Ethel Kennedy's life work. In Hobe Sound, Fla., W. Averell Harriman, former New York governor and one of the country's most distinguished diplomats, said of Ethel's commitment to the R.F.K. Memorial: "She's giving it all she's got." Harriman, so close to Ethel that she named one of her sons after him, told me: "She is a remarkable woman with extraordinary loyalty, clearly demonstrated in the manner in which she has remained dedicated to her husband's memory."

Though Ethel is deeply interested in political events, she does not intend to become personally involved or seek office. According to one report, several friends of her late husband suggested she run for a Virginia Senate seat, but she firmly declined.

Nor is she interested in recent efforts to reopen the investigation into the murder of her husband. She has never read a line about reports that a second gun was used in the 1968 slaying and never discusses the subject in private conversation. Former Rep. Allard Lowenstein, a family friend who is leading the efforts to prove that another killer [beside Sirhan Sirhan] was involved, told me: "I have never talked about the subject with Ethel and I respect the family's decision not to become involved in investigations about either of the assassinations."

She also does not seem to be interested in remarriage. One member of the Kennedy family confides: "There are no romances in Ethel's life. There is little likelihood that she will ever marry again. I hope that she will—many of us hope she will. But I don't think it's in the cards."

Lem Billings, whom Rose Kennedy has called "part of our family" ever since he roomed with John F. Kennedy at prep school, told me: "Ethel has given no indication of any serious romance, or any romance at all."

She still sees singer Andy Williams, but the romance, if one existed a few years ago, has ebbed. And her dates with the widower governor of New York, Hugh Carey, were just that—dates.

"She has very deep affection for Andy," says William R. Gruver, who has worked on every R.F.K. campaign since 1960 and with Ethel since her husband's death. "He was very close to Bobby, too. I think she feels for Andy because of his troubles and problems—emotional problems. There have been no other romances since Bobby died. It could have developed into a deep relationship, but it didn't. And it didn't because she's still married to Robert Kennedy. She is so married to him, in spirit, that she cannot make that jump—marriage to another man."

Ethel, who was 49 last April 11, is remarkably youthful looking. The laugh lines radiating from her large, dark brown eyes have deepened, and there are more of them there and around her mouth, but her skin—usually tanned—is taut, highlighted by a healthy glow in the cheekbones.

Her hair, a dark blonde, is worn shoulder length and fluffed; her brows are full and her teeth are white, straight and large, like Bobby's. Her weight, 120 pounds, has remained constant ever since she reached her full height of 5'5½" at the age of 15. Her legs are smooth and straight, yet rippling with muscles when she races across a tennis court.

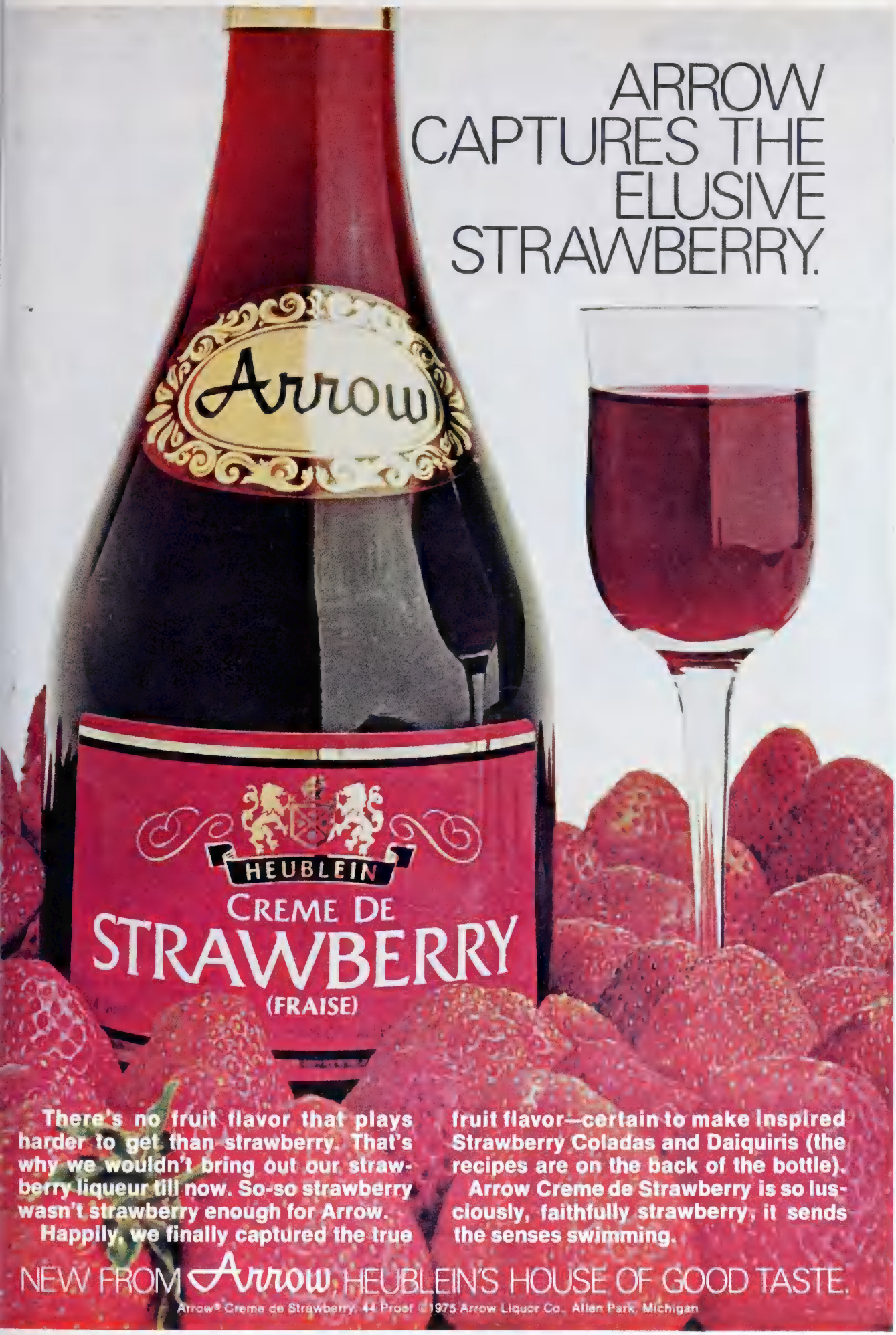
Paradoxically, for all her seriousness of purpose, Ethel is essentially cheerful and optimistic. "She is a happy woman," Averell Harriman says, which is astonishing in view of the emotional hammerblows that have come her way, the final one leaving her the widowed mother of 11 children.

"She is still the same old Ethel," Lem Billings insists, and in many ways she is indeed. Up early, she is on the tennis courts soon after breakfast, in all but impossible weather, and she is as deadly serious in competition as she ever was. A bad shot and she will fall on her knees and pound the court, groan, moan, tear at her hair.

She still gags her way through parties, dashes off funny notes to friends, is quick with a quip and a rib. Once, Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, announcing a forthcoming R.F.K. tournament to a roomful of TV and newspaper people, referred to it as a "tournis tenement." A year later, when Ted Kennedy faced a battery of microphones to announce another tournament, Ethel suddenly bellowed from the audience: "Let's hear it for the big tournis!" The place broke up.

Yet time has wrought changes. She is no longer the completely uninhibited prankster of the Camelot years. She has not shoved a fully-clothed dignitary into a swimming pool in years, or leaped upon a table at a party to launch into a song-and-dance or ridden a motor scooter around a crowded restaurant—all of which she once did. Nor is she the same naive tourist who once asked her guide during a visit to a Zen Buddhist temple in *(continued)*

Photograph by Ron Galella


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ETHEL KENNEDY

continued

Japan: "I read that your cats have no tails. Is this true?"

"She's a great gal, a fun gal, a wonderful, thoughtful hostess, but Ethel is winding down," says a friend who was a member of the Kennedy Administration. "Years ago, she'd never sit still; now she does. Years ago, you'd never catch her looking pensive; now you do. It makes one wonder what superhuman effort she must have exerted all these years to hide the marks that the tragedies must have left upon her."

Hickory Hill, the six-and-a-half acre estate in McLean, Va., where Ethel lived with Bobby and her children, is not the same, either. There still are animals—dogs, cats, horses and assorted pets—all over the rolling grounds and in the 15-room, white Georgian house. There is still at holiday times, the barely controlled bedlam when the entire family gathers with their friends to splash in the pool, ride in the paddock and play touch football.

But much of the time, the estate is quiet and dignified, as though inhabited by a wealthy businessman instead of the rambunctious Kennedys. There are fewer parties now, and rarely any large numbers of spur-of-the-moment guests. (Once Bobby drove up for lunch with a dozen high government officials, surprising Ethel, who whipped up hamburgers.)

Among the more frequent guests are former Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon; Governor Harriman; humorist Art Buchwald; George Stevens, Jr., president of the American Film Institute, and his wife Elizabeth; author George Plimpton and his wife Freddi; auto magnate Arthur Stanton and his wife Joan; and David Hackett, one of Bobby's boyhood friends who is now executive director of the Memorial. Alan King, Sidney Poitier, Frank Gifford, Bill Cosby and Dustin Hoffman often visit Hickory Hill.

Only four of Ethel's 11 children are home now: Rory Elizabeth, 7; Douglas Harriman, 9; Matthew Maxwell, 11, and Christopher George, 12. Ethel drives them to school, attends school affairs, and dines with them in the evening.

Ethel is proud of all of her children, but especially of Bobby, 22, who has overcome a rocky adolescence. At 16, he and his cousin, Robert Sargent Shriver III, were charged with being delinquent for possessing marijuana. Later, the charges were dismissed. At 17, young Bobby was in court again, arrested on a charge of "sauntering and loitering" by a Hyannis policeman who claimed the boy spat ice cream in his face when told to move his car. Kennedy pleaded no contest and was assessed $50 in court costs.

Bobby's rebellious stage has ended. Says Lem Billings: "He's a terrific kid, bright and serious like his father." Will he eventually run for office? Billings replies, "I hope he does . . ."

Ethel is still the total Kennedy woman; having absorbed so much of the family's lifestyle and credos, she could have been born into its midst. Actually, her own background is remarkably similar. Her father, George Skakel, rose from railway clerk to multimillionaire businessman and raised seven boisterous children on an estate in Greenwich, Conn., which could have been an earlier model of Hickory Hill. As it did with the Kennedys, tragedy entered Ethel's life early. Both her parents and an elder brother were killed in airplane crashes and a much-loved sister-in-law choked to death on a piece of meat. And, like them, Ethel is deeply religious, a daily communicant.

Ethel and Jackie Onassis have always been friendly but never close. Jackie is said to have considered Ethel naive, notches beneath the level of sophistication Jackie herself admires. Ethel and Joan Kennedy, Ted's wife, have a warm, solid relationship.

But Ethel is closest of all to Rose Kennedy, a woman she reveres. There is a reason. It is not generally realized that it was Rose, the indomitable matriarch, who was mainly responsible for bringing Ethel safely through the agonizing days after Bobby's murder. Ethel, who astounded the nation with a public display of dry-eyed strength, was far more devastated than has been reported. "Privately, she was a broken woman," one close associate told me.

Said a friend: "Rose Kennedy was her salvation. Rose talked to her for hours on end, infusing her with her own strength. The two were together very often, even after the funeral. Nobody but they know what was said, but ever afterward Ethel, always close to Rose, has been more devoted than ever. She knows what she owes that grand woman."

Another friend says: "Ethel has become a younger version of Rose. She is bringing up her children the same way, instilling in them a sense of how much they owe the country for what they have received from it, a strong sense of religion—and, most importantly, a sense of family."

Ted Kennedy, who lives a mile down Chain Bridge Road, drops in frequently to see Ethel and provide the father figure the children need. He plans boat rides, camping trips and picnics for them, dons a Santa Claus costume at Christmas to distribute gifts to them, tells them stories about their famous father and uncle.

He is a strict uncle. Misbehavior on a playing field will earn banishment to a room. A late return from a date means confinement to the house or an especially early curfew the next time. He has had many long, earnest talks with young Joe Kennedy, who prefers travel and action to books, about the need to continue his education. He talked with young Bobby after the marijuana case, emphasizing Bobby's responsibilities to himself and his family.

Ted also supports the R.F.K. Memorial, but no one contributes more than Ethel herself. She personally has enlisted hundreds of business, educational, political and community leaders to lend their support in the form of technical advice to the staff or direct financial contributions. She also has involved her older children who attend board meetings.

Much of the money to support the Memorial is supplied by the R.F.K. Pro-Celebrity Tournament held each August at Forest Hills Stadium in New York. Last year, more than $100,000 was raised.

Starting in March, Ethel devotes five months to the competition, working up to 20 hours a day as tournament time nears. She is in full charge of everything. She personally chooses the 80 players, including the world's leading tennis pros, and famous personalities from the worlds of sports, entertainment, government and the arts. She will sit for hours, a phone cradled between ear and shoulder, inviting players and cajoling the reluctant. Few have ever turned her down.

She sees all poster and advertising materials, suggesting ideas and rejecting those she doesn't like. She supervises the editing and production of the slick program. Only Ethel could get LeRoy Neiman, one of the country's leading sports painters, whose work commands high prices, to paint the covers free. Art Buchwald and George Plimpton write columns free. And Oleg Cassini donates his services by designing and supplying the tennis outfits.

About a year ago, Ethel journeyed to Brooklyn where a new $6-million commercial center was dedicated in the heart of a black ghetto called Bedford-Stuyvesant. Once it was an urban wasteland, and now a 36-story complex with many shops and a spacious plaza was opened for business. Bobby Kennedy helped get the great center underway, and Ethel, a member of the board of the corporation that built it, was there to see it finished.

It is not an RFK Memorial project, but her presence was dramatic evidence of her commitment. For this is what Ethel Kennedy will do from now on—work to finish what Bobby began.

One friend put it: "In an era of cynicism, skepticism and suspicion, is there a love story more beautiful?" **End**

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WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?



As Alexander Graham Bell probably said, "You can't win 'em all." By Gloria Goldreich

I am convinced that when Alexander Graham Bell's assistant exclaimed "What hath God wrought!" into the very first telephone, he had a prescient notion of that instrument's eventual impact on every family in the world. The very same question occurs to me each time the phone rings in my house, setting forth a series of minor eruptions. I ponder the mystery briefly, glare at last month's phone bill (which my husband leaves tactfully taped to the message pad), answer the phone and almost invariably proceed to make another call.

There are three telephone extensions in our house—one is in the kitchen, high on the wall; another is on a tall bureau in the master bedroom and still another is on a top shelf in the basement. Each location was strategically selected by my husband and myself for its inaccessibility to small children. Consequently, when the phone rings in our house, there is a great scraping of furniture, as chairs, stools (and, on one memorable occasion, an antique end table) are dragged across the floors to be mounted by our children, each determined to be the first to scream, "Who is it?" Often the excitement of the race proves to be too much for one child and an uneasily balanced stool falls over. The caller hears a child's agonized cry, my voice asking rather dispassionately, "Is there any blood?", my husband's unsmothered curse and a short argument between the other two children about the location of the Magic Markers. Then all three phones are slammed down and the uneasy caller wonders whether the child has survived, where the Magic Markers could be and if he should call back. Invariably he doesn't. We have lost more friends that way.

But not every call arouses such frenetic activity. There have been times when, with two adults and three children in the house, the phone has rung 15 or 16 times as each one waits for someone else to answer it. A special kind of pride is involved. No one wants to interrupt the very important activity in which he is engaged at the moment of the tintinnabulous summons.

If my husband abandons the cabinet that he is painting to answer the phone, he is acknowledging that his task is less important than the preparation of a quiche, which may be occupying me at the moment. My oldest daughter will not leave her book lest her reading be considered less important than her sister's clay modeling or her brother's Erector Set constructions. It is only when there is a sudden silence and we realize that the call is lost that we burst into motion. All three lifeless receivers are lifted and anxious "hellos" are shouted. We then reassure each other that whoever it was will call back.

After an hour we begin to wonder who it was. I am always convinced it was someone inviting us to a very special dinner party. My husband invariably assumes that it was an invitation to play singles at a private grass court. The children all cry about lost invitations to friends' homes, and in a short while an argument has developed about why the phone was not answered. It is only after recriminations have been shouted, tears shed and forgiving kisses exchanged, that we decide it was probably a wrong number. And it probably was.

There have also been occasions when all three phones have been answered simultaneously after only one or two rings. A typical situation like that finds me answering from the basement, my daughter from the kitchen and my husband from the bedroom—and a typical conversation is as follows (after we have all said "hello," our trio effectively drowning out the caller's tentative greeting so that we never do get to hear the voice):

Me: Jeanie, as long as you're in the kitchen turn the oven down to "Keep Warm."

My husband: What are we having?

Me: Corned beef.

Jean: I hate corned beef.

My husband: Bring up some beer when you come up.

We then all say good-bye to each other and hang up. I am not sure exactly how many friends we have lost that way but I notice that our out-of-town calls are now generally person-to-person. Our loss apparently has been AT&T's gain.

Once in a great while there is a phone call that is quite politely answered by only one of the children, who courteously informs the caller that everyone is fine and even asks how the caller is. The child volunteers the information that the adults in the family are home and dutifully goes off to call one of them to the phone. All well and good. Two or three hours later the receiver is found dangling dolefully from its extra-long cord and an inquisition is instituted to discover who answered the phone, who called and when. The Spanish surely had an easier time extracting information.

Once in a great while the caller and the person he is calling are united and there is a brief hope for private conversation. However, if the conversation is being held in the kitchen everyone is hungry. If the phone has been answered in the basement there is a sudden and urgent need for nails, and if the bedroom phone is in use it becomes the site of a family argument. The phone call is conducted between a series of hisses, whispered threats, muttered epithets and, ultimately, a bloodcurdling shout.

But we have developed a few basic rules to make our phone lives more bearable. If the phone rings after we have shut the door behind us and we are halfway down the path, we never turn back to answer it. We simply spend the next several hours wondering who it could have been. We are courteous but brief with telephone solicitors. As a result we now subscribe to more than 20 magazines, including one on oceanographic research, and own three sets of encyclopedias. To facilitate message-taking, we leave newly-sharpened pencils and pads next to each extension phone. The pencils are excellent for piercing the tips of coagulated glue jars, nudging small objects out of narrow spaces and as back scratchers. The pads make marvelous paper airplanes, are always convenient for wiping up messes and, when torn apart piece by piece and colored yellow, make a marvelous road for adventuring to the land of Oz. Occasionally, an indecipherable message will appear on such a pad. Our rule is strictly to ignore it. If the message was actually recorded, it is almost certain to be someone we don't want to hear from.

We have informed our friends of the stresses and strains involved in phoning our house. One frequent caller, when he hears the chorus of three different "hellos," replies, "Hello, all of you—get your mother or father," and places the phone gently down until the crescendo of replies has subsided. Another friend calls one of our neighbors and leaves a message asking that we call him.

There are days, after a frenetic series of calls, when I earnestly wish that Alexander Graham Bell had seen fit to direct his efforts toward a less cacophonous project. And then there are long, quiet evenings, after long silent days, when the only break in the stillness of our home is the soft rustling of turning pages. On such evenings I complain to my husband, "I wonder why no one ever calls us?" But then, as Mr. Bell probably said when the phone rang in his house, "You can't win 'em all." **End**

Some women don't have to advertise.

-Sandcastle



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GROWING AN INDOOR GARDEN



BY GEORGE & VIRGINIE ELBERT

Flamingo Flower. ***Anthurium scherzerianum.*** Windowsill, light garden or terrarium. Everblooming.

Around Christmastime you see in the flower shops as cut flowers long-stemmed anthuriums with enormous red or pink heart-shaped spathes that seem to be lacquered and which last for weeks. *A. scherzerianum* is that plant seen from the wrong end of a telescope—for it has been dwarfed to an eight- to 12-inch plant with three-inch spathes. The flowers of anthuriums are minute and cover the spadix, which is the "jack" in the pulpit. The spathe is equivalent to the pulpit—really a big spread-out sheath. But since it is the most colorful part, we think of it as the flower. It doesn't matter. It is to our eyes the flower and is very brilliant and beautiful. *A. scherzerianum*, depending upon variety, can have spathes in red, pink, white, orange or spotted.

As anthuriums grow under the forest canopy in the tropics, they need very little light. Never set them in sunlight. At the side of a window out of direct rays, at the ends of the tubes in the light garden or in a terrarium planted on the lowest level is the place they require. They must always be kept moist. Even a day of dryness can be lethal. They must have a very porous soil. They love high humidity but can do without it. If the pot is in an area of low humidity, the soil will dry out very quickly and daily watering will be a must. Use a balanced fertilizer in a very mild dilution once a month and only *after* the medium has been moistened with plain water. The roots are very sensitive and burn easily if subjected to concentrated fertilizer. Maintain 65°F. or higher at all times.

The growth of *A. scherzerianum* is from a short stem, which is actually the top of the root. The leaves are stemmed and spear-shaped—rather leathery. A plant growing in high humidity will become somewhat larger than one grown in a dryish atmosphere. It appreciates misting.

As the plant develops it forms subsidiary stems with root, which can be pulled off the parent plant. Repot every year and be sure to allow plenty of room as this is one plant that does not like to be cramped.

Given these simple conditions *A. scherzerianum* is reliable and very beautiful. The individual flowers sometimes last for two months. ■

Begonia 'Lenore Olivier.' Belva Kusler Hybrid. Cane-type *Begonia* suitable for windowsill or light garden and with intermittent attractive bloom throughout the year.

Cane begonias have stems that grow straight up or arch. Some types produce many stems, others have a tendency to stay single or double. Clusters of flowers hanging down, sometimes on long stems, are larger than those of the rhizomatous begonias, and the colors, from white to deep pink and red-orange, are much richer. But just as rhizomes get out of hand, so do canes. They do not branch much, if at all, and just keep elongating, until the time comes when they have either grown beyond all reason or exhaust the largest pot. After a while, you just have to start over again from cuttings, which take easily in moist vermiculite.

It is pleasant to report that cane-type begonias thrive on plentiful watering though you may want them not to grow so fast. They bloom more easily than the rhizomatous types and more often. With the more floriferous species and cultivars you may have bloom on and off all through the year, and the pendant masses of flower last a long time. Incidentally, you should note that there are two kinds of flowers, male and female, in all *begonia* inflorescences. The female ones have a prominent winged ovary behind the petals.

'Lenore Olivier' is a beauty. The leaves, which are a modified angel wing, are six inches long and very dark green, with silver spots and deep red reverse. The young leaves are a bright reddish color as they unfold. The stem is strong and it arches. The leaves are set close together, overlapping. This is due to relatively slow growth and short internodes, which keep the whole plant rather compact and extend its useful life.

When 'Lenore Olivier' has spread out six or eight inches long and is about five inches high, it will bloom, the truss of flowers protruding between the front leaves and spreading out close to the tip of the plant. The effect of the closely packed orange-red brilliance is tremendous. The plant takes about a year to grow 15 or 18 inches outward and some nine inches tall. Then you can start over again with cuttings, which root very easily.

Although all the cane types seem to be able to live with relatively little light—at the side of the window or well away from the lights—to achieve blo they need a good deal of light, and keep 'Lenore Olivier' tip within four five inches of the tubes. A sunny w dow is called for in the city, but brig reflected light from south or west is s ficient in the country. High humid and frequent mistings also help. Th plants are heavier feeders than so other begonias and can be fertili with each watering at one-quar strength of a balanced solution. ■

From "Plants That Really Bloom Indoors," by George and Virginie Elbert. Copyright © 1974 by George and Virginie Elbert. Reprinted by permission of Simon & Schuster, Inc.

Elfin Herb. ***Cuphea hyssopifolia. Ly raceae.*** Perennial for window or li garden. Everblooming.

We have seen numbers of these pla in nurseries and not once come acros in a home or amateur greenhouse. C viously, the nurseries would not carry if they did not sell it, so we must sume that we were never in the rig place at the right time. It certai should be popular with the indoor g dener for, though anything but strikin it is a comfortable plant, pretty, alwa in bloom and terribly easy to grow.

You have probably seen the lo spikes of that naturalized plant fr Europe, *Lythrum salicaria,* turning c marshy areas purple in August. And y may have grown other Lythrums in t garden (for instance "Morden's Pink" Well, *Cuphea hyssopifolia* belongs to t same family, and the individual flowe with their unequal purple petals, are most exactly the same as the wild a garden lythrums. This is a little bus with innumerable narrow oval oppos leaves and the small flowers growing the axils (joints). In a big pot (t inches) it can grow well over a fo high and more across. But in the hou we generally keep it in check or ev bonsai it so that it is usually not mo than eight or ten inches in height spread.

We pot it in a light soil mix (equ parts sphagnum peat moss, perlite ve miculite), with a little lime (3½ tb. p quart) in a 4-inch pot, after it has starte to bloom in a two-incher. It must be ke constantly moist. It will grow nicely any exposure except north and can star direct or partial sun. Under lights blooms at a distance of 15 inches. No mal house temperatures agree with summer and winter. Fertilize with a ba anced solution, and your only chore keeping it neat by trimming and shakin the branches to get rid of the small dea flowers.

Cuphea puts out rather long, thi branches on new growth and these when cut off, should be propagated i moist vermiculite. A couple of weeks usually sufficient for rooting. I have nev er grown it from seed but it does pro duce them spontaneously in *(continued*

JOHN MAY

"When I designed this apartment on New York's Central Park South, I made it seem like a place the country. Nothing trendy. Just an easy, comfortable atmosphere. Good, clean-lined oak. A wall of ooks. It's just the kind of straightforward environment my client, Norman Cousins, thrives in. And that's y design philosophy—to make a person at home."

We at Century Furniture are very pleased that John May, A.S.I.D., chose a coffee table from our andlewood group. If you would like to see more Century furniture, including our upholstery, send for ur Century magazine. Enclose $3.00 with your name and address to: Century Furniture Co., P.O. Box 127, Dept. H-1, Hickory, NC 28601. CENTURY® Furniture of Distinction.



Growing An Indoor Garden

continued

great quantities. After the plant has been in bloom for a while, just shake it well over a sheet of white paper and you will find plenty of the little black seeds, which germinate rapidly. Since growth is fairly slow at first, cuttings are preferable.

We have had mites on *Cuphea* but this is a sturdy little plant and you can swish it in a bucket of lukewarm water with or without Kelthane to get rid of these pests. ▪

Epiphyllum* hybrids. *Cactaceae. Spectacular and easy spring bloomers for the window garden.

The epiphyllums are epiphytic (growing in trees) cacti, resembling very large Christmas cacti. The stems of some varieties are more upright while others are hanging; and they are rather leaflike in structure in a succulent way. There are no more magnificent flowers to be found than the vividly colored six- and eight-inch ones which last one, at most two, days. However, plenty of buds are formed and the flowering period lasts for weeks.

Epiphyllums have been much hybridized in Germany. Our nurseries sell them unlabeled, and if you want specific named varieties you must buy the plants from specialists.

Grow epiphyllums in tall pots or baskets. Like most succulents, they prefer a small container. Use a rich soil mix (3 parts sphagnum moss to 2 parts perlite, 1 part vermiculite). Fill the bottom of the pot or basket with drainage materials, as good aeration and loose soil is a must.

After flowering in the spring, give the plants regular waterings and balanced-formula fertilizer. Fish emulsion is considered best by many growers. Direct sunlight should be avoided but the plants must be set in bright light. In the fall, slow down watering to once a week. The roots should never be absolutely dry but, with the cooler temperatures, never soggy.

The amount of watering at any time of year will very much depend on the texture of the soil. If the plant receives a lot of light, you will have to watch closely to avoid drying out the roots.

In winter you can give full sun. Then, when new growth starts, after the turn of the year, resume regular watering and fertilizing until buds and flowers appear in March, April or May. Healthy plants will produce an extraordinary number of these large blossoms.

Pieces of stem, after a few days of drying out, root very readily in moist sand at a temperature of 70° F. or better. By cutting your plants back in the fall you will deprive yourself of their full magnificence but will prevent them from taking over more space than you can afford. ▪

Crown of Thorns. *Euphorbia splendens bojeri. Euphorbiaceae.* Windowsill or light garden. Everblooming when subjected to daily bright light.

Euphorbia bojeri is a smaller plant overall than the standard crown of thorns and therefore much easier to handle in the house. Like poinsettias, crown of thorns has very small flowers but the surrounding bracts are brilliantly colored and seem to be petals. Those of this *Euphorbia* are kidney-shaped, two in number, opposite each other and brick red. Each peduncle (flowering stem) bears two flowers.

It is one of the miracles of modern growing that a plant living in near-desert conditions in nature, and seasonal in bloom, will flower all the time in the house as long as it has bright light every day and is wet all the time. Our plants sometimes stand in water for days. And very few plants can look as attractive as this one with its thick branches, its spines, its soft green foliage and plenty of bright flowers.

In one other respect it does not behave like a desert plant. It will grow in house temperatures from 55° F. up and humidity requirements are low. Once it gets going, it causes no trouble at all. That is why you will find it at variety stores—one of the few they carry that really blooms.

Given any chance at all, *bojeri* can grow into a pretty large shrub for the house. Be on your guard! There is really nothing to prevent it becoming a three- or four-footer given a sufficiently large pot.

However, it takes kindly to trimming and can be trained a maximum of a foot high and across by persistent pruning. The cuttings become new plants, of course, if set in a propagating box. The spines are sharp—watch out.

You have also never seen any plant "bleed" like this one does. To stanch the flow of white sap when you cut off a branch light a match and apply heat to the end of the cutting for a moment. The cuttings root in about three weeks' time, but you must be very careful not to allow the vermiculite to become overmoist and to see that the plants have good light. Then they are as easy as any others and will bloom when they are only a couple of inches high.

Some growers have selected especially large flowering plants such as the hybrid *Euphorbia* 'Keysii,' with larger and mo numerous flowers per peduncle. It most attractive, though not as regula bloomer.

This is also true of other full-si varieties of *Euphorbia splendens* or hybrids, which come in a number shades ranging from pink to red, a even in yellow. Of them all *bojeri* is t only foolproof one. ▪

Coleus. Africa and Asia. Easy in all sit ations.

Here we are cheating a bit in order include a genus which occasionally h truly gorgeous foliage. The flowers a hardly sensational but they are certain easy to come by. Actually, the flow spike is much like that of the mints, co sisting of numerous small flowers eith blue or lilac in a spike. On compa plants they do tend to make quite cheerful show.

If there is any one species to recor mend for bloom it is *C. thyrsoideus*, t bush coleus, whose spikes are a ni bright blue. As for the rest, it is poin less to name a variety. There has bee so much hybridizing and crossing th different strains are turning up all t time.

One picks out the leaf shapes an colors he likes. Some are fringed, othe scallop-edged, and the colors and mar ings are in all shades and designs. Th behavior of the plants is fairly unifor and both light garden and windowsi culture are much alike. For the terra um it is better to watch for singl stemmed, compact shapes as som plants are quite branching and will ou grow the terrarium.

Coleus has all the easy-growing cha acteristics of a weed, requiring a ligh soil mix (equal parts sphagnum pea moss, perlite, vermiculite), a moderat amount of watering, temperatures abov 50° F. and medium light conditions. I strong light the colors are often mor brilliant, but the plant can tolerate a most anything.

Kept a bit pot-bound and pinche back, it won't get out of hand. We starv them so that they last longer and don grow too big. The flowers appear eve with partial sunlight or when the plan is 18 inches under lights.

When you have a plant with the lea colors you like, propagate it by mean of cuttings. The fleshy stems root quick ly in moist vermiculite.

Coleus seed must be sown on top o the medium, needing light to germinate It comes up in about ten days.

There are a great many strains o mixed seed available these days and yo can get some idea of the pattern fro the color illustrations that are shown i the seed catalogues. ▪ **End**



Eyewear inspired by next year's international fashions. Available wherever fine frames are featured. Photographed at LE CIRQUE RESTAURANT, NEW YORK.

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THE GREAT GLASS OF CHINA

Although among the first in many instances, and even the originator of many decorative pieces and processes, the Chinese were rather late historically in the manufacturing of glass. Peking glass, one of their proudest creations, was well worth waiting for. Unlike most glass, which was made to simulate jewels by the Romans and Egyptians, the Chinese product was produced as a substitute for jade in all its infinite colorations. Here, a collection of bowls, bottles, vases, boxes and even a strand of beads.

Photograph by Dick Sharpe

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Featured above, fine men's accessories in Brown "Savage Alligator" Grain Cowhide. Also available in Black.

Letters From Newlyweds

COMPILED BY BILL ADLER These merry missives are all about newlyweds. They were written to anxious parents, friends, doctors, lovelorn columnists and other matrimonially interested parties. All of them are gleefully real. Only the names have been changed—for obvious reasons. Can you find anyone you know here?

Dear Mother and Father:

Ever since our marriage, Susan and I have been amazed to discover how much we have in common. Only today we discovered that we both go to the same psychoanalyst.

Love,
George

Dear Rona:

Heavenly bliss! Joy! Ecstacy! Amour! Passion! Dreamy! Groovey! Joy! Joy! Ecstacy!

That's all I have to say.

Love from your
newlywed sister,
Cathy

Dear Mom:

Everything is fine. Our new apartment is dreamy. We even have our marriage license over our bed next to John's Senior Scout certificate from the Boy Scouts.

Love,
Blossom

Dear Marilyn,

Thank you for your kind note of congratulations. Richard and I are very happy and I look forward to your meeting him.

In the meantime, I thought you would like to have my copy of SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL, which I am mailing under separate cover.

Your friend,
Ellen

Dear Rita:

Maurice and I are in heaven. Remember how we used to squabble when we were engaged? Most of the time we would fight when I caught Maurice giving some other girl the once-over. He was a real girl watcher. It used to upset me plenty. But not anymore! We haven't had one fight since we were married. He is not a girl watcher anymore. I found that hiding his glasses really did the trick.

Your best friend,
Carole

Dear Dad:

I am afraid that you'd better stop sending my weekly allowance. Even though it is only $5.00 a week, Gilbert gets unhappy.

Kisses,
Brenda

Dear Mother Cohen,

I am writing to tell you that your daughter Brenda (my wife) is a wonderful girl and that we are more in love today than when we were married three months ago. I know that Brenda is very happy and we continue to get along very well (not a single fight yet—honest).

So, Mother Cohen, I hope you are pleased with the news and won't find it necessary anymore to call Brenda three and four times a day.

Love,
Your son-in-law
Winthrop

Dear Patricia:

It sure is a small world! Believe me when I tell you that I never dreamed that when I caught the bridal bouquet at yours and Stanton's wedding two years ago it would bring me such good luck. And of course it goes without saying I never dreamed that *I* would someday marry Stanton.

We both hope there are no hard feelings and we would love to get together for a fun evening soon.

Love,
Shirley

Dear Mom and Dad:

Marsha is the girl I have dreamed of all my life. She is sweet and kind and very feminine.

When I come home from work she is all dolled up. She never looks sloppy. Even at night before we go to sleep she looks like a glamour girl.

Before we go to bed she puts a perfumed cream on her face and two other perfumes on her arms. She smells like a fresh garden of flowers. I begin to sneeze because of my allergy; but it's worth it.

Love,
Ziggy

Dear Advice Columnist,

I have been married for two weeks and last night my husband said that he wanted to spend one night in a motel for old times' sake. Should I?

Sincerely,
Anonymous

Dear Sister:

I never imagined in my wildest thoughts that when Duane promised we would have a cleaning girl and cook after we were married that he meant me.

Kisses,
Diana

Mr. Howard Peters
Attorney-at-law
496 Washington Street
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Howard:

Please send *at once* a list of all the qualifications for obtaining an annulment in the state of Ohio.

Your friend,
Barbara C.

Dear Mother:

Remember that "girl-to-girl" talk we had before I was married? You were so right about everything except you left out one thing. I am now pregnant.

Love,
Betsy

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uick. What's the most ecyclable container f them all?



he "tin" can.

"in" cans are really steel cans. They eing reclaimed from municipal trash etically—by the billions.

ature gave steel a unique advantage: etic attraction. This means you can recycle cans or any other steel objects, simply by ing them in the trash—and large electro- ets at city refuse plants can separate the rom other trash, magnetically, automatically. it can be sold for recycling into usable -using far less energy at the steel mills than s to make steel from scratch.

ties and counties across America reclaimed our billion "tin" cans last year.

others have plans to reclaim utomatically. This not only helps rve vital resources, it can be able, providing revenue to help rt city services or reduce taxes.

ee information

you're interested in conserving ica's valuable resources, rage your community to start ating steel from trash. Send for teel's highly informative guide. portant.

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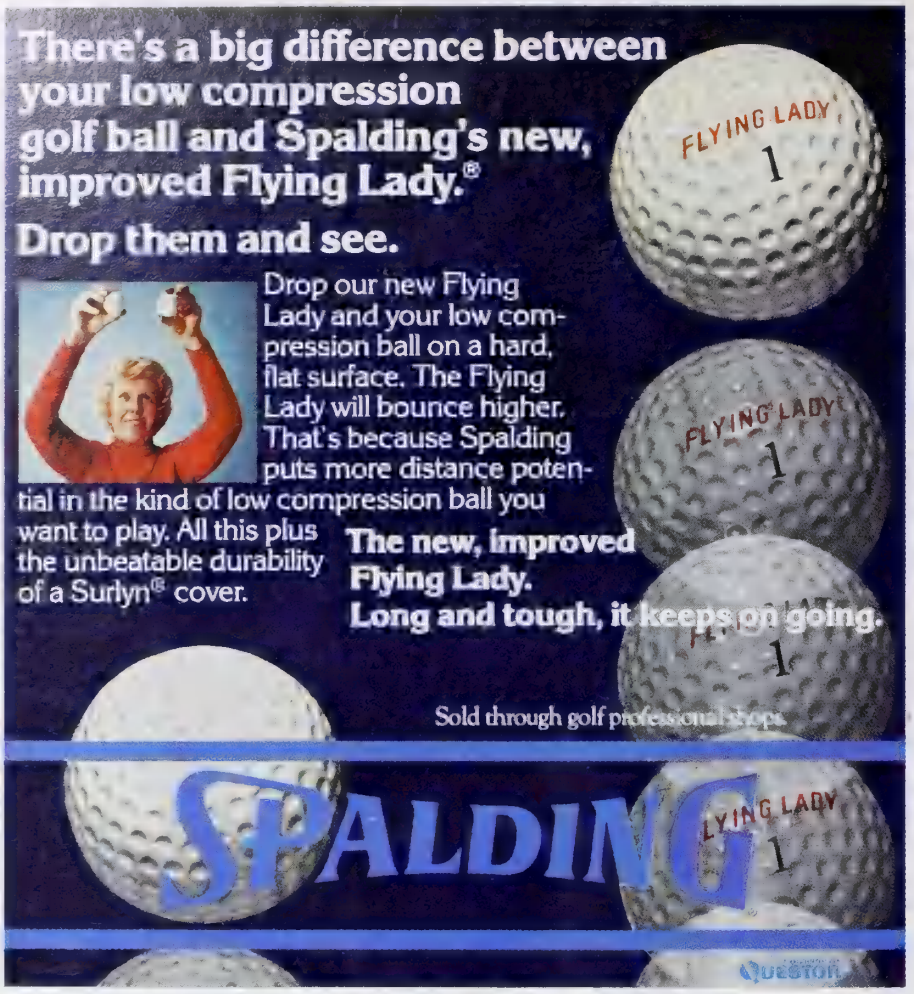
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BETWEEN PARENT AND TEACHER

When there's trouble with children and school, parents have a tendency to blame teachers . . . and teachers complain about the lack of support from parents. Today, the bridge between the home and school has been weakened by poor communication, and too often mothers and fathers are lost in a sea of questions. Shall we help with homework? How can we help our non-studious youngster? What's wrong with school today? If you have a question about your school-age child, why not ask Mary Susan Miller? Write to Between Parent and Teacher, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.

By Mary Susan Miller

Dear Mrs. Miller: My son, Roger, just graduated from kindergarten. He had fun, painted pictures and made a lot of friends but he still can't read. Most of my friends' children could read before they went into first grade. Should I have Roger tutored this summer so he can catch up?—Mrs. C.

Dear Mrs. C.: Unless the school has indicated that Roger has some special problem with reading, I think you should let Roger continue to paint pictures and play this summer—those are learning experiences too. A child's reading readiness gradually develops as his eye muscles, coordination and emotional maturity develop. Rushing this process can cause problems later on (making comparisons with friends' children can cause problems at any time).

My best advice to you is to forget the tutoring. You can spend time with Roger every day this summer reading stories for fun. Get some for him to just listen to and others that are simple enough for him to follow along. By fall, he may be reading to you.

Dear Mrs. Miller: My daughter is 13 and still can't control herself at school. She is fresh and impertinent and invariably ends up in the principal's office. But at home she is bright, helpful and attractive.—Mrs. H.

Dear Mrs. H.: Sometimes a child misbehaves in school because she can get away with it. School administrations are finding it increasingly difficult to enforce standards of behavior because of student cries for their legal rights and because of general apathy.

Pre-adolescents like your daughter may find disruptive behavior a way get attention from teachers and a miration from peers. Sometimes, it a means to release pressure. A child w appears to be an angel at home may fact be repressing feelings and conflic normal to growth. Try to size up yo home situation. Are you demandi adult behavior from a 13-year-old? A you holding on to all controls? She h to break away and find who she is. A you helping . . . or hindering?

Dear Mrs. Miller: My children's scho is going "Back to Basics." What exac does that mean? And how is it going affect my kids? Thanks.—Mrs. W.H.

Dear Mrs. W. H.: "Back to Basics" is reaction against the recent innovatio that are aimed at developing the chi in his totality rather than just in intelle tual areas. Thus a school that goes Ba to Basics may do away with open cla rooms, individualization, independe studies, electives and values clarificati in an attempt to raise the level of rea ing, writing and arithmetic. Your ch dren will see the difference in a mo teacher-centered classroom, in a lessen choice of curriculum, in fewer non-ac demic enrichment courses, in great emphasis on performance and test scor

Sad, isn't it? Good schools had t basics of a good education along wi humanism all along. Only faddists ado an either-or policy.

Dear Mrs. Miller: I am getting tired hearing parents complain about "t awful urban schools." They take it f granted that classrooms are unima native, that teachers don't care and th discipline—not learning—is the day's a tivity. I am a 3rd grade teacher in a lo income school in New York. I work har I individualize my teaching. I take t kids on trips and buy materials wi money from my own pocket. I care. C yes, I care.—A Teacher

Dear Teacher: I think all of us let new paper headlines and our own fears di the picture of what's going on in o country's classrooms. I have just r turned from a month's trip visiting ca didates in the National Teacher of t Year Program. They and other teache in their schools are creative and deep concerned.

I also see substandard schools—an we must admit that, in fact, they e exist. But even in those schools there a teachers giving their time, energy an love so children may grow and lear Let's stop drawing hasty conclusio from a few uncaring teachers and loo at the other thousands.

Mrs. Miller is the co-author with Sam Sinclair Baker of *Straight Talk to Pa ents: How You Can Help Your Child G The Best Out of School*, published b Stein and Day.

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WHITNEY WARREN: COPING WITH THE MASSES

"When dealing with large numbers, one has to rely on common sense."



Whitney Warren is a breezily competent young New Yorker who pursues a dauntingly busy career as a professional party consultant. Her expert advice is sought both by charitable organizations and private clients when they find themselves faced with the dilemma of entertaining large groups. But "coping with the masses" never fazes her—Whitney can and has handled literally a thousand people at a time.

By Ariane & Michael Batterberry.

PREFERENCES: "I believe in nothing forced or unnatural, nothing overly formal," whether it concerns a vast cocktail reception, a dinner dance, a lawn party or charity ball. "When dealing with large numbers, one has to rely on common sense—you've got to be frank about your space limitations and either remedy the situation or adjust to it by cutting back on your list. Try to think beforehand. The best way I know, although it may sound a little discouraging, is to always prepare for the worst."

What should be one's first consideration when entertaining a very large group—at a wedding, for example, or some community function where the guest list may include 100 to 500 people? "Getting them in and getting them out! Seriously, traffic is always the biggest problem, starting from the moment guests pull up in their cars. Professional parkers can tell you how many cars can be taken care of realistically—and it's also a good idea to advise the local police that you're expecting a traffic problem. Once in the house, it becomes a question of physical comfort and mobility. No one should be too cold, too hot, too wet or too crowded. It's the physical things that can put you off.

"A garden party is always chancy unless there's sufficient shelter. Think about having a tent erected, if you're willing to pull out all the stops. You should be prepared for an unseasonably chilly day—even in June, I've had to have tents heated. All fabrics in tents *must* be flameproofed. If the weather's cold, butane heaters should be turned on for two hours before guests arrive. By the same token, you mustn't leave people to broil in the sun or suffocate in an un-air-conditioned room during a heat wave. Powerful fans can be a help."

What else can one do to make a large party flow? "As I say, mobility is terribly important. Cut-off rooms at the ends of a corridor are no good—you end up with a group of little isolated parties. Always remember that people want to see what's going on; they don't want to feel as if they'd been stuck away in a corner. Again, you might try to connect rooms by enclosing part of the great outdoors. To ease the flow, remove all ditsy pieces of furniture like footstools, but don't get too carried away—the cleared-out look can seem rather *desperate* in a private house."

What about décor? "At a very large party there's no need to go wild on flowers and food. The idea is to create a festive and natural setting. Light is important, of course. Flower arrangements should be kept above eye level, but not on huge stands or columns, which always look as if they've been imported for the occasion. Anyway, floral stands send me the negative message of a funeral. Flowers are better placed more naturally on mantelpieces or in other visible spots such as on top of a highboy. I love chandeliers decorated with fronds, and Chinese urns filled with lovely tall sprays of apple blossom or quince, which one can also see through.

"Pink bulbs are the best. Floor lighting is good in tents—it diminishes the cavernous look. Try spotlights recessed in deep cylinders. I love candlelight more than anything, but once my hair caught fire at a party from a low candle on a mantelpiece. You have to be extremely careful. Low votive lights are a wise idea for tables—no chance that way of a floating chiffon sleeve going up in flame. If you are going to use the regular kind,

(continued on P.S. 22)

From "The Bloomingdale's Book of Entertaining" by Ariane & Michael Batterberry. Copyright © 1976 by Federated Department Stores, Inc., Bloomingdale Bros. Division. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc. Photograph by S. Varnedoe.

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The Potion of Love.

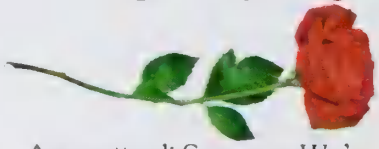
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The liqueur of love. Brought here from Saronno, the village of love.

Only the Cognac region of France can produce the finest Cognac brandy. And only the vineyards of Bordeaux can ever produce a true Bordeaux wine.

So also, the finest Amaretto liqueur comes only from Saronno—where it all began 450 years ago.



Amaretto di Saronno. We've left a rose alongside our name as a reminder of how it all began.

We know that she was young. Blonde. Beautiful. And that she was widowed. But did she create the original Amaretto di Saronno as a thank you for her portrait? Or was it a gift to express affection for Bernardino Luini, the now famous artist whose painting immortalized her in 1525?

History has lost most of the answers—even her name—leaving us nothing but Luini's stunning fresco in the Sanctuary of Santa Maria delle Grazie in Saronno, Italy. And...her romantic liqueur.

We still like to think Amaretto di Saronno is a liqueur that inspired a great love.

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Amaretto di Saronno.

The Original Amaretto. From the Village of Love.

56 Proof Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc. Great Neck, N.Y. © 1975.

WHITNEY WARREN
continued

though, find out in advance how fast they'll burn, which will depend on how strong a draft there may be. Candles burn so quickly if there's a breeze, and a hostess can't run around changing them when they've melted down."

FOOD AND DRINK: The easiest solution, of course, is to hire a caterer. Whether this will be the case or not, Whitney advises that the menu and drinks be kept simple. If the meal is to be served seated, the first course should be awaiting the guests on the tables as they take their places. Something fairly substantial, such as a slice of pâté or terrine *en gelée* with baskets of bread, appeases hunger more satisfactorily than a thin soup (which perforce must be cold). If the meal is served buffet style, a more practical method, skip the first course and begin with a main one. Dishes should be chosen that are attractive and easy to serve—"If food *looks* good, you're off to a better start." They should not be a mess by the time half the platter has been dished up. Put carafes or bottles of wine right on the dining tables. If possible, have empty plates cleared away and the dessert served at the tables to avoid making everyone rise again.

The host might also consider alternative ways to save on service, time and effort. For example, all food might be packed in individual picnic baskets ready for guests to take to their tables. Or, each table might be colorfully set with either one huge picnic basket or its own small buffet from which guests may help themselves. The bar should be stocked only with the basics—Scotch, bourbon, vodka, gin, dry vermouth, as well as white and red wine (even for cocktail parties) and either orange or tomato juice. **End**

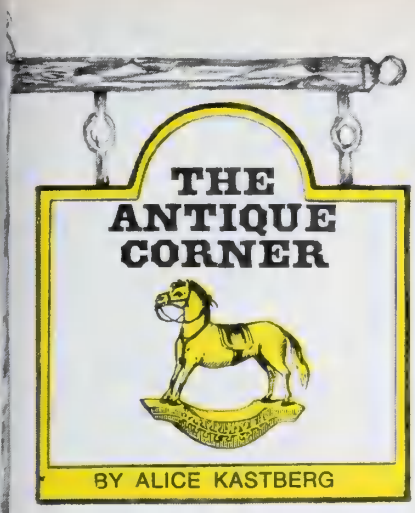
TO A YOUNG BRIDE

By Hannah Kahn

Measure the years
Let them unfold
Day by day
Against the cold

And measure time
With an open hand
Let the years of stress
Withstand the wind

Let love remain
What it must be
Relevant
And free.



ırtan boxes

When I visited England last sum-
er, my great aunt gave me several
all tartan-covered boxes that had been
the family for some years. They're
ally quite charming and I'd like to
ow something about them.

These little boxes were made as sou-
nir items during the 19th century and
e known as Mauchline ware. Many
ere decorated with prints of scenes in
e Scottish Highlands set into the tartan
esign on sides or lids.

ose Medallion china

I own a set of china that my grand-
other spent a number of years assem-
ing, and which she always called her
Rose Medallion." A few weeks ago, I
w plates in this identical pattern in an
ntique shop where they were labeled
Rose Canton." Was my grandmother
istaken about her china pattern?

No, she was not mistaken. Rose
anton is a Famille Rose pattern ex-
orted from Canton, but there were two
ersions of this pattern. One was strictly
floral pattern; the other included fig-
res in Mandarin robes framed within
edallions. Dealers and collectors called
Rose Medallion—a very simple and
act way to distinguish between the
vo Rose Canton patterns.

What is a Canterbury?

Because I've attended and made
urchases at several estate auctions, I'm
ow on the auctioneer's mailing list. A
yer for a coming sale refers to "a very
ne Canterbury." Can you tell me what
Canterbury is?

A Canterbury is a small, movable
iece of furniture, rather like a small
rib on casters, that has been divided
ngthwise into compartments. The cen-
r divider was usually shaped to ac-
ommodate a handhold. It is supposed to
ave been named for a late 18th century
rchbishop of Canterbury who ordered
uch a piece to hold portfolios of music.
was also used to hold portfolios of
rints. Adaptations made in fairly recent
mes are called magazine racks. **End**



Caring For Rugs

By Lois Libien and Margaret Strong

Braided, hooked and woven rugs. These should be given extremely gentle care. They can be vacuumed, and should be, but if you shake them vigorously or hang them over a line and beat them, the stitches will break and the weave will loosen. However, even with the gentlest treatment, an occasional loose end or loop will pop up. These can be clipped if the rug is firmly loomed—but take care not to clip into a chain of loops or into the backing.

Because of their fragile nature, we recommend professional cleaning for these rugs. Never wash them in a washing machine.

Crocheted rugs. These can be vacuumed as any scatter rugs are vacuumed—preferably with a lightweight or canister - model vacuum cleaner. So the suction will not roll the rug, run the cleaner diagonally across the rug forward and off the edge. If they're small enough to fit in a washing machine, crocheted rugs can be washed the same way you'd wash a fine woolen sweater or blanket. Use cold water, mild soap or detergent, and don't agitate the washer for more than one minute on gentle wash and rinse cycles. Air dry. If these rugs are too large to be put in the washer, send them to a professional rug cleaner or to a dry cleaner.

Grass, fiber, rush and sisal rugs. These rugs should be vacuumed regularly, preferably with a canister-model vacuum cleaner as they are light in weight. Since they are usually reversible, turn them frequently so they wear evenly on both sides. They are also loosely woven, so dirt will sift through them to the floor. Pick them up and vacuum the floor from time to time. To shampoo these rugs, spread mild foam sparingly over the surface with a sponge and wipe it off with a dry cloth.

Oriental rugs. There's nothing exotic about caring for Oriental rugs. They can be vacuumed and spot cleaned just as any type of rug can be. If the Oriental rug is old and fragile (*and* valuable) it's best to vacuum it with a lighter-weight canister cleaner. But if it's new and sturdy, it can be vacuumed with the same type of upright model that's recommended to do carpeting. *Caution:* I don't recommend shampooing a valuable Oriental rug at home. Instead, have a reliable professional rug cleaner pick up the rug and clean it in his plant.

Scatter rugs. To vacuum scatter rugs so that the suction will not roll the rug, run the vacuum cleaner diagonally across the rug forward and off the edge. This is important, as sucking the rug into the vacuum cleaner can damage both the rug and the cleaner. Small scatter rugs with rubber backing can be washed in cold water in the washing machine but should not be dried in the dryer. Air-dry them on a flat surface away from heat sources.

Shag rugs. A shag rake (you can buy a shag-rake attachment for your vacuum cleaner, or use a separate tool) helps to fluff up the pile of long shags and will keep them from matting. Using the rake also helps keep the dirt from accumulating in one specific spot but does *not* remove the dirt. The rug still needs vacuuming, preferably with a canister or tank-style cleaner. Don't rake too vigorously or else you'll distort the pile and damage the fibers. To shampoo, we recommend either professional treatment or the judicious use of home-made foam or liquid shampoo. If the shag has a rubber backing, dry shampoo powder or another dry-cleaning solvent can damage the rubber and eventually stain the shag.

Stair carpeting. If your vacuum cleaner won't reach up the carpeted staircase, dampen some shreds of newspaper, place them on the stairs and then sweep them off with a broom. This will pick up the dirt and soil without damaging the fibers of the carpeting. When carpeting stairs, buy an extra foot of carpet. Fold this extra length in under one or two risers at the top of the stairs. When wear appears on the stair treads, shift the carpet down to place the less worn areas on the treads. **End**



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BATHING

Why settle for a plain, old wastebasket? Look at the design, the durability and this is just one of many colors.

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How Do You Find The Filet Of Ham?



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A truly magnificent way to say welcome is this entrance to a remarkable house. It is a harmonious meld of the best of two worlds—a glorious serendipity of Eastern art and Western functionalism. The steel beams outline great areas of glass that manage a beautifully open yet completely substantial structure, which is totally contemporary. Masses of plants surround, hang, grow in tropical profusion both inside and out. A curving, soaring stair makes the area seem even more airy by its graceful spiral. Works of art worthy of a museum are used as casually as everyday bric-a-brac to make a setting of splendid but unpretentious grandeur.

Photograph by Leland Lee. Rishard Stoddard, architect.

The sociable cheddar.

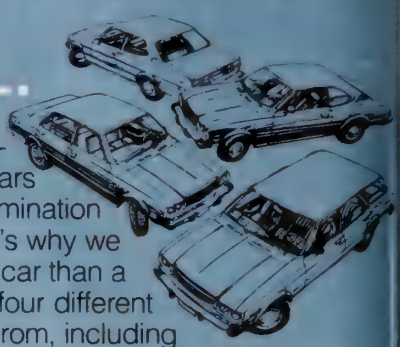


If the mood is a party one, the time is right for CRACKER BARREL Cheddar Cheese from Kraft. This party idea uses the distinctive flavor of CRACKER BARREL as a refreshing appetizer: cubes of CRACKER BARREL on wooden picks with shrimp and cherry tomatoes; or you could use melon balls instead of tomatoes. Deliciously sociable CRACKER BARREL is another reason America spells cheese KRAFT.

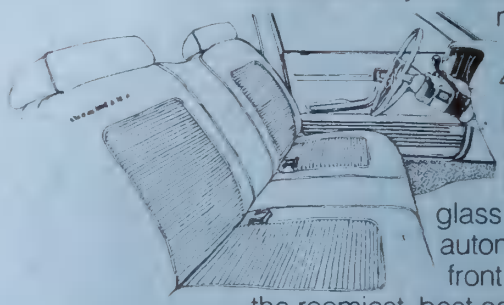
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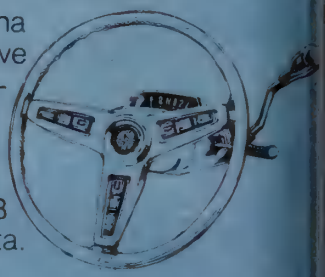


The new 1977½ Toyota Corona offers attractive new styling loaded with comfort and convenience comparable to cars costing much, much more. It's the culmination of Toyota quality and engineering. That's why we say: "If you can find a better built small car than a Corona...buy it." Incidentally, there are four different models to choose from, including a 5-Door Wagon and a special "Luxury Edition" 4-Door Sedan.



Beauty, full of comfort and convenience. Features that run the gamut from an electric "tuning fork" clock to wall-to-wall carpeting and tinted glass all around. In the "Luxury Edition," equipped with automatic transmission, the comfort includes a full-width front seat in rich velour-type upholstery. This Corona is the roomiest, best equipped sedan in the entire Toyota line.

Beauty, full of personal preferences. Corona offers many of the options found on expensive luxury cars. Features like air conditioning, automatic and 5-speed overdrive transmissions and—for the first time—power steering, allow you to tailor a Corona to your individual needs. You can even get a built-in 40-Channel CB radio. The Toyota Corona. The supreme Toyota.



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Corona 4-Door Sedan Deluxe with Luxury Edition option.

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75 Years Ago in the Journal

A common cliche is, "You can't beat the system." Although this incident occurred three-quarters of a century ago, it is still a timely reminder that you only need one person to inaugurate action for a change.

Last year I took the *Journal's* advice and wrote, at the beginning of the school term, to the teachers of both my boy and girl that under no circumstances would I permit any home study. The teachers explained to me that my children would most certainly fall behind in their studies, and I replied calmly that I was perfectly willing that they should.

Other mothers, hearing of what I had done, did the same. To make a long story short, the studies were changed and a study hour introduced at school. The result is that the health of the children is markedly better; actually progress has been greater, and both teachers and principals concede the wisdom of the plan. It simply called for some one to take the initiative.

At the turn of the century, women had not yet acquired the right to vote. B nevertheless, the Journal *ran two se arate advertisements from compani that urged women to break the s barrier.*

International Correspondence School It is not enough for you to wish th your husband, your brother or your s had a better position. You can be of re help by urging him to fill out and send the coupon below.

Women as well as men can qualify f the positions printed in italic. *Text designer, bookkeeper, teacher* a others.

Stevens Fire Arms: The season is no at hand when out-of-door sports are order, and there is not a more fascina ing sport for a young lady than shootin It takes you into the woods and fiel and nature study, which is very instru tive.

In our last rifle contest, hundreds young ladies participated, winnin prizes amounting to $1,000.

Queen Elizabeth is now celebrating h Silver Jubilee, but in 1902, Edward V had just acceded to the throne. The E glish coronation is full of traditions an etiquette that date back to the Midd Ages, as this feature in the Journ *demonstrated.*

Since 1272, the same chair has bee used for the crowning. Superstition say it must never leave England, or ill luc will follow.

The earliest form of a crown wa probably a band to keep up the hai The length of a lady's robe and th number of rows of fur trimming wi show her degree and rank.

The sovereign takes his oath and end the ceremony with the kissing of th Bible. The old belief was that a perjure would be struck dead if he dared to kis the Book.

The Journal *has had only two femal editors in its history. Edward Bok rule as editor-in-chief for many years. In h monthly column, Bok had this to sa about women, men and the greatness o one thing.*

It is rare to find a woman who can pu one great thing first in her life. A ma puts his business first and all things ar adjusted thereto. If a woman has home, that home should be the very firs thing in her life. Not her whole life mind you, just the first.

The complete and absolute absorptio of domestic affairs, to the exclusion of al other things in life, is as dwarfing t a woman as a complete absorption o business affairs is detrimental to a man A relief from the things which virtually absorb us is vitally necessary.—Ann Marie Miller



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ny & Rosalynn he has created a magnificent study of a mother and hter. The inner strength and serenity of Mrs. Carter . . . and the sweet- of little Amy . . . shine through the painting to catch the eye of each er.

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WOMEN'S DREAMS

Your dreams, whether sweet or scary, are messengers from the unconscious. Here, a report on the dreams only women have—and how to understand your own. By Elizabeth Howard



Traditionally, men and women dreamed differently. A man might have dreamed that a nude beauty waited with arms outstretched at the end of a tunnel, or that he drove a sports car to the scene of an accident—but arrived too late to be a hero. A woman, on the other hand, might have dreamed that she gave birth to a baby the size of a grape, or that while attending a friend's wedding, she too was being married.

Dr. Robert Van deCastle, Director of the Sleep and Dream Laboratory at the University of Virginia—and collector of more than 10,000 dreams—points out several typical distinctions in these dreams: The man's dreams took place in outdoor settings, with physically aggressive and active characters. The woman in his dream was a stranger, identified only by physical features—"a nude beauty." The woman's dreams occurred indoors, in a setting more colorful than a man's might have been—for women, according to Van deCastle, dream in more vivid color. Moreover, in the woman's dreams, the characters were people she knew.

The patterns of male and female dreams, Van deCastle claims, repeat themselves over and over again. Yet he believes the themes and images of women's dreams are changing, that women on both sides of the women's movement are having more "liberated" dreams. For instance, while dreaming, women now tend to identify people by occupation—formerly a male trait. And women are more assertive, even physically aggressive, in their dreams.

These gradual shifts in dream patterns occur because the unconscious picks up cultural, emotional and physiological changes faster than our waking conscience accepts them. We may avoid or overlook an issue in daylight, only to have it sneak into our dreams.

There's a reason for this. "Dreams send news to us in a night letter," says Van deCastle, "to make us more efficient, effective human beings. Contrary to the notion of the starry-eyed dreamer, two-thirds of dreams are actually urgent, often unpleasant signals from our psyche. Waking up to dreams can be positive and helpful to a contemporary woman: the messages can be used to guide and reassure her."

Dreams are an important, if somewhat hidden, part of a woman's life. Each year, more than 1,000 dreams pass her way. She dreams about sexuality and self-acceptance—about a prospective marriage, a working marriage, or a marriage that has failed. At certain times, dreams may allay anxieties about pregnancy or reconcile feelings about menstruation, identity and those she loves. A blend of the commonplace and bizarre, the unique and the universal, a woman's dreams can help her know her deepest self.

Sexual dreams

In a study made 15 years ago with 500 first-year nursing students, Dr. Van deCastle discovered a strong preoccupation with wedding scenes. Today, the wedding rites and gowns of yesteryear are being upstaged by passionate encounters in the bedroom—and not necessarily the bridal suite.

Noticeably, women report more explicitly sexual dreams. In the past, sexual dreams consisted of sentimental hugs, kisses and foreplay. Now love-making is consummated. The sexual dream partner is likely to be a lover in real life, or a well-known person, such as a movie star. "While women don't treat men as mere sex objects in their dreams," says Dr. Van deCastle, "they more often describe males by body build or physical handsomeness these days."

Dr. Ann Faraday, a leading dream psychologist, says in her book, *The Dream Game*, that women's sexual fantasies are often about someone other than their real-life partners. Although a dreamer may be disturbed by this, fantasized infidelity is perfectly normal.

"People can have sexual feelings about almost anybody, including members of their own families," says Dr. Faraday. "If a woman finds herself enjoying sex in a dream—in circumstances her waking mind finds shocking—this may be a sign that she is imposing a lifestyle on herself that is at variance with her natural feelings in some way, and her dream is a warning to change it. In many cases, the change needed is nothing more than a better sense of proportion about sex and pleasure, which will make her less anxious."

Women's dreams also can include lesbian encounters, which may arouse guilt feelings. But Dr. Van deCastle sees no reason for guilt. The dreams show normal curiosity. In fact, such dreams may represent a woman's positive attempt to improve her self-image, using the logic of the unconscious to express the idea that a woman (meaning herself) is worthy of love.

If a woman finds that some of her sexual dreams are more intense than others, the reason may be that sexual dreams are heightened during ovulation. More men show up in women's dreams at this time and the relationships between male and female characters become more positive. Dr. Van deCastle thinks this may be a biological survival tactic. Since women are most fertile during ovulation, perhaps the unconscious mind is urging procreation. (The body often sends physiological tips through dreams. A dream about tooth decay may mean you need a visit to the dentist. One about vegetables might reflect an actual nutritional need.)

Menstrual dreams

A dream: A woman visits a friend in the hospital. She passes by a room where a male patient lies in bed complaining of pain. The dreamer continues to the next room and delivers a bouquet of flowers to a female friend.

Dr. Van deCastle calls this a characteristic dream for women during menstruation. Menstruation seems to increase one's awareness of being female, even in sleep. In Van deCastle's studies, women who said they would *(continued)*

The smoker's guide to low-tar cigarettes.

With all the controversy about smoking going on, lots of smokers are deciding switch to low-tar cigarettes.

But which low-tar cigarette should a switcher switch to?

Well, here's an easy guide to follow.

First, there are those so-called new cigarettes claiming scientific breakthrough nd hyped-up flavor. Unfortunately there's nothing very revolutionary about the ay they taste.

Next there are those brands that promise nothing but low-tar numbers. hey're fine if low numbers are all you want. Because their scientific filters work so ell, they filter out most of the taste.

Fortunately there is an alternative. antage. The low-tar cigarette that's ifferent from all the others.

From the very beginning Vantage as designed to deliver flavor like a ll-flavor cigarette with less tar than 5% of all cigarettes. So forget all those mpty promises and go with the real avor of Vantage.

It will probably turn out to be the nly low-tar cigarette you'll enjoy.



Regular, Menthol, and new Vantage 100's.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

WOMEN'S DREAMS

continued

rather be male than female and who described their menstrual cycle by such negative names as "the curse" were self-deprecating and had hostile attitudes toward men in their menstrual dreams. Women who were accepting of, and comfortable with, menstruation, who talked about it in terms of "feeling feminine," had more pleasant dream responses during menstruation and got along well with the men in their dreams. That women have these dreams during menstruation, a time that is uniquely female, reveals how the unconscious keeps us in touch with our physical selves.

Pregnancy

The dreams of pregnancy can be particularly powerful and sometimes frightening to a woman. A pregnant woman may be told that she looks like a beautiful Madonna, but she often believes, at least in her dream-self, that she is fat and undesirable. It's normal for her to fear that her husband is attracted to other women, but she may be afraid to share those fears with him and may use dreams to deal with her anxiety.

She may also have fears about the unborn baby. "A pregnant woman rarely dreams of delivering a normally-shaped, healthy, seven- or eight-pound infant who behaves like an infant at the time of birth," Dr. Van deCastle says. "In the last trimester of pregnancy, there's a marked increase in such anxiety-provoking dreams." For example, the mother may imagine the baby will be born enormous—weighing 35 pounds—or else extremely small, four or five ounces. She may dream the baby is born deformed, dead, or of a different ethnic background than its parents. She may even dream that her child will not be human, but rather an animal or even a litter of animals.

The period of anxious concern for the mother's and baby's welfare is to be expected and actually may be beneficial to the mother who is able to accept her dreams. A study at the University of Cincinnati Medical School determined that dreams of pregnant women can be used to help predict the length of labor. Women who acknowledge anxious dreams had the shortest labor, less than ten hours, and those who denied their fear by "forgetting" bad dreams had the longest labor, more than 20 hours.

Divorce

As the divorce rate climbs, apprehensions about divorce are reflected in women's dreams. Divorced women report dreams of being menaced or physically harmed. They may feel inadequate in their new roles: one woman dreamed she was back in math class, afraid to take an exam because she was sure she would fail.

"I am aware of being alone," said another. "I guess I'm scared and I dream that I'm an easy mark for anyone who wanted to harm me. I've dreamed men were going to kill me."

But another woman—a single parent—handles her fear of being alone this way: she dreams that she is riding an elegant white stallion through the ruins of a German cathedral. She feels uneasy, lost. She hears music. She guides her horse over the rubble and sees a man she likes waiting for her. He holds her daughter's hand and smiles. She beckons for him to ride away with her.

Although Van deCastle has not made a definitive study of divorce dreams, he analyzed dreams of participants in his Blackberry Hill summer workshop in Crozet, Va. He found that when a couple is in the process of divorcing, the husband appeared negatively in the woman's dreams. Sometimes, the anger expressed in these dreams eased the dreamer through a time of stress.

One woman admitted that during the divorce proceedings she had many "hateful" dreams about her husband. The dreams helped her accept her feelings and look at the marriage from a different perspective. After the divorce, she was better able to see her husband as an individual, and her dreams changed correspondingly. Says Dr. Van deCastle, "Eventually, she began to have kind dreams about her husband, and several weeks later she was able to show her friendlier feelings in waking hours." The reconciliation of her conflicts was forecast in her dreams.

Use your dreams

The landscapes of dreams may be surprising, peopled with toddlers who preach from the pulpit, ghosts who share a hot cup of tea and toast. The long-forgotten sand dunes of summer may be covered with snow; a glass elevator may carry you skyward in a building with no end. Although scenarios like these may seem bizarre and out of place, you can learn to recognize their meanings.

"You don't need a professional dre interpreter to make sense of y dreams," says Dr. Van deCastle. heartily encourage people to be t own dream interpreters. Perhaps a p son who is very disturbed about dreams should seek professional he But the vast majority of us have the tellectual ability and emotional empat to approach a dream with an open mi When we honestly and courageously plore what the dream might be sayi we can arrive at a great deal of use insight, to guide future decisions.

To do this, Van deCastle sugge keeping a "dream journal" beside t bed. Before going to sleep at night, view or "request" a dream about a to that's bothering you. "When waking," says, "lie quietly without opening yo eyes. Try to think back through the i pressions that were in your mind's ey Rehearse them through once or twice you have the images straight and th roll over and write down the dream."

Take time during the day to revie the dream's characters, events and se tings. Consider their relationship to t preceding day—most dreams are abo recent experiences. Try to record t feelings connected with things in t dream. Then work with your memo and notes to decipher the dream.

If there had been a conflict with loved one in the dream, consider t prior day's relationship with the perso Had you felt jealous? Did you feel yo husband was being domineering? If t setting was a store, for instance, had yo thought about going shopping? Had yo felt guilty about buying something?

Study the dream characters. If the are strangers, ask yourself if you a feeling alienated from others. Are the more males than females in the dream How do the women act? Are they mo aggressive with men and more friendl with women, or vice-versa? Are th women assertive or dependent?

Is there a pattern or a recurrin theme that indicates change in you dream? Are you being chased or humil ated? Are you more successful in you

(continued on page 143



"You can always tell a dog that has a license."

Why Fisher-Price trucks are the best trucks you can put in the hands of a preschool child.

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By Geraldine Carro

Mothering



"Which face shows how you feel about: yourself, your family?"

Survey shows children feel loved, have many fears–real and imagined

Alix Westburg loves her parents. She also adores her quaint, somewhat run-down neighborhood because it's full of her friends. However, she worries about the mugger who's been victimizing local children. And deep in her ten-year-old mind lurks the fear, she says, "that they'll let Charles Manson out of jail."

The way Alix views her world is disturbingly typical. While nine out of ten American children are happy at home, one out of four is afraid to go outside to play—and two-thirds worry that someone will break into their homes and hurt them.



These statistics come from a revealing survey conducted by the Foundation for Child Development, a New York research and policy group. To find out how America's 18 million school children fare in today's changing world, the group asked the children directly. FCD researchers questioned Alix (see photo at right) and a representative sampling of more than 2,200 seven-to-11-year-olds. They talked to the children's parents in separate interviews. (By cross-checking, surveyors found that, by and large, the children were more truthful than the adults.)

What the children had to say, especially the nightmarish fears they expressed, surprised the research team. Dr. Nicholas Zill, the psychologist who directed the project, says those fears can't be chalked off as simply childish worries about bogeymen. For one thing, the more mature children were just as afraid as the youngest ones. But more important, their fears seem warranted: Twenty percent live in neighborhoods where drunks, drug addicts and tough older children roam the streets. The vast majority said that their neighborhoods weren't very good places to grow up. As one ten-year-old put it: "I don't think the whole world is a good place to grow up because of all the killing, fighting and stuff."

Apparently, not only the real world scares children. The violence beamed into their homes via television seems to be another cause. Heavy TV watchers, who viewed four or more hours a day, were the most frightened youngsters.

Parents: doing something right, too

Other statistics should cheer social scientists who see a gloomy future for the family. Despite the high divorce rate and the growing number of working mothers, the youngsters seem happy in their private lives. Seventy-five percent said they were "lucky." Most said their parents treated them with respect. "My Mom tells me what things are wrong," one girl said, "but if it's right, I can do what I want."

Such comments suggest we're still doing something right as parents. Dr. Zill points out: "There's a movement toward more humane and more democratic parenting."

Missing fathers

The survey offered other telling insights into American families: • One out of seven children is the product of not only an unplanned but also an *unwanted* pregnancy. • Children of working mothers seem to be as successful in their studies as those whose mothers don't hold jobs. • Father frequently is *not* an ideal parent. Only one-third of the children from divorced homes see their fathers regularly. When asked who was the person they feared most, ten percent of all surveyed children named their fathers.

Children wished both their parents would spend more time with them. Forty-five percent wanted to see their fathers more. A third missed their mothers. "That's a plea that ought to be heard," Zill says.

MAILBOX

Have you ideas to share with us? Write Mothering, LHJ, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

WHEN INFERTILITY IS THE PROBLEM

Infertility is a subject surrounded by myth. When a couple has trouble conceiving, for example, myth has it that it's probably *her* fault. Actually, it's just as likely to be *his*.

"Infertility is a forty-forty proposition," says Barbara Eck Menning, head of RESOLVE, a Boston group that counsels infertile couples. That is, 40 percent of all fertility troubles stem from the male and 40 percent from the female. The remaining 20 percent are shared or of an undetermined nature.

Because of the misconception, a childless woman may make frantic rounds to doctors, while her husband is reluctant to be tested at all. Ideally, men should be checked as soon as a fertility problem arises, says Ms. Menning. The male sperm test is easy to perform, it can quickly rule out—or pinpoint—a major source of trouble and possibly spare the woman unnecessary discomfort.

Another myth is that infertility problems are mostly psychological. But in fact, a physical cause can usually be uncovered.

The good news for America's 10 million infertile adults is that today's sophisticated medical techniques offer a cure rate of between 50 and 60 percent. Couples in search of that cure may embark on a long, expensive and trying route, Ms. Menning warns. It may involve elaborate tests, hormone treatments, fertility drugs, surgery, or artificial insemination.

An excellent guide to the complicated labyrinth of fertility cures and the emotional problems childless couples face is in Ms. Menning's new book, *Infertility* (Prentice Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J.; $3.95 in paperback).

RESOLVE offers a newsletter and a variety of other help—in counseling and in finding fertility specialists. Write them c/o Box 474, Belmont, Mass. 02178. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



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All in all, it's a great new way to stay very dry when you're very young.



SECOND LADY

Joan Mondale, a minister's daughter, is now the Vice President's wife. Here, she talks frankly about the special demands of both roles. By Doris Kearns Goodwin



The 21-roomVice-Presidential mansion sparkled on the top of the hill. In the distance, two men on two large mowers were cutting the rolling lawn, leaving in their wake that delicious smell of fresh-cut grass. A guard in a small, white shack had to radio a clearance to three Secret Servicemen stationed in another shack near the front door before I could be allowed to approach it. The road winds upward through trees and flowers, with several auxiliary roads leading off to the four or five other houses in the compound. The mansion itself overlooks a broad expanse of lawn, almost like a village green, on the other side of which sits the U.S. Naval Observatory. The feeling is one of enclosure, not at all unpleasant, but rather safe and green and lovely.

A Filipino servant opened the door and escorted me to a large sitting room to await Joan Mondale. It is a rich, square, solid room, one of several such rooms in the Rockefeller-decorated mansion. In the dining room across the way, another servant polished the fruitwood table, then left to join the cook in the kitchen below. Watching this, I could not help but think of the extraordinary change the vice-presidency has brought to Joan Mondale's life.

Just two months ago, the Mondales lived in an old, unpretentious gray stucco house in Washington's Cleveland Park section, a home that was still partially unfurnished for lack of money. On a Senator's salary of $44,500 a year, much of which the frugal Mondales tried to save for the expenses of campaigning, the family could afford help only one day a week. They drove a 1969 station wagon and Joan Mondale did the sewing, the grocery shopping, the cooking and the cleaning. Now the station wagon has been replaced by a shiny blue Lincoln. And the tight family budget has been expanded to include $61,000 simply to operate the mansion, plus round-the-clock Navy stewards to shop, cook and supervise the cleaning and the maintenance. These changes are neither small nor unimportant; taken together, they represent a basic shift in the daily life of the Mondale family.

After a few minutes, I heard Joan Mondale's voice in the next room, where she apparently had just been given a house-warming gift by a friend. Her voice was loud, each word marked by italics, each sentence closed by an exclamation point. She sounded almost too enthusiastic, as if she were too anxious to please. I tried to join the voice with the image of the tall, angular woman I had seen in the papers, the face dominated by large brown eyes, the expression generally stiff and unrelaxed. But before my imagination could work its will on joining a disembodied voice to a black-and-white newspaper image, Joan Mondale herself walked into the living room and sat down in the chair beside me.

From the moment she began talking, I saw that my first impressions had been wrong. In person, she is much more attractive than in pictures. She has a long, slim figure shown to advantage that day in a fresh, blue checked blouse, blue jeans and white belt. And her face in activity is much more interesting than in repose. Her eyes are bright and expressive and she is animated as she talks. Even her enthusiastic voice, which had sounded so forced from a distance, seemed up close to be simply part of a genuinely pleasing personality.

Joan Adams Mondale was born to Reverend John Adams and his wife Eleanor on August 8, 1930, the eldest of three daughters. She spent her childhood in the small, rural town of Wallingford, Pa. There, as she puts it, "all the important patterns of my later life were set. My father was a Presbyterian minister in charge of university pastors all over the country. The best training he gave me was by being absent six months a year. Mother did everything. She put up the storm windows, clipped the bushes, paid the bills, bought the house and planned the family vacations. Daddy was like a guest in his house when he came home. But then every summer we were all together in East Hampton, New York for a week, where we stayed in a wonderful old lighthouse. Later in the summer, we'd have another week on a lake in Michigan, where my father's parents and sisters and brothers had all built little cottages. We went sailing, canoeing, fishing, hiking and picnicking. And though it was only a week or two together like that, it was enough to look forward to for the rest of the year."

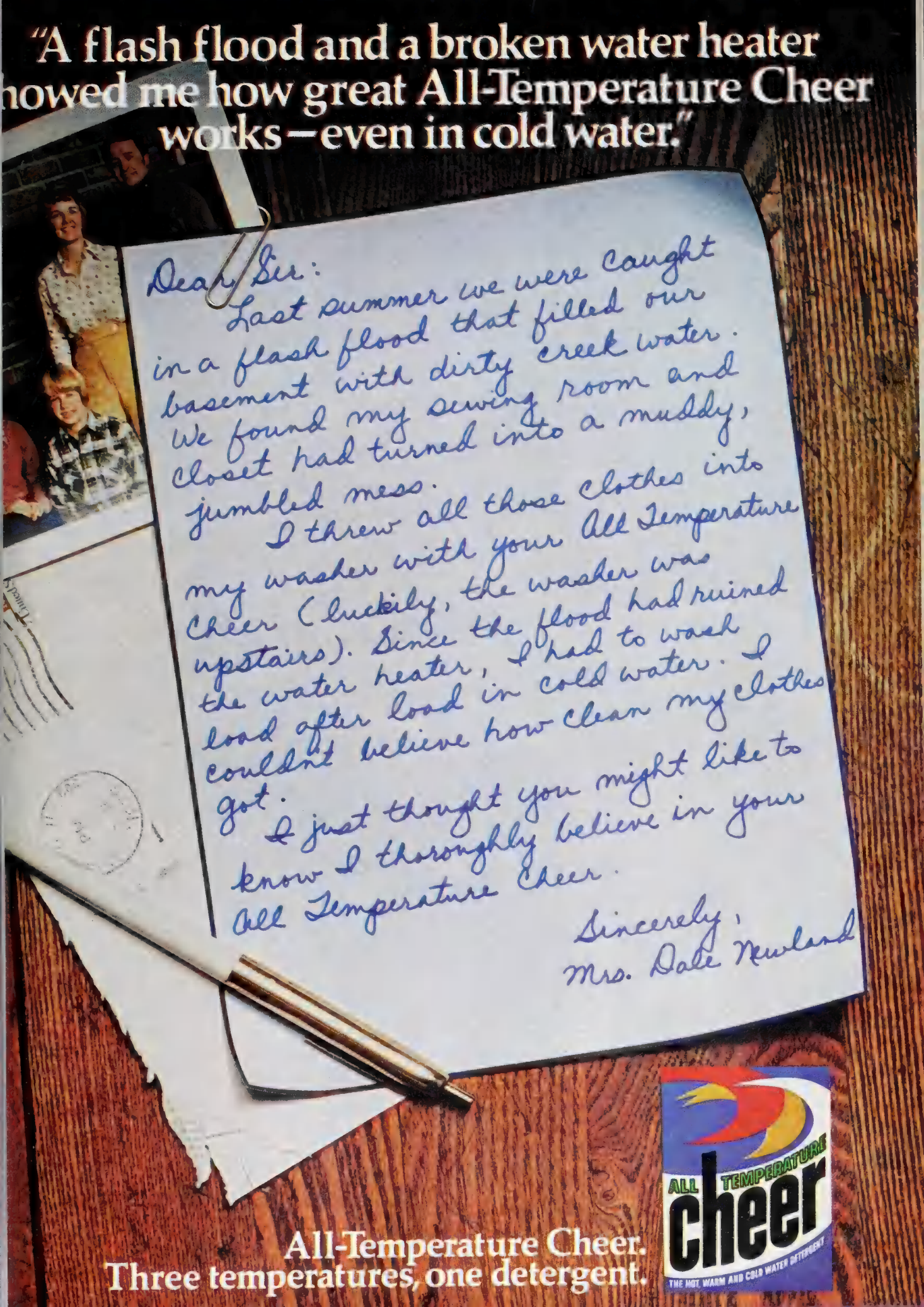
When Joan was 17, her *(continued)*



New home for Vice President and family, formerly Admiral's House.

Photographs by David Hume Kennerly

"A flash flood and a broken water heater showed me how great All-Temperature Cheer works—even in cold water."



All-Temperature Cheer.
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Regular and Menthol

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ECOND LADY

continued

er was appointed chaplain of alester College in St. Paul, Minn. move was hard on a high school girl it to enter her senior year. "In Wall-ord, I had been in the student coun-I was a cheerleader and a left inner he field hockey team. Now suddenly as a new girl in an all-girls school, ring a uniform."

ut the new girl had just one year of school to finish before she entered alester College. There, she experi-d the special pleasures and dis-forts of being enrolled in a college re her father was chaplain. "Religion a much bigger part of college life it is now. We had compulsory el every Thursday, and two years eligious instruction. It was strange at to see Daddy up there in his black giving the sermon, when he looked like the man I saw at night at the ner table. And it was strange to take Testament with him and know that d to work extra hard to get an A.

Most of my four years I lived at home ead of on campus—except that first , which was the worst in terms of les but the best in terms of dates. see, I fell in love for the first time—know how those first loves are—with y who was very different from me, quiet and soft-spoken. My parents e not happy with this; they felt I was fferent person when I was with him. finally broke it off, moved home and a part-time job at the local art mu-n to keep my mind off my unhappi-s." Walter "Fritz" Mondale was also udent at Macalester, but "He was a shot, a big man in politics. I knew o he was, but he didn't know me."

Goes to Boston

After college, Joan felt she needed to away from home for a while, so she mpanied an old friend from high ol to Cambridge, Mass. and found a with the Museum of Fine Arts in ton. Although she speaks of this one-r sojourn as a pleasant one, I got the ression that she was often lonely ar away from home. When the Min-polis Institute of Arts, where she had ked during college, called to offer a full-time job as an Assistant in Edu-ion, giving guided tours and lectures, decided quickly. One week later she s back in St. Paul.

oan stayed in that job for two more rs, enjoying a modest social life and company of friends. Then on June 1955, when she was 25, she met tz Mondale at a small dinner party. e meeting had been arranged by her er's husband Bill Canby, who had n a law-school classmate of Fritz'. Be-e the dinner, Joan went *(continued)*

Are you still douching with a full quart of water?

Gynecologists still recommend that, when you douche, you use a full quart of water for optimum effectiveness.* And that shouldn't surprise you. Because most women agree a full quart is what it takes to make them feel clean, fresh and feminine. That's why we've

Good. made Massengill® Liquid and Powder to mix with a full quart of water. After all, if you want to wash out built-up secretions, or if you just want to feel really fresh after menstruation (or any other time), it stands to reason that you should stay with a full-quart douche.



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*A national survey conducted in 1975 among 199 obstetricians, gynecologists, and general practitioners found that 72% recommended at least a quart of solution for douching.

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How often have you wished for a little professional help in redecorating a room? Here's your opportunity to get that help from Helene Brown, former editor of American Home Magazine.

For a small fraction of a normal decorator consultation fee, we'll send you a complete room color plan, consisting of four correlated Waverly fabric swatches, two Bigelow carpet samples and a suggested wall color.



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Helene Brown needs the answers to these questions in order to recommend a decorating plan to you. Please check one answer to each question:

1. What room are you planning to redecorate?
☐ Living Room ☐ Dining Room
☐ Master Bedroom
☐ Girl's Bedroom
☐ Den or Family Room
☐ Boy's Bedroom

2. Thinking about this room, how would you describe the style of furniture?
☐ Early American/Colonial
☐ Mediterranean/Spanish
☐ Contemporary/Modern
☐ Traditional

3. What general color scheme would you like for this room?
☐ Light Neutrals (Beige/Off White)
☐ Dark Neutrals (Brown/Charcoal)
☐ Rust/Copper ☐ Gold/Yellow
☐ Blue ☐ Green

4. What word best describes the general "look" you would like in this room?
☐ Casual ☐ Formal

5. Approximately how large is this room?
☐ 12' x 12' ☐ 12' x 15'
☐ 12' x 20' ☐ 15' x 20'
☐ 15' x 25'

6. How would you best describe the "traffic" in this room?
☐ Light ☐ Moderate ☐ Heavy

7. Do you have children under 18 living at home?
☐ No children under 18
☐ 1 or 2 ☐ 3 or 4 ☐ 5 or more

8. Where do you live?
☐ East ☐ South ☐ Midwest ☐ West

9. Do you live in

	Own	Rent
☐ An apartment	☐	☐
☐ House	☐	☐

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Enclosed is my check or money order (no cash, please) for $5.00. I have answered all the questions above. Please send my personalized decorating plan. Allow approximately 4 weeks for delivery.

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SECOND LADY

continued

shopping with her mother to buy a new dress, and she remembers even now the anticipation and excitement of getting ready. "Most blind dates do not work out, and you end up feeling even worse at the end of the evening—but this one worked out perfectly." Less than two months after that first date, Joan and Fritz were engaged, and on December 27, 1955 they were married.

Though Fritz was working as a junior partner in a Minneapolis law firm, Joan admits that even then his first love was politics—whether it meant helping Hubert Humphrey's senatorial campaign or Orville Freeman's race for governor. "I learned in those first years of our marriage, when he was out giving speeches all the time, that I had two choices. I could sit at home and weep or I could become active in our ward club and have plenty to do on those long nights, like working on lists and making phone calls and planning different events. And then the children came along, [Teddy, now 19; Eleanor, 17; and William, 15.] And Fritz likes neatness. Most men do. He doesn't mind curls of dog hairs in the corners, but he does want a nice house. And so do I. So there was always plenty to do."

Positive acceptance

Joan's voice betrayed neither the bitterness nor the regret that many political wives express these days, but simply a positive acceptance of her life. The clue to this acceptance can be found, she believes, in the patterns and expectations established in her early life, when her father, like her husband, was away much of the time, and the women of the house learned to cope alone. Never having experienced the security of a family that spends its days and weekends together, Joan grew up with a different set of longings and concerns. "I learned as a child that I was different. I always felt the pressures of being a minister's child. It's the public quality of the life that makes the difference."

That the public nature of life creates its own worries is clear in the answer Joan gave when writer Myra MacPherson (*The Power Lovers*) asked her to recall the worst time in her life. "The worst time was when Fritz was appointed Attorney General of Minnesota (in 1960) and nobody *knew* him! I mean, *nobody knew him!* It was so bad. Fritz would say his name and tell people he was the new attorney general and people would say, glad to meet you and call him by the name of the man he had replaced. Oh! It was terrible." (Despite Joan's worries, Fritz won election as attorney general that same year.) This statement tells a lot,

(continued on page 64)



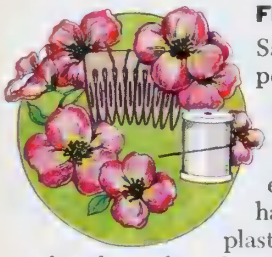
Beauty Journal

Here, the lowdown on having a high time this summer—from skin care to a sparkling look.

AFTER SUN, WHAT?

What do you do after a day on the beach when you realize you've O.D.'d (over-done-it) with the sun? When the red (meaning color and heat) starts rising, two things snap into mind: soothers and softeners. • Push-button relief—spray of oil to slick on wet (but paradoxically "dry") skin, after a shower or bath. You'll almost slide into smoother shape. Alpha Keri Spray, 5 oz., $4.35. • Rich, plump and tempting. A gooey dessert? No, a moisturizing bar to soft-soap your skin while holding your tan. Apres Le Soleil Body Moisturizing Bar by Bain de Soleil, 3.75 oz., $1.50. • Slip into a tub for instant sighs. Fragrant oil therapy *can* renew you. Aviance Extra Silky Bath Oil by Prince Matchabelli, 8 oz., $5. • Where is the most important spot to moisturize? All over. A delicious pamperer, Tropic Sun After Tanning Moisture with aloe, coconut and sweet almond oils. Feels good. By Sea & Ski, 8 oz., $3.50.

FLORA ROMANTICA



Say it with flowers. Pick out your own posies (or whatever fake flowers you fancy) to make-your-own hair ornaments. Head for a nearby five-and-dime and for under 50¢ each, you can usually find neat haircombs in either clear or tortoise plastic. Stop next at a craft place for thin, flexible wire (the spool kind florists use). At home, attach flower to the comb by winding wire around both until secure. It's that simple. More on poetic flora-in-hair on page 91.



SUMMER FLASHES

Part of summer's fun is looking prettier than ever. Here, new beauty things to play with. . . . • Taking you nonstop day and night, a very secure eye shadow (it's waterproof, smudge-proof, crease-proof and fade-proof). The one that caught our eye, Gray-Blue, is exactly the color of the horizon between sea and sky. Wand by Aziza, $2.75. • The gold rush is on (see page 90). More ways to strike it rich. Flecks of gold in a lipwand (Honeyed Tangerine Lipshine, $4) and in a cheek glower (Sun-Glazed Coral Tender Blusher, $5.50). Both, Estée Lauder. • And, coming in on gossamer wings, a finishing powder to dust over the crest of cheekbones . . . or bare shoulders. Golden Silk by Glemby, at department store beauty salons, 2 oz., $6. • If sun, salt (or chlorine) has stolen the shine from your hair, recharge each and every strand. Clairol's Short and Sassy has a new extra conditioning formula for overworked hair. 7 oz., $1.65. • Right down to the fingertips—a rosy tint (somewhat like the warming sunrise) to give an innocent aura to the nails. Bottle even tilts to lend you a hand. Germaine Monteil Nail Blusher, in Rose, $3.50.

HAIR AWAY

Q. *Please help. For years, I haven't been comfortable wearing either short shorts or swimsuits because of too much hair on my legs and thighs. Is there anything I can do about this?—J.F., North Little Rock, Ark.*

A. For a clean sweep (or spot removal), we'd suggest some depilatory action. Basically, depilatories are chemical products that dissolve the hair follicle *below* the surface. You simply apply, let sit and wash off for a tidy, silky surface. Try out a skin patch test first to make sure you're not allergic. If a rash pops or stinging occurs, rinse off immediately and go to another method.

Depilatories come in lotion, cream or foam forms—the most popular being the spray-on foam because of its ease and "hands-off" application. Also, just recently it's been discovered that the foams may actually remove hair faster than other forms of depilatories. And the faster they take-it-all-off, the milder it will be for your sensitive skin.

Since you're using a depilatory for a bathing suit line (and this year's suits come with high-high cut legs, see page 89), one trick is to wear an old pair of bikini underpants for a guide. Outline the depilatory (cream is neater, here) around the edges of the panties.

When polled on depilatories, most women objected to the 1) chemistry lab aroma; 2) the harshness. To the rescue, a new kind that's both pleasantly scented and has baby-oil built-in for gentleness (by Nair). Nice.

But if you're one of the delicate few who can't whisk hair away with depilatories, take to the blade. Very, very carefully. The way a human body is shaped makes it hard not to nick or scrape the inner thigh. One exception—Gilette's lightweight "Daisy" shaver, with its tilted head, angles into those unreachable areas. A helpful hint for beach-goers—shave just before going out to minimize any stubble showing.

EXERCISE OF THE MONTH



Q. *In the summer, I spend hours on the beach soaking up the sun. Is there any way to put that idle time to good use (I mean exercising!) without my friends catching on?—M.P., Falmouth, Mass.*

A. Yes, we've developed a "sneaky exercise" (toning thighs and buttocks) for just such occasions. To pull it off, stretch out on a towel, stomach down and turn on the radio. Point toes, flex buttocks and do mini-leg raises (up to 6″). Alternate one leg at a time or do both. Keep up for 10 minutes; rest. Do again and again. It will just look as if you're bouncing to the music's rock beat.



Border by Julia Noonan Drawings by Thea Kliros

Soap and water:
Should you use it if your skin is dry?

If you've got to get your face clean but you have dry skin, you can't use soap or it will dry out even further. Right? Think again.

In the first place, many dermatologists feel there's no better cleanser for your face than soap and water. And you already know that no combination of creams and fresheners ever leave your face feeling as clean.

In the second place, it depends on the soap. Ordinary soaps are made only to "take": to take away dirt and makeup. In the process, they also take away some of your skin's natural moisture and oils, which you can't afford to lose now that you're no longer a rosy-cheeked, dewy-skinned young girl.

You need a soap with "give" as well as "take." Now there is one. New Neutrogena® Dry Skin Soap. Not only does it take away surface dirt and makeup as mildly and effectively as our regular Neutrogena® Soap. *It does more.* It gives very dry skin something it needs. *Extra protection.* An invisible layer of two emollients that stays on when the dirt rinses off. And, as you know, emollients are those wonderful substances that help skin retain moisture and act as a barrier against further moisture loss. The process is called hydrating the skin. (Instead of dehydrating, which many soaps do).

How does it work? Two special hydrating agents* have been added to the original Neutrogena formula to make new Neutrogena Dry-Skin Soap. They're very much like the ingredients in moisturizers. And that's why this new soap will immediately leave your dry skin feeling softer and smoother than you're used to with other soaps.



Give our Neutrogena Dry Skin Soap a try. You may be in for a great treat: the fresh, clean feeling of soap and water on your face, and none of the worries.

Introducing Neutrogena® Dry-Skin Soap

*Purcelline Oil Syn. and Laneth-10 Acetate.

*Neutrogena Corp. 1987

SECOND LADY

continued from page 61

for it reveals how politics becomes absorbed in the bloodstream to the point where political needs—for prestige, power and audience—are felt as deeply and as painfully as the needs for security or love of family and friends.

In 1964, Fritz Mondale was appointed to the Senate to fill the seat vacated when Hubert Humphrey became vice president. I asked Joan whether the move to Washington from Minnesota had been difficult. "Oh, it was very hard at first," she admitted. "In Minnesota there had been a great deal of camaraderie among all the political wives. We all went to the same banquets and teas and luncheons. Everywhere I went I'd see Jane Freeman or Arvonne Fraser. It was a friendly group. In contrast, in the Senate, I found 100 wives going 100 different directions. Sometimes we'd see other senators' wives at dinner parties, but not often since most hostesses in Washington prefer to invite one of each—one senator, one journalist, one administration figure, etc. So it was hard to get to know any of the women. As for the men, I'd sit down at the dinner table and try to discuss things I knew about—such as the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota—but no one cared. All the knowledge and insights and funny little stories I had accumulated over the years were suddenly useless. Nor could I talk about art work or my PTA work. For I kn that would bore my dinner compani even more.

"And then there was always the wo that I'd say or do the wrong thing worry that never goes away entire When she was with Eugene, Abig McCarthy said she would wake up a cold sweat at night worrying if had said something that might have h him. I, too, have that fear. It's a natu sensitivity in this business. You have learn what's right and what's wrong. L you don't wear a short dress to the Wh House as Mrs. Trudeau did last Feb ary. Now I know she likes cut-off ski and it was a beautiful dress, and h mother had made it for her—which ma it even more special. I understand that, and I'm not being critical, but Washington you just have to be care about such things. You have to measu your words and hold your tongue befo you speak. It takes a while to learn ho to act correctly. Washington is very ha at first."

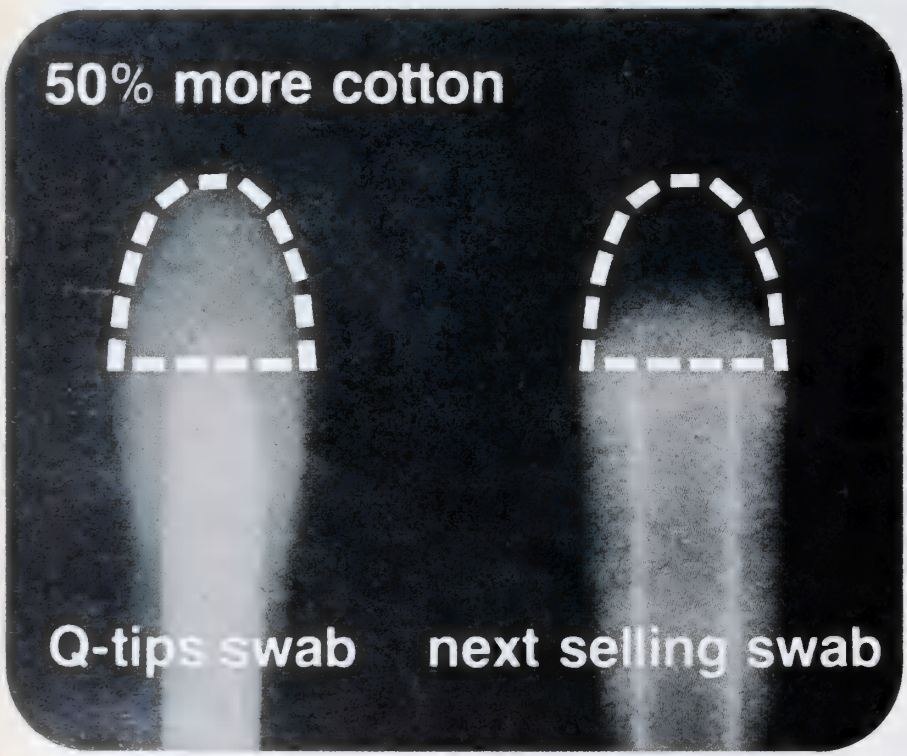
Something to talk about

I asked her just how she went abo learning these things and figuring o what to say at dinner parties. "I ma sure to read *The Washington Post* befo I went out, and I'd try to get the late news items from the *Evening Star* or the radio. Then I had something to ta about. Let's face it, Washington is man's world, so you adjust to that. No I know some wives get very frustrate but I love politics and I get tired complaining wives who feel sorry f themselves. That's why I like Rosalyn Carter. She's always positive about e erything. You see, I understood fro the beginning that I couldn't combin my daytime friends and our nighttim friends, that the husbands of my a friends would not be interested in Fri and vice versa. Besides, it was enough t see my women friends during the day

The "art friends" are people Joan me over the years as she pursued, part-time the full-time interest in art that she gav up to marry Fritz Mondale. During he years in Washington, Joan has give weekly tours at the National Gallery o Art and has studied pottery. Yet thes interests have always taken a back sea to the primary interests of her husban and children.

Joan's children have attended both public and private schools, and in eithe case, Joan became actively involved Here again, however, as in other areas o family life, it was Joan who was in volved, not Joan-and-Fritz. Before be coming Vice President, Fritz Mondale like many other senators, went back t his home state nearly every weekend; i would have cost too much for his wif and children to accompany him. "Wasn'

(continued on page 144



"I use only Q-tips® Swabs on Janie because Q-tips® have 50% more cotton at the very tip."



"It's important to a mother. Q-tips® have more soft cotton at the very tip. 50% more than the next selling swab. I can even feel the extra softness."



Kent Golden Lights 100's!

Taste so good you won't believe they're lower in tar than all these 100's:



19 MG TAR 1.2 MG. NIC.	18 MG TAR 1.1 MG. NIC.	18 MG TAR 1.0 MG. NIC.	16 MG TAR 1.2 MG. NIC.	19 MG TAR 1.4 MG. NIC.	18 MG TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.	18 MG TAR [illegible] NIC.	16 MG TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1976. Kent Golden Lights 100's Regular and Menthol: 10 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

HOW TO FEEL MORE ALIVE AT 5:00



Some days I used to feel really dragged out by five o'clock.

You probably know the feeling because you've had it yourself. And usually just when you were planning something really nice for the evening.



Then I found out about Vivarin.

Just one Vivarin tablet perks me up, makes me feel more alive.

You see Vivarin is a gentle pick-me-up. The active ingredient that makes Vivarin so effective is the caffeine of two cups of coffee squeezed into one easy to take tablet.

So for those times when five o'clock rolls around and you want to feel more lively, ready to enjoy the rest of the day, try Vivarin.

It really works.



Read label for directions

Your family's health

By David R. Zimmerman

Watch for new contact lenses; beware of bran claims; avoid black widow spiders and athlete's foot.

FIT 'N FORGET CONTACT LENSES? A research race is on to develop and test contact lenses that can be worn day and night—removed only for an occasional cleaning. Already, both hard and soft lenses have been created that will admit oxygen to the cornea and permit it to vent carbon monoxide; the lenses also dissipate heat. Thus they can be worn continuously without causing pain. Thousands of Americans are now testing these experimental lenses, wearing them for long periods. But eye doctors and the FDA remain extremely cautious about them, for while there has been no rash of corneal injuries, as far as anyone knows, it is too soon to tell if continuous wear insidiously damages the eye.

LAETRILE. Responsible cancer specialists, inside government and out, are virtually unanimous in saying there is no more evidence today that Laetrile will cure cancer than there was ten years ago. Then, there was no scientifically verified evidence supporting the claims made for Laetrile. There is none now. Despite the high hopes for a cancer cure, the experts say Laetrile is not it.

BRAN. Because high serum cholesterol is one of the clearest risk factors associated with heart attacks, foods and drugs to lower cholesterol win wide consumer attention. Dietary roughage, or fiber—which moves food through the intestines faster and prevents constipation—also has been claimed to lower cholesterol. But researchers at the University of Oregon, in Portland, who conducted tests, say high-fiber diets failed to change subjects' cholesterol levels. Asserts metabolic researcher Thomas Raymond, M.D.: "Our message is that fiber will not protect a person against coronary heart disease." Some help could come, however, from a new cholesterol-lowering drug called probucol (Lorelco, Dow). It produces 10–15 percent reductions, on the average, in cholesterol levels.

BLACK WIDOW BITE. The best way not to be bitten by a black widow spider is to check for its shapeless web in sheds, barns and vacation hideaways. The pain—for the 500 Americans who are bitten by this red-marked black spider each summer—can be excruciating. But poison control experts say the fatality rate is under one percent. Emergency care means a quick trip to the hospital or doctor's office, where pain-killing drugs—and, if available, an anti-serum—can be administered. Cold packs and bed rest are recommended treatment, along with frequent hot baths—which experts say dramatically relieves the pain.

STAMPING OUT ATHLETE'S FOOT. The funguses that cause itchy, burning athlete's foot flourish in warm weather, and particularly thrive inside tight tennis shoes and other footwear. You can discourage them with frequent soap-and-water washings *and dryings* between the toes, by wearing sweat-absorbent cotton socks or open-toed sandals. Dusting between the toes with popular commercial foot powders—which usually contain a form of undecylenic acid—will cure mild cases, and prevent new ones, says the highly conservative *Medical Letter*. But for severe cases, the *Letter* says four new and stronger drugs—clotrimazole, miconazole, haloprogin and tolnaftate—are better. The *Letter's* medical consultants prefer the first two, which require prescriptions; tolnaftate is available in over-the-counter products. **End**

"Your haircolor can only be as beautiful as your hair. Spend 30 minutes with condition.*"

Pierre Henri



Maybe your hair is the color nature gave you, d maybe you gave nature a little help. In any se, the quality of your haircolor is enhanced by lustre, shine and texture of the hair itself. And that's what I'm worried about. The lustre, ne and texture of your hair are so vulnerable to n, wind, drying heat, even air pollution. Why, en over-brushing and styling can affect the or quality of hair, turning it dull, dry, lifeless. That's why I recommend that all my clients—rcolor users or not—spend 30 minutes with ndition* at least twice a month.

condition* is the intensive treatment that really es its time working on your hair's problems. d condition* is rich in otein. It can actually netrate the rshaft to help ovide protein to porous, protein-deprived areas.

condition* can really help improve the lustre, shine and texture of your hair—leaving it with an extra measure of body, fullness and manageability. Even more important, condition* helps maintain that healthy look that makes blond hair beautiful, red hair radiant, and brunette hair positively brilliant. Helps protect against future damage, too.



30 minutes of good can make up for a lot of bad.

And because condition* was originally developed specifically for haircolor users, it is *especially* gentle to color treated or tinted hair.

So, whether you use a haircoloring product or not, be sure to use condition*. After all, why shouldn't your hair color and your hair *both* be as beautiful as they possibly can?"





condition*

The 30-minute treatment for mistreated hair.

-77 Clairol Inc. **condition*** is a Registered Trademark of Clairol Inc.

STARVING ARTISTS COOKBOOK

When a cookbook filled with great recipes prepared at modest expense comes to our desk, we look twice. When the book also celebrates the freshness of food (much of it home-grown), we know we have a cookbook richly deserving a place in our community cookbook series. And so this month we travel to Washington State to feature the *Starving Artists Cookbook*, written by members and friends of the Bainbridge Island Arts and Crafts. A quote from the book's forward best defines the authors' point of view: "This book illustrates nearly 60 years of coping with economic *(continued)*



Lunch in the meadow on Bainbridge Island includes fresh strawberries, Ham Fritatta, Beer Waffles (with assorted jams), Fresh Apple Cake. Arts and Crafts members, from left: Judie Elfendahl (her husband Jerry tends horses in the background), Susan Wallace (cookbook co-editor), Pat Hertrich, George Hall and Karen Kaufman.

Photographs by Ken Regan/Camera 5

Are these salads identical twins? Your eyes say: yes. Your mouth will say: no.



Some of the flavor was hidden in this salad.

The dressing in this salad was made with one of those oils which has a noticeable taste of its own that can hide the delicious flavors of a tossed salad (or any salad). But Wesson Oil is a flavor-saver.

All the flavor is alive in the Wesson® Oil salad.

The dressing in this salad was made with Wesson Oil which has no noticeable taste of its own. So the full flavor of salads comes through. With the Wesson mild blend of pure vegetable oils you taste the greens, the herbs, the seasonings—not the oil.



Unlike some oils, Wesson has no noticeable taste of its own.

With Wesson® you taste the salad-not the oil.

© 1977 Hunt-Wesson Foods, Inc.



Puget Sound seafood dinner: Clams and Green Rice, Shrimp-Crab-Clam-Cioppino, a delicious Instant Mousse.

A cookbook that celebrates food at its freshest, including a bounty of seafood and shellfish.

vicissitudes. Interspersed with inventive recipes to stretch expensive staples are adventures into using plentiful produce and protein." As it turns out, not many of the artists (including painters, weavers, writers, sculptors, potters, and so on) we met were actually "starving"; rather, they seemed remarkably healthy and well-fed, due in large part to their imaginative use of foods at hand.

Bainbridge Island is 30 minutes by ferry across Puget Sound from Seattle, Washington. The trip over would be pleasant enough just for the sights of a busy harbor and the Seattle skyline, complete with new high-rises and the Space Needle; but add the looming presence of Mt. Rainier at our back and the beckoning mountain ranges of the Olympic Peninsula—well, it's 30 minutes to stir the soul.

Easy and relaxed hospitality was quickly extended by the group, and things were incomparably well-organized under Susan Wallace (co-editor of the cookbook with Gretchen Driver). After touring the Arts and Crafts Shop to get a good idea of the handsome and varied work by group artists, we set out on our usual round of adventures in eating. First stop, and the one that for us best captured the feeling of the Island, was the buttercup-strewn meadow of Judie and Jerry Elfendahl. It was a taste of country unusual to food editor Sue Huffman, photographer Ken Regan and myself (city folk all) as we savored the brunch menu not only with league members but with interested horses, sheep and dogs. Heaps of fresh strawberries (for which the Island is famous), fresh apple cake and beer waffles were memorable. Setting the table here and throughout the trip with locally made pottery was another treat.

Dinner later in the day was set at the bayside home of Mary and John Glase, looking out across the water to Seattle. Seafood was the feature here, befitting the extraordinary ocean and shellfish bounty of the Northwest. Cioppino, with cracked crab, shrimp and clams; clams and green (from lots of parsley) rice, were the main dishes, the latter being one of the tastiest but simplest dishes we'd tasted in a long time. One aspect of an overflowing crudité platter also caught our fancy—raw celery flavored with anise extract. A truly satisfying meal (and remember, inexpensive).

Lunch next day was again at waterside, this time an inland bay with rock-tumbled beach at the home of Melinda and John Phillips. (We'd partied there the night before, a gala that included our first taste of parsley wine —Pow!) Someone had brought a bucket of fresh clams and a salmon which we surrounded with Beerocks (hamburger, cabbage and sauerkraut in dough), bulgur salad (the base is cracked wheat and should be in everyone's repertoire) and fresh-blackberry cake (another Island specialty, though blackberry jam is a good substitute).

Leave-taking is never easy on these trips, but packing up to leave Bainbridge Island was done with particular reluctance—good food, good company, all in a part of the world that seemed a bit of bliss.

Starving Artists Cookbook contains about 250 recipes on 136 loose-leaf pages. Cooking tips and delightful illustrations are scattered throughout. Book proceeds go largely to support scholarships for Island residents sponsored by the Crafts Center. Bainbridge, with its resident population of around 20,000, may not be on everyone's route (locals hope to keep it that way), but should you be in the area, we urge you to stop at the Crafts shop—it's one of the best we've ever seen. Barring a trip to the Island, try ordering a copy of their book—you'll get, as we did, a sense of delightful people involved in good works. Coupon for ordering, plus recipes, on page 72.—JOHN STEVENS



Bainbridge Island, on the beach: Beerocks (pastry-filled ground beef and cabbage), Bulgur Salad and Blackberry Cake.

How to make fancy fancier.



Pillsbury Bundt* Fancy Recipe #1: Lemon Blueberry Bundt* turned into a Whipped Cream Dream.

Any Pillsbury Bundt* Brand Ring Cake Mix is deliciously ancy all by itself. But there are ots of ways to make it even ancier. And this recipe is only ne first of a series that'll tickle our fancy.

Bundt* Brand Ring Cakes rom Pillsbury.

Pillsbury



Lemon Blueberry Whipped Cream Dream

1 package Pillsbury Lemon Blueberry Bundt* Cake Mix**
3 tablespoons sherry or dry white wine
1 cup whipping cream
5 to 7 drops yellow food coloring

Prepare cake according to package directions except reserve blueberries for filling. Split cooled cake into 2 layers; sprinkle cut side of bottom layer with 2 tablespoons sherry. Beat Glaze packet with whipping cream, 1 tablespoon sherry and food coloring until stiff. Reserve 1/2 cup for topping. Spread bottom layer with whipped-cream mixture; top with blueberries (reserve 1 tablespoon for garnish if desired). Replace top layer and garnish with reserved whipped cream mixture and blueberries. Refrigerate leftovers. 10-inch ring cake.

**Lemon Basic Bundt* may be substituted. Prepare cake according to package directions for Bundt* pan. Continue as directed above, using 1/2 cup fresh or frozen berries, thawed and well drained, for filling.

The Pillsbury Co., 1977
Bundt Trademark for cake and cake mix used under authority of Northland Aluminum Products, Inc., Minneapolis, Minnesota ® Registered T.M. of Northland Aluminum Products, Inc., Minneapolis, Minnesota

STARVING ARTISTS

continued

BEER WAFFLES
pictured on page 68

Crispy, good way to start your day.

2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
4 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups milk
1 cup beer
2 eggs, separated
½ cup melted butter or margarine, cooled

Preheat waffle baker. In medium bowl, combine dry ingredients. Add milk and beer, egg yolks and melted butter or margarine; beat until smooth. Beat egg whites to soft peaks; fold into batter. (Makes 5½ cups batter.) Pour some of the batter onto waffle grids. Cover and bake. Do not lift cover during baking. When waffle is baked, loosen with fork. Continue baking more waffles with remaining batter. Makes 6 waffles, 12½x5-inches; 6 to 8 servings. About 370 calories per six servings; 275 calories per 8 servings.—*Cebe Wallace*

HOT TOMATO DRINK

Try this preceding a salad luncheon.

1 quart tomato juice
1 slice onion
1 slice green pepper
1 slice celery
¼ cup vinegar
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon prepared horseradish
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper

Place all ingredients in large saucepan. Heat to boiling. Cover and simmer 20 to 25 minutes; strain. Makes 1 quart; eight ½-cup servings. About 50 calories per serving.—*Liz Fraser*

HAM FRITTATA
pictured on page 68

Perfect for Sunday lunch or supper.

½ pound chopped ham, bulk pork sausage or sliced bacon
10 green onions, chopped
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
6 leaves fresh basil, chopped (or ½ teaspoon dried)
3 medium zucchini, chopped
6 eggs, beaten
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup grated Parmesan or Romano cheese

In medium skillet, cook meat (break up sausage). Remove with slotted spoon and drain on paper towels; discard all but 2 tablespoons drippings. To drippings in skillet, add green onions, parsley, basil and zucchini; sauté until tender. Meanwhile, in small bowl, beat eggs, salt and pepper.

Preheat broiler. Return meat to skillet and stir until well mixed. Pour egg mixture over vegetable-meat mixture. Cook over low heat; stir occasionally so uncooked eggs run to bottom of pan. Sprinkle with cheese. Place under broiler for 2 to 3 minutes until cheese is melted and top slightly browned. Makes 6 servings; about 330 calories each.—*Karen Kaufman*

FRESH APPLE CAKE
pictured on page 68

What would a Washington State cookbook be without a fresh apple recipe?

Cake
1 cup sugar
¼ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 egg, beaten
4 cups chopped apples (about 2 to 4 apples cored, unpeeled)
1 cup unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon salt
Confectioners' sugar

Vanilla Hot Sauce
⅓ cup butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
½ cup heavy or whipping cream
1½ teaspoons vanilla extract

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease and flour an 8-inch square pan; set aside.

In large mixer bowl, cream sugar, butter or margarine and egg. Add apples and beat until well mixed. Combine remaining ingredients and add to apple mixture; beat just until moistened. Spoon into prepared pan. Bake for 45 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Sprinkle top of cake with confectioners' sugar. Serve warm with Vanilla Hot Sauce or ice cream. Makes 8 servings. About 235 calories without sauce.

While cake is baking prepare sauce. In small saucepan, combine all ingredients; cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, until butter is melted and sugar is dissolved. Makes about 1 cup. About 110 calories per tablespoon.—*Susan Wallace*

CIOPPINO
pictured on page 70

Fish stew from a fishmonger.

¼ cup olive oil
2 medium onions, finely chopped
2 ribs celery, finely chopped
½ medium carrot, grated
1 can (28 oz.) tomatoes, undrained
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
½ cup dry white wine
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1½ dozen clams (in the shell) well scrubbed
1 large or 2 medium raw crabs, cracked
¾ pound shelled and deveined shrimp (about 18)

In Dutch oven, heat olive oil. Add onions, celery and carrot; sauté until tender. Add tomatoes, tomato sauce, white wine, parsley, salt, pepper. Heat to boiling. Reduce heat; cover, simmer for 1½ to 2 hours, stir frequently.

Fifteen minutes before serving, increase heat to high. Add clams, then crab. During last 5 minutes add shrimp. Cook until shellfish is fork-tender. If desired, serve over spaghetti. Makes 6 servings. About 285 calories per serving.—*Gretchen Driver*

CLAMS AND GREEN RICE
pictured on page 70

Simple and delicious.

2 tablespoons olive oil
1 medium onion, finely chopped
1 garlic clove, finely chopped
½ cup chopped parsley
1 cup cooked rice
1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 can (8 oz.) minced clams, drained
⅓ cup clam juice
Chopped parsley, for garnish

Preheat oven to 350°F. In medium skillet, heat oil. Add onion, garlic and parsley; sauté for 10 minutes or until tender. Add rice, cheese, paprika, salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Spoon into greased 1-quart casserole. Gently stir in minced clams and juice. Cover and bake 35 minutes. Sprinkle with more freshly chopped parsley and serve. Makes 4 servings. About 295 calories per serving.—*Gretchen Driver*

CHILLED CELERY

Fine idea for your next vegetable tray.

6 ribs celery
1 teaspoon anise extract

Cut celery into 4-inch narrow strips; place in bowl. Cover celery with water; add anise extract. Cover and refrigerate for at least 4 hours. Drain. Serve with other fresh vegetables, if desired. About 8 calories per rib.—*Gretchen Driver*

INSTANT CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
pictured on page 70

Speedy and low-calorie as well.

2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
1 cup cold water
1 package (6 oz.) semisweet chocolate pieces
½ cup milk
½ cup instant nonfat dry milk
5 to 7 ice cubes

(continued on page 124)

TO ORDER YOUR COOKBOOK

Starving Artists Cookbook contains over 250 recipes on 150 pages. The spiral-bound book features recipes that provide hearty eating and good nutrition for little money. Illustrations and cooking tips throughout. To order your copy send $5.55 (this includes 60¢ postage and handling) to:
Bainbridge Arts & Crafts Cookbook
5363 Rose Ave., N.E.
Bainbridge Island, WA. 98110
Make checks payable to Bainbridge Arts & Crafts. Washington State residents please add 25¢ sales tax.

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LTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

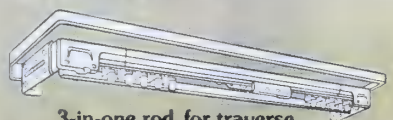
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The secret behind beautiful draperies: a beautifully-designed drapery rod.

Sears Whisper Glides



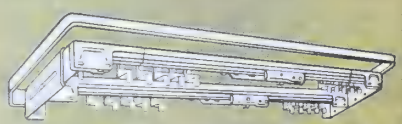
Basic traverse rod.
Curtain rod socket at rear.



3-in-one rod, for traverse drapery, stationary curtain and valance.



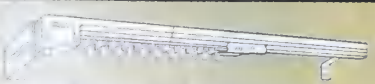
Double traverse rod.



Double traverse with valance rod.



Basic traverse rod with stationary curtain rod.



One-way draw traverse rod.

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Sears non-tilt plastic carriers are exclusively designed with a long back to keep both draperies and pins hanging straight down.

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Ah, the convenience of being able to draw your draperies from either side! What's more, your draperies draw on separate tracks so they can't ever jam or catch —and still meet perfectly.

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Size for size, Sears Whisper Glides are built with more strong-tempered steel than competitively priced rods. No sagging. Adjustable. Lengths to 26 feet. Now at most Sears larger stores and through the catalog.

Whisper Glide Drapery Rods. Only at Sears

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WOMEN OF THE YEAR 1977

For the fifth straight year, *Ladies' Home Journal* honors women who, through their own achievements, inspire other women to new heights. The nine recipients of our Women of the Year, 1977, award were chosen by both popular and specialized opinion.

In our January, 1977, issue we asked *Journal* readers to check the names of candidates submitted by many sources—including our own readers. Thousands of ballots came in and were counted by computer. A distinguished jury met in New York to review the top selections made by readers and to narrow them down to the nine women we salute here. The Women of the Year will receive their awards in Washington, D.C. on May 23. Details will be announced shortly. Our Unsung Heroines of the Year will be announced in the July *Journal*—and for further information on our blue ribbon jury, see Editor's Diary, page 8.



The 1977 Women of the Year represent, we believe, an interesting composite of women in our contemporary life. The list includes a doctor, a labor leader, a journalist, a volunteer who has brought books to the underprivileged, a great performer whose contributions have been classic, a young athlete who represents the best in women's sports, two women who run major women's organizations and a former White House press secretary who is now an activist for the Equal Rights Amendment. They are all celebrated in the best sense of the word; they all certify the growing skills and talents of women in every segment of society. Congratulations to our Women of the Year, 1977. Congratulations, too, to the women whose personal contributions in the creations of a home or nurturing of a family are also worth honoring. And congratulations to you, our readers, for your role in this important venture.

WOMEN O



Margaret McNamara Education

As a volunteer in a Washington, D.C. school, Margaret McNamara developed her own theories as to why Johnny didn't read. She wanted to give disadvantaged children the opportunity to choose books that interested them and to keep those books. So Mrs. McNamara invented "Reading Is Fundamental"—a grass-roots organization that does just that. Under her guidance, RIF has spread to 47 states and has distributed more than five million books to more than two million children. Congress has authorized almost $4 million to support the program.



Liz Carpenter Government and Public Affairs

Texas-born Liz Carpenter went to Washington as a cub reporter during the Roosevelt Administration. In 1960, she joined Lyndon B. Johnson's campaign team, became first executive assistant to Vice President Johnson, then press secretary and staff director for Mrs. Johnson. Mrs. Carpenter was a founder of the National Women's Political Caucus. Known for her good-humored advocacy, she has lectured worldwide, published a best-seller, *Ruffles and Flourishes* (about her White House days), and is campaigning vigorously as co-chairperson for ERA America.



Elizabeth Drew Communications

When asked who had won the first televised debate between presidential candidates last year, one wit replied: "Elizabeth Drew." Ms. Drew demonstrated, as a panelist on the program, the incisive understanding of politics that has gained her respect in the world of Washington journalism. Former Washington editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, Ms. Drew is a regular contributor to *The New Yorker*. Her book about Watergate, *Washington Journal: The Events of 1973-1974*, was hailed as one of the outstanding accounts of that period.



Dr. Gloria Scott Humanitarian and Community Service

Dr. Gloria Scott, president of Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., became involved with scouting as a young girl in Houston, Texas. Her commitment to scouting continued as she became an active local and national volunteer. A planner of the 1970 Conference on Scouting for Black Girls, Dr. Scott is now working to bring poor and minority children into the organization. Dr. Scott, who received her Ph.D. in university administration from Indiana University, is currently a visiting professor at Texas Southern University.

THE YEAR 1977



Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, M.D.
Science and Research

In 1969, psychiatrist Elisabeth Kübler-Ross published *On Death and Dying*, a revolutionary book that advocated bringing the subject of dying out of the closet, suggesting that everyone involved—doctors, patients and their families—deal with it directly. Through her own work with dying patients, Dr. Kübler-Ross had found that progress in medicine had often dehumanized the inevitable process of death, and that patients were often relieved to have their conditions treated realistically. Her thesis has gradually gained wide acceptance.



Marian Anderson Creative Arts

When the music world's elite gathered at Carnegie Hall recently to honor singer Marian Anderson on her 75th birthday, it added another milestone to the extraordinary career of this distinguished woman. In 1955, she opened the doors of the Metropolitan Opera to black singers. In 1939, she gave her famous concert for 75,000 listeners at the Lincoln Memorial, after the D.A.R. refused to let her use its Washington, D.C., hall. She has served as a U.S. ambassador to the U.N., and in 1963, President Johnson awarded her the Congressional Medal of Freedom.



Ruth C. Clusen Political Life

Ruth C. Clusen—president of the League of Women Voters and chairperson of the League's Education Fund—was the prime mover in getting the 1976 presidential debates televised. Undaunted by lawsuits, FCC regulations, financing the operation, or requirements of the candidates, the League, guided by Mrs. Clusen, succeeded in presenting nominees Ford and Carter—and the issues—to the nation at large for the first time in 16 years. Mrs. Clusen has been equally vigorous in fighting her lifelong battle for environmental causes and civil rights.

Addie L. Wyatt
Business and Economy

Addie Wyatt tried to get a job as a typist in a Chicago cannery in 1941. Because she was black, she was put to work packing Army stew instead. Then she discovered that she was making more money than a typist—because she had a union job. Mrs. Wyatt soon became president of her local. Today she is Director of the Women's Affairs Department of the large Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America. In 1974, Mrs. Wyatt organized the Coalition of Labor Union Women.





Sheila Young Sports

Sheila Young won an unprecedented three medals—gold, silver and bronze—in speed skating at the 1976 Winter Olympic Games at Innsbruck, Austria. It was the first time that anyone had won three medals in Olympic speed skating. She had previously placed first in three world skating championships. In 1971, to keep in training for her skating, Ms. Young took up bicycle racing. In her first cycling competition, she won the U.S. national title. In 1973 and 1976, Ms. Young won the world cycling championships.





DRAW A VERY BIG CIRCLE

How can a husband cope with a wife who loves her freedom? A tender story of marriage today.
By Morton Fineman

Bryna met me at the Marathon airport. I removed her sunglasses to see her eyes. She could see mine. Mine had been lovelorn since she'd left New York.

She kissed me. Her lips were warm, dry. No lipstick, no makeup. She happened to be a practically brand new wife who didn't need makeup.

"How's everything at 89th and Riverside?"

"New graffiti on the Soldiers and Sailors Monument."

Bryna laughed about the view from our place.

I wondered if she remembered the first argument in that room, the one I lost, the one that began when she decided to spend this summer with Hannah, her grandmother who owned a marina and guest lodge on Somrero Cove, just south of Marathon. The Keys, she explained, were the perfect spot to finish her master's thesis in marine biology. Marriage hadn't canceled her interest in that.

I listened and got angry in that room because I didn't consider it unreasonable to anticipate sharing my first married summer with Bryna.

"Two lousy weeks out of the summer," I said. When you are post-graduate level I—med school jargon for your intern period—a vacation is two weeks, even though the nurses call you *doctor.*

I looked at her, beginning to discover how we were strangers. The marriage license, dated barely four months ago, should have contained the warning that discovery is hazardous to marriage. I should have had a rule book to check on unilateral, summer-long travel packages from marriage for any reason.

I'd never been angry at Bryna. It was strange.

"Did the license come with handcuffs for me, Eric?"

I was talking about love, about being side by side; about holding hands going up or down in elevators. How did handcuffs become a factor? How did I become the jailor?

"I'm talking about love too," Bryna said.

I needed a wise man, but *(continued on page 158)*

Painting by Gervasio Gallardo



Barefoot in the sands —Barbara Carrera, hand-in-hand with tall, dark and handsome. She lights up the beach in a smolder-red mid-calf evening dress. Snug, strapless top wraps and ties. By Scott Barrie; of rayon matte jersey, $170. Seashell and flower neckpiece by Lecour Johnson.

THE SULTRY SUMMER

FASHIONS FOR THE SENSUOUS WOMAN WITHIN YOU



Tropical heat wave—looking like a Tahitian maiden, Nicaraguan-born Barbara flashes a leg in a sarong-like sundress. Softly bloused top. By Gil Aimbez for Genre; in cotton/polyester voile, $64. Orchid on a comb by Red Cobra.

If there's one time of year to indulge your fantasies, it's summer. To free that hidden spirit within you—to feel sensuous (not vavoom-sexy, but passionate about your looks, your life). Our take-a-chance fashions are modeled here by rising star, Barbara Carrera (more on next page), whose sultry kind of beauty ignites in these pared-down, charged-up clothes. By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor. Photographs by Charles William Bush. Hair & makeup, Bjorn. Men's suits from Barney's, N.Y. See page 139 for shopping information.

THE SULTRY SUMMER



Two, if by sea—Barbara Carrera adds a luster of her own to this shiny one-piecer. Glimmery gunmetal stretch maillot has crisscross halter top, a touch of shirring at the hips. By Donald Brooks for Maidenform; of nylon/Lycra, $38. Men's trunks, Christian Dior.

Glamour returns to the silver screen—with new actress, Barbara Carrera, whose torrid, very feline look suggests jungle mystery and tropical exotica. An ex-super-model (her face graced magazine covers on two continents) she's about to astound the movie-going masses in H. G. Wells' classic, *The Island of Dr. Moreau* (from American International, co-stars: Burt Lancaster, Michael York), as the Beauty among beasts. See page 139 for shopping information.



Lady flamenco—
Multi-lingual Barbara
(and friend) in a
flirty Spanish mood.
Her party dress—
top, tight as a corse-
let; skirt, sexy and
swirly over crinolines.
By Kasper for
Joan Leslie; of Schiffli
embroidery on
polished cotton, $190.
Bangle and flower,
by Cathy and Marsha
for Catherine Stein.



New Directions in Decorating

Follow the points on a compass for new decorating inspirations. Create a spirited mix with the best of *all* worlds.
By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

north



Look to where the wild geese go—Canada—for English-inspired pale woods in a city/country blend. A well-stocked cottage cupboard, wood-y wallpaper, basketry and quilting contrast with a formal, Georgian chair, subtle mushroom carpeting.



City Slicker—a sharp apartment with a sophisticated air. Charcoal and off-white are opposites that attract—with the high gleam of brass from a military chest and nest of tables. A geometric, resilient floor seems like set tiles. These great looks (on all four pages) from the Indoor World of Armstrong. More bold patterns: tasseled wallpaper, horn-striped mirror.



New Directions in Decorating

northeast





Southwest

New Directions in Decorating

Desert Song—colors of the shifting sands, warm adobe walls, flagstone-like flooring, spiky cactus and a textile pattern as if from an Indian's loom. Raw wood forms a shelf to hold craft baskets and a dramatic pair of horns. Modern sleekness: glass-topped table and chair of steel.





Down Mexico Way. From our amigo to the South comes tropical colors, rustic charm. Rough plaster and cork walls flow into the charcoal stone-like square flooring. Sturdy furniture glows with a handsome patina. Candles in tinware, Pre-Columbian artifacts and native embroidery hint at a trip to the market place.

south

New Directions in Decorating

All photographs by Nick Samardge. All furniture from the Indoor World of Armstrong. All floors and carpets from Armstrong. More shopping information on page 139.

Just in time for the rising sun, some big news for a beautiful summer. Making a splash in '77: Makeup for the outdoor life (without fear of frying)... the glitter look of speckled-gold washed over sun-tawny skin... clever ways to multiply your tanning time... and the pure allure of summer romance (showers of hair flowers, drifty whites). The tropical sun-scene here is Loews Paradise Island Hotel and Villas. By Maureen Lynch, Health and Beauty Editor.

Sunny Days: Beauty Ways

A LITTLE DAB WILL DO

Right: Out-of-the-water and into sweet scent. Even when beachcombing, take along a totable vial of fragrance with a baby sponge on top to dab on all pulse points. Shown, a Touch of Jontue by Revlon.



SPORTS UNDER THE SUN

Far right: ready for action, without fear of frying. Terrific news for all with delicate skin — three new makeup ways with sun screeners packed in. Sheer foundation, blushing cream and lipstick — to look beautiful on the courts, or wherever. Essentia Division of Almay.





Swimsuit by Dans[illegible]

THE RISING TIDE

Left: Rushing in this year, bathing suits that make their mark a notch higher on the leg. Filling in the tan line is as simple as smoothing on Sudden Tan (with built-in bronzer) by Coppertone. It evens things out nicely.

WET KNOT, WANT NOT

Right: Easy, pretty way to keep hair out of your eyes. How to do: section off, down from center part, behind ear. Twist piece into one fat strand. Curl around, pin into shape, tucking ends under. Overall — a veil of invisible protection against ultraviolet rays. Skin Dew Hair Protector by Helena Rubinstein.



Photographs by Jim Houghton. Hair and makeup by Arthur Scott.



A SUN DAY KIND OF LOVE

Basking on the beach. What do you wear for a safe coat of tan? Let the new formulas guide you (read sun-care labels for info). For instance, mild "Lotion" lets you stay out in the sun 4x longer than if you wore none. "Shade" strikes out harsh rays, giving you 6x the sunbathing time. And "SuperShade" (a block out) lets you play 10x longer (all, Coppertone). All in bare second-skin tanks that take like ducks to water.

Swimsuits for Elon by Monika Tilley

More Beauty Ways

For enchanted sundown evenings... lip colors that sizzle against summer skin... makeup that shimmers like radiant stardust... the most innocent petticoat eyelets... and for a touch of fantasy, pretty flowers in your hair.



GLEAM THAT'S ON THE BEAM

Just a wave of the wand for dazzle, color and shine. Brighter than gloss — dynamite with a just-right light tan. Easy to apply, easy to throw in a tote. Maybelline Fresh and Lovely Super Shiny Automatic Lipcolor. Here, in "Appleshine"... a real polished red.



Necklace by Daphne de la Grandiere.

GOLDEN GIRL

A sprinkling of stardust — capturing the lights on your skin. The way to shine — here. "Pure Gold" Super Luscious Creme Eyeshadow: "Blush of Gold" Blushing Creme: "SpunGold Bronze" Super Luscious Lipstick. All, Ultima II, Charles Revson.



A FINE ROMANCE

Pretty is a lighthearted look, a true summertime feeling. After a day in the sun, you'll want a dewy glow, a balance of moisture and color. Here, MoistureWear Liquid Make-up in "Rich Beige" and "Brandied Peach" Cream Blusher. Keeping your smile beautiful, a radiant lip color, wet with moisturizers and sesame oil; "Big Apple" Shiny LipSlicks. All, by Cover Girl. Softly in your hair or close to your throat, wear garlands of flowers to flirt, to charm. (For tips on making your own hair-blooms, see page 62.) You'll dress in the new naive whites—yesteryear eyelets, seemingly borrowed from an old attic trunk.

Far left: Blouse by Helene Sidel; necklace by Daphne de la Grandiere. Left: Blouse by Blousecraft; haircombs by Peter Calalano for P.C. Designs.

Photographed on the Tallship Jylland.

THE SHELL GAME

The proof of the pie isn't always in the pudding. Of equal importance (and sometimes more) are the imaginative pie crusts. To prove our point, join us for a quick round of the shell game. The first move is to our classic cherry pie, encased in a basic pastry shell—light, flaky and uncommonly tasty. Take your choice of two methods—rolling out the dough to make a neat and even double layer or the faster "press-in" way. Now move on across the board. Be adventurous. Try your hand at a meringue shell (not on rainy days; dampness delays drying) and dress it up in sundae-best (ice cream fillings and toppings). The chocolate-nut crust, heated then cooled, tastes like your favorite candy bar. (Great with cordial-spiked chiffon centers.) Very nutty—the walnut crust is delicious with old-fashioned puddings in the center. Toss together some coconut flakes to lovingly hold banana creams or lemon-limes. Add extra nutrition to a graham cracker crust by scattering in some healthful wheat germ—then pack with prepared fillings (such as cheesecake or custards topped with pineapple chunks). Finally, for warm weather fun, scoop out an ice cream crust and pile high with fresh summery fruits. Tips and recipes, page 122.

Photograph by Charles Gold



COCONUT
What could be simpler? A tossing of toasted coconut flakes with melted butter—cooked until firm.

MERINGUE
A melt-in-your-mouth sugary confection, swirls of white, crisped in the oven overnight.


CHOCOLATE ALMOND
A shell of semisweet chocolate and chopped nuts—ringed with a flotilla of wide almonds.
WALNUT
Ultimate nuttiness—a blending of ground walnuts—patted in place and baked to a crunch.
BASIC DOUGH
A cook's favorite—cherry pie with a choice of two crusts. Classic roll-out or the faster no-roll way.
ICE CREAM
More than a smoothing of vanilla ice cream—this has cottage cheese for extra creaminess.
GRAHAM/WHEAT GERM
Graham cracker crumbs and the natural goodness of wheat germ, pressed together—easy-as-pie!

PROM FIESTA

South-of-the border festivities. Great way to celebrate a high school graduation or the beginning of a fun-filled summer. With Mexican (or more accurately, Tex-Mex) fare suddenly widely available, the colorful theme is easy and inexpensive to capture. You can use such helpful shortcuts as canned refried beans, bottled taco sauce and even packaged tortillas (or roll and flatten your own). This spread has been planned for 12 good pals. Hopefully, one can strum a guitar. Another can crank the ice cream churn—turning out a chocolate-cinnamon that's rich as Montezuma's treasure. And all can bash at the swinging piñata. By Sue B. Huffman, Food Editor.



Hotter Dogs. Wrap refrigerated biscuits around baby franks, chilies and cheese.

Guacamole, the luscious avocado dip spiked with lime and hot sauce. Scoop up with tortilla chips.

Top the tostadas with one or all: minced green onions, diced chilies, sour cream or hot-t-t taco sauce.

Photograph by Nick Sama

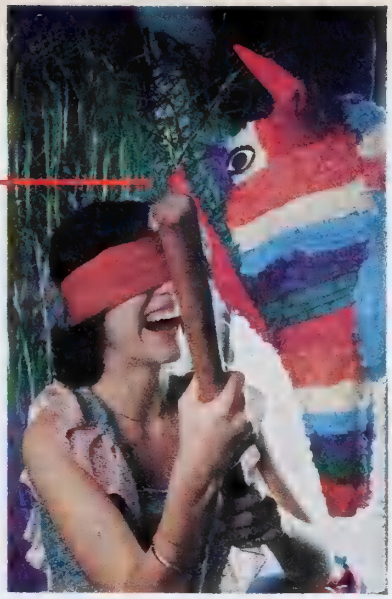
How America Entertains

Get an amiga (friend) to help you in the cocina (kitchen) for lots of chopping. The rest is easy; assemble the parts, let everyone gather-his-own. Food list, timetable and recipes, page 124.

TEENAGE MEXICAN PARTY
(serves 12)
Guacamole with Tortilla Chips
Hotter Dogs
Tostadas: Corn Tortillas, Refried Beans, Chili Beef, Grated Cheddar Cheese, Shredded Lettuce, Chopped Tomatoes, Chopped Green Onions, Taco Sauce, Diced Chilies and Sour Cream
Chocolate-Cinnamon Ice Cream
Buñuelos **Pineapple Punch**



ries available through Mexican Folk Art Annex, 23 West 56 Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.



Blindfold each guest. Take turns swinging at the piñata—until it bursts. All scramble for prizes.

Buñuelos, traditional Mexican cookies are sweet-as-sugar. The pastry fries into crunchy puffs.





Pile-A-Tostada
Use a crisp tortilla as the base, then move around the table, piling on layers of refried beans, chili beef, grated cheddar cheese, shredded lettuce, chopped tomatoes. Then move lower left for toppings.



Very Berry Ring
A side dish of strawberry-flavored gelatin, fresh berries, bananas—and creamy cottage cheese.

Red and White Bagel
Gems of salmon caviar sparkle against stark cottage cheese on a cut bagel.

Slice of the Tropics
Crushed pineapple, cottage cheese and a secret island ingredient—set on a cantaloupe circle.

COTTAGE CHEESE DELIGHTS

Cottage cheese might be the Plain Jane of the food world. But look again. The creamy white nuggets are brimming with tasty virtues. As a solid form of *skim* milk, it's a dieter's dream—high in protein, low in calories (only 120 for ½ cup, creamed). Eat it as is (smooth, with a delicate air). Add seasonings. Partner up with fruits and vegetables. Or let it mingle in such delicious company as quiche, coffee cake or noodle casserole. It's good to the last curd! Recipes for these and others (including a delightful way to make-your-own), page 98. Photographs by George M. Cochran



A Bevy of Blintzes
Golden crepes, rolled with cottage/cream cheese into delicious little packets.

The Vegetable Crunch
A garden's worth of crispness —a fresh scoop on a sweet onion bed.

COTTAGE CHEESE DELIGHTS

continued

ISLAND COTTAGE CHEESE AND PINEAPPLE
pictured on page 96

For a touch of the islands, we added rum extract to the traditional pineapple and cottage cheese.

1 can (8¼ oz.) crushed pineapple in juice, drained
½ teaspoon rum extract
2 cups (16 oz.) large-curd cottage cheese
2 cantaloupes, cut into ½-inch thick slices, peeled and cored (optional)
Lettuce leaves (optional)

In small bowl, combine pineapple and rum extract. Let stand 5 minutes. Fold in cottage cheese. To serve, use 4 center slices from each cantaloupe; reserve remaining for fruit salad. On 8 lettuce-lined salad plates, place slice of cantaloupe. Top with scoop of cottage cheese mixture. Refrigerate until serving time. Makes 8 servings. About 95 calories per serving.

CAVIAR AND COTTAGE CHEESE BAGEL
pictured on page 96

Just as good on an English muffin.

6 bagels, split and toasted, if desired
2 jars (4 oz. each) red salmon caviar
2 cups (16 oz.) cottage cheese

On 6 individual plates, place half a bagel, cut-side up. Gently spread about 2 tablespoons caviar on each bagel. Top with cottage cheese. Garnish with small amount of caviar. Serve with remaining bagel half. Makes 6 servings. About 340 calories per serving.

VERY BERRY MOLD
pictured on page 96

Attractive addition to a festive luncheon menu.

3½ cups ginger ale
1 package (6 oz.) strawberry flavored gelatin
1 cup (8 oz.) large-curd cottage cheese
2 cups (1 pint) sliced strawberries
2 bananas, sliced

Heat 2 cups ginger ale until hot. In medium bowl, combine gelatin and hot ginger ale. Stir until gelatin is completely dissolved. Add remaining ginger ale. Divide gelatin mixture in half. To one half gelatin mixture stir in cottage cheese, 1 cup strawberries and 1 cup bananas; reserve at room temperature.

Pour about 4 tablespoons of remaining clear gelatin into 6-cup ring mold to form a thin layer. Arrange about 12 to 16 each strawberries (cut side up) and bananas in mold; refrigerate until sticky, about 15 to 20 minutes. Pour ½ to ¾ cup more clear gelatin to cover fruit. Refrigerate again, about 20 minutes or until almost set. Add remaining strawberries and bananas to remaining clear gelatin. Pour into mold. Refrigerate until sticky to the touch.

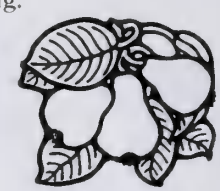
Then, carefully pour cottage cheese-gelatin mixture into mold. Refrigerate until set, about 2 hours. Unmold onto serving platter. Makes 10 servings. About 150 calories per serving.

GARDEN SALAD
pictured on page 97

Light menu or snack fare.

½ cup diced, peeled cucumber
½ cup diced tomato
¼ cup sliced green onions
¼ cup thinly sliced radishes
¼ cup shredded carrot
½ teaspoon salt
Pinch cayenne pepper
2 cups (16 oz.) large-curd cottage cheese
Red onion (optional)

Fold vegetables, salt and cayenne gen ly into cottage cheese. If desired, serv by the scoop on slices of red onio Makes 6 servings. About 100 calori per serving.



CHEESE BLINTZES
pictured on page 97

Perfect for brunch, lunch or suppe Serving with sour cream is a must!

Batter
4 eggs
1 cup unsifted all-purpose flour
½ cup milk
½ cup water
2 teaspoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine
Filling
3 cups small-curd cottage cheese
4 ounces cream cheese, softened (½ an 8-oz. package)
2 egg yolks
3 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or margarine, for frying
Sour cream or preserves

(continued on page 10

HOMEMADE COTTAGE CHEESE
pictured on page 102

Since most methods for making cottage cheese require rennet tablets, starter and/or many utensils we found a simple technique for making homemade cottage cheese. It uses whole milk instead of skim milk.

In 2-quart stainless steel or enamel saucepan, heat 1 quart milk until tiny bubbles form around the edge. Add ¼ cup lemon juice and simmer 2 minutes. *Do not stir.* Remove from heat and let stand in pan at least 45 minutes.

Meanwhile, line a 1½-quart bowl with 3 layers of cheesecloth. Let ends extend over the bowl. Pour in cooled milk mixture. Gather ends of cheesecloth, forming a bag; tie with string. Lift "bag" from bowl. Let it drip into bowl by hanging the bag. (Tieing it to an upper cabinet knob works well.) Let the liquid (whey) drip into the bowl. Let it drip for 1 hour. Discard whey. Remove cottage cheese (curds) from cheesecloth. Spoon into bowl and stir in ⅛ teaspoon salt and ¼ cup milk. Cover and refrigerate until well chilled. Keeps up to 1 week, but best served fresh. Makes 1 cup, dry/small-curd cottage cheese. About 160 calories per ¼ cup.



Herb Dip with Vegetables (left) and Green Noodle Casserole.

There's something new on our front... because there's something new on our back.



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The new yellow panel on the back of our label has literally hundreds of M'm! M'm! Good! ideas on every- ıg from delicious recipes to soup and salad combinations. You'll find sauces, gravies, seasonings, great nishing ideas, even Soup Mates—how ıake a new soup out of two soups. They're all waiting for you in the / yellow panel on the back of the el of Campbell's Soup. The M'm! n! Good! soups with the M'm! M'm! od! ideas on the back.



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Now Campbell's is putting 48 helpful s right at your fingertips. They're all le the new Campbell Recipe Box. It's made of al and done up like a Campbell's Soup can. And ı twelve different sections, you'll find there's ething for everyone. Just send $2.00 plus three ls from any of Campbell's Soups.

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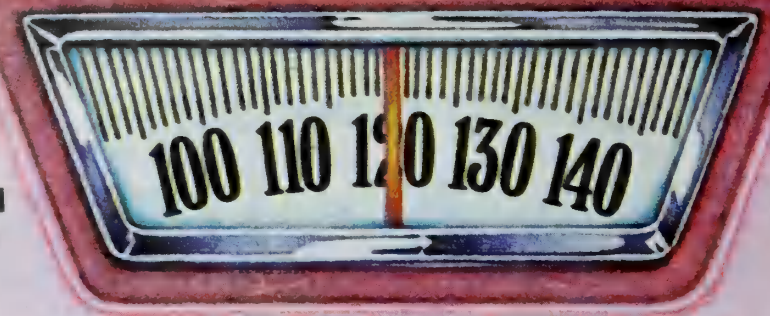
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DIET

LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

One friend who's prone to 2 A.M. binges (hunger pangs wake her up—lead her to caviar and eggs, cheesecake, all-chocolate sodas) has finally concluded it's better to cut *down* rather than try to cut *out*. There's no doubt about it: calories count. If you overeat by as little as 100 calories per day (1 4-oz. glass wine, 9 potato chips or 3 caramels)—in 12 months you could be ten pounds heavier. Here are 12 easy hints on saving that magic 100. • Reach for plain yogurt (135) instead of fruit yogurt (255). • Fast fooding it? Order a quarter-pound burger instead of a Big Mac. • Tuna comes two ways—in oil and in water. Dive into water; save. • Thirsty? Pour 10 oz. of club soda or Perrier water with a wedge of lime instead of tonic. • If you sip two cups of coffee or tea with cream and sugar, you're over by 100. Try plain. • Switch to 2 glasses of skim milk instead of regular. • Feel like an apple dessert? Have one raw (70) or even baked (120) but never pie'd (404). • Chocolate craving? Forego cake (315) or ice cream (154) and nibble on 1 tablespoon chocolate chips (48). • Chomp on cinnamon-raisin toast (60–76) for breakfast rather than a donut (175). • Measure how much sour cream (30 per Tbs.) you ladle on a baked potato. Better turn to plain yogurt (9 per Tbs.). • Squeeze fresh lemon over cooked vegetables—nix on butter or margarine (1 Tbs., 100). • Cancel mayo from your B-L-T—100 calories less.

SWEET BABY JAMS

It's berry time—*the* time to make freezer jams (a combo of old-fashioned flavor and modern technology). Quick and easy.

Unlike regular jams, the fruit doesn't have to be cooked. Small containers (not over a pint) work best, such as reusable glass jars (instant coffee, baby food, etc.) or dishwasher-proof plastic containers. Lids must be tight-fitting; sides smooth. Wash and scald first.

Here's a recipe for delicious strawberry jam. Crush one quart of ripe strawberries completely. Measure 2 cups into bowl. Mix in 4 cups sugar. Combine ¾ cup water and 1 package (1¾ oz.) powdered fruit pectin in saucepan. (If you use liquid pectin, follow recipe on bottle; liquid and powdered are not interchangeable.) Bring to boil; boil 1 minute, stirring constantly. Stir into fruit. Continue stirring about 3 minutes. Ladle quickly into jars. Cover at once. Let stand at room temperature 24 hours. Store in freezer (for up to six months); then thaw. Or, if used in 2-3 weeks, simply keep in refrigerator.

JUNE CROONS

Things to sing about—a month of offbeat days, onbeat treats. **Ship Ahoy.** For National Safe Boating Week, June 1–7, you can weather any storm by stocking new beef consommé (powdered) by Romanoff. **It's a Bird,** it's a plane, no, it's National Soaring Week, June 5–11, proving that this sport is on the up-and-up. Also rising high, new cake mixes with pudding; Pillsbury Plus. **Strummin' and Hummin!** That's what they do at the Beanblossom Bluegrass Festival, June 11–19, in Indiana. For hammin' around: handy chunk and ground ham (in a small can) by Hormel. **Dear Old Dad.** On his day, June 19, serve a man-sized lunch of Manwich (thick sauce—add meat for Sloppy Joes). By Hunt-Wesson. **Cock-A-Doodle-Doo-ing.** National Rooster Crowing Contest sounds off June 25. Something to crow about: garden-y minestrone soup mix from Knorr-Swiss. **Leaping Bullfrogs!** Go barefoot on National Tom Sawyer Days, June 26–July 4. Try Rotini (twirly macaroni) and meatballs, Franco-American.

SUPERMARKET PICNICS

When exploring the highways and byways this summer with family in tow, do something different. Instead of pulling into a roadside restaurant, find the nearest local supermarket. Shelves are full of handy picnic fare and local specialties that are hearty, different and economical. To take best advantage of such eating, assemble a travel kit before you set out: sharp knife, can opener, paper plates and towels, plastic utensils, moist towelettes for clean up. Store all in an insulated container (keeps lunch cool, too). A few menu ideas to start you: **Salad Niçoise on a bun:** 4 firm rolls, split; can tuna; bottled red wine vinegar dressing; 1 red onion; 1 tomato, 1 green pepper; lettuce. **Ham Platter:** cans of cocktail vegetable juice (6 oz. ea.); package of fully cooked sliced ham steaks from cold-cut section; macaroni salad or cole slaw from dairy case; fruit of the season. **Family Hero:** Loaf of French or Italian bread; Swiss cheese; bologna or olive loaf; tomato and lettuce. Sprinkle with bottled Italian dressing. Serve with potato chips.

Illustration by Rainbow/Grinder

lunt's Prima Salsa.®
It's thicker and zestier than Ragú."

We're delighted when spaghetti sauce lovers like Little Italy's Mr. Ferruccio Pradella tell us, "Hunt's Prima Salsa® is thicker and zestier than regular Ragu* Spaghetti Sauce." That's because he's pretty fussy about his spaghetti sauce. If Hunt's Prima Salsa pleases him, imagine how it will please you!

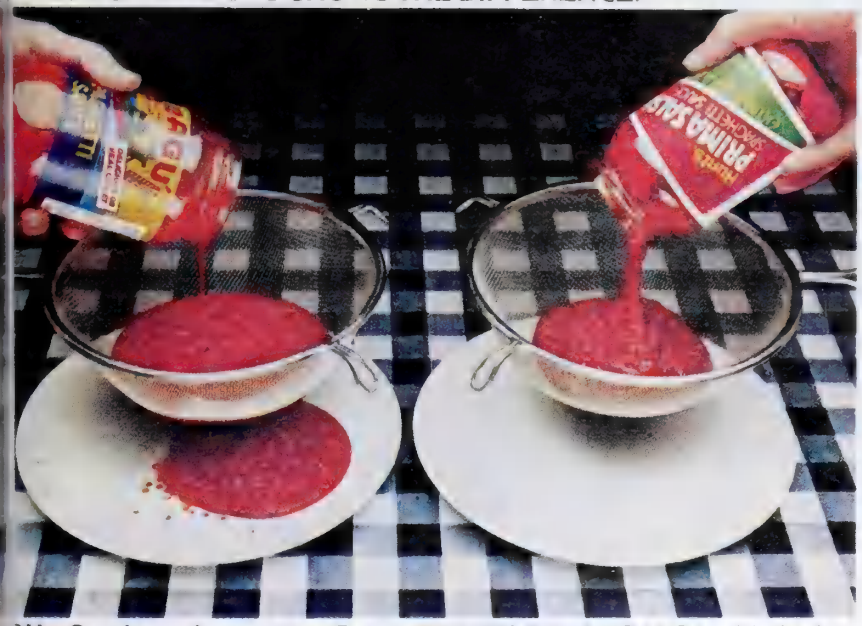
The fact is, among people who really like their spaghetti sauce, most preferred Hunt's Prima Salsa to Ragu.

Next time you're looking for spaghetti sauce, try delicious Hunt's Prima Salsa. You'll find it thicker and zestier than Ragu.



Ferruccio Pradella
45 Spring St.
New York City

RETOUCHED PHOTO SHOWS THE DIFFERENCE.



GU—See how the regular Ragu ghetti Sauce begins to come ugh the strainer in a matter of a seconds.

HUNT'S PRIMA SALSA—It's thicker and zestier than Ragu. It even looks better—it stays in the strainer.

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Available in Three Flavors: Regular, With Mushrooms, and Meat Flavored.

"HAVING CHICKEN TODAY? HAVE IT WITH OCEAN SPRAY®!"

Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce tastes just as good with everyday chicken dishes as it does with the Holiday Turkey.

So whether you're frying or broiling chicken parts, roasting a whole bird, or making your own special recipe—remember to serve Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce on the side.

DON'T WAIT FOR A HOLIDAY TO HAVE CRANBERRY SAUCE.



OCEAN SPRAY IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF OCEAN SPRAY CRANBERRIES, INC.

COTTAGE CHEESE DELIGHTS

continued from page 98

For batter: In a blender container, combine all ingredients. Cover and blend until well mixed and smooth. (Or, in medium bowl with wire whisk, beat milk, water and eggs; add dry ingredients and stir ingredients until smooth.) Batter should rest for 2 hours or refrigerate overnight before using.

For filling: In medium bowl, combine all ingredients until well blended. Cover and chill at least 1 hour. Makes about 4 cups.

In 8-inch crepe or omelet pan, melt about ½ teaspoon butter or margarine. Pour about 2 tablespoons batter into pan. Tilt and rotate pan quickly to spread batter evenly. Cook over high heat until underside is lightly browned and top is set. Gently transfer each blintz onto plate; continue making and stacking blintzes, brown sides up, using all batter. (The butter in the batter helps prevent sticking.)

To fill, place about 3 tablespoons filling on lower half of the browned side of each blintz. Bring lower edge of blintz over filling. Fold two opposite sides to center. Carefully roll from bottom to enclose filling.

In large skillet, melt 2 tablespoons butter. Place 4 cheese blintzes, seam side down; sauté until golden, on both sides. Keep warm. Continue frying remaining blintzes, adding more butter as needed. Serve hot, topped with sour cream and preserves. Makes 18 cheese blintzes. About 180 calories each.

HERB DIP
pictured on page 98

Dip vegetables into this low-calorie creation and carefully, without increasing girth, munch your way through the cocktail hour.

1 cup (8 oz.) large-curd cottage cheese
½ cup sour cream
2 tablespoons chopped chives
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 garlic clove, crushed
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
⅛ teaspoon bottled red pepper sauce
Choice of raw vegetables

Combine all ingredients except vegetables in a small bowl. Cover and refrigerate at least 2 hours to let the flavors blend. *(May be prepared in advance. Cover and refrigerate up to 3 days.)* Serve with raw vegetables, potato chips or crackers. Makes about 1½ cups. About 20 calories per tablespoon.

GREEN NOODLE CASSEROLE
pictured on page 98

A prime candidate for your favorite casserole file. Wonderful side dish without the meat.

1½ pounds ground beef
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
2 cups chopped onions
2 garlic cloves, crushed
1 package (8 oz.) green (spinach) noodles, cooked and drained
3 cups large-curd cottage cheese
2 cups sour cream
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
4 teaspoons prepared horseradish
1 tablespoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 3-quart casserole; set aside. In large skillet brown beef, stirring occasionally. Remove with slotted spoon to bowl. Pour off fat and wipe out skillet. In same skillet, melt butter or margarine. Add onions and garlic and sauté until tender. In large bowl, toss noodles and remai

(continued on page 12



Homemade Cottage Cheese.

A marshmallow a day makes your blue eyes bluer.





Sally really loved her baby shower.



Her mother thought the centerpiece was beautiful.



Her best friend raved about the clam dip.



And her co noticed th spotty glas

If you have spot problems...

Get the Cascade loo virtually spotless.

For virtually spotless dishes, nothing can beat Cascade.

Most detergents can leave spot problems, but Cascade's sheeting action fights drops that spot. Give glasses the Cascade look: bright...shiny... virtually spotless!





1916. Mamie & Dwight Eisenhower on their wedding day.

Mamie

A loving granddaughter-in-law's revealing, intimate portrait of one of the world's most admired women.

By Julie Nixon Eisenhower

mie Doud Eisenhower has star qual- To a little girl, she outshone the sident. I remember my first visit to family quarters of the White House f it were yesterday, not because I the intriguing upstairs home of the sident, nor because of the historical ificance of the day, but because of mie. I liked her because she laughed much. It was on January 20, 1957. ause the twentieth fell on a Sunday year, there was a private inaugural mony at the White House in the ning so that Chief Justice Earl War- could swear in President Eisenhower my father for their second terms.

had met Mrs. Eisenhower before, only for the briefest of white-glove dshakes. As my parents, my sister I drove down Pennsylvania Avenue the ceremony, I was excited because as going to see where the president d. I remember being surprised that used an elevator to go from the nd floor to the East Room one floor ve. To my mind, the visit was all too short. The swearing-in ceremony took less than 15 minutes. Refreshments were served afterward but my Coke was gone in minutes, and we all just stood in the big room—which was empty except for a piano and several chairs—and talked. There was no opportunity to see anything—no bedrooms, no kitchen, no pets.

When we were escorted to the elevator to leave, I started to cry. Mamie and my mother bent down, very concerned. Through my tears I explained I wanted to play in the White House.

Mamie smiled and invited Tricia and me to stay for lunch with David and his sisters—Anne, who was seven, and Susie, five years old. There was creamed chicken mounded into a tall ring of white rice. I had never seen rice that "stood up" by itself before, and I was very impressed. We had peas and, to my dismay, tall glasses of milk. I hated milk. Afterward, David took us outdoors to play. We chased each other around the paved path that circles the magnolia tree planted by Andrew Jackson. All of a sudden, Mrs. Eisenhower appeared at the double-door entrance to the White House. "David, David! Come here!" she commanded.

Her grandchildren froze in their tracks. David was scolded for bringing his sisters and guests outside without coats. I do not remember much more about the visit except that I fell in love with Anne and Susie's four-story doll house and spent the rest of the visit playing dolls in the third-floor playroom.

In 1973, 16 years after that visit upstairs at the White House, I drove down Pennsylvania Avenue again to another inaugural. Ike was no longer with us, but Mamie was in the car with me on the way to witness my father being sworn in to his second term as president. David was in the Navy then, on duty in the Mediterranean, and Mamie told everyone, "I'm playing David." The same self-assured, utterly natural quality that had impressed me as an eight-year-old was still very much in evidence.

During the ride down *(continued)*

ight © 1977 by Julie Nixon Eisenhower. From SPECIAL PEOPLE, by Julie Nixon Eisenhower. Reprinted by permission of Simon & Schuster, Inc.



45. Ike (and rumors) return from World War II.



1968. Five-star salute from hospitalized Ike on his 78th birthday.



1952. Mamie & Nixons watch Ike accept presidential nomin

1953. Mamie in her first Inaugural go



1952. Ike & Mamie with daughter-in-law Barbara & her children, David & Barbara Ann.

1975. With granddaughter Mary Jane, grandson David & granddaughter-in-law Julie.





1915. Mamie Geneva Doud, the belle of San Antonio.



1970. A tender touch as statue is unveiled.





1958. Mamie with Po

1976. With Julie Eisenhowe



nnsylvania Avenue to the Capitol. I ve an occasional timid wave to the owds lining the streets. "Don't give em any of that prissy stuff," Mamie id. "Give them a big wave. Really say llo." And with that she stretched her m out the window and, holding her nd high, waved it proudly like a flag. I could not help but feel disappointed at all they saw that day was her cheery ile and her big wave, little more than e had revealed during her eight years First Lady. Mamie had seen her role one of emotional support for her husnd—and nothing else. That star qual- she possessed could have catapulted r into a position of constant public attion and adulation. The country could ve come to understand her strength, durance and utter charm. But public cognition mattered less to her. She had interest in promoting herself.

Up until the time of President Eisenwer's third heart attack in March, 68, I had known Mamie only as a ghthearted, fun-loving future grandother-in-law and a woman, as one of r friends put it, "with a whim of iron." y image of her was little more than miles, bangs and jewelry," the subtitle one of her biographies.

Tragedy showed me another side of r character and I came to have a great spect and admiration for Mamie, as ll as love. She had been tested many nes. There had been the death of her st-born son at age four and the upoting strain of nearly three dozen oves before she and Ike finally retired Gettysburg. There had been the long r years when Mamie was home alone ith her Army wife's knowledge of the ngers her husband faced, along with mors of romance. And later the anxiety having her only son in the combat ne during the Korean War. But the preme test must have been the 11 onths at Walter Reed Army Hospital in ashington, D.C., the months of Ike's ing. Ike never saw her waver or eaken. Even the family rarely did. here were only a few times when her es, blue and round as a porcelain ll's, filled with tears. But she never ied in self-pity. Her tears came from e sorrowful knowledge of how little e could do for Ike, from the realization at he was ultimately alone in his suffring, alone in his dying.

It was a sadness we all shared. In my ary I wrote on June 16, the day after resident Eisenhower suffered his fourth art attack, "David is heartbroken beuse he pictures his grandfather as a averick who would like to ride off into e hills and die with his boots on." That tack marked the beginning of the pe- d when Mamie and her family had to nd by and watch as Ike, for the first ne in his life, found that he no longer uld control his destiny.

He fought his illness with courage, as he had fought all his battles. In August, he decided he was strong enough to address the Republican National Convention by television. Mamie knew how much effort, how much emotion this speech represented for Ike. The next morning he suffered his fifth myocardial infarction. He never left his bed again. Mamie knew that the strain of the speech was the heart attack's main cause.

From that day on, her life revolved almost completely around her husband. There were weeks and weeks when she never left the hospital. One exception was a surprise birthday party we gave for my mother. Mamie told us she could not accept the invitation until the last moment. It would have to depend on what kind of day Ike was having. She did come, but as soon as the cake was cut she left. "My beau is waiting up to hear all about the party," she explained to my mother. She told me later that Ike was awake when she arrived back at the hospital. She stood near his pillow in the darkened room and described the toasts, the piano playing and how much he had been missed.

"My beau is waiting up to hear all about the party," Mamie told Mrs. Nixon.

She guarded his energy jealously, allowing one old friend a ten-minute visit, another a stingy five minutes. I was touched by the way she denied herself the pleasure of seeing Ike with his grandchildren. She believed that more than two visitors at a time was too draining, so David and I would visit while she watched the clock in her room. When our time was up, the nurse would appear. "On Mrs. Eisenhower's orders, the time is up," she would say. Ike often insisted we stay longer, but within minutes, Mamie would come bouncing into the room, her wide, petticoated skirt swinging, and we would be cheerfully, but firmly, hustled out.

Mamie lived in a tiny sitting room and bedroom (complete with high hospital bed) just down the hall from Ike's suite. Apart from her hot pink telephone and the tins of cookies and boxes of fudge from friends, the room was surprisingly empty of personal belongings for a woman who loved to surround herself with knickknacks and family photographs. Perhaps her reluctance to bring personal objects to the hospital, like the tiny Coke bottle that was really a lighter and the miniature megaphone that contained a picture of Mamie, which had been on her bedside table as long as her grandchildren could remember, was an unconscious refusal to accept the gravity of Ike's illness. She was not blind to the deterioration in his condition—I remember the summer day when she was sad because "Ike will never be able to play golf again"—but she never gave up hope that one day the doctor would tell her that Ike would be going home next week.

Mamie disliked closed doors and the sense of being shut in, so her door onto the hall was always slightly ajar, making it impossible to forget for one minute that she was in a hospital. There was a constant traffic of doctors and nurses up and down the stark white hall with its harsh fluorescent lighting. The windows of her rooms were sealed. The changing seasons outside did not touch those within. There were no scents of autumn leaves or the fresh smell after a rain.

Neither Ike nor Mamie lost their courage—or their humor. David and I visited him a month before the [1968] election. He was lying flat in bed, his head just slightly raised. He was so thin and wasted under the Army-issue sheet. The blueness of his eyes was startling in his dead-white face. When I kissed his cheek, I was surprised by the trace of beard stubble. Somehow I felt the lifeless skin could not produce a beard. Ike gave us a huge grin and whipped open his hospital smock, exposing Nixon "buttons." He had stuck Nixon decals on the electrodes attached to his chest.

When the morning came that the doctors told Mamie that her husband would not live through the day, she sat stoically in her chair by the window in the sitting room, a small figure crumpled and silent, but a figure of dignity. Her sister, "Mike" Moore, Barbara Eisenhower and I did not try to offer words of comfort. There were none. Mamie, who had remained at Ike's side through so many months, had no interest in the deathwatch. Only at the very end, accompanied by John Eisenhower and David, did she slip into Ikes' bedroom for one last look, to touch his hand one last time.

He was buried on David's twenty-first birthday. That night as the train returned to Washington from Abilene, Kansas, Mamie arranged for a birthday cake. She stood in the doorway of the dining car, her eyes glistening, holding onto her sister's arm as the train lurched, and sang "Happy Birthday" to Ike's namesake. The ceremonies were over. Mamie Eisenhower had to pick up the strands of her life. She had to go on.

As the wife of a great man, fame had touched Mamie Doud Eisenhower as well as her husband. Yet she remained remarkably unchanged. She was unconcerned with her public image, indifferent while at the eye of the storm of press attention, and indifferent now in retrospect. She does not pretend to be anything more than what one sees on the surface—a pleasantly rounded grandmother with a perky fringe of bangs beneath a flowered hat. A grandmother and an attractive woman with great charm. Most of all, she was the woman behind the man, the woman who proclaimed, "Ike was my career." *(continued)*

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Mamie

continued

She was 19 when she first met Dwight isenhower, attracted to him because, s she told her grandson, she was sick f being courted by "all those lounge zards with patent leather hair." Ike was ifferent. "He was a bruiser," Mamie re-alls proudly, well-built and handsome. Most intriguing of all to the flirtatious Mamie Doud, he had a reputation as a oman hater. She changed that. During eir courtship, Ike often found himself tting on the front porch with Papa oud—waiting for Mamie to return from date with another young man. She was resistible. The newly commissioned econd lieutenant inscribed his West oint photograph, "to the dearest and weetest girl in the world." It was a tra-itional inscription considering the qual-y that most caught his fancy—her nuciness. Mamie was charmingly saucy and, as he learned later, as strong-illed as he.

She knew exactly what she liked and id not like right down to the colors she ould wear and those she would not ear. The woman with the China-blue yes rarely wore blue blouses because it id "terrible things" to her skin. Ike was o discover that often there was no logic ehind her likes and dislikes or her rea-oning. Some things in their marriage, ncluding their bridge partnership, could ot survive Mamie's carefree attitude.

A typical scene at the bridge table:

Mamie bids.

Ike (making a valiant effort not to ell): "Why did you make that play?"

Mamie (with a pouting underlip and shrug of her shoulders): "Oh, I don't now. Just 'cause I wanted to."

Ike throws his hand down, leaves ridge table in disgust, his face aflame.

End of scene.

When Mamie talks about learning to ve with Ike, she frequently contradicts erself. She never fails to remind me hen I visit her in Gettysburg that, There can be only one star in the heav-n, sugar, and there is only one way to ve with an Eisenhower. Let him have is own way." At other times, she pertly oasts, "Ike never told me what I should o because he knew I'd go right out and o the exact opposite." Throughout their 2 years together, it was a sometimes empestuous relationship that was least ubject to strain when they had public oles to fulfill. The responsibility of eing on view disciplined their lives and rew them together.

Mamie took a long time to grow up. I was rotten spoiled," she says cheer-ully. Her parents pampered her and Mamie adored them. She was unusually lose to her mother. Fortunately, Ike and Mrs. Doud (he called her Min) became good friends at the very beginning.

Mamie's deep love for her family was to be a bond between my grandmother-in-law and me. I have never felt closer to her than on the evening of my parents' departure for their first presidential trip to Asia in 1969. After we watched them board Air Force One, Mamie, Tricia, David and I sat in one of the limousines to watch the takeoff out of the rain. Tears welled up in my eyes. I could not repress the thought that something awful might happen—a crash, an assassin's bullet. It was one of those moments when you realize how uncertain life is and how precious parents are. Suddenly, I felt Mamie's hand close over mine. All she said was, "I understand." And I knew that she did.

When Mamie was married in 1916, it marked a wrenching break with her three sisters and her parents, to whom she had confided every emotion. She had to adjust to a husband who rarely verbalized affection and who had no use for small talk. A slap on the back or a pinch was Ike's way of saying "I love you." His career as an Army man made Mamie's adjustment to marriage even more difficult. Before her wedding she had never spent a night alone.

In making a home out of the two rooms that had been Ike's bachelor quarters at Fort Sam Houston outside San Antonio, Mamie added her own touches. With a twinkle she described to me how she rented a piano for five dollars a month and then, to make room for it, she stashed all the "inessentials," like Ike's field equipment and revolver, behind it. But decorating was like playing house. What was harder for a sheltered girl was adjusting to the realities of Army existence—the abrupt orders to move, the hardship posts, the separations.

One month after the wedding, Ike had to leave on maneuvers. Mamie protested. Ike put his arms around her. "Mamie, there's one thing you must understand," he said. "My country comes first and always will. You come second." Mamie was 19 then and it took her many years to learn to live with that statement. I suspect that it was not until Ike was President of the United States that she came to fully accept it.

Ike had told Mamie that his country came first, but he might have phrased it differently after the birth of his son. He was on field assignment at Fort Oglethorpe in Georgia when Doud Dwight was born in San Antonio. Mamie makes the arrival of her baby sound like a slapstick comedy, but it must have been a frightening experience. A few days after Ike had left for Georgia, near eleven o'clock at night Mamie decided to mail a letter to him. Although barely able to drive—Ike had given her a few crash lessons before he departed—she took the car. When she came back she had a stomachache. She thought it was due to the nervous tension of driving alone in the dark. So she ate an orange in the hope that would make her feel better. Mamie told me, "Mama [Min Doud was staying with her] took an awful long time to explain about the stomachache!" Mamie spent most of that endless night sitting up in a rocking chair. In the morning, Mama Doud somehow arranged to have Mamie taken to the post infirmary —lying down in the back of a rickety, horse-drawn cart. The baby was born a half hour later.

Mamie and Ike loved Icky, as they called their baby, more than anything else in the world. They had never been closer than during Mamie's pregnancy. Ike had watched Mamie, who had no knowledge of sewing (it was he who had let out many of her dresses during pregnancy), lovingly stitch a long white christening gown. When Icky died four years later from scarlet fever, a deep sorrow separated his parents. Mamie had always expressed her emotions—every complaint, every thought, petty or important. Ike, to his dying day, found it difficult to express his feelings. Now they were tragically alone in their reactions to the death of their son. She grieved openly, he silently.

When their son Icky died of scarlet fever, a deep sorrow separated Ike and Mamie.

Half a century later, Mamie was still unwilling to say much about how Icky's death changed her relationship with Ike. The pain is too deep. But there is no doubt that the loss of their beloved son closed a chapter in the marriage. It could never again be unblemished first love. Ike was no longer an untried idealist, Mamie no longer a blithely romantic spirit. Now they regarded each other with open eyes.

When Mamie talks about her marriage, she paints no rosy, unrealistic pictures. "There were a lot of times when Ike broke my heart," she told me one rainy afternoon in Gettysburg. She was propped up in bed, where she spends more and more of her time, surrounded by books, photographs, boxes of candy, letter paper. "I wouldn't have stood it for a minute if I didn't respect him. It was the kind of thing where I respected him so much, I didn't want to do anything to disappoint him." Her face was uncharacteristically sad, as if she were looking back on the times when she had disappointed him.

Mamie blames herself for many of the strains on their marriage, and she says she would like to be able to go back and do some things differently.

More than anything else Mamie regrets that she gave in to the temptation to go "home" to Denver so *(continued)*

Mamie

continued

often. The only times I ever felt Mamie was meddling in my marriage were when she strongly advised that I join David whenever we were separated by school or the Navy or campaign travels. I never resented this "meddling," because I sensed the reason for her urgency. Mamie had learned that there were always plenty of women waiting to bat their eyes at handsome young officers.

It is easier to understand her frequent, prolonged absences when one considers some of the homes she and Ike shared. In Laurel, Maryland, in 1919, the only place they could find was a rooming house several miles from the post, where the electricity was turned off at eight in the morning and did not go back on until after dark. Night after night, Mamie sat in their gloomy room with a two-and-a-half-year-old toddler waiting for Ike to come home—and the lights to go on. The only bathroom was down the hall. They ate at a boarding house around the corner. She lasted ten days there. Mamie's voice was anguished when she described the scene. "Ike begged me to stay," she said, "but I told him, 'Ike, I can't live my life this way.'" And Mamie took Icky and went home to Denver.

In 1923, when she was pregnant with her son John, she sailed with Ike on a troop transport to his new station in Panama. Because of her severe claustrophobia, she refused to sleep on the bunks one on top of the other with only 12 inches between. Instead, she spent the nights on a short couch—so short she had to sleep in a jackknife position—for the week-and-a-half trip. And the Army post in Panama was not much improvement over the troop ship. It was all the nightmares of a gently-bred girl come true. Their first night in Panama, a rat gnawed at their bedroom door until daybreak. The cockroaches were "the size of mice." The legs of their bed stood in pans of kerosene to fend off the bedbugs. And worst of all, a bat swooped down at them as they were getting ready for bed that first night. Mamie told me proudly how Ike stood on the bed, unsheathed his sword and swung wildly at the bat, "just like Douglas Fairbanks." Within a few months, she was back in Denver again, where John Eisenhower was born.

Mamie's frequent retreats to the Doud home created tension in her marriage. She leaned heavily on her parents for emotional support as she had before her marriage, and now they came to lean on her. When her older sister Eleanor died in 1918, Mamie spent six months with her family. She had been married only two years at the time. It was pleasant being home where family and servants cared for her and her child. It was impossible not to contrast how well her family provided for her, how comfortable she was at home, with the life Ike could give her on an Army salary.

And yet the luxuries from Ike, like Mamie's silver tea service, were far sweeter, because they were so dearly bought, and a testament of his deep love. When the Eisenhowers lived in Washington from 1927 until 1935, Ike used to save as much of his five dollars-a-week lunch and transportation allowance as he could—often walking several miles home from the old State-War-Navy Building. With this money and with his poker winnings, he bought Mamie the tea service—precious piece by precious piece.

Mamie's frequent retreats to parents' home were a source of tension in her marriage.

Each time Mamie and Ike were reunited after a separation, she had to accept his decisions for their life, a change from the enforced independence she had had to assume when he went away, a change from the role of daughter that she enjoyed at home with her parents to that of a wife. Abruptly she was expected to fulfill Ike's needs in a wife—to be a woman, not a girl; someone to place on a pedestal, not a cute, volatile child to be coddled; someone to provide a haven from the pressures of his job. Mamie often said that Ike never brought his problems home with him and she never offered advice. "He didn't need that kind of help from me." The kind of help he needed was something Mamie seemed to have to learn how to give all over again after every retreat of hers to the family bosom. It is to the credit of both Mamie and Ike, and an example of their mutual respect, that despite the unusual strains created by Army life and their subsequent strong disagreements, their son would write in his memoirs, "They never quarreled in front of me."

The Army Mamie knew was one of hardship for married couples, yet she came to like this world that was so different from her own. And so she endured 34 moves. Her furniture often did not fare as well as she. During the transit from Washington to the Philippines in 1937, all her china was smashed and not a single chair came through undamaged. Ike was home for only one of those moves. At Fort Lewis, Washington, in 1939, he tried to help, but, as Mamie told me, he only "muddied the water." He randomly shoved boxes and unprotected furniture into the van. Did Mamie protest his "help"? "Good gravy, no! I never told him anything. He told me." She did, however, finally suggest that the movers were the experts in that situation.

And she endured a quarter century of short, Army-ordered separations. And she endured the long, bleak years of separation during World War II. It was no easier for Mamie than for other Army wives to see her husband go off to war. She saw him only once between 1942 and 1945, years when she lost 25 pounds from anxiety and insomnia.

When Ike came home after the war he had, in Mamie's words, "changed terrifically." It may be closer to the truth that it was their relationship that had "changed terrifically." "He belonged to the world and not to me any more," Mamie told me.

Mamie Eisenhower sums up her years in the White House with the statement "I never pretended to be anything but Ike's wife." She did not make a career out of the presidential years and had a detached, take-it-or-leave-it attitude about life in the Executive Mansion. After years as a chatelaine of the large households that were part of Ike's position as Army Chief of Staff, president of Columbia University and Supreme Commander of NATO in Paris, she was not over-awed by 132 rooms and a staff of 80. Life went on almost as if Ike had not been elected to the most influential position in the postwar world.

Mamie set foot in the Oval Office only four times during Ike's presidency. "And each time I was invited," she says. It was merely the continuation of the pattern Ike and Mamie had established in their first days of marriage. Ike never brought his business home with him, and Mamie frankly resented it if he did. When he was home, he belonged to her world, a world of lighthearted family life.

There was only one occasion when Ike sought Mamie's guidance on a presidential decision—whether or not to seek a second term. Whenever Mamie is asked about that, she takes great care to point out that her advice was to urge Ike to do what he felt was best and listen to his most trusted advisors. To Mamie, the White House represented the years of Ike's life that were most subject to strain and pressure. She had no sentimental attachment to the White House and often told me, "I don't miss that place at all." But she did not join her son John and her brother-in-law Milton Eisenhower in urging Ike to guard his health and not serve for four more years. "He still had a job to finish," she felt.

Everything Mamie undertook as First Lady was as Ike's wife. After his first heart attack, she signed every letter of acknowledgment and thanks for the 11,000 get-well messages, because she considered those who wrote as neighbors and friends. She entertained enthusiastically, enjoying the state dinners and teas and all the other social *(continued)*

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Mamie

continued

duties that came with her husband's new position. Many women today view with wonder Mamie's preoccupation with perfectly planned parties and meticulous housekeeping while First Lady, but life was different then. There were long dissertations in the newspapers, for example, speculating on whether or not Mrs. Eisenhower would shake hands gloved or ungloved. Mrs. Truman and Mrs. Roosevelt had worn gloves, but Mamie, it was believed, would prefer the friendliness of the ungloved hand. (She wore gloves.) News accounts of Eisenhower era parties abounded with detailed descriptions of the ladies' dresses, the table decorations and Mamie's costumed jewelry. The fashion cry became, "If Mamie can wear junk jewelry, so can I."

Despite the seemingly fragile femininity of her two-inch-high heels and petticoated skirts, Mamie was a commanding figure within the White House. It was her home for eight years, and the staff did not make a move without consulting her first. She told me she regularly inspected every part of the house, including the coffee-break room in the basement used by the police, paying particular attention to the ashtrays.

She handled the financial budget—and it was often a struggle. When the Eisenhowers moved in, Mrs. Truman had left exactly $375 for redecorating. Mamie spent hours shopping for accessories that would fit the budget, including sheer curtains for the third-floor bedrooms that cost only a dollar a panel. And the staff learned to live with her major eccentricity—she could not tolerate footprints showing on the carpets before a party. Fortunately, very few of the mansion's rugs were without patterns and Mamie's favorite Bissell carpetsweeper was not needed often.

The Eisenhowers entertained more heads of state than any of their predecessors, and Mamie scrutinized every detail of the six-course dinners. Carnations were used on most occasions because she believed that people were not allergic to them. She delighted in dreaming up special decorations. The Easter luncheon for Senate wives in 1957 was her greatest triumph. It must have fulfilled every party fantasy Mamie ever had. Easter bunnies peeked out of robin's-egg blue shells on the mantel of the state dining room. Butterflies of pastel net floated from the ceiling, and a birdcage was suspended from the center ring of the chandelier. The ladies wondered how two small birds could fill the room with chirps and trills until Mamie told a butler to "turn down the birds."

In greeting foreign visitors, Mamie adopted the attitude that they were welcome guests in her home. When Elizabeth, the Queen Mother of Great Britain, visited Washington, my parents met her at the airport and escorted her to the White House. Mamie warmly greeted Elizabeth as an old friend from postwar days in London. As she poured tea for Elizabeth, they settled down comfortably to nonstop girl talk, while my parents and Ike, who were sitting so they could see the elevator, watched the ushers bring up trunk after trunk. My mother told me that Ike became more and more agitated as the luggage piled up. His face flushed and he rolled his eyes in disbelief. Elizabeth and Mamie chatted on.

She set foot in the Oval Office only four times during Ike's eight years as president.

Creating a home for Ike was more important to Mamie than entertaining. She chose a small room on the second floor with the northern exposure painters need and turned it into a studio for Ike. It was next to the elevator so that he could slip over from the Oval Office for 15 or 20 minutes whenever he had time. The President loved to cook and, because he could not putter around in the banquet-size kitchen in the White House without disturbing preparations for official entertaining, Mamie had a kitchen installed on the third floor, with the counters tailored to his height. Ike had done most of the cooking when they were newlyweds since, as Mamie likes to say, "I can only make two things: mayonnaise and fudge." Later on, cooking became one of his favorite ways to relieve tension. When my five-foot, three-inch sister started using the kitchen for entertaining boyfriends at the beginning of my father's administration, it was a struggle to work in "the General's kitchen." She could not reach the shelves without using a little stepladder.

Ike's health was Mamie's major concern. I remember the first time Mamie and I sat together on the second floor of the White House to watch my father address the nation. From the window we could see the brightly lighted Oval Office where technicians were testing cameras. As we waited for the speech to begin, it was unusually quiet on the second floor. No noise from behind the double doors of the family kitchen. No messages being delivered. No phone calls.

Mamie broke the silence. Her large blue eyes were opened wider than ever as she re-lived one of her biggest fears. "After 1955," she said, "whenever Ike gave a speech, I always sat there in utter dread that he would have a heart attack on the air." She did not need to say more for me to understand what the pressures of those last White House years mu have been.

She was zealously protective of Ik He had offered to make two campaig stops in southern Illinois for my fath during the last crucial weeks of the can paign against John F. Kennedy in 196 Two weeks before the election, hov ever, Mamie called my mother. Aft Ike's last campaign trip on behalf of m father, his blood pressure had soare alarmingly. Mamie was near tears as sh told my mother of her fear that if Ik tried to do too much, he would be strick en again. My father did not take th President up on his offer. The electio was decided by the closest popular vot margin in history. Kennedy carried Ill nois by a mere 9,000 votes.

Although Mamie had never contem plated any role in the White House be yond that of the President's hostess an helpmeet, her activities as First Lad were determined to a great degree b her health. That she accomplished a much as she did is due largely to he great determination. Ever since a bou with rheumatic fever when she wa seven years old severely damaged th valves of the left side of her heart, sh has been acutely conscious of each heart beat, and has not had a high energ level. When she is fatigued, the irregula heartbeat becomes frightening.

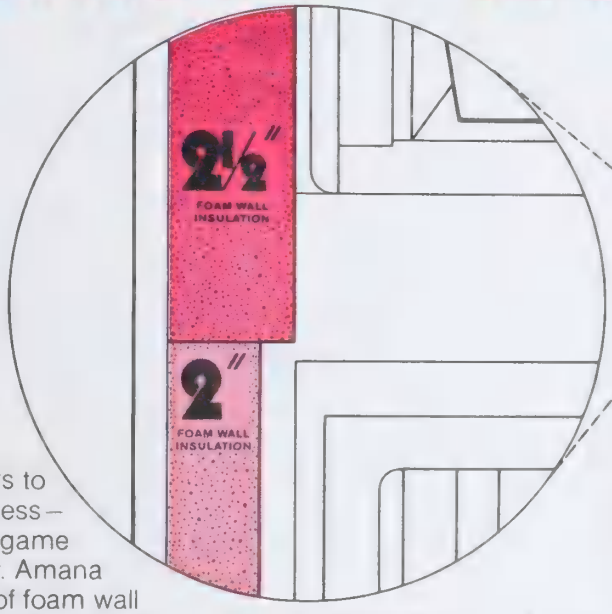
By the time Mamie reached the White House, she had long ago learned how t live with what doctors term a "cardiac injury." She knew how to pamper her self. Breakfast in bed and an hour o more of bed rest were part of her daily routine—despite the demands of being First Lady. And Mamie wholeheartedly believed what a skin specialist once told her—if women stayed in bed for at least one day a week, it would do more for their complexions than all the face cream in the world. Whether it is due to heredity or bed rest, at 80, Mamie has a virtually unlined face.

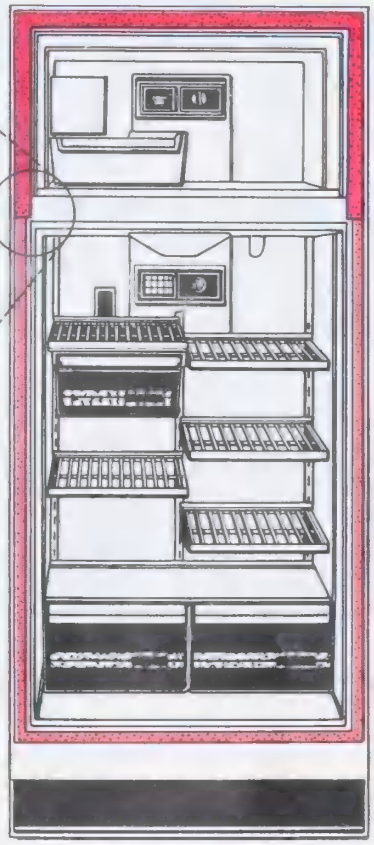
She also suffers from Ménière's disease, a rare inner-ear syndrome. The chief symptom is dizziness, and she has to hold on to someone when climbing stairs and when she is in crowds. Mamie's difficulties with her balance caused rumors that she drank heavily. Ike was so upset by the rumors about her drinking and the frequent sniping about her lack of activity that he forbade her to read *The Washington Post*. Typically, she solved the problem by reading *The Post* secretly.

Mamie gave in to her health in only one respect. She was scared to death of flying. Ike wrote that she "never quite convinced herself that an airplane flies." But she did convince herself that her heart could not take easily altitudes over 3,000 feet. Though she valiantly flew with Ike during most of his barnstorming campaign of 1953, she hated it. Characteristically, she did not try *(continued)*

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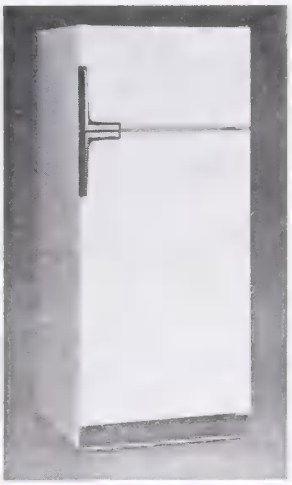
The name 2 PLUS 2½ refers to insulation thickness—the name of the game in saving energy. Amana puts 2½ inches of foam wall insulation around the zero degree freezer, where it's needed most (typical refrigerators have 1¾" of foam around the freezer). Here's why Amana uses 2½ inches of foam insulation. The freezer must maintain a temperature of 0°F. When the room temperature is 80°F., there's a difference of 80° between the inside of the freezer and the outside. That's why Amana engineers used good sense and put 2½" of foam wall insulation around the freezer. The refrigerator is approximately 38°F. inside—42° colder than room temperature. This doesn't require as much insulation, but Amana put 2 inches of foam wall insulation around the refrigerator anyway, ¼" more than typical refrigerators. *That makes good sense, too.*

Amana didn't stop with thicker foam wall insulation—the major part of the Amana energy saving answer. There's the seamless 1-piece Insuliner™ *plus* superior foam door insulation *plus* Magna-seal door gaskets. All combine to seal out heat and help keep electric bills down.

Save even more energy with Amana 3-Position Energy Saver Control: Heater strips minimize condensation around the freezer section during high humidity.

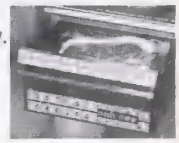


Under most conditions, you would set the Energy Saver Control on "LO" position—which shuts them completely off to provide maximum savings. "HI" is for high humidity, and uses 50% less electricity than "EX.HI" which is for extremely hot, steamy conditions.



MODEL ESRFC-14A

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Mamie

continued

to understand or explain this fear. All she will say is, "I just don't like it."

Mamie became quite ill after a trip to the West Coast in the summer of 1971, and the doctors felt the best way to get her home to Gettysburg was by plane. My parents persuaded her to fly to Washington on board Air Force One. She agreed on the understanding that the plane would not fly much over 3,000 feet. In the family sitting room on board the plane, my mother and I tried to keep Mamie diverted. We played gin rummy and chatted. Mamie was burrowed down in the large armchair by the window, her place of refuge in the treacherous air. Once in a while, she would boldly venture to peek out the window. As Air Force One soared to a cruising altitude of 32,000 feet, she remarked how beautiful the sky was from 3,000 feet. We agreed. And Mamie turned her attention back to our card game.

Considering the limitations of Mamie's physical strength, I admire the way she tried to fulfill what she felt were Ike's expectations of duty. Sadly, at the very moment when she most wanted to honor him—the state funeral in Washington—Mamie was not able to follow his casket up the 45 steps to the rotunda of the Capitol. The small figure in black had to use the elevator.

"When Ike died," Mamie told granddaughter-in-law Julie, "the light went out of my life."

Before Ike died, he and Mamie had decided that they would give the Gettysburg farm to the nation. Mamie had no intention of living there without Ike. But the only property that the Eisenhowers had ever owned in their 52 years of marriage was like a magnet. It drew her back. She is often lonely and she is isolated from her family and most of her friends. Nor is she one to live in the past. "I'm not ready to die," she often tells her son and her grandchildren. "There are too many things I want to do yet." But part of her did die with Ike. "When Ike died," Mamie told me, "the light went out of my life."

Her happiest moments are when her son and daughter-in-law or her grandchildren come to visit her. When we arrive, I love to hear her voice—usually from her bedroom—call out, "Sign in." The guest book in the entrance hall is a ritual at the farm and Mamie pores over it after her visitors have gone.

She is still a blithe spirit—on the surface. Widowhood has been a bitter experience in many ways. She has been hurt. Something precious has been taken from her. The public viewed Mamie as the one who had to be protected and shielded from the harshness of political life. Yet, in reality, it was Mamie who watched over Ike.

For more than a year after Ike's death, his bedroom remained the same—as if he had gone out for nine holes of golf and would soon return for lunch in bed and a nap. But gradually, the little room, one-third the size of the one he shared with Mamie at night, has become a storage area. The scales have been pushed back into a corner. The narrow bed with the plain wooden headboard, which belonged to Mamie's grandparents, is covered with books and boxes. The personal items on his chest of drawers have been removed to make room for more books and boxes. But, despite the organized clutter, the room is still his, austere and masculine: an unframed round mirror above his bureau, the portrait he painted of David and Anne Eisenhower at the head of his bed.

He is there at every turn in the house. His gray velvet rocking chair still has the choice place in front of the television set. It has not been reupholstered, although there are bare spots on the arms where the nap has worn off. A pad by the telephone contains his handwritten phone numbers. The golf green on the lawn, now used as a sandpile for the great-grandchildren; the gone-to-seed vegetable garden; the skeet range at the end of the field in sight of Mamie's card table—all are reminders of Ike. His presence is so real that it is often painful for his grandchildren to visit the farm even now. And it is very real to Mamie. Sometimes, as she lies in bed in the afternoon, she can see Ike's knobby hand, the knuckles broken so often when he was a semi-pro baseball player, grasping the railing at the top of the stairs.

Mamie needs many defenses against her memories and loneliness. She often does not come downstairs for several days at a time, but when she does come down and sit on the porch where she and Ike spent their evenings together, she fights the loneliness by playing complicated games of double-deck solitaire, while her radio or a television soap opera keeps her company. "I don't file a fingernail without turning on the radio," she likes to say. She usually wears a dressing gown from her collection of 50, many of them more than 30 years old. When she walks, it is a slow progress. She does not move fast because of her tendency to vertigo—and also because most of her dressing gowns are trailing affairs that more than touch the ground. But the house *does* seem to sag without Ike, and at twilight, Mamie retreats to her bedroom again. She has covered the emptiness of Ike's side of their king-size bed with a protective wall of books stacked four or five volumes high, boxes of stationery and greeting cards and tins of sweets. The wall stretches from head to foot.

Mamie no longer has Ike to surprise with red-and-white "love-bug" undershorts on Valentine's Day, but she continues to lavish cards and small gifts on family and friends. Propped up against several pillows in bed, she will spend four hours at a time writing the month's birthday cards. Photographs of those she remembers on special occasions surround her. Her bureau alone holds 38. And she faithfully answers her mail from the public. Those who write announcing the birth of a child receive a "welcome to this world" letter from Mamie. She is proud of her handwriting and each message is a work of art. She pays a great deal of attention to it and is distressed when it is not perfect. "I can't seem to get my M's right today," she told me once when I visited her.

Mamie tries valiantly not to be a possessive matriarch. Often we do not learn until it is too late how much she had counted on a visit or a phone call that never came. Mamie has seen five of the seven apartments David and I have lived in since our marriage, but in her effort not to cling, she has never spent the night. I understand why she made the trips to visit us in Virginia Beach and even in Atlanta Beach, Florida. She wanted to be able to visualize the rooms. "I sit up here in bed and think about you in your nest," she tells me. And whenever we talk on the telephone her first question is "Where are you?" I tell her and know she is picturing it.

Mamie rather enjoys racy novels. "I think—at my age—learning all about phonography," she says, taking pleasure in her conscious mispronunciation of the word. And she is a past master of the pointed remark. When I called her one Sunday, which happened to be Father's Day, she said, "Tell that beau of yours I'm sorry I couldn't send him a Father's Day card this year." It was a not-so-subtle expression of her desire for a fourth generation Eisenhower in the male line of the family. Her relations with family members are not always placid, but the disagreements are nothing more than skirmishes. Mamie says what she thinks and that is the end of it. She rarely sulks or holds grudges.

Because harboring hostility toward others is not part of her own personality, Mamie cannot understand it when she meets it in other people—and closes her eyes to it. Despite President Truman's belittlement of Ike in *Plain Speaking*, Mamie does not express any emotion other than puzzlement. In the tone of someone who is disappointed in a child she says, "Mr. Truman knew better." She prefers to focus on the happier aspects of the Truman-Eisenhower relationship, such as her Spanish lessons with Mrs. Truman. During *(continued)*



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Mamie

continued

the Truman administration, a group of women met at the White House once a week for lessons and a luncheon. Did she learn any Spanish? "Heavens, no! We just talked."

Although Mamie loves to gossip in the sense of old-fashioned girl talk, she does not indulge in dissecting famous personalities. She is tight-lipped even about those she knew well, like General Douglas MacArthur. The most she has ever divulged about the seven years Ike served as MacArthur's aide is that the General was charming to women—and that he rouged his cheeks.

The most she has ever told about General MacArthur is that he rouged his cheeks.

The woman who has met or entertained most of the great figures of the 20th century is simply incapable of name dropping. Her idea of fun is well suited to the pace of life in Gettysburg. She turns down embassy and government invitations and finds more fascination in discovering the latest junk food in the grocery stores. She can tell you the most recent sugar prices and whether eggs are "as high as a cat's back." Thirty years of making ends meet on an Army salary have made Mamie vigilant about saving. Even today, Mamie watches every penny. And scrutinizes every bill, particularly the electric bills. One does not waste electricity in Mamie's house. Not long ago, a visiting family member could not sleep, so he decided to get up and read. Instead of ruining his eyes on the dimly lighted porch, he spent several hours reading in the hall bathroom. But he made one mistake. The next morning, Mamie's first order of business was to find out who had forgotten to turn off the light in the bathroom!

When Ike died, he left a huge wardrobe of suits. Mamie could not bear to see them go to waste, so I picked out five or six for David. Mamie was visiting us in the White House at the time and we arranged to have the tailor come when David got home from a golf game one afternoon. David dislikes shopping and dislikes having clothes fitted even more, but when he got home that day he could not escape. Mamie was ensconced on the blue sofa in the third-floor study with her cigarette case and ashtray next to her, and the tailor was there with the measuring tape around his neck and a big pincushion on his wrist. For the next hour and a half, David had to stand still while his grandfather's suits were being fitted to him. To this day, when Mamie is extolling my virtues to her friends, she will say, "Julie is so saving. She had Ike's suits remade for David." David is still wearing those suits today.

Mamie is never happier than when I compliment her on a dress and she can say she bought it at Penney's for $12. She always pronounces the store's name as *Penné* with a mock French accent. It is Mamie's gentle way of spoofing those women who devote time and money to being the first to wear the latest high-fashion designer clothes. There is nothing pretentious about the farm, either. One is aware of this in the first few minutes. In the entrance hall, Mamie has two objects of equal value to her on display—a four-dollar ceramic elephant dressed in an Uncle Sam suit and an antique, bronze-doré French clock.

Mamie is simply herself and she accepts others for what they are. She is intolerant only of those who "put on airs." Perhaps it is her Army background that makes her wary of social climbing. She is proud of Ike's cow-town origins. I once heard a cultured woman from New York, whose family sets great store by its social register status, tell Mamie the involved story of how her ancestors were among the early arrivals in the country and their great importance in the Colonial government, ad infinitum. Mamie listened politely and then she chuckled, "Oh, yes, I know all about that. The Douds came over from Sweden in 1600." Since there were no Swedes in America in 1600, let alone Douds, her companion could hardly miss the point.

Part of Mamie's charm is that along with her unpretentiousness, she frequently enjoys being the center of attention. Because she has an engaging personality—she is fun, a flirt, one amusing contradiction after another—people have always been attracted to Mamie. And as Ike rose in the Army hierarchy, more and more people paid court to her. Yet she is blissfully unaware that she enjoys special attention. She likes to tell stories that illustrate just how much a part of the mainstream she really is. Her favorite is about spending Easter with us at Camp David. The Navy stewards dyed eggs with the names of each family member to serve as place cards at breakfast on Easter Day. Mamie relates that the eggs all bore formal titles—"The President," "Mrs. Nixon," but hers, to her delight, read just "Mamie."

I saw these two facets of Mamie's personality—on one hand desire for the simple life, on the other the focus of attention—during a jaunt to some of Gettysburg's tourist attractions. Mamie was greeted excitedly by the managers and special tours were arranged for us. She enjoyed the recognition and would have been hurt if it had not been forthcoming. Yet we concluded our royal progress in a crowded Hardee's, nonchalantly eating hamburgers. *(continued)*

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Mamie

continued

amie Doud Eisenhower is the most imental woman I have ever known. long ago at the farm, I opened a ver and found an old piece of paper ed into quarters. Tucked inside was oth, the string still attached. In pen- ohn Eisenhower had written, "Dear , please leave my tooth."

nd she still believes in young love. as Mamie who viewed the romance er 18-year-old grandson with una- ied sentimentality and unquestion- acceptance. She grew starry-eyed n she talked to Ike about our college tship. Ike, on the other hand, wrote id a freshman year "now that you a college man" letter in which he ined a plan for the future that, if the cational degrees he suggested were ied, allowed for marriage when id was 33. When we were married junior year in college, I wore the er of blue silk and lace Mamie had n 52 years before. And on my finger her mother's engagement ring.

eeting Dwight Eisenhower, e says, was the most signifi- nt event in Mamie's life.

lore than 60 years after she first set s on Ike, Mamie recalls every detail heir meeting down to the afternoon it she wore. She must have been a on in a pink cretonne skirt with an broidered silk crêpe de chine blouse, vide cummerbund with pink roses, tiny rose-shaped coral earrings. The ume was completed by a straw hat h a wide band of the same material he cummerbund. Meeting Ike was most significant event of her life.

Mamie lived for one man, and that was dominated by the concept of vice to his country. It suited her to e Ike because she loved him and nired him. To most, ideal love is not nging to someone, but it was for mie. She was Ike's wife, pure and ple, and happy about it.

Mamie Eisenhower has no interest in immortality syndrome. She seems un- cerned about memorials to her hus- nd or the necessity of reminding peo- of what he accomplished. She has a ple faith that what Ike was will shine ough. What he was to her and to him- is what truly counts. When Ike was ied in Abilene, the pastor of the urch in Palm Desert where Ike and mie used to spend winters, captured essence of Mamie Eisenhower's life: rs. Eisenhower graciously shared her sband with the world, but he be- ged uniquely to her . . ." **End**

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COTTAGE CHEESE DELIGHTS

continued from page 102

ing ingredients, except cheese, until well combined. Spoon into casserole. Sprinkle top with cheese. Bake for 50 minutes or until hot and bubbly. Serves 8 to 10. About 540 calories for each of 8 servings; 430 for each of 10.

APRICOT CHEESE COFFEECAKE
pictured on this page

Adapted from a recipe that's been in the E. Blumhagen family of Watonga, Okla. for years. A favorite of our food editor since college days.

Dough
- **1 package active dry yeast**
- **¼ cup warm water**
- **¼ cup butter or margarine, melted and cooled**
- **¼ cup sugar**
- **¼ cup milk, at room temperature**
- **1 egg, at room temperature**
- **½ teaspoon vanilla extract**
- **¼ teaspoon salt**
- **2 to 2½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour**

Filling
- **1 egg, lightly beaten**
- **1 cup (8 oz.) small-curd cottage cheese**
- **¼ cup sugar**
- **⅛ teaspoon cinnamon**
- **1 tablespoon all-purpose flour**
- **1 can (16 or 17 oz.) appricot halves, drained or ¾ pound fresh apricots, halved and pitted**

In large mixer bowl, dissolve yeast in warm water. Add butter or margarine, sugar, milk, egg, vanilla extract and salt; stir until well blended. Add 1 cup flour and beat at medium speed for 2 minutes, scraping sides occasionally. With spoon, stir in 1 more cup flour or until a soft dough. Turn dough onto well-floured surface, knead until smooth and elastic, about 5 to 8 minutes, using more flour as needed. Place in a greased bowl, turn to grease top. Cover and let rise in a warm place, free from draft, until double in bulk, about 1 hour.

Meanwhile, grease 9-inch springform pan. Punch dough down; pat evenly into pan, covering bottom and pushing dough up about 2 inches around side. Cover and let rise for 30 minutes.

For filling: While dough rises again, combine egg, cottage cheese, sugar, cinnamon and flour. Place canned apricots on paper towels to drain thoroughly.

Preheat oven to 350°F. When dough has risen, lightly pat down dough on bottom of pan only; cover with apricots. Spoon cheese filling over apricots. Bake 55 to 60 minutes until cheese is set. Let cool on wire rack 10 minutes before removing side of springform pan. Cut into wedges. Makes 12 servings. About 215 calories per serving.

COTTAGE CHEESE-BACON QUICHE
pictured on this page

Great for a luncheon or light supper.



Left to right: Cottage Cheese-Dill Batter Bread, Apricot Cheese Coffeecake and Cottage Cheese-Bacon Quiche.

- **9-inch unbaked pie shell**
- **4 eggs**
- **2 cups (16 oz.) small-curd cottage cheese**
- **1 teaspoon salt**
- **⅛ teaspoon white pepper**
- **Dash nutmeg**
- **6 slices bacon, cooked, drained and crumbled**

Preheat oven to 425°F. With fork, prick pie shell. Bake for 10 minutes; cool. Reduce oven temperature to 350°F.

In medium bowl, beat eggs. Add cottage cheese, salt, pepper, nutmeg and bacon and stir until well mixed. Pour mixture into pie shell. Bake for 45 minutes or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Let stand 10 minutes before cutting. Makes 8 servings. About 235 calories per serving.

COTTAGE CHEESE-DILL BATTER BREAD
pictured on this page

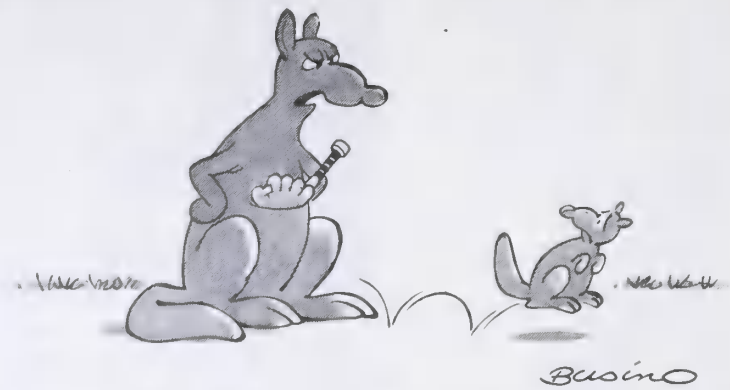
Bake and freeze. Serve at a barbecue and invite the neighbors.

- **1 tablespoon salad oil**
- **¼ cup chopped onion**
- **1 package active dry yeast**
- **¾ cup warm water**
- **1 egg, at room temperature**
- **2 tablespoons sugar**
- **1 tablespoon dill seeds**
- **2 teaspoons salt**
- **1½ cups large-curd cottage cheese, at room temperature**
- **4 cups unsifted all-purpose flour**

In small skillet, heat oil. Add onion and sauté until brown. Grease 2½-quart round casserole; set aside.

In a large mixer bowl, dissolve yeast in warm water. Add onion, egg, sugar, dill seeds and salt to yeast mixture and stir. Add cottage cheese and 2 cups flour. Beat, at medium speed for 2 minutes, scraping sides occasionally. With wooden spoon, gradually stir in remaining 2 cups flour. Cover with plastic wrap; let rise in warm place, free from draft, until double in bulk, about 1 hour. Stir dough down. Spoon into casserole. Cover and let rise again until doubled, about 30 minutes.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Bake for 50 minutes or until bread sounds hollow when tapped with fingers. Remove from casserole and cool on wire rack. Makes 1 loaf, about 14 ½-inch slices. About 180 calories per slice. **End**



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Ladies' Home Journal

8398

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10¢

STORE COUPON

Another fine product of *Standard Brands.*

8398

THE SHELL GAME

continued from page 93

All pictured on pages 92–93

BASIC DOUBLE PIE CRUST

2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
6 tablespoons butter or margarine
⅓ cup shortening
6 tablespoons cold water

Preheat oven to 425°F. In medium bowl, combine flour and salt. With pastry blender or 2 knives used scissor-fashion, cut butter or margarine and shortening into flour mixture until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Gradually add water; stir with fork until pastry is moist enough to hold together. Form into a ball. Divide pastry into 2 pieces, 1 slightly larger. Roll larger half on lightly floured surface into 13-inch circle, about ⅛-inch thick. Fold pastry in quarters and place in pan. Ease dough into pie plate. Spoon Cherry Pie Filling (see below) into shell or use filling of your choice; set aside.

Roll out remaining pastry into 9-inch circle, about ⅛-inch thick. Cut ten ½-inch wide strips and weave in lattice pattern on top of filling. Trim ends of strips to edge of pie plate.

Fold edge of bottom crust over ends of strips, making a high rim. Flute edge. Cover edge with foil. Bake for 40 to 50 minutes or until filling is hot and bubbly. Remove foil during last 15 minutes. Makes one 9-inch pie; 8 servings. About 465 calories per serving with Cherry Pie Filling.

Variation:

Basic Press-In Crust

2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
6 tablespoons butter or margarine
⅓ cup shortening
3 to 4 tablespoons cold water

Preheat oven to 425°F. In medium bowl, combine flour and salt. With pastry blender or 2 knives used scissor-fashion, cut butter or margarine and shortening into flour mixture until it resembles coarse crumbs. Remove 1 cup of mixture; reserve for topping. Gradually add water to remaining mixture; stir with fork until pastry is moist enough to hold together. Press pastry firmly and evenly against bottom and side of 9-inch pie plate with fingers or back of spoon. Flatten pastry on rim of plate. Press rim with tines of fork. (Dip fork in flour to prevent sticking, if necessary.)

Fill with Cherry Pie Filling (see below). Sprinkle reserved crumbs evenly on top. Cover edge with foil. Bake for 40 to 50 minutes until filling is hot and bubbly. Remove foil during last 15 minutes. Makes one 9-inch pie; 8 servings. About 465 calories per serving.

CHERRY PIE FILLING

2 cans (16 oz. each) pitted sour red cherries
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
3 tablespoons cornstarch
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon almond extract
Pastry for 2 crust 9-inch pie

Drain enough juice from cherries to equal ⅓ cup. Discard remaining juice.

In medium saucepan, melt butter or margarine and stir in cornstarch until smooth. Add sugar, salt and ⅓ cup cherry juice. Cook over medium heat, stirring occasionally, until mixture begins to bubble and thickens; boil about 2 minutes. Remove from heat. Fold in cherries, lemon juice and almond extract. Pour into unbaked pie shell. Roll out remaining pastry for lattice top. Bake as directed. Makes about 5 cups filling; about 295 calories per cup.

ICE CREAM CRUST

1 cup creamed cottage cheese
⅓ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 egg yolk
3 cups (1½ pints) vanilla ice cream, softened

In blender container, add cottage cheese, sugar, vanilla and egg yolk. Cover and blend until smooth.

Stir cottage cheese mixture into ice cream until well mixed. Place mixture into freezer for 45 minutes. Chill 9-inch pie plate. Spoon mixture into pie plate and freeze for 30 minutes (or firm enough to form soft peaks). Using back of spoon, spread mixture evenly against bottom and side of pie plate making a decorative rim. Return to freezer; freeze until firm. (Or, using a #70 ice cream scoop make 18 ice cream balls and place on chilled cookie sheet; freeze. Spread remaining ice cream against bottom and side of pie plate. Place ice cream balls on rim of pie plate. Freeze until firm.)

To serve, fill pie shell with pitted fresh sweet cherries or other fresh fruit. Serve immediately. Makes one 9-inch pie crust; about 1,470 calories.

TOASTED COCONUT CRUST

¼ cup butter or margarine, softened
2 cups flaked coconut

Preheat oven to 325°F. Grease 9-inch pie plate; set aside. In medium bowl, combine butter or margarine and coconut until well mixed. Press mixture firmly and evenly against bottom and side of pie plate. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool completely on wire rack. Spoon in filling of your choice. Makes one 9-inch pie crust; about 1,120 calories.

MERINGUE CRUST

3 egg whites
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
¾ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Preheat oven to 225°F. Grease 9-inch pie plate; set aside. In a small bowl, with electric mixer at high speed, beat egg whites and cream of tartar until frothy. Add sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition until sugar is dissolved. Continue until egg whites look glossy and stand in stiff peaks, about 10 to 15 minutes. Beat in vanilla extract. Spread into prepared pie plate with back of spoon, making a high, wide edge. Bake for 1½ hours. Turn off oven. Leave meringue in oven overnight to dry completely. Fill with ice cream or custard mixture. Makes one 9-inch pie crust; about 625 calories.

CHOCOLATE NUT CRUST

3 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1¼ cups whole, blanched almonds, toasted and finely chopped

Grease 9-inch pie plate; set aside. In small saucepan, melt chocolate and butter or margarine over low heat. Add almonds and stir until well mixed. Refrigerate 30 to 45 minutes.

Spoon chocolate mixture into pie plate. Press firmly and evenly with back of spoon against bottom and side of pie plate. Refrigerate 2 hours before filling. Spoon in filling of your choice. When ready to serve, place pie plate in hot water for 10 seconds for easier removal of serving. Serve immediately. Makes one 9-inch pie crust; about 940 calories. (*Note:* To toast almonds, place in single layer in baking pan in 350°F. oven for 10 to 15 minutes until golden.)

WHEAT GERM AND GRAHAM CRUST

¾ cup graham cracker crumbs
½ cup wheat germ
2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup butter or margarine, softened

Preheat oven to 400°F. Grease 9-inch pie plate; set aside. In medium bowl, combine all ingredients until well mixed. Press mixture firmly and evenly with back of spoon against bottom and side of pie plate. Refrigerate 15 minutes; pat again. Bake for 8 to 10 minutes. Cool completely on wire rack. Spoon in filling of your choice. Makes one 9-inch crust; about 1,370 calories.

WALNUT CRUST

1¼ cups finely chopped walnuts
3 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons butter or margarine, softened
¼ cup unsifted all-purpose flour

Preheat oven to 400°F. Grease 9-inch pie plate; set aside. In medium bowl, combine all ingredients until well mixed. Press mixture firmly and evenly with back of spoon against bottom and side of pie plate, making a small rim. Bake 8 to 10 minutes. Cool completely on wire rack. Spoon in filling of your choice. Makes one 9-inch crust; about 1,430 calories. **End**

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"SIX LAYER" TUNA SALAD

(A Hearty Main-Meal Suggestion)

Makes 4 to 5 Servings

- 1½ *cups prepared HIDDEN VALLEY RANCH® Original Salad Dressing*
- 2 cans (6½ oz. *each) Chunk Light Tuna, drained and flaked*
- 3 *tablespoons finely sliced green onions*
- 2 *cups shredded lettuce*
- 2 *tomatoes, coarsely chopped*
- ½ *pound bacon, crisp-cooked and crumbled*
- 2 *cans (2¼ oz. each) sliced black olives, drained*
- 1 *Avocado, thinly sliced (optional)*

Combine 1¼ cups Salad Dressing, tuna and green onion; mix until dressing is thoroughly absorbed. In a large salad bowl, layer ingredients as follows: 1 cup lettuce; combined tomatoes and olives; ½ of tuna-Salad Dressing mixture; combined bacon and avocado; 1 cup lettuce; remaining tuna-Salad Dressing mixture. Drizzle ¼ cup of Salad Dressing over top of salad.

For these and other inventive recipes, look for the Hidden Valley Ranch display at your local market, or write to: Hidden Valley Ranch, One Industrial Drive, P.O. Box 1565, Maple Plain, Minn. 55348.

7¢ Save 7¢ on any package of Hidden Valley Ranch® Salad Dressing Mix.



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0505-0141-77

STORE COUPON **7¢**

STARVING ARTISTS

continued from page 72

In small saucepan, sprinkle gelatin over cold water. Heat over low heat, stirring constantly until gelatin is dissolved. Pour into blender container; add chocolate pieces. Cover and blend. Add milk and dry milk; blend. Add ice cubes, one at a time, making sure each cube is completely dissolved into mixture before adding the next ice cube. When mixture starts to thicken, pour quickly into 6 dessert dishes. Refrigerate until set. Makes 6 servings. About 165 calories per serving.—*Paula Simmons*

BEEROCKS
pictured on page 70

Fantastic for a picnic or take along on a bike-hike.

Hamburger Mixture
1½ pounds ground lean beef
1 cup shredded cabbage
1 envelope onion soup mix
¾ cup drained sauerkraut
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
¾ cup water

Dough
¾ cup warm water
1 package active dry yeast
⅓ cup sugar
¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup mashed potatoes
1 egg
⅓ cup salad oil
3¼ cups unsifted all-purpose flour

Egg Glaze
1 egg, beaten
1 tablespoon water

For hamburger mixture: In large skillet, brown meat; drain off fat. Add remaining ingredients. Cook, uncovered 20 minutes until liquid is absorbed, stirring occasionally.

For dough: In large mixer bowl, combine water, yeast, sugar and salt; let stand 5 minutes until bubbly. Add potatoes, 1 egg and oil and beat at medium speed until well mixed.

Add 1½ cups flour and beat at medium speed for 2 minutes, scraping sides of bowl occasionally. With wooden spoon, stir in enough flour (about 1½ cups) until a stiff dough. Spoon onto lightly floured surface and knead until smooth, about 5 minutes. Add more flour if necessary.

Divide dough in half. Roll out one half into an 18-inch square; cut into quarters. Place about ¾ cup hamburger mixture in center of each square. Brush 2 adjacent edges with egg glaze. Fold dough over filling forming triangle. Press edges with fork to seal. Place on greased cookie sheet. Repeat with remaining dough and filling. Cover and let rise for 20 minutes.

Preheat oven to 375°F. In small bowl, combine egg and water. Brush tops of turnovers with egg mixture. Bake for 15 to 20 minutes until golden brown. Serve hot or refrigerate to serve cold. Makes 8 turnovers. About 590 calories each.—*Barbie Sharrard.*

BULGUR SALAD
pictured on page 70

An unusual salad to complement any barbecued meat.

2 cups water
1 cup bulgur (cracked wheat)
1 small cucumber, peeled and diced
1 medium tomato, diced
1 small green pepper, diced
1 bunch green onions, chopped
¼ cup chopped parsley
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ cup olive oil

In medium saucepan, heat water to boiling. Add bulgur. Reduce heat; cover and simmer for 10 minutes or until water has been absorbed. Uncover and cook, stirring frequently to dry the grains of bulgur, about 2 to 3 minutes.

Spoon the bulgur into large bowl; let stand until room temperature. Then cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate until well chilled.

Add cucumber, tomato, green pepper, green onions, parsley, salt and pepper to chilled bulgur; toss. Refrigerate.

To serve, sprinkle on lemon juice and olive oil; toss until well coated. Makes 6 to 8 servings. About 170 calories for each of 6 servings; 125 calories for each of 8. —*Liz Fraser*

BLACKBERRY JAM CAKE
pictured on page 70

No icing needed; it's delicious eating as is.

4 eggs, separated
3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon ground cloves
½ teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup butter or margarine, softened
2 cups sugar
1 cup buttermilk
1 cup blackberry jam
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Preheat oven to 325°F. Grease a 10-inch tube pan. In small bowl, beat egg whites until stiff peaks form; set aside.

Combine flour, cinnamon, soda, nutmeg, cloves, allspice and salt; set aside.

In large mixer bowl, cream butter or margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add buttermilk alternately with flour mixture. Add jam and vanilla and beat just until well mixed. Carefully fold in beaten egg whites.

Pour mixture into prepared pan. Bake 30 minutes. Then increase oven temperature to 350°F and bake 55 minutes more or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Makes 16 servings. About 325 calories each.—*Bea Lupton*

End

PROM FIESTA

continued from page 95

FOOD CHECKLIST

- 4 pounds ground beef
- 2 packages (5½ or 8 oz. each) cocktail frankfurters
- 2 packages (8 or 10 oz. each) refrigerated biscuits
- 5 packages (5½ oz. each) tortilla chips
- 5 cups masa harina
- 6 cans (16 oz. each) refried beans
- 4 jars (8 oz. each) taco sauce
- 5 cans (4 oz. each) mild green chilies (*not* jalapeño)
- 6 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate
- 2 pounds rock salt
- 10 to 12 pounds crushed ice
- 1½ qts. salad oil
- 2 cans (46 oz. each) pineapple juice
- 5 bottles (7 oz. each) club soda
- 1¼ pounds extra sharp Cheddar cheese
- 1½ pints sour cream
- 1½ cups heavy or whipping cream
- 1 quart half and half cream
- 1 large head iceberg lettuce (1¼ lbs.)
- 6 medium tomatoes
- 1 medium onion
- 1½ bunches green onions
- 10 ripe avocados (about 6¾ lbs.)
- 6 lemons
- 8 limes
- 12 whole cloves
- 4 cinnamon sticks
- Ground cumin
- Chili powder (2⅜ oz.)

Staples to have on hand

- Paprika
- Bottled red pepper sauce
- Cornmeal
- Flour
- Sugar
- Salt
- Pepper
- Cinnamon
- Butter or margarin
- 6 eggs
- Vanilla extract
- Cornstarch
- Baking powder
- Milk
- Orange juice (3 cups)
- 4 garlic cloves

SCHEDULE FOR PREPARING MEXICAN TEENAGE PARTY

One Month Before:

1. Invite guests.
2. Inventory supplies.
3. Plan decorations.

Two Days Before:

1. Purchase ingredients.
2. Prepare Chili Beef; cover and re frigerate.
3. Make Buñuelos and store in airtigh container.
4. If serving homemade Corn Tortillas prepare and cook but do not fry. Wra well and refrigerate.
5. Make Guacamole! Cover and refrig erate.
6. Begin making ice cubes for punch.

One Day Before:

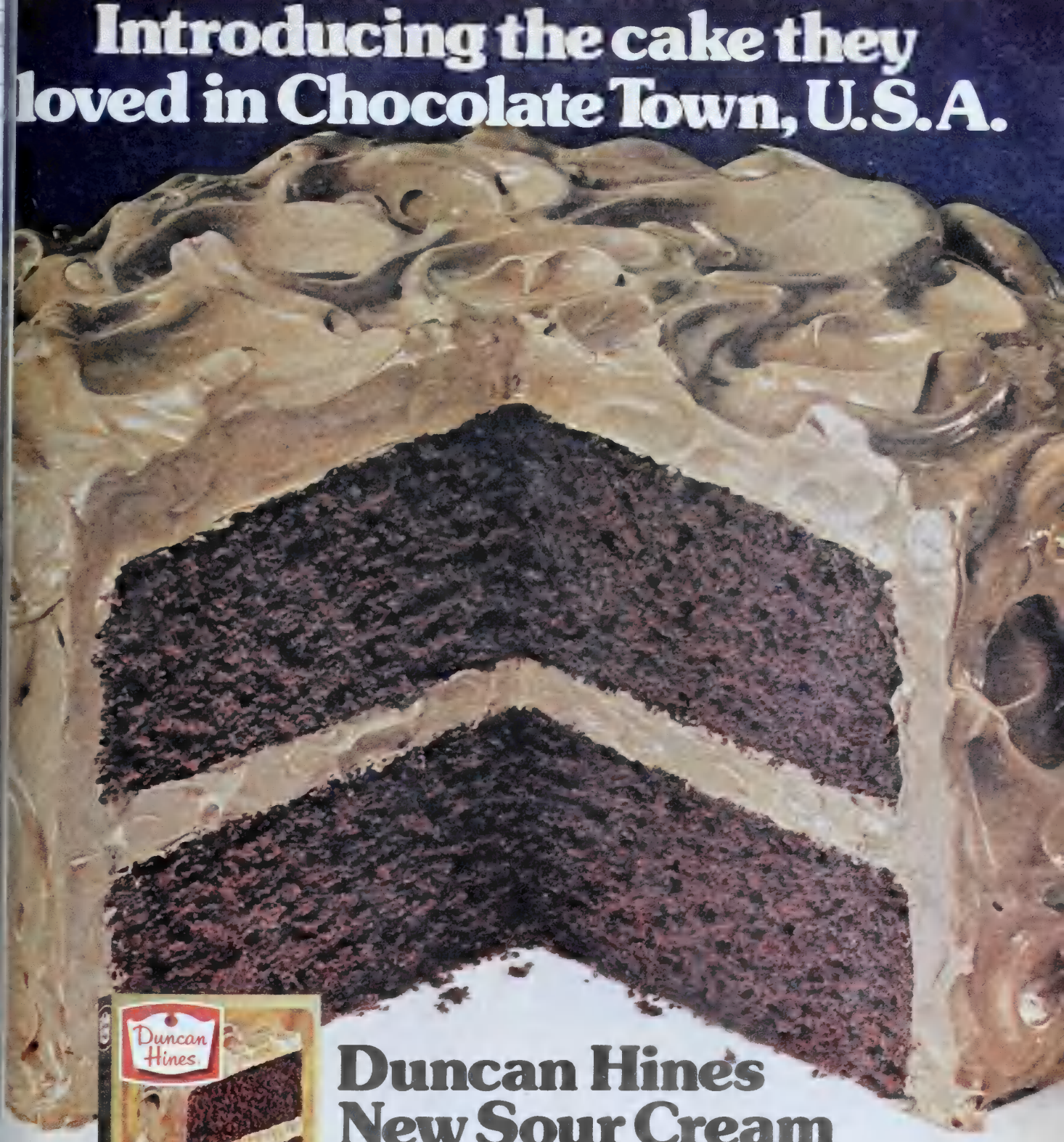
1. Grate cheese.
2. Bake Hotter Dogs using 1⅓ cups o the grated cheese. Cover and refrigerate
3. Make ice cream custard mixture. DO NOT FREEZE. Cover and refrigerate
4. Prepare punch but no not add clu soda or ice cubes. Cover and refrigerate
5. Purchase crushed ice or begin making ice cubes for ice cream freezer.

Day of Party, Morning or Early Afternoon:

1. Prepare accompaniments for Tostadas except beans, meat and taco sauce Cover and refrigerate.
2. Place refried beans in casserole

(continued on page 129)

Introducing the cake they loved in Chocolate Town, U.S.A.





Duncan Hines New Sour Cream Chocolate

When the people of Hershey, Pennsylvania tried this remarkably moist, deliciously different cake, they ate it up! And you will too.



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Fashions: Geoffrey Beene



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If refund offer is not available at your local store, you can receive a cash refund certificate redeem able for $1.00 by writing to: Cookie and Lemonade Refun Offer, Maple Plain Company, P.O. Box 1278, Maple Plain Minn. 55359. Offer expires December 31, 1977.

ROM FIESTA

continued from page 124

er with foil and refrigerate.
Arrange Buñuelos on platter.

and One Half Hours Before Guests ve:

Preheat oven to 350°F. Heat beans 30 minutes. Then, reduce oven temature to 200°F. Keep beans in oven l served.
Place Hotter Dogs in oven.

rty Minutes Before Guests Arrive:

Heat Chili Beef; keep warm.
Fry Corn Tortillas. Keep warm in °F. oven. (If using packaged tostada ls, heat in 200°F. oven for 15 utes.)

Before Guests Arrive:

Spoon Guacamole into bowl; arrange illa chips.
Place Tostada accompaniments, in ving dishes, on table except beans, at and taco sauce.
Heat taco sauce.

ving Timetable:

As guests arrive, begin cranking ice am.
Pour prepared punch into punch vl or large pitcher; add club soda and cubes.
Serve Hotter Dogs and Guacamole.
Arrange meat, refried beans, Tosta- and taco sauce on table. (Use Guanole left from dip as additional acmpaniment.)
When ice cream is churned, serve it h Buñuelos.

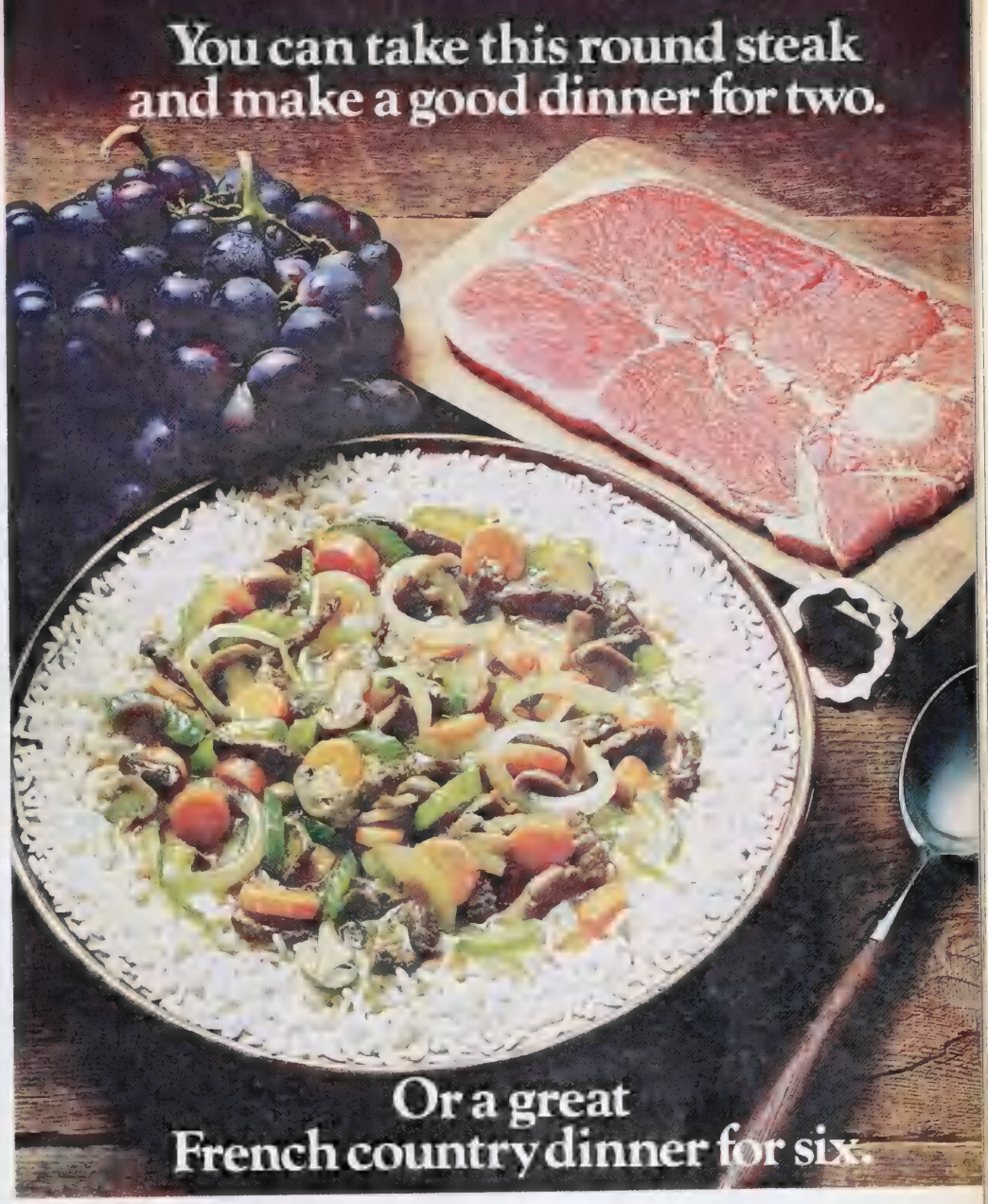
GUACAMOLE

all recipes pictured on pages 94–95

is recipe makes a large amount—use s an appetizer with tortilla chips and y remaining as an additional accomniment for Tostadas.

ripe avocados (8 cups mashed)
cup fresh lime juice
to 2 teaspoons bottled red pepper sauce
cup coarsely chopped onion
cup coarsely chopped tomato
easpoons salt
easpoon pepper
ackages (5½ oz. each) tortilla chips

el avocados and remove pits (reserve s). In large bowl, mash avocados with stry blender or fork until consistency cottage cheese.
Add lime juice, red pepper sauce, ion, tomato, salt and pepper; stir until ll mixed. (*May be prepared in adnce. To keep Guacamole from discoling, place avocado pits in mixture. over surface with plastic wrap; refrigte up to 2 days. To serve, remove s.*)
Spoon some Guacamole into bowl, range tortilla chips around it. Serve naining Guacamole as an accompanient with Tostadas. Makes about 9½ ps; about 470 calories per cup or 30 lories per tablespoon. *(continued)*



Steak Burgundy

- 4 cups hot cooked rice
- 1 pound lean beef round steak, thinly sliced in 1-inch strips
- 3 tablespoons vegetable oil
- 2 cups each sliced onions and carrots
- ⅓ cup Burgundy or other dry red wine
- 1¾ cups beef broth
- 1 can (4 ounces) sliced mushrooms and liquid
- 2½ teaspoons seasoned salt
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- 2 cups diagonally sliced celery
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch

While rice is cooking, saute steak in oil until brown. Add onions and cook 2 minutes longer. Stir in carrots, wine, broth, mushrooms with liquid, and seasonings. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat, cover, and simmer 10 minutes. Add celery and continue cooking 10 minutes longer. Dissolve cornstarch in ¼ cup water. Stir into meat mixture. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Serve over beds of fluffy rice. Makes 6 servings.

For other menu-stretching recipes, write to:
Rice Council of America, Dept. L,
Box 22800, Houston, Texas 77027.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

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RICE.
A great eating idea whose time has come.



5 cups masa harina (masa flour)*
2¾ cups warm water
2 cups salad oil, for frying

In large bowl, mix masa harina with warm water. (If necessary, add a little more water to hold dough together.) Knead slightly on lightly floured surface and shape into smooth ball. Divide dough into 30 equal pieces. Place one ball on sheet of waxed paper. (Cover remaining dough with plastic wrap to keep from drying.) Flatten ball slightly with the palm of your hand; cover with second sheet of waxed paper. With rolling pin, roll into 6-inch circle. Peel off top sheet of waxed paper. Trim edges of tortilla, using a 6-inch plate as a guide. Repeat, rolling out remaining dough, stacking the tortillas singly, each with a sheet of waxed paper between. (Save and reroll trimmings.)

To cook, preheat a lightly greased griddle or heavy frying pan over medium-high heat. Flip tortilla onto the griddle with waxed paper on top. As the tortilla becomes warm, you will be able to peel off the waxed paper. Cook until the tortilla looks dry (but still soft) and is lightly flecked with brown specks, about 1 minute on each side. *(May be prepared in advance up to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 2 days.)*

For Tostadas: Preheat oven to 200°F. In medium skillet or 2-quart saucepan, heat 1-inch salad oil to 375°F. on deep-fat thermometer. Working quickly, fry one tortilla at a time, using tongs to turn frequently until crisp, about 1 minute. Drain on paper towels. Keep warm. Continue frying remaining tortillas. Makes 30 to 34; about 65 calories per tortilla; 115 per tostada.

*May be purchased in Spanish or Mexican grocery store. Smallest size available, 2-pound bag.

PROM FIESTA

continued

HOTTER DOGS

Neat idea—refrigerated biscuits are the base for this spicy hors d'oeuvre.

1⅓ cups grated sharp Cheddar cheese
1 can (4 oz.) mild green chilies, drained, seeded and finely chopped
2 packages (8 or 10 oz. each) refrigerated biscuits
2 packages (5½ or 8 oz. each) cocktail frankfurters
2 tablespoons enriched yellow cornmeal
Paprika (optional)

Preheat oven to 400°F. Lightly grease 2 cookie sheets. In medium bowl, mix cheese and chopped chilies; set aside. Cut each biscuit in half. Sprinkle some cornmeal on work surface. Pat each biscuit half, on cornmeal, into 1x4-inch rectangle. Spread one teaspoon cheese mixture almost to edge, leaving ½-inch from one end.

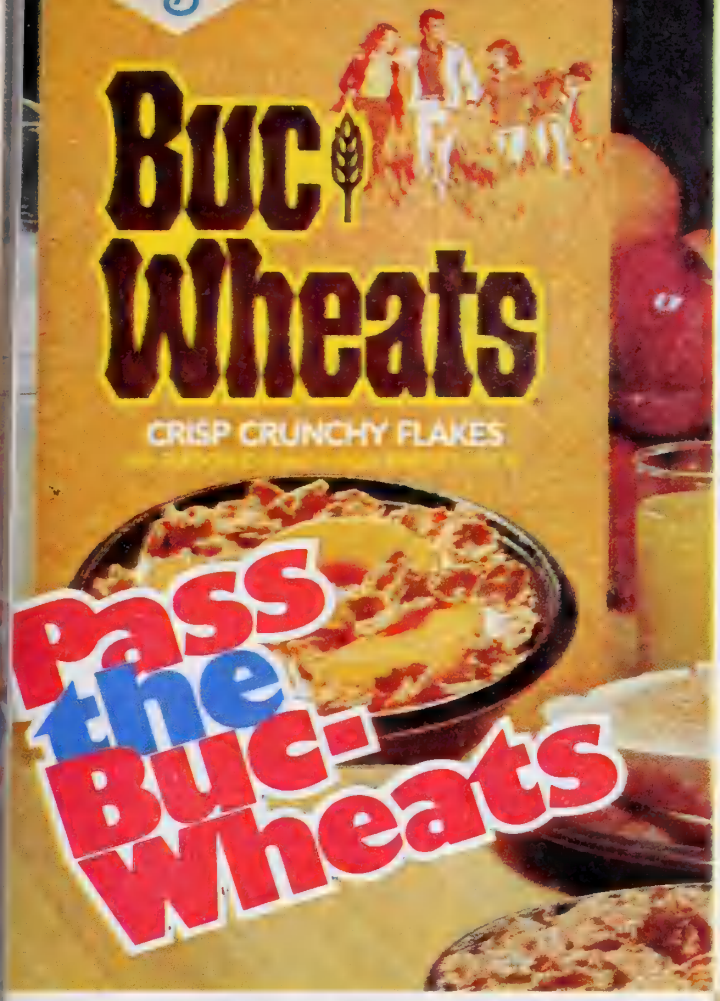
Place one frank on each biscuit half, crosswise, and wrap around, overlapping ends to seal. Repeat with remaining biscuits and franks. (If biscuits do not seal firmly, first moisten with water.)

Sprinkle with paprika and place 1½-inches apart on cookie sheet, seam-side down. Bake 10 to 12 minutes. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cool; cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours. To serve, place in 200°F. oven for 30 minutes or until heated through.)* Makes 32 appetizers, about 55 calories each.

CORN TORTILLAS

In case you feel adventurous and want to make your own.





and continue layering, adding remaining accompaniments to your liking. Eat out-of-hand and enjoy. Makes 30 tostadas. About 525 calories each.

**Or*, purchase 3 packages (5 oz. each) tostada shells or 3 packages (9 oz. each) frozen corn tortillas and prepare as label directs for tostadas; do not cut.

Note: Serve any remaining Guacamole as an accompaniment for Tostadas.



BUÑUELOS
(Fried Pastry Cookies)

Crunchy, munchy goodies.

2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon double-acting baking powder
2 eggs
¼ cup milk
2 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
1½ cups sugar
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
About 4 cups salad oil, for frying

In medium bowl, combine 1¾ cups flour, sugar, salt and baking powder. Beat eggs; add milk and melted butter or margarine and stir into dry ingredients. Stir until dough holds together. Stir in additional flour until dough is not sticky (about 1 tablespoon). Turn onto a lightly *(continued)*

CHILI BEEF

Nice and spicy—perfect for tacos or tostadas. Yes, measure chili powder by the cup.

4 pounds ground beef
⅓ to ½ cup chili powder (2⅜ oz.)
4 teaspoons ground cumin
4 garlic cloves, crushed
1 tablespoon salt

In large skillet, cook meat until well browned, stirring occasionally. Drain off grease and reserve. Add remaining ingredients and cook, uncovered over low heat, stirring frequently for 30 to 40 minutes. Be careful meat does not burn; add additional grease if meat begins to stick. *(May be prepared in advance. Cover and refrigerate up to 2 days. To serve, heat in skillet over medium heat, stirring occasionally. Cover and keep warm.)* Makes 8 cups. About 115 calories per ¼ cup.

TOSTADAS

The Tex-Mex version of a Dagwood sandwich. Messy to eat—but delicious.

30 Corn Tortillas*, fried for Tostadas (see recipe)
6 cans (16 oz. each) refried beans, heated
Chili Beef (see recipe), heated
4 cups grated sharp Cheddar cheese
5 medium tomatoes, chopped
1 large head iceberg lettuce, shredded (about 1¼ lbs.)
4 jars (8 oz. each) taco sauce, heated
1½ bunches green onions, chopped (about 2 cups)
4 cans (4 oz. each) mild green chilies (*not* jalapeño), seeded and chopped
1½ pints sour cream (3 cups)

Place each ingredient into individual serving bowls. To assemble tostada: On each tortilla spread refried beans, spoon on Chili Beef, sprinkle on 2 to 3 tablespoons cheese

Buc*Wheats is the only cereal made with the crisp snap of maple flavor in big, crunchy flakes. The whole family loves 'em. So pass the Buc*Wheats and dig in!

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COUPON EXPIRES MAY 31, 1978

7¢ General Mills 40A



PROM FIESTA

continued

floured board and knead lightly for 2 minutes until smooth. Cover and let stand 20 minutes. Meanwhile, combine sugar and cinnamon in large flat dish; set aside. Cut dough into 36 equal pieces and shape each into a ball. On a lightly floured surface, with rolling pin, roll each ball into 4-inch circle. With ½-inch round cookie cutter or a thimble, cut hole in center of circle. (Reserve holes to fry later, if desired.) Stack circles with waxed paper between the layers.

In Dutch oven, heat 1-inch salad oil to 375°F. on deep-fat thermometer. Fry pastry, a few at a time, until puffed and golden brown, about 30 seconds on each side. Turn only once. Drain on paper towels. While Buñuelos are still warm, place in dish. Spoon sugar-cinnamon mixture over Buñuelos until well coated. *(May be prepared in advance. Store in tightly covered container, up to 2 days. Freeze up to 2 weeks.)* Makes 36 cookies. About 65 calories each.

CHOCOLATE-CINNAMON ICE CREAM

Nothing's better than homemade ice cream. We prefer it served immediately.

1 quart half and half cream
4 egg yolks
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon cinnamon
2 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate
1½ cups heavy or whipping cream
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
10 to 12 pounds crushed ice
2 pounds rock salt

In medium saucepan, heat half and h until bubbles form around edge of p Meanwhile, in medium bowl with w whisk, beat egg yolks with sugar, co starch, salt and cinnamon until w combined. Gradually stir in hot crea stirring with wire whisk until w blended. Return mixture to saucep Cook over medium heat, stirring c stantly, until mixture thickens and j begins to boil, about 8 to 12 minut Add chocolate. Remove from heat. S with wire whisk until chocolate is me ed.

Refrigerate until cool. Stir in hea cream and vanilla. *(May be prepared advance up to this point. Cover and frigerate up to 24 hours.)*

To freeze: Use a 4-quart hand crank electric ice cream maker. Pour chocola mixture into freezer container; ins dasher and cover with lid. Place bucket. Attach hand crank or motor.

Fill bucket half full with ice. Sprink on about 1 cup rock salt. Continue ad ing layers of ice and salt in a 4 to 1 pr portion to 1 inch below can lid. (As i melts, add more ice and salt up to th level.)

Begin cranking, adding more ice an salt as needed. (Or, for electric ice crea maker, follow manufacturer's dire tions.) It takes about 10 to 15 minut to freeze. *(continue*

JUNE RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchens and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

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Hotter Dogs, p. 130

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Hot Tomato Drink, p. 72
Pineapple Punch (Ponche de Piña), p. 134

Kelvinator knows what you want: More food storage space in the same old kitchen refrigerator space. OK?



Dennis James speaks for Kelvinator.

"You know what Kelvinator did? They found a whole new way for insulating refrigerators, that's what.

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Just to see what you've been missing. OK? OK!"

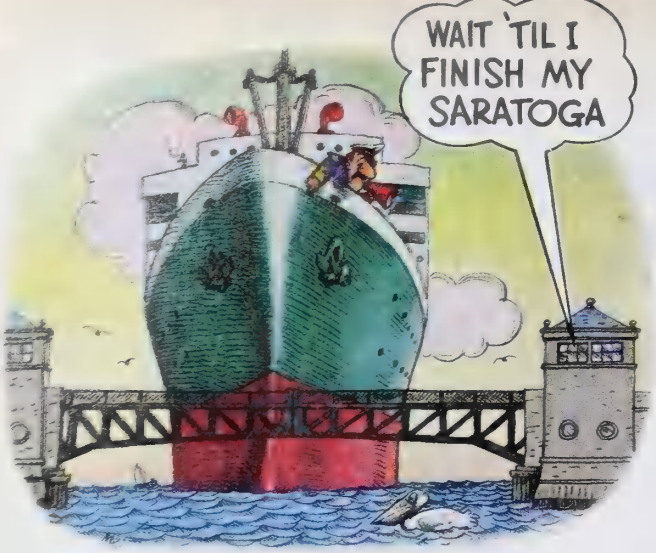


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PROM FIESTA

continued

To serve, remove crank or motor. Drain off water. Wipe off lid before removing. Remove dasher. Serve immediately for best texture. Makes about 2 quarts or 12 servings. About 310 calories each.

Or, to harden, scrape down sides. Cover top of can with waxed paper. Replace lid and insert cork in hole in center lid. Add more ice and salt to cover lid. Let stand 2 to 3 hours to harden. After wiping container, hardened ice cream can be stored in freezer.

PINEAPPLE PUNCH (PONCHE DE PIÑA)

Refreshing and unusual. Adults might try adding rum. Muy bueno (very good)!

1 cup sugar
3 cups water
4 cinnamon sticks
12 whole cloves
2 cans (46 oz. each) pineapple juice
3 cups orange juice
1 cup fresh lemon juice
5 bottles (7 oz. each) club soda, chilled
Ice cubes

In medium saucepan, simmer sugar, water, cinnamon sticks and cloves for about 30 minutes covered; strain and cool. Add pineapple, orange and lemon juices. *(May be prepared in advance. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours.)* Just before serving, add club soda and ice cubes. Makes about 5 quarts or twenty 1-cup servings. About 140 calories per serving. **End**

MATTHAU

continued from page 46

needs a nap. "I always look this way—tired and exhausted." He yawns.

Like most stars, Matthau does not submit easily to interviews, though he is always gracious. He is capable of using his formidable talent as a comedian to divert unseemly questions into the netherland of the unanswered. I suspect he often fibs, just for the fun of it. So don't believe everything you read.

For example, Carol and Walter were married in 1955, and soon after, he gave an interview to the encyclopedic *Current Biography*, a bible used as gospel by such fastidious publications as *Time* and *Newsweek*. Walter merrily told the historians that his father had been born in Kiev, a Catholic priest to the tsars. He gave his new wife's maiden name as Carol Wellington-Smythe. Both facts are false, but they crop up over and over in stories on these two madcap lovers and partners.

When Walter first met Carol, she was the understudy to Jayne Mansfield on Broadway. Both she and Walter were already married—she to novelist-playwright William Saroyan. (She had married Saroyan in 1943, divorced him in '49, remarried him in '52 and again divorced him in '55—causing Saroyan to say that his marriages to Carol "were like merry funerals.")

Matthau waited until both he and Carol were divorced before knowing her "in the biblical sense," as he coyly puts it. "Maybe something's wrong with me," he muses. "I have always lived by the rules, so it took me three years to get with her. After all, we had little children. I can't figure out why everyone isn't that way. The advantage of being honorable is that I sleep better. Maybe I'm stupid or it's possibly my upbringing. I don't consciously try to instill these same feelings in our kids, though I think all five of them are an honorable lot." (Carol has two. Walter has *(continued)*

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TASTES SO GOOD CATS ASK FOR IT BY NAME.

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MATTHAU

continued

two, and they have Charlie together.)

"I used to louse up Carol when she went on for Jayne Mansfield by feeding her different cues. If she wanted to, Carol could be a great actress. She recently got fine reviews for *Mickey and Nicky*. But she doesn't like acting. She did it to earn money.

"Carol spends most of her life making up. If we go out at night, she starts at one in the afternoon, giving me time to go to the games and track. She doesn't interfere with my gambling. I owed $185,000 when she married me. So I know she didn't marry me for my money. She has always been aware of the problem. We appear to be different, but we are very much alike, really. She doesn't gamble, though she would like to. Occasionally, she'll take a flyer at a Vegas slot machine, which is the last thing I would do. That's not gambling; those machines are rigged to pay off at a certain percentage.

"We think about things in the same way. Carol Grace is her stage name, and Marcus is her stepfather's name. She had a father only until she was nine, and I never really had one at all. So we share a fatherless childhood. Her Mom is still alive and I phone mine every other day." Suddenly there is a break in the mood and Matthau is kidding again. He sits straight up and deadpans me with, "Actually, I would make a great mother. But it would have to be a Jewish mother. No, change that to Methodist, and then everyone can read it."

The underlying irony and flintiness surprise me. Walter answers my unasked question. "Comedy is very serious business, and so is marriage. Comedy is not easier to do than the heavier stuff, because it is difficult to hold onto a performance in the disjointed way movies are made. The elán one needs for comedy may not last from day to day. Right this minute I wouldn't want to go out and do something funny, but maybe that's because I now *do* need a nap. Why don't I take you to dinner—later?"

So what if, later, I'm eating vichyssoisse so thick it spoons into small fluffs of heavenly, onion-scented cream instead of just slurps of cold potato soup? So what if we're in the best restaurant this side of the Mississippi? So what if the *terrine lapin* is deserving of a Burgundy's finest 1966 pressings? So what? Sew buttons—if your dinner companion is Walter Matthau.

Forget vintages. Dining with Matthau is like being back at Ratner's on New York's lower Second Avenue. Ratner's, where there is hot potato soup for which you would sell your grandma on a cold night. Ratner's, where all the waiters walk like Walter Matthau. And all the customers act as he does right now in New Orleans's chic Auberge Olivier.

First, Walter walks in with his coat collar turned up, wearing a silly hat and shuffling on toed-out, flat feet. Over this, everything else falls loose, as if he is still on the hanger. He doesn't check your coat because someone might—uh—take it. Meticulously, he folds it and places it on the chair next to him, and covers it with a linen napkin—in case someone spills. (Someone being the waiter, to whom he gives, at once, a dirty look AND a smile.) Only a Libra from the lower East Side of Manhattan can do this really well. Libras like to eat—and right this minute, Rose Matthau's son, the actor, is weak with hunger.

Guarding his ailing liver, Walter orders a clear consomme and consumes it silently. Then, secure that he isn't starving to death, he pours a little of my red wine, but doesn't give me any, saying, "It's not ready." Sipping the wine, he confesses, "No, I don't feel better after the operation. I felt better before. Of course, the hepatitis doesn't help. Maybe in two or three years—if I go that far. I've done everything I ever wanted to, except live a few more years and be as happy as I am right now in life.

"Sure, I'd like to have me as a friend. How would I describe myself? I'd say I was a no-good, rotten, sniveling, successful actor. I can't answer that seriously—so I'm answering it seriously. I am moody, but I try never to show this. I'll take a long walk, and when I return, I'm happy again. I save my bad moods for acting. I cannot afford the luxury of showing anything foul to those I love or care for. It's just not proper.

Marriage stronger

"My marriage is stronger and better—it's just great. I'm very lucky. I became almost religious when I realized how lucky I am with this marriage. Maybe kids don't put so much emphasis on marriage because they are young. You don't have to have marriage, you know; it can just be a unit of two people.

"While I'm working, Carol remodels the house and gets Charlie off to school. He's fifteen and the only one left at home. The house is really small and cozy. Though it's in California, it's like a New England colonial house. It has just a few bedrooms. I bought the house deliberately so I can sweep it out myself if the maid doesn't show up. My favorite room is the bedroom—just big enough to squeeze into bed and read."

All of this humble-house talk is told straight-faced by Walter while diligently digesting a lean steak into his currently lean body. Close friends tell me the Matthau driveway is studded with Mercedes and Rolls-Royces. There are maids, drivers and a live-in nurse—beloved Rae, who has been with Walter since his first heart attack. *(continued)*

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CELEBRATE DOLE BANANAS WITH A BANANA FRUIT MEDLEY

1 cantaloupe, cut into thin wedges
3 medium DOLE bananas, cut in chunks
1½ cups strawberry halves
1½ cups green grapes
¼ cup slivered almonds, toasted

Arrange cantaloupe on platter. Combine bananas, strawberries, grapes and almonds; toss lightly. Spoon onto cantaloupe wedges. Serve with Honey Dressing.

HONEY DRESSING

1 cup MIRACLE WHIP Salad Dressing
2 tablespoons honey
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Combine salad dressing, honey and lemon juice; mix well. Chill. Serve over fruit. Makes one cup.

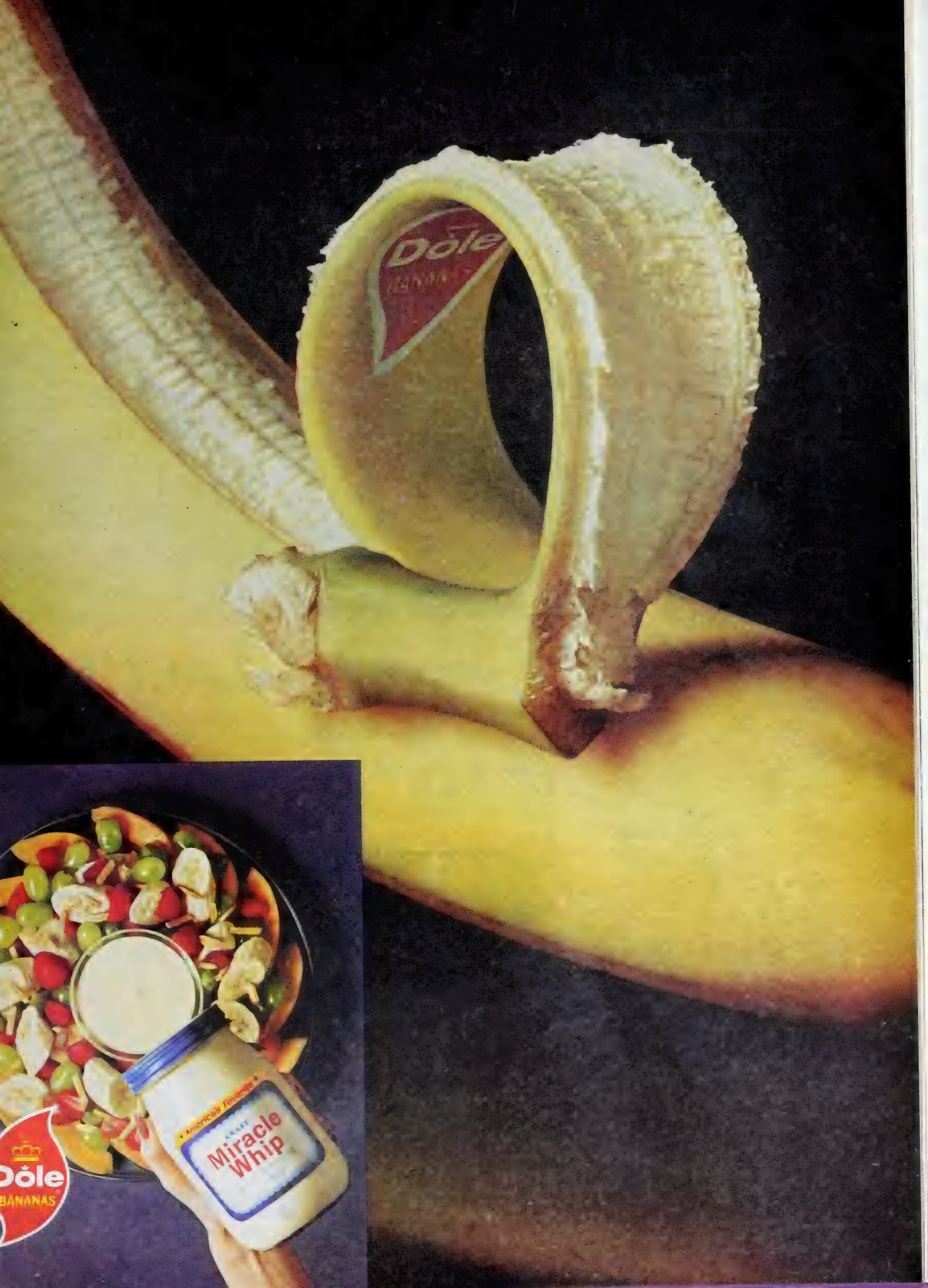
Variation: 2 tablespoons orange juice may be substituted for lemon juice.



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But circumstances were anything but normal. The excited quints (Abigail, Amy, Sara, Gordon and Ted) insisted on "helping." Well, with all those little helpers on the job, it took Bill Kienast somewhat longer. About 12 minutes longer, in fact.

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MATTHAU

continued

The house is supposedly palatial, and filled to the gunwales with Mrs. Matthau's favorite weakness—Porthault. Porthault, the choicest of French linens, is known for its delicate, flowery patterns. When I suggest that maybe I'm privvy to Carol's expensive lifestyle, he just smiles, and tries out a remarkably good French accent.

"Pohh-tohht. 'Sweets', that's my Carol, once made me some jumpsuits out of Porthault." Switching to a New York accent, "Whaddya wear around the house, Wally? Oh, nothing much, just my 'pohh-tohht' pants. I remember they were hot." Silence follows.

"My life was shaped by the whole process of depression and war—humiliating experiences: relief, charity camps and clinics. I had to audition for roles against 3,500 other actors. It's humiliating to compete with fellow actors. There is humiliation in poverty and dealing with insensitive people. Elia Kazan brought me to Hollywood for *A Face in the Crowd*. Now I've got it made, but I'm still cautious—not by nature, but from experience. I've seen poor and I've seen rich, and rich is better."

The talk drifts into childhood and youth. "No," he answers. "I never knew anything about women. I didn't lose my virginity until I was 24 and already in the Air Force. I lost 'it' in Lille, France. Before that I drank and played cards a lot.

"I was never comfortable with any woman before Carol. My first wife thought I looked like Wallace Beery; Carol thinks I look like Sir Laurence Olivier. Does that give you a few clues why I love my wife?

Not love at first sight

"No, it wasn't love at first rehearsal at all. I was mostly interested in what Carol had on her face—it looked like yak doo-doo, and I wondered where she got it." (Carol has always worn a flour-like mask of Givenchy's palest powder and is likely to color-coordinate her eye makeup with her stockings—bizarre, but beautiful.)

"Then I thought she must be one of those ladies from the Algonquin Hotel—ninety-three trying to look fourteen—with this stuff on her face like maraschino cherry juice. This is what attracted me. My curiosity was aroused. Five years later, I got divorced to marry her—so it was really a long-term romance. Now I like women very much."

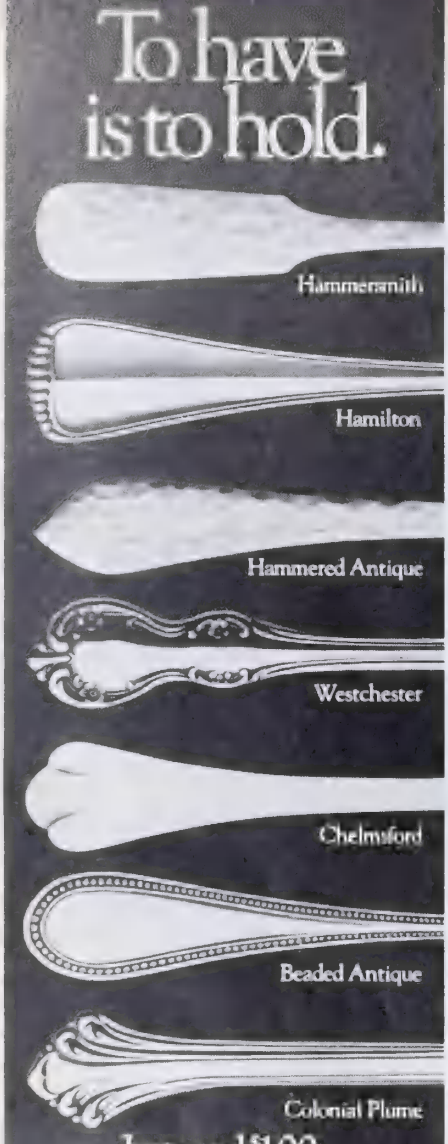
Walter Matthau has been up since 7 A.M. doing what he does best—acting—*and* doing what he doesn't like doing at all—talking honestly about himself. At 57, Walter is a bruised and battered survivor with unbelievable stamina and courage. Right this minute his face looks like a box of bon-bons, slightly the worse for having been pinched by too many questions. As a parting shot, I ask, "What do you like about women?"

With barely a pause for breath, and not looking up, he whispers, "They're soft and juicy." **End**

Journal Shopping Center

FASHION: "THE SULTRY SUMMER"
PAGE 80: Red evening dress by SCOTT BARRIE available at: Elizabeth Arden, all stores; Filene's, Boston; Emphatics, Pittsburgh.
PAGE 81: GIL AIMBEZ FOR GENRE sarong-like dress at: Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; T. Edwards, Atlanta; Christian Michi, Charleston, S.C.; Godchaux, New Orleans; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Macy's, San Francisco; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.
PAGE 82: DONALD BROOKS FOR MAIDENFORM swimsuit, available at: Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester; Cameo Shops, Philadelphia; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Swim City, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Magnin, West Coast.
PAGE 83: KASPER FOR JOAN LESLIE embroidered party dress, at: B. Altman, N.Y.; Strawbridge & Clothier, Phil.; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Higbee's, Cleveland; Woolf Bros., Kansas City; Joseph Magnin, West Coast.

NEW DIRECTIONS IN DECORATING
PAGE 84: North—Georgian arm chair, F 500-121, and Welsh sideboard and deck, F 200-039, both in scrubbed pine finish, are Four Corners Imports by Thomasville. Carpet, Dreamspun 525-5833, in Falcon Brown, by Armstrong.
PAGE 85: Northeast—Chair, 512-024, and ottoman, 412-924, by Founders. Brass four-drawer chest, F 200-069, nest of tables, F 600-085, octagonal mirror and brass fire bucket, F 600-152, are Four Corners Imports by Thomasville. Resilient floor, Colonial Paver Coronelle in Camel Brown, by Armstrong.
PAGE 86: Southwest—Chair, 189-325, upholstered in 104-71 chamois, by Founders. Z-shaped console table, F 200-075, is from Four Corners Imports by Thomasville. Carpet, Ruler 572-5626, in Royal Beige, by Armstrong.
PAGE 87: South—Trestle table, 8321-772, and ladder-back armchair, 8321-824, from the Pine Manor group by Thomasville. Rattan bench, 04162, by Founders. Resilient floor, Quarry Tile Coronelle, #87112, in Dark Slate, by Armstrong.



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Towle Stainless

What's happening

continued from page 14

off his priceless art collection. He flies the paintings and his guests to his colossal mansion. The pilot of his private super-duper jumbo jet is Jack Lemmon—but Lemmon with a twist. Instead of his usual casual character, Jack plays Charlton Heston. Little does he know that there are hijackers aboard who intend to steal the art. The bad guys use nerve gas to put the passengers to sleep. The passengers use *dialogue* to put the audience to *sleep*. When we all wake up, the huge plane is under water, but is anybody drowning? Of course not. The plane is intact, all the lights are on, there's plenty of oxygen. If anybody can save the people it is Jack Lemmon. (If only he could save the picture!) He swims out of the plane, makes it to the surface with a beeper, signals the navy, which rushes to the rescue, and the final 15 minutes are rather interesting if you care to see how the navy can rescue people who live in airplanes under water. I never fly. After seeing *Airport '77* I may never swim, either.

RARE AND GENTLE

In *Islands in the Stream,* the posthumous novel by Ernest Hemingway, George C. Scott portrays a character clearly fashioned on Hemingway's view of himself: He is an American artist who has spent many of his best years in Paris and who is now living in the Bahamas . . . drinking, wenching, fishing, trying to maintain his art. It is 1940. World War II seems far off in Europe, but Nazi U-boats prowl the off-island seas. The film is separated into sections, one of which is devoted to his three sons. It is lyrical and moving. In it, Scott is reunited with these sons from his broken marriages—sons he has not seen for ever so long. The eldest is 17, the middle boy is 14, the youngest 9. The middle boy (beautifully played by Michael-James Wixted), is wary, resentful, walled off. His communion with his father comes only after a day-long fishing struggle in which he hooks a giant blue marlin—a struggle in which the father does not intervene: he lets the youngster battle the fish himself. Eventually the barriers between father and son are breached and a love comes pouring through. This entire chapter has a gentleness rarely seen in films these days.

FOR KIDS—FINALLY

It's about *time* we had a good movie for children—a *really* good one—and here it is, *The Littlest Horse Thieves*—a dandy drama from Disney that *you* will enjoy, too. The story is set in an English coal mining village in 1909. Down in the pits the coal is trundled by little horse-drawn trains. The horses are called pit ponies and when machinery is introduced, the ponies are doomed. Off they go to the slaughterhouse . . . but *WHOA,* not so fast.

Three children rush to the rescue—two little boys (sons of a miner), and a little girl (whose father runs the mine). They conspire to save the ponies, and they do it in a movie that is a well made entertainment.

Alastair Sim is the mine owner, and what a pleasure it is to see that fine actor in what must have been one of his finest performances. The children are first rate, the whole feel of the mining community rings true and there's lots of stirring background music provided by an actual miners band. So everyone who's been writing to me for a good movie for your people, here it is.

Aside to children: If your folks are reluctant to take you, *nag* 'em.

WITLESS AND WANTING

It may be time for a movie comedy about the Watergate affair, but the new movie called *Nasty Habits* is not it. In this sleazy satire, the Watergate-White House characters become *nuns.* I assume that Robert Enders and Michael Lindsay-Hogg (the writer and director) wanted a comedy, but it was not ordained. Their soporific script and dreary direction are witless, wooden and wanting. **End**

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

Cousin, Cousine, the story of the love of husband and wife, has captivated all America. Enchanting and joyous.

Freaky Friday, squeaky-clean fun from Disney, takes a madcap look at a mother-daughter relationship. What a pleasure *good* Disney can be.

Fun with Dick and Jane is supposed to be a comedy, with Jane Fonda and George Segal as a suburban couple short on money. Meager stuff.

King Kong ends atop New York's World Trade Center, which is big and flat, just like the movie.

The Late Show is a neat mystery-comedy starring Lily Tomlin and Art Carney. Tension, tenderness, humor and plenty of plot.

Network, as in TV, is ridiculous with author Paddy Chayefsky hitting as many as six typewriters at once. A satiric stew.

Rocky is one of my favorite movies of the year, a movie to make you feel good all over. It's about people you'll *care* about.

The Seven-Per-cent Solution is a comedy-mystery involving Sherlock Holmes and Sigmund Freud, all adding up to 100 per-cent entertainment.

Silver Streak begins as a romantic comedy aboard an express train, but ends up as a loafing local.

Slap Shot stars Paul Newman and is one of the filthiest-mouthed movies I've seen.

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Only at Sears

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*Prices higher in Alaska & Hawaii

Can this marriage be saved?

continued from page 30

ordered her out and she went. Unless Angela changes and gives up this married man, we need a divorce."

THE COUNSELOR SPEAKS

"Divorce was indeed the answer for this couple," the counselor said, "as seemed inevitable from the beginning. Clearly, Lyle could never accept Angela's idea of an open marriage, and Angela wasn't about to yield an inch of her newly-won freedom. Compromise between such radically opposed value systems and personalities was impossible.

"Angela was a fearful, very dependent person when she met Lyle. She had very ambivalent feelings about her mother, whose rigid disciplines she secretly resented but feared to defy. Her disappearing father increased her insecurity.

"In search of emotional security, someone to lean on and love her, she found in Lyle the father figure she wanted. He met her needs to perfection—that summer and for years after.

"Lyle had been taking care of other people, putting their needs in first place, since the age of fourteen. He gave precedence to the needs of his family and his boss. Even his excessive thriftiness, which Angela found tedious, was based on a desire to ensure the future for others. It seldom occurred to Lyle that he himself might have personal needs worthy of consideration.

"To him, Angela's dependency was a source of joy and pride. He regarded her not as a partner and an equal, not as a wife, but as someone he could help and lead. In short, a docile pupil. He treated Angela, and his younger sisters before her, with a mixture of indulgence and firmness that at times could be harsh and quirky. When Angela stepped out of line, he punished himself and her by withholding sex.

"Lyle was a static person, determined to stick with the status quo and safety. Angela yearned for change and excitement, the larger world of her fantasies. She resented Lyle's rules—so reminiscent of her mother—but she was afraid to stand up to him. Ironically, Lyle taught her to become strong and independent by insisting that she work her way through college.

"With his unwitting assistance, she gained the courage to rebel. She threw off his influence and turned to another teacher—Harry. In Harry she saw a third daddy, an improved model—experienced, sophisticated, ambitious.

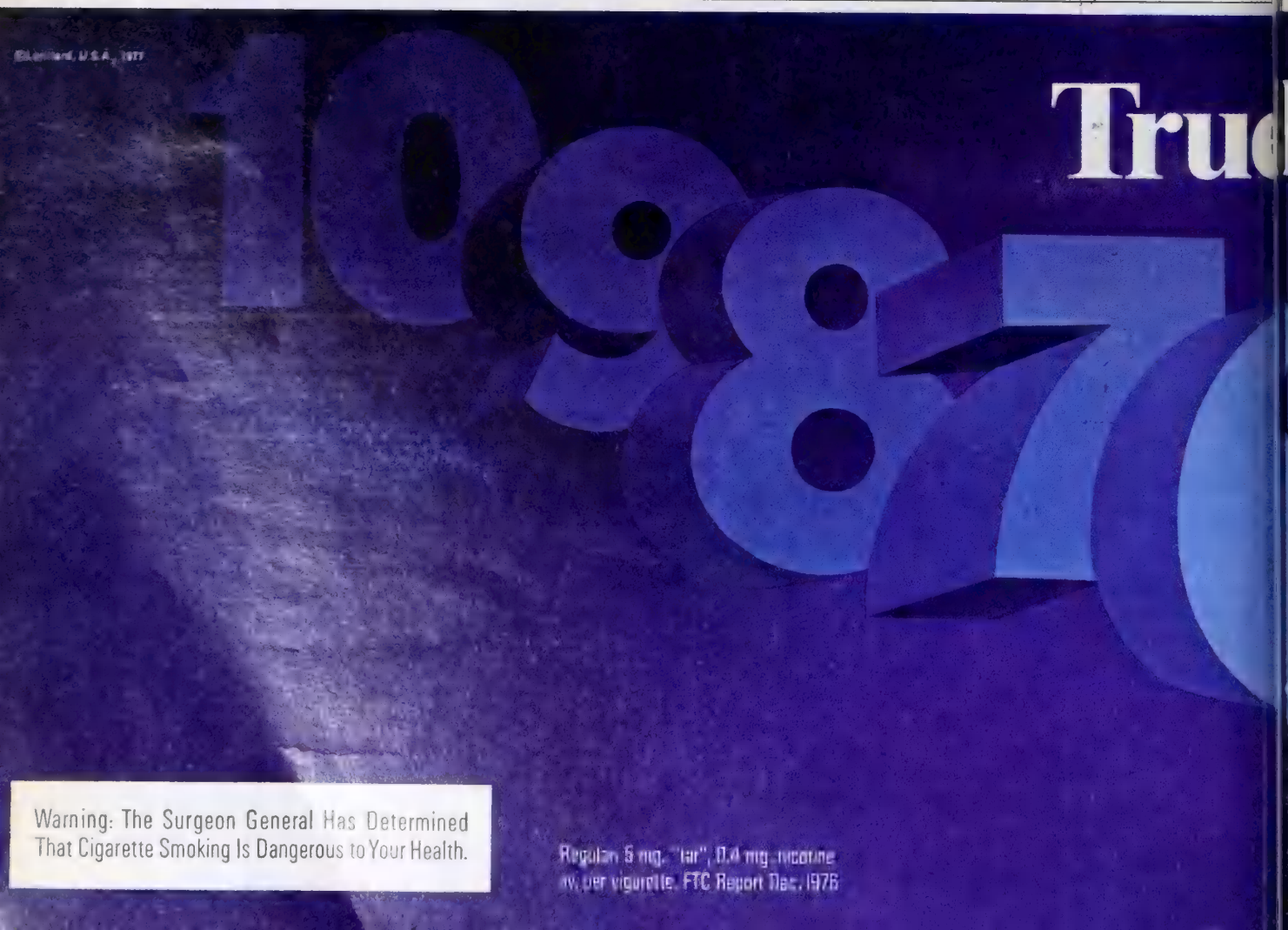
"When Lyle recognized these hard facts and overcame some of his bitterness, I was able to help him loosen up a little for his own benefit. Gradually, he learned to identify and fulfill a few of his own needs.

"The church remains the bulwark of his existence. But he now enjoys other activities. Two nights a week he takes karate lessons; he belongs to a folk dancing group. Occasionally, he asks one of the church women to a movie but cautiously divides his favor. It is unlikely that he will ever remarry, but nowadays he spends a little money on himself without feeling guilty. Angela has custody of the children. Lyle pays regular child support and has generous visitation rights.

"The property settlement caused pain and disillusionment on both sides. Angela and the children occupy a modern apartment that is virtually unfurnished. At the moment, she is urging Lyle to hand over a washer and dryer for which he has no apparent use.

"Angela no longer has nightmares. Not long ago, she told me that she had learned Harry's selling technique so well that she felt qualified for any type of sales job. She could stand on her own feet, she said. I believed her and wondered if Harry was on the way out.

"The next time Angela marries—she told me she hoped to marry again—I feel sure she will pass up daddies and choose an equal for a husband." **End**



WOMEN'S DREAMS

continued from page 52

lreams than you are awake? In your lream, are you allowing yourself praise hat you didn't accept during the day? f you have been fired from a job, or iave felt unloved or rejected, your lream can soften your feelings by preenting you as a capable, loving and oncerned person. Dreams can be a corective process to help us see who we ire in the world and how we imagine others perceive us.

Dr. Van deCastle adds: "I think it's a ad commentary that our society treats lreams frivolously. For instance, to call omeone a dreamer implies she's not ery substantial or well-grounded in reality. Yet women seem to be more alert nd cognizant of the potential value in lreams than men. Dreams tell us about our feelings—and, in general, women end to be in touch with their emotions. Society urges men to be strong, silent, nsentimental. I guess women will have o lead men to be as equally responsive o their inner stirrings as women have lways been."

Some common dreams and what they may mean

1. Being chased by someone: fear of an individual. **Being chased by an animal:** a conflict between primitive instincts and conformity.

2. Falling: losing footing in a career or personal decision. (Contrary to myth, hitting bottom in a "falling" dream does not mean the dreamer is soon to die. Thousands of dreamers report "hitting bottom" dreams.)

3. Flying: a basic sense of inferiority prompts a desire to be higher than others—or one may be elated.

4. Fear of taking a school examination: fear of "failing the test" in a life situation, or being unable to fulfill someone else's expectations.

5. Forgetting lines on stage or in a speech: one is unable or unwilling to play a present role in life.

6. Frustration at not being able to start a car, open a door: a barrier is placed between the dreamer and her goal.

7. Being lost or disoriented in foreign surroundings: fear of abandonment or of being rejected.

8. Being naked or improperly dressed: embarrassment in a social situation; a wish to live a freer life; or a fear of a secret being exposed.

9. Missing or almost missing a bus, train or plane: fear of missing out on something in our present lives, a vehicle may also stand for an institution, such as marriage or the family.

10. Being surrounded by water: the unconscious; going deep into unknown, terrifying forces; cleansing or baptism to wash away dirt or guilt.

11. Returning to one's childhood home: something in the present sparks emotions of an earlier time; a wish to expand one's living space (childhood homes look larger in one's dreams than they do in actuality).

12. Conflict with parents or siblings: a present problem recalls a similar situation in the past; an intimate authority figure influences our present actions.

13. A friend appearing from the past: the dream probably refers to a present relationship rather than one with the friend from the past.

14. People seen as animals: the dreamer views the person as having a certain animal's characteristics.

15. Choosing between two homes or locations: possible conflict and choice between two lifestyles.

16. A dream of someone's death: an ambivalence of feelings towards that person; feelings of anger or alienation.

17. A dream of one's own death: irritation at a personal shortcoming; the wish for a new way of life; the end of a way of life that is finished, or the closing off of a "dead issue."

For information on dream workshops, write Dr. Van deCastle at Blackberry Hill Farm, Rt. 2, Box 488, Crozet, Va. 22932.

End

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from all that can be understood from the outside, the children seem well adjusted and content. The oldest boy, Teddy, seems to have settled down after a period of floundering, during which he raced motorcycles and worked as a ski bum, and is preparing to enter college in the fall. Eleanor is a junior at Georgetown Day school and William is a ninth grader at St. Albans school. During our interview, William came in and joined us for a few minutes. He seemed relaxed and at ease teasing his mother about the new piece of pottery she had received—expressing mock thanks that at least it was not "blushing maiden"—his description of his mother's favorite glaze color for her own pottery.

Personal needs stay

Yet, although political needs may dominate, the more personal needs do not go away; the other shell, however strong, is not invulnerable. If Joan and her children seem to have come to terms with the nature of political life better than most, there must be times when they, too, long for the closeness and familiarity of a real community life where bonds and loyalties last, where families grow old together. The Mondales, like many Washington families, are dealing with two sides of an ever-unbalanced scale: on the one side lies the opportunity to walk on an expanded public stage, to be known by the many, to make an impact on the world; on the other side, the chance for close relations with a few, the security of family, the pleasure of privacy. When one side is strongly emphasized, the other is usually suppressed.

Some weeks ago, I was asked to become the director of the Peace Corps. I could not have imagined a job in Washington I would have preferred. But I had to say no, not simply because I have two small children and a third on the way, but because for many years now my life has been filled with patterns just the opposite from those Joan Mondale describes—with a writer-husband who, like me, works at *(continued)*



Here is one sure way to get rid of tough stains.

SECOND LADY

continued from page 64

it hard to bring up the children alone?" I asked. "Didn't you get lonely?"

"First of all," she began, "no political wife can ask her husband to stay home on weekends, since that's when he's got to go home and campaign. If he doesn't, he'll lose and we'll have to go back to Minnesota. It's as simple as that. We love Washington and we want to stay here, so you accept these things. Besides, I was trained for this sort of life.

"And the children accept it, too. They don't expect him at home. If he's around on a weekend, they'll ask: 'What are you doing home this weekend?' " Joan likes to illustrate this point by telling a story about her daughter Eleanor when she was younger. "Fritz came back from a trip and said, 'Did you miss me?' and Eleanor said, 'Were you gone?' "

But this story, which I find a little sad, is told without irony. "Besides," Joan concluded, "though Fritz is away so much of the time, we all know how to make the most of the time when he is home. He tries to spend an hour or so at bedtime a few nights a week, talking with the children in their rooms or reading with them. And every summer we all go to that same lake in Michigan where my father took us. The cottages are still in our family's hands. There's no plumbing or electricity, but it's beautiful. It's a family compound like a miniature Hyannis Port. I guess we can't go this year because it's so rough and tumble there's no place to set up a communications system. But we'll find someplace."

The picture Joan creates is that of a contented family with a husband, who, although often away, is deeply involved with his wife and children when he *is* home. I know of nothing to contradict this picture except my own sense that spending time together is the key to building close relationships. Yet

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Another skeptic eats his words, as his dog eats the Gaines·burgers.®

DOG FOOD



"My dog Beauregard eats canned dog food," he skeptic explained. "An old family tradition. His daddy ate canned food, and so did his daddy before him."

"Do you think he'd like Gaines·burgers?" we asked.

"No, sir. Dogs like food that's moist and neaty," he explained.

"But Gaines·burgers® dog food is moist and neaty," we pointed out. "And it tastes terrific."

The skeptic smiled. "My dog won't eat..."

At which point his dog began devouring the Gaines·burgers.

Then his friend asked, "What's Beauregard eating?"

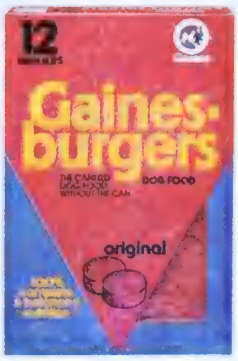
"Gaines·burgers," the skeptic replied, recovering quickly. "An old family tradition. His daddy ate Gaines·burgers, and so did his daddy before him. Why I remember..."

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SECOND LADY

continued

home most of the time; with a small group of permanent friends; with roots in our community, with season's tickets to the Red Sox games and the chance to go fishing, and bicycling all summer long. Still, I could not escape a twinge of regret when I refused, so powerful are the attractions of a place at the center of power and so challenging the thought of public service. Perhaps very few people, if any, can construct a full private life alongside a public career.

Joan Mondale has taken the more public path, and she seems to have found its satisfactions greater than its sadnesses. Yet it is also true that, as wife of the Vice President, she now finds herself in a special situation, which may account for the measure of optimism she unfailingly maintained throughout our talk. Given the nature of the vice-presidency, it is possible that, for the first time in her life, she may be able to combine heretofore separate sides of her existence—her love of politics and art, her public concerns and her private needs.

In 1972, Joan wrote an art book for children in which she argued that there is "a close relation between the concerns of the artist and those of the politician," —a statement rooted, I suspect, more in fantasy than in reality. But now, as Second Lady of the land, she may have the chance to bring her fantasies close to realization. When asked what she hopes to accomplish as the wife of the Vice President, she is very clear. Her goal is to use her influence and power to better the economic status of the individual artist, poet, photographer and craftsperson.

She is already working hard to educate herself on the variety of resources she might mobilize. One relatively unknown resource is the General Service Administration's Art in Architecture program, which allows up to three-eighths of one percent of the construction cost of new Federal buildings to be given to artists to design murals, gardens, fountains, stained glass windows, sculptures and the like. If hundreds of cities took advantage of this resource, the results could be impressive, not only for local artists, but for local residents as well. And this is but one of perhaps dozens of virtually unused federal resources that she might tap.

Nowadays, too, when Joan Mondale goes to a craft show, she engenders publicity not only for herself but for the show as well. And that is a measure of her new power. She can now invite her "art friends" to dinner as well as to a private lunch, for they have become a part of her political ventures. Indeed, she spoke to me of a "heavenly dinner" at the White House recently, where she sat between a sculptor and an artist and talked about art the entire night—a sharp contrast to those early Washington dinners when she could find nothing to say to the politician on either side.

Best time of her life

Moreover, this is the first time in 12 years that Fritz has been freed from the necessity of traveling to Minnesota every weekend. Instead there are numerous social functions in Washington where the Vice President and his wife are expected to be together. And the vice-presidency offers the near-certainty of at least four, and perhaps, eight years. Muriel Humphrey may have been right when she told Joan it would be the best time in her life, for she'd see her husband and family more than ever before.

But in politics there are never any certainties, and there is no resting place. For the next rung up the ladder is the presidency, and no matter how strongly both Mondales deny thinking about it, the thoughts must inevitably be there, waiting to erode the shell of contentment with renewed ambition and pursuit. In the last 40 years, more than half of all our vice presidents have become president or been nominated for the presidency. So for the Mondales these years may not be the pleasant respite they now seem, but the beginning of a new and never-ending political race. For even if the presidency is achieved, the competitive race goes on. From almost his first day in office, a new president begins to compare himself to his predecessors, worrying how he'll measure up in history against Jefferson or Lincoln or Wilson or FDR. There is always a larger audience somewhere, always more power to gain and more people to charm—pursuits that ruthlessly cut away at the bonds of family and community.

For Washington is a city totally and exclusively absorbed in one pursuit—the acquisition and use of public power. Of course, the great majority of Washingtonians live fairly normal lives, returning to their families and personal pursuits after the working day. But for those in the upper reaches of government—like the Mondales—there is no escape from the unremitting tasks of public life. The work day never really ends. Even cocktail parties and dinners are arenas where public men and women can continue the discourse, the transactions and the competitive struggle that occupied the day.

For the elected official, the demands are even greater. There are constituents to be courted, interest groups to be placated and the constant necessity to strengthen that volatile political base on whose continued and precarious favor one's position depends. Those who elect such a life, with its continual struggle to maintain or advance one's position, have little time, and soon, little inclination, for gentler pursuits. And, whether they are men or women, their sacrifices and satisfactions are the sacrifices and satisfactions of those close to them. **End**

SONG FOR A FRIEND

By Marcia Cohen

Are lovesongs for lovers only?

It was a friend who
Lifted the lamp
Out of my windy rage,
Stirred the cold fire
Bright against my fears.

At the door of my loneliness
A friend planted maples.
In Spring, the new buds
moisten my eyes with scent,
In Summer, silhouettes of flat leaves
shadow the road,
In Fall, their hopes change
colors in the sky,
And in Winter, the black trunks
stand sentinel: their branches
etching patterns into my life.

No lovesong for my friend?
Only for lovers, who have left?

How to eat well without cooking from scratch.

Even good cooks like you need a night off. And no complaints when you dish up the KRAFT Macaroni and Cheese Deluxe Dinner. Plump macaroni in a cheese sauce with the flavor Kraft is famous for. Quick. Economical. And your reputation as a good cook is still intact.





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Spending your money

continued from page 21

It's *false*. If your husband uses joint ownership as a "lazy man's will," the end result may merely be a poor estate plan. Of course, there are advantages in having selected assets pass by law to you, a surviving relative, but the disadvantages also must be recognized. For instance, you, the survivor, may not be qualified to manage the assets properly. Should you and your co-tenant (your husband) die simultaneously, half of your joint property will be distributed under your estate, half under your co-tenant's. This is just a sampling of the risks. Tell your husband to write a will at once. And you write *your* will, too.

Our seven-year-old is now learning the metric system in her grade school. Is this true elsewhere?

In seven states, school boards already have set the dates by which metric instruction must be given in elementary schools and actually must take precedence over our own standard of inches, pounds and ounces. More than half of the other states are introducing the system of meters, grams and liters into their schools' curricula. The youngsters will know both systems. The future is clearly the metric system—and the best thing is to start thinking in those terms *now*.

Our aluminum lawn furniture has had it. Can it be recycled?

Aluminum—furniture, cans, pots, pans and similar items—can be recycled at more than 2,200 recycling centers. You should receive about 17¢ a pound for the aluminum you deliver. For more information, write the Aluminum Association, 750 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, for its free directory, *Aluminum Can Recycling Centers*.

I have just joined a local program to help deliver food to the handicapped and elderly at their own homes. It's costing me a lot more than I expected in gas and oil, plus parking fees and tolls. Can I deduct these expenses on my 1977 income tax as a contribution to charity?

Yes, this program has been clearly recognized as a charitable organization by the Internal Revenue Service. To make its status as a charity acceptable, your local group must file an IRS Form 1023, Application for Recognition of Exemption, with the IRS District Director. Then, either keep a record of all your out-of-pocket car expenses (plus parking fees and tolls) or use the easy method: estimate the number of miles you drive for the charity this year, and deduct 7¢ a mile, plus parking and toll fees, when you file your return. **End**

Q. Does Speed Queen pack a coupon for Tide in every new automatic washer?

A. Do kids run outside in their socks?



his Speed Queen washer is also good to have around when kids play utside. Its multi-cycle timer has settings for normal, permanent press/knits, ven pre-wash soaking. And the exclusive, large capacity, stainless steel ub means no chips, no snags, no rust.

ide has agreed with washer makers to supply Tide coupons packed by hem and to feature their washers in Tide advertising.

he makers of 17 washers pack Tide coupons in every top-loading automatic

No question about it—when kids run outside in their socks, the dirt gets ground in with every step they take. And to help you get out that dirt, Speed Queen packs a 40-cents-off coupon for Tide in every one of their new washers. Now 40-cents-off is a good reason to try Tide. But we think you'll keep using Tide because of the way it cleans.

Tide was made to work best on the kind of dirt you see most in your wash—that terrible black dirt kids have a way of grinding into their knees and elbows and heels and toes . . . not to mention the day-in, day-out fruit juice and jam, chocolate drinks and ice cream. Tide can handle it all, and handle it beautifully!

The dirt you see the most is the dirt Tide cleans the best.



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Dole Fresh Pineapple. The Inside Story.

Imagine how surprised your famil would be if you brightened up your next meal with the sweet Hawaiian flavor of Dole fresh pineapple. It's a snap to do.

To make that exotic looking hors d'oeuvre in the picture, for instance, simply cut the pineapple into quarters, trim off the core and separate the fruit from the shell. Then cut into bite size chunks and insert toothpicks.

And if you're worried about selecting a nice, ripe pineapple, that's a snap, too. Just look for the Dole label. Our pineapple is scientifically selected. Because we don't use guesswork when we pick them, you don't have to when you buy them.

Dole fresh pineapple: It's festive, delicious and easy to prepare. And that's the inside story on a real Hawaiian treat. Just remember...

If it says Dole, it's ripe and ready to eat.

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Give barbecues a change of taste

Serve your barbecues topped with BEST FOODS® Sandwich Spred straight from the jar! This blend of BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise, select relish, and savory spices makes barbecues come alive! For variety, add to ½ cup Sandwich Spred: 1 cup shredded cabbage; or 2 Tbsp. barbecue sauce; or 1½ tsp. prepared mustard; or 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce.

For free recipe ideas, write: **Recipes, P.O. Box 307R, Coventry, Conn. 06236**



Tips on Cleaning the Kitchen

By Lois Libien and Margaret Strong

Counter tops

Once a week, clear the counter tops of all appliances and decorative ware and wipe them clean. Crumbs and food particles get lodged behind and beneath large objects and can cause kitchen odors if they're not discovered.

Butcher block counter tops are easy to care for—though I've known people who seal them with varnish so they stay clean and new looking. But this is absurd! Such surfaces are meant to be used, and the buildup of tiny knife cuts creates a beautiful mellow patina. To clean, wipe with a cloth wrung out in soapy water, and about twice a year disinfect the surface by soaking it briefly in a solution of chlorine bleach and water. Then apply a thin coat of mineral oil, rub it into the surface with steel wool, and wipe it away. This gives the butcher block a gloriously rich sheen.

Marble counters can be wiped clean with a soft damp cloth dipped in borax. To polish, wipe again with a soft, dry cloth.

Ceramic tile counter tops should be wiped with a soft cloth wrung out in clear water. If the tiles are cloudy looking, dissolve 1 tablespoon of washing soda in a pint of warm water, wring out a soft cloth in the solution, and wipe. Rinse, and wipe dry with a soft cloth.

Plastic tile counter tops can be wiped with soapy water and, to avoid spotting, rinsed with vinegar and water.

Plastic laminates can be wiped with clear water and stains can be rubbed with baking soda. Harsh scouring powders, steel wool, and bleach will dull these surfaces and make them vulnerable to further damage. To give new life to plastic laminates, rub in a little kitchen utility polish about twice a year.

How to clean the kitchen cabinets

Inside the cabinets. In case it's a revelation to you, kitchen shelving paper isn't always necessary. If your shelves are nicely painted with a good enamel (which washes beautifully), or otherwise washable, you can use them as they are. However, if you feel queasy about unlined kitchen shelving, use a good washable liner that needn't be replaced each time you clean the cabinets. If the shelves are metal and rusted when you move in, go over them first with a commercial rust remover (use as directed), rinse thoroughly, wash them with soapy water, rinse again, and wipe dry. Then line the shelves.

Washing the inside of kitchen cabinets is usually a once-a-year job, but check them every so often to see that you haven't forgotten about a bag of potatoes or some other perishable.

Outer cabinet surfaces. The outer surface of kitchen cabinets should be wiped free of fingerprints and grease regularly with a damp cloth to avoid scrubbing them down more than once a year. *Varnished, stained and painted wood surfaces* should be given the same treatment as other similarly finished woods: washed once a year with the appropriate cleaner, then, optionally, waxed or polished. *Metal and plastic laminate surfaces* should be wiped with warm, mild suds and, optionally, rubbed with a commercial cream appliance polish to protect the surface and give it luster.

A word about kitchen storage. However much storage space you have, ideally you should have a place for everything.

To get really organized, list everything you have under three categories: preparation, cooking, serving. Now shuffle that list around into three more categories: what you use every day, what you use once in a while, and what you use only for parties and holidays.

Put what you use all the time close at hand; what you use occasionally, in the less-choice storage; and what you hardly use, in the hard-to-reach places. **End**

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Cool it.

Ever wonder why we recommend that you keep Laura Scudder's Old Fashioned Peanut Butter in the refrigerator? Here's the story, in a nutshell.

Not too long ago, all peanut butters were made the old-fashioned, natural way: freshly roasted peanuts and a little salt were ground together to make a delicious, creamy mixture. You got a great-tasting peanut butter, one that was full of rich, natural peanut flavor. And you also got oil that would separate from the mixture and rise to the top of the jar.

The advent of stabilizers changed all that. Most peanut butters changed from using only natural ingredients to also using stabilizers to prevent oil separation. The taste wasn't exactly the same as before, but lots of people liked the results.

Laura Scudder's didn't change. We make ours the same old-fashioned, natural way — just peanuts and salt — *nothing else!* We think it's still the best-tasting peanut butter there is, because there's nothing to get in the way of the rich, full natural peanut flavor. And, you guessed it, the oil can still come to the top. That's why we suggest that you stir it up and keep it in the refrigerator. Then it won't separate. Next time, get Laura Scudder's Old-Fashioned Peanut Butter. Then, *cool it.*





Laura Scudder's

OLD FASHIONED PEANUT BUTTER

Just peanuts and salt – nothing else.

I helped my man get back in shape

...and he loves me for it!

How BULLWORKER® Changed Our Lives

Six months ago, it was clear that my husband's problem was starting to affect our marriage. Like a lot of men his age, he was getting out of shape. That middle bulge was becoming more prominent and he didn't feel as strong and vigorous as he used to. At first, he would talk about it... say he was just too busy to exercise, then promise himself to start jogging and swimming. Well, he just never seemed to get around to it, and so things got worse.

Mind you, he looked fine to me and I told him that, but those bulges were really depressing him. Finally, it got to the point where he didn't even talk about it, and if I suggested an exercise program, he became sullen and angry. Our marriage took a dangerous turn... it even started to affect our intimate life.

Then I saw a Bullworker ad in a magazine. It almost seemed too good to be true. They said the BULLWORKER is fast, easy and actually helps "snap" men back into shape... sometimes better shape than they've ever been in. They actually guaranteed results!

What could be simpler than sending for a free booklet. When it arrived, I put it on the table with his other mail. It was the first thing he read when he got home. Since the trial was free, it didn't take long for him to decide to send for a Bullworker. Now, hardly a month later, my husband is already starting to be a new man! He is on his way to the trim, tight stomach of years ago. His shoulders are broader and stronger. Women can't help but notice when he takes his jacket off at a party. *I can't tell you how proud I am of my husband.* Most of all, he feels like a million dollars. His whole attitude is more optimistic and I am happy to report that our relationship has never been better... in *every* way. *And to think it all started when I sent away for a free booklet.*

5 Good Reasons Why BULLWORKER® Works While So Many Others Fail

It's Fast. Each exercise takes only 7 seconds and the whole daily work-out can be completed in about five minutes.

You Actually See His Improvement. The built-in, patented "Powermeter" gives an instant report on his daily improvement. And there's nothing like a clear, dramatic success to keep him motivated to stay with the plan. No wonder, almost *two million men* all over the world keep in shape with the BULLWORKER. No wonder leading physical fitness experts and champion athletes hail BULLWORKER as one of the most successful and effective exercise plans ever developed.

It's Fun. He'll be so delighted with the quick results that he'll actually look forward to using the BULLWORKER. And, it's scientifically designed. He does not get tired, sore or frustrated from using it as recommended.

It's Personal. The BULLWORKER lets him work on *his* problem at home or anywhere. Specialized exercises can be selected to tone up or trim down almost any part of the body.

It Works! After two or three weeks of regular use, most men can expect to measure an extra inch or two of shoulder muscles. In 3 months, many men actually double or even triple their strength.



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Yes	No		Yes	No	
☐	☐	Is he getting "depressed" about being out of shape?	☐	☐	Does he complain about getting "flabby" and blame it on age?
☐	☐	Have you noticed he never actually gets around to the exercise plan he keeps talking about?	☐	☐	Does he resent it when you call attention to his problem?
☐	☐	Have you noticed a lack of vigor in his relationship with you?	☐	☐	Is he honestly too busy to jog, swim or do any of the other exercises that might help him?

Remember, if you answered YES to *even one* of the above questions, you owe it to yourself to learn more about BULLWORKER, the plan that has helped almost two million men get back into shape.

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First aid for pets

By Roger Caras

Accidents can happen to pets as well as people. Here's emergency information to clip and save.



First aid for animals is similar to first aid for people. But reactions to your good intentions may be quite different; even the best-natured dog or cat can become so frightened that it will bite its closest human friend. Thus you may find you have to muzzle your pet by circling regular gauze bandage around the jaw and tying it firmly behind the head. To avoid being scratched, carry the animal in a blanket or in a box or carrying case.

1. Bleeding Pressure bandages and tourniquets are in order when a blood vessel has been severed, while seeping blood usually can be contained by a bandage held in place. Internal bleeding (often resulting from a car accident) requires a vet's quick attention.

2. Shock There is an easy test for this dangerous condition. Roll the animal's lip back and press down on the gum with one finger. The area where you have applied pressure will turn from pink to almost white. When you remove the pressure, the pink should return in a second or two. If it takes longer, there is impaired capillary return, a sign of shock. Keep the pet warm, preferably wrapped in a blanket, and get it to a vet as quickly as you can.

3. Poisoning The signs of poisoning are complicated and depend on how much is eaten, when it is eaten and its chemical nature. General symptoms are trembling, obvious abdominal pain, drooling, lack of interest in things that usually excite your pet, convulsions, vomiting, shallow breathing and coma. If these symptoms occur, get your dog to a vet. If possible, take a sample of the ingested material with you. Many household poisons list an emetic on the label and/or antidotes. Caution: if you suspect a corrosive substance (lye, petroleum derivatives, etc.) do *not* give an emetic. Vomiting will compound the damage.

4. Animal bites Dog and cat bites should be encouraged to bleed (unless a large blood vessel is involved). Put a cotton swab soaked in a regular household antiseptic right on the wounds. You should also consult a vet; the animal may need antibiotic shots to prevent infection.

5. Burns Cut hair away from the burn and apply cold water or ice-cubes. Then treat with a regular burn ointment. Avoid those that are for external use only; pets lick wounds. A major burn, of course, requires a vet's attention.

6. Chemical burns Flush liberally with water. You can wash the burn with baking soda or milk of magnesia if you know the offending chemical is acidic. Then get professional help.

7. Convulsions If your pet's jaws are chattering or if the animal is foaming at the mouth, a veterinarian is needed immediately. He or she should see the symptoms before they subside. Rapid breathing, and paddling with the legs while the animal is on its side, may also indicate convulsions. (Dogs often "run" in their sleep while making yipping sounds. This is something else again and nothing to worry about.)

8. Drowning Hold the animal up in the air by the hind legs to get water out of the air passage. Administer artificial respiration (see *Electric Shock*) and treat for shock.

9. Electric shock Be certain your pet is not still in contact with the wire or you may get electric shock, too. If there is some doubt, push the animal away with a stick and, if possible, unplug the wire. Give artificial respiration and treat for shock. If a wire explodes in an animal's mouth, a veterinarian should be consulted. Damage can be done to jaw bones and teeth.

If it is necessary to administer artificial respiration, lay the animal on its side and with your hands apply a steady, rhythmic pressure to the chest. If an animal has been injured by a car, it is better to stay away from the diaphragm because it may have been perforated. In small animals the rib cage can be fragile and pressure should be adjusted for the animal's size. Smaller animals breathe at a faster rate—a Chihuahua as much as 60 to 80 times a minute compared to a Great Dane at 20 or so. For mouth-to-mouth breathing assistance, clear obstructions from the throat, check to see that the tongue is out of the way, then cup the animal's snout in your two hands and exhale directly down its throat.

10. Fractures Immobilize the limb as you would a human being's and get to a vet. Be careful in transport.

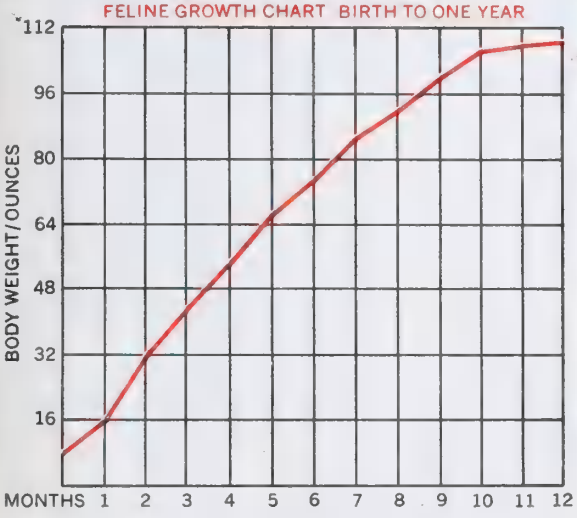
11. Heat and sunstroke The symptoms of this common cause of pet deaths are shallow, rapid breathing, panting, vomiting and very rapid pulse. If an animal is staggering and can't seem to focus, that also can mean too much sun or too much heat in a confined space. Push-nosed dogs, such as Pekingese and the Pug, are particularly susceptible. Get the animal into a cool place or at least into the shade. Bathe it with cool water to reduce body temperature and cover with a thoroughly wet towel. Let the animal rest. Toy dogs can die from heat exhaustion in a few minutes.

As with all first aid, prevention is better. Keep poisons locked away and keep your dog under supervision in your own yard or on a leash. Wandering pets get into trouble—and that goes for cats as much as dogs. It all comes down to common sense and concern. **End**

Illustration by Norman Rockwell reprinted from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST © 1952 The Curtis Publishing Company

How to grow a cat.

Just look at how much growing a kitten has to do! As the chart below illustrates, a tiny kitten increases in body weight about seven times during its first year.



Source: Ralston Purina Pet Nutrition and Care Research

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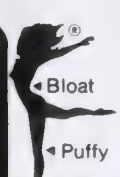
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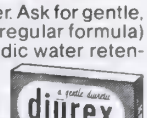
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AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS.

DRAW A VERY BIG CIRCLE

continued from page 79

you can't ever find one when you really need one.

The back of the station wagon on the airport parking lot was cluttered with scuba gear. A diver down flag rocked on its buoy as we got inside. Two weeks here, I thought, forgetting our dialogue of anger, and they'd be like the one we spent in New Hampshire right after the wedding. When you're lovelorn, you don't need a calculator for the simple reckoning of the arithmetic of absence.

"A quick swim at the lodge pool," Bryna said. "Then lunch. I made a key lime pie for you. Afterward, we'll noodle around the water in the outboard."

"How about something a bit more married after lunch?"

Her hand slid away from the ignition key and she laughed. Understand what I saw: large brown eyes full of amber green lights because the sunglasses were still in her shirt pocket; hair in an old-fashioned bun, like a profile on some old cameo brooch. Hear the voice I heard: a flashing contralto, a laugh that made you believe you were dwelling in joy, lambent with amusement at a lovelorn, husbandly suggestion.

"You're not being sequestered, Eric."

Simplicities captured me: I had a perfect, sensual, endlessly hand-holding marriage with the owner of those light-cavorting eyes. Imagine coming upon her in the streets of New York, universally recognized for its multitude of girls, just because one Saturday morning I was riding a new ten speed bicycle along Riverside Drive.

That morning, as Bryna was walking with her grandmother, a reluctant visitor to the city, a purse snatcher on active duty loped by, and heroic Eric set forth in pursuit on his trusty wheels. I was designated the sheriff of Riverside Drive. When I saw Bryna again, she presented me with a sheriff's badge of appropriate toy store quality and I was caught in the beginnings of serious courtship.

In Hannah's house, I said, "This will be a New Hampshire afternoon on the Keys." Ardent propinquity is a sure fire bet to induce nostalgia.

I was wrong. This afternoon ended differently. I walked out on the veranda overlooking the sea wall, angry again, needing a wise man again.

"Don't stalk around in the sun," Bryna said from behind the sliding screen door. "You look silly."

"It's very simple," I said. "You just can't spend six *more* damn months here. It's not fair. We're right back to square one, the first argument."

"Eric, Dr. Robb is a very famous marine biologist. Anyone interested in his field would give a lot for the privilege of working on a project with him. I'm sure the only reason he asked me is because he's an old friend of my grandmother and he happens to need someone who can dive. It'll mean a great deal to be able to say I worked with him."

"Now we're up to nine months. You here. Me in New York. What about being *married?*"

"The question is silly because we are married. The real question is your medieval mind, barred like a castle gate. The screening between us blurred our faces. Symbols, I thought ironically; but I didn't want symbols, I wanted a wise man. "Well, if you're going to be a majestically indignant horse's ass, stay there," she said, walking away.

I studied pelicans on the sea wall. What else could I do? I wasn't making it as a wise man. I went inside. Maybe there I'd find a way of making it as a wise man.

Bryna was reading. I picked up the antique sextant on the pine refectory table, surprised by its weight.

"Can you use a sextant?"

"My grandfather taught me."

Even out of sight of land she knew where she was. I didn't know where I was in the visible boundaries of this room. Maybe a course in celestial navigation would make me a wise man so I could deal with my lady of the sea who gathered secrets from the sun and stars and the underwater orchards of the coral reef offshore.

"Eric, I didn't even think about another six months down here until Dr. Robb told me about the job yesterday. He even asked me how you'd feel about it. He made a joke about practically brand new husbands stuck in a New York hospital."

"I've made jokes myself about brand new wives in Marathon," I said.

She ignored my surly wit. "I said my husband would understand because I thought, naively, his medieval period was over."

"This conversation is a merry-go-round."

"Stop it and get off."

"I love you," I said. It was an offering, a reminder.

It wasn't what I wanted to say; but it was true, absolutely true. Anger has monologues as well as dialogues, vainglorious declarations, accusatory verbal stances. I was afraid of what I'd almost said; words that might take us into treacherous, uncharted places. *Get off,* she said. She was angry too. Two angry people dance to bitter tunes. It was easier to say, I love you, and back off from precipices, sheer drops, dizzying heights.

"I love you too, Eric, but I won't just sit in New York worrying about making dinner or looking for the *right* lamp on Madison Avenue when there is something important I want to do here."

Two angry people saying I love you constitutes a truce. It doesn't, however, mean they know why they're saying it; if they did, they'd know what it means.

Hannah came home from the marina in the midst of our truce. "Have a nice day?" she asked.

"We had an argument," I said.

"Doesn't every one," Hannah said in her cool, assured, friendly *(continued)*



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DRAW A VERY BIG CIRCLE

continued

voice. "Are you looking forward to a bit of fishing tomorrow, Eric?"

"Eric's never fished the Gulf Stream."

"You'll teach him. Your grandfather taught you. Everybody teaches somebody." She smiled at me. "Harlan used to call that lady of yours a hard case and claimed the evidence was pretty good she'd always be one. But he used to say I was one, too," she added dryly.

That was as much sympathy as I was going to get from Hannah.

At night, Bryna said, "I didn't mean that about you getting off, Eric."

"That just makes it more complicated," I said. I put my arms around her, making the bed one territory, and for a while I forgot about the arithmetic of absence and the dialogues of anger.

Bryna took the 40-foot sport fishing boat through the winding back channel, the water shadowed brown by clustering mangrove roots on each side. A large white heron soared upward.

In open water, Hannah took the helm. The sun was turning very hot rapidly, but the air was cool. Bryna explained why the water was different colors and showed me how to rig live baits with wire and hooks and lay out the lines from the outriggers and off the stern.

"When does something happen?" asked.

"Everything *is* happening, Eric," Bryna said. "A dance of life and death beneath us, cycles of feeding and sheltering, great migrations." She pointed towards sunlit water. "Flying fish." They leaped like silver darts across the surface of the water. "Dolphin follow them and catch them when they land on the water. But sometimes birds snatch them from the air and frustrate the poor, hungry dolphin. Flying fish are the little ballerinas of the ocean," she said, smiling at their performance. "But the dolphin and the birds don't see their beauty. We'll be in the Stream soon, Eric."

We crossed into dark blue water and the boat seemed to move differently because the current was swifter here.

"Isn't it beautiful and sort of strange, Eric. The Stream is a fifty mile wide river in the ocean with its own life. But so is meeting the sheriff of Riverside Drive. And scuba diving off a coral reef. So is fishing the Stream. And working six months with Dr. Robb."

I trailed a finger along the thick, honey-colored braid that hung down her back. We couldn't see each others' eyes because we wore sunglasses.

"I need to draw a very big circle for all your beautiful things," I said. "Maybe I need a new kind of geometry."

"Well, invent it," she said.

That was a problem of the first magnitude, one for a very wise man.

Hannah called down to us. "Look to starboard. Two o'clock. Something's over there."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Birds working over a big weed patch," Bryna said. "A school of dolphin, Hannah. I better get a couple of spinning rods ready." She hurried into the cabin, ignoring me.

"Bryna!" Hannah shouted. "Forget the dolphin. Off the stern!"

Bryna scrambled out of the cabin, bumping into me. "I see him. He's making a beeline for the starboard bait."

I saw blue water and small rising and falling ripples lifted by the easterly wind. "I don't see anything," I said like a kid who can't grasp the solution.

"It's a wahoo, Eric," Hannah said. "He's big." She rose up off the pilot bench and yelled, "Bryna, he's got it! Eric, you get in the fishing chair. Bryna'll bring the rod to you."

The line exploded off the high outrigger fastening and the heavy black rod curved like a drawn bow and the line screeched free off the reel spool so fast it didn't appear to be moving, and far off it looked as if an invisible knife was slicing the blue water.

Bryna was leaning back, braced against the opposing force of the downcurving rod, setting the hook.

"I better help her," I said. *(continued)*



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DRAW A VERY BIG CIRCLE

continued

"You'll need help. Not her," Hannah said sharply. "She *knows* what to do. Get in that chair before we lose him."

Bryna fitted the notched rod butt in the steel swivel socket between my knees and told me to hold it with lots of backward pressure against the force of the swift swimming fish. "What else?" I asked. I felt as if I were hanging to a rock by my finger tips.

"Right now, nothing. He's making his run. Don't touch the reel until I tell you to." She stared across the water, watching the moving knife cut. "When I tell you, swing the rod down, then up. Each time you come down, reel in line. But don't jerk the rod up and down. Do it smoothly and slowly."

"He feels as if he weighs a couple hundred pounds."

Bryna smiled. "About forty or fifty, I guess. But that's a lot of fish for a novice."

My back muscles were starting to twitch; then the muscles along my forearms began to twitch, and numbness deadened my fingers under the silent, racing strength of the fish.

"Doesn't he ever stop?" I asked.

"Yes. Hang in there," she said from behind the fishing chair and turning it with the direction of the line in the water. Suddenly the line went slack, dipping into the water in a big floating loop. On the bridge, Hannah swung the boat around to port, following the curve of the slackened line.

"It feels as if he's gone," I said, because line was coming back onto the reel so easily.

"He's only changed direction, Eric. He's out there."

Then the line tautened, angled into the water like a thin beam of light, and I could no longer turn the reel handle.

"Stop now. Just keep pressure on the rod," Bryna said, leaning over to check the drag on the reel.

"How is our city boy doing down there?" Hannah asked.

"Sweaty and tired," Bryna said. "But he's listening to the coach."

"Make us proud of you, Eric," Hannah said. "I think his run is about over. Then you'll have to fight him, Eric."

"What does she mean—fight him?"

"Custer's Last Stand, the Alamo, Thermopylae." She grinned at me, then suddenly became alert. "He's up now. About seventy-five yards just off the port side."

I saw a half circle of churned water. The slanting shaft of line moved from port to starboard slowly and the white churning patch of water followed the line like a magnet.

"Go after him now," Bryna said tensely. "Pump the rod slowly and try to recover line. Work, Eric. *Work* at it!"

"Wahoo is one crazy name for a fish. Have you ever caught one?"

"I caught one when I was thirteen. The first time. He weighed about seventy-five pounds. Much bigger than yours. My grandfather had him mounted."

"Marriage to you is not just a simple matter of domestic bliss," I said.

Then the wahoo leaped like a silvery gray demented high jumper, hit the water, veered to starboard on yet another leg of his run, but shorter this time. Bryna eased the chair about so the rod followed the wahoo's path, urging me to set muscle against the bowed rod and bring in line.

I thought it would never end. Each time I reeled in a dozen feet of line, the wahoo reclaimed them, grinding the water into a froth, and I kept wondering when he would let me keep some of the line I worked so hard to retrieve.

Hannah told me it was only 40 minutes from the time the wahoo struck the bait and Bryna slipped on work gloves to hold the long leader wire so she could use the gaff pole to haul him aboard.

I slumped in the fishing chair, trying to ease the numbness of my fingers. The wahoo's gills worked like bellows in the unobstructed sunlight of the deck. His flat, black eyes were brilliant and oily looking and his long jaw bit frantically on the hook that was still in his mouth.

"Watch his tail," Bryna said. "It can break your ankle."

"I want to let him go," I said.

"He's a beauty."

"Can we get him back in the water?" I asked.

"You really want to?"

"Yes."

On the flying bridge, Hannah looked at us silently.

Bryna got two web straps from the cabin. She worked the hook out of his jaw and we slung the web straps around his heaving, cold body and slipped him overboard. He thrashed in the water as the breathing mechanism of his body readjusted back to normal and then he swirled away with a swiftly feathering caudal fin, blue water folding over the vanishing body like a blanket.

I was glad the tyranny of the fight was over. Inside me, I felt a wise man slowly coming together at last.

"He'll be alright, won't he? He fought so hard to stay alive."

"I was very careful with the gaff because I thought we might want to have your first fish mounted, Eric."

"My dead prisoner on the wall," I said.

I rolled my head about to loosen cramped neck muscles, remembering her angry question about handcuffs. A wise man, I thought, is not a jailor of any one, or any thing.

"Don't sentimentalize him, Eric. He's just a bundle of instincts with an appetite that drives him through miles of ocean." She looked at me with a grave, comprehending air. "Come into the shade and have a cold drink, fisherman," she said.

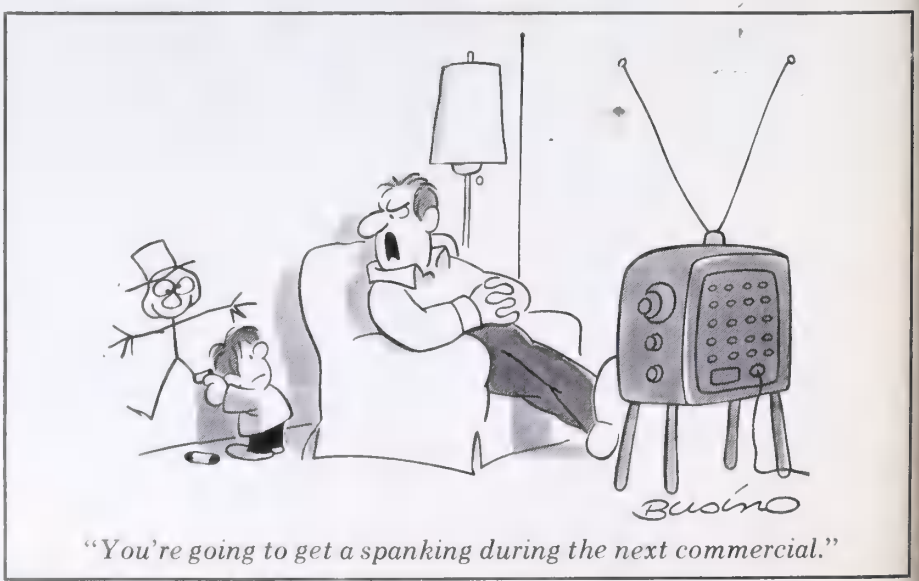
I came up out of the hot, padded fishing chair in bone creaking sections and put my arms around her waist. Her hands smelled of bait fish. Mine did too.

Love, I recited to myself is hands smelling of bait fish, a sheriff's badge and journeys to freedom. Discoveries recited in proper, illuminated order are easy for a wise man, even a lovelorn wise man.

From the bridge, Hannah asked, "Has our city boy recovered yet, dear?"

"I believe so," Bryna answered, her voice tender with her discoveries.

I didn't have to recite aloud. A wise man knows how to communicate without words; how to draw a circle big enough for all the beautiful things, the geometry of marriage. **End**



"You're going to get a spanking during the next commercial."